EDITORIAL NOTES.

"The supplication of a righteous man availeth much in its working. Elijah was a man of like nature with us, and he prayed with prayer that it might not rain; and it rained not . . . . And he prayed again; and the heavens gave rain. Jas. v. 17-18 R. V. Marg.

At the last meeting of the Gujarat and Kathiawar Missionary Conference, which convened at Mehmedabad on September 29th, Sunday, October 3, was appointed as a special day of prayer for rain for Gujarat. The rains there—what little there had been—had ceased on August 5, and from September 24 to 28 there was only .56 inch of rainfall. The prospect was that of a severe famine. On the day following the conference, the Bombay Correspondent of the Pioneer wrote:—"Nothing much short of a miracle will save Gujarat and Kathiawar from famine." Two days following the decision to call a day of prayer for rain, and two days, likewise, before the appointed day, a storm formed in the Bay of Bengal and a "depression" in the Arabian Sea, and a few hours before the time set apart for prayer for rain, a light drizzle began in parts of Gujarat, and for several days thereafter there was rain. On October 7, the Editor of the Pioneer wrote "The storm . . . . is unique in its character, for no cyclonic depression has ever been known to appear so late in the season."

We gratefully acknowledge the kindness of our Heavenly Father in answering prayer, and in alleviating to some extent the suffering of the people of Gujarat.
Though the danger of a total famine has thus been averted, there will still be much suffering and the need of prayer and aid. Some fodder will still grow for the cattle, and the soil may now be prepared for the winter crops. But the poor farmers, among them our Christian people, have lost the crops that were sown early in the rainy season, only the few who had wells having been able to irrigate and harvest a small crop. More than this, the thousands of village people, who earn the larger part of their living during the rainy and harvest seasons, by working in the fields as day labourers, have been deprived of this work, and have practically nothing. All the while the prices of grain have been rising to such an extent that the poor people have hardly known which way to turn. Many who have owned oxen or milk buffaloes, for which they have worked hard and long, have had to let them go for about a third of their value, as they had no hope of being able to keep them alive. Hundreds of cattle have been shipped towards Bombay, where rain has been good and fodder is plentiful. Our Gujarati Christian people are poor, especially those who live in the villages, and they look to the missionaries for help in this most trying time; but our hands are empty.

There is, however a need in Gujarat which is, to us, more staggering than the temporal needs, and we present it that the friends of our work at home may be able to pray intelligently the prayer that avails. We need more missionaries, especially more men missionaries, to carry on the work that God has enabled our mission to open up during the last twenty years. Our ranks have been gradually thinning for several years, and we have not had one new man come to work in the Gujarati field since 1907. Moreover, two of our missionary couples, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, and Mr. and Mrs. Duckworth, expect to leave the field soon for furlough and that will reduce our force to three married couples, seven single ladies, and one single gentleman. Our eight established stations represent about 500,000 people, that is, our different districts contain approxi-
mately that number of inhabitants scattered in hundreds of towns and villages, that must be reached by long, tiresome rides over deep, sandy, country roads. Anyone who stops to consider the matter can readily see that it will be almost impossible for the remaining missionaries, who are already worn, to properly carry on evangelistic work among these thousands of people living in so large an area. The Orphanages, one at Kaira for girls and one at Dholka for boys, although now comparatively small, still, require the labour of five of our remaining force of missionaries. When Mr. Andrews and his family leave soon for furlough we shall have to arrange for some one to fill his place in the large city of Ahmedabad where over one hundred of our young married couples (formerly of our mission Orphanage) live and work in the various mills. They must not be left without a shepherd. Then, Viramgam, one of our largest districts, will be left vacant by Mr. and Mrs. Duckworth leaving for furlough, and it should be provided with a resident missionary. Surely we can say there is a famine of missionaries in Gujarat.

Years ago, when some of the Orphanage boys were old enough for definite Bible study, Mr. Andrews started a Workers' Training class and successfully carried it on for some years, when Mr. Walter Turnbull took up the work upon the event of Mr. Andrews leaving for furlough some nine years ago. When Mr. W. Turnbull, in turn, went on furlough, the regular Bible School work had to be dropped until Mr. Andrews returned to the field at the close of 1909. Since then a Bible Training Class has been maintained in Ahmedabad most of the time, and different classes for Bible study along the regular, prescribed course for mission workers have been carried on during the annual rainy seasons, at several of the stations, a number of the missionaries helping in the teaching. While this has been helpful and our band of about fifty young men preachers and teachers have been benefitted, still, there is a crying need for an established Training School where our present mission helpers can finish their Bible study course and where new young men
can be taken in for training. We need a man especially equipped for this special work, and although 'hope deferred maketh the heart sick' our band of workers are still hoping and praying that the glad day may come when such a man may be sent to our Gujarati work.

We are calling upon God at this time to quicken the native Church into deeper spiritual life, and to cause the heathen around us, who have heard the gospel for years, to see their need of salvation, which need is greater than any temporal need. Will you pray with us also that God will somehow meet the above mentioned needs in our Gujarati work. The God who gives rain, when called upon, will send the necessary labourers into His harvest if you will pray the effectual, fervent prayer that availeth much.

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OH, MIGHTY MYSTERY!

"Oh, Mighty mystery! this gift of prayer,
That I should speak, that God should hear,
That I should kneel before His throne and there
Tell all my thoughts without a fear.
Oh, Mighty love, surpassing human thought,
Course through my veins till Thy full life is wrought.
Flood all my being with Thy Life and Power,
Till every moment, aye and every hour
Be full of Thee, and Thee alone,
No longer I before the Throne,
But Thou, the Man of sorrows there,
Praying Thy prayer——
That all Thy children may be "one."——
That in their lives God's will be done,
That those in darkness may behold and see
The Mighty power of blood-stained Calvary.
So melt my spirit now, this heart of mine,
That every throb shall echo, Lord, to Thine,
And prayer then be
As vast, as deep, as all eternity."

—M. Warburton Booth.
ONE of the bright and hopeful things occasioned by the awful war, along with its long list of horrible and barbarous things—things which have disgraced humanity and civilization—is the other continually increasing list of truly heroic deeds, and the equally heroic sufferings. Men, women and even children, who in the ordinary course of their lives, in time of peace, seemed to be only ordinary people in their varied stations in life, have, under the stress of the extraordinary circumstances developed by the war, revealed a power of achievement and a capacity of cheerful, or at least uncomplaining, suffering that have surprised themselves and their friends and have stirred the world with profound admiration. Victoria Crosses and other honours have been bestowed on many soldiers, and they have been well-deserved. But among the refugees from desolated Belgium, and many other areas devastated by the war, and in the homes broken up by the loss of sons and husbands and fathers and brothers, there have been deeds of a different nature yet equally heroic, and suffering, mental and physical, tragic and almost overwhelming, which have been witnessed by only a few, and have not been recognized by medals or crosses.

All these revelations of heroism have only brought to light what was really in these people who have done or suffered so heroically. The same kind of circumstances have revealed the unsuspected meanness and perfidy and brutality of others which only waited for an opportunity to be revealed.

So the war has brought the opportunity to the friends of missions to show how seriously, or otherwise, the great work of evangelizing the world was taken by them. In the lands directly concerned in the war it was to be expected that there
would be much suffering, and the call to the sacrifice of sons,
and husbands and fathers and brothers, and also of money, and
the call to many kinds of real, serious self-denial, amounting
to hardship and distress; and the way in which thousands, yes
millions, have responded to that call, has been most gratifying.
It shows how people understand that all personal considerations
are overshadowed by the interests of one's country. This
ought to speak loudly to all who profess that their "citizenship
is in Heaven from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord
Jesus Christ."

In a late number of the Christian Herald of New York
we were glad to see the response of God's people to their
various Mission Boards when the prospect of retrenchment
because of the financial stringency occasioned by the war was
presented to them. It was a challenge and an appeal to the Spirit
of Christ in them, and they rose up and said that there must be
no retrenchment. Not only will the work go on, but will
increase because of the increased receipts, but still more because
of the spirit of faith and consecration behind the increased gifts.
In some cases these will mean real self-denial, which carries
with it hardship and a measure of actual suffering. And why
should it not be so? If the personal interests of the people of
the British Empire are all bound up with the interests of the
Empire, ought it not to be true, not only theoretically but
actually, that all our personal interests are bound up, yes, swal-
lowed up, in the interests of the kingdom of which Christ is
King? Politicians cease from internal conflicts; professional
and business men, from the small shop-keeper to the mil-
lionaire, and farmers and artisans of all classes are agreed in this
that the interests of the empire overshadow all sectional in-
terests. It is a good time to ask ourselves whether the success
of Christ's Kingdom is really more to us than all our personal
plans and comforts and ambitious?

During the first year of the war many missionaries on the
field have had a chance to show some real heroism, as funds for
personal support and for the support of work which has cost
many years of hard labour and earnest prayers have failed.
And we know that some supporters of the work have shown real heroism and devotion to Christ, as well as those on the field. But when we read of the awful sufferings of millions on account of the war, and when we read of the superhuman labours of the apostle Paul and of his sufferings which only “the life also of Jesus . . . manifested in” his “mortal body” enabled him to bear, do not our labours and our sufferings for Christ sink into insignificance? In the present severe and long continued financial pressure of the work of the Alliance, God is giving to us on the field and to the supporters of the work at home an opportunity of showing real heroism by doing things, or sufferings by “doing without things” for the sake of Christ and His Kingdom of which we are a part. This opportunity improved will enrich us for eternity, as well as hasten the coming of Christ to reign on the earth, where man has made such failure of reigning; but if it is last we shall suffer loss, or perhaps be branded as cowards or traitors, and the coming of settled peace by the coming of the Prince of peace may be delayed. “Slackers” and shirkers have won much disgrace during the war while heroes and heroines have won fame and honour. In which class will our names be found “when the King comes?”

THE MARATHI CONVENTION.

There had been some misgivings about holding the Marathi Convention at Akola this year, as planned, for in September plague began there, and at the time of the Convention there were from fifteen to twenty deaths daily in the city. But as the mission compound is outside of the city, and the church is well away from the bazaar, and there is not accommodation at any other station for the number of people who come, it was decided to take proper precautions and then to trust the Lord that no plague should come nigh our dwelling.

The meetings began on September 30. Mr. Moyser, who was having an attack of fever, got out of bed and preached the opening sermon, then Rev. R. Burges, Secretary of the India Sunday School Union, occupied several sessions on Thursday and Friday, speaking about Sunday School work. Mr. Fuller was present and gave a number of very helpful messages, and a
number of other missionaries took part. Our Marathi mission Helpers, numbering over thirty, were present and there was a large attendance of the Christians who live in Akola.

The special feature of this Convention was the presence of a little band of the new converts from Daryapur. Some of them, who were too poor to afford the few cents needed for railway tickets, walked the thirty odd miles to Akola and back again. They were a happy company, and their presence was a general inspiration. They had clear testimonies, though crudely expressed, and it was a joy to have them partake with us, for the first time in their lives, of the Lord’s supper. One young man came from Daryapur county to be baptised at the Convention.

The result of the meetings seemed to be a determination to bring souls to God. Doubtless the presence of the band of new converts, along with Mr. Fuller’s faithful and stirring message of the last morning, had much to do with the creation of such a determination in the hearts of missionaries and native workers. Some of us have a vision of what the Akola Marathi convention may become as an annual gathering of the Christians from multitudes of villages where we believe God is going to give us a harvest. Pray with us that this vision may be speedily realized, and that next year there may be ten new converts for every one who attended for the first time this year. God is able.

AN ECHO FROM THE DHOLKA SUMMER SCHOOL.

By F. H. Back.

WHEN the thirty-nine native workers, including two Bible women, came for instruction to the Dholka Summer Bible School, there came also, to those of us who were entrusted with the teaching, a great burden of prayer. We felt a need of the power of the Holy Spirit upon us to teach, and also a need of love and grace to enable us to work and deal with the students individually as occasion might require, and to have the fellowship with them that we knew was absolutely necessary. We were also burdened for the workers themselves, for it was evident that there were some among them who had not had clear sailing. They had suffered loss because they had been caught by adverse winds of the enemy.

With these burdens on our hearts we held three or four days of meetings before the classes were begun. There was much prayer during this time by those who were burdened, and search-
ing messages were given, which brought some to their faces before the Lord. The result was a clearing up in some hearts and lives, and we believe that all were better prepared to receive and appropriate the teaching that followed. We are assured that as a field profits by thorough preparation before the seed sowing, so, much blessing resulted from the heart preparation to receive the Word of God. We expect a harvest in the lives of our workers and in our own lives, and we pray that God’s thought for us all in what has been learned may be fully realised.

Our workers are going to the towns and villages with greater faithfulness and earnestness than heretofore, and with much prayer, and we look for souls to turn to the Lord as a result. Pray for us, and with us, that a rich harvest may be reaped in the near future.

MISSION WORK AT MATAR.
By Cora Hansen.

EARLY in June I left Mehmabad, where I had worked for four years, to live at the Mission Bungalow at Vanser, that had been vacated a few months before by Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, who went to take charge of the boys’ orphanage at Dholka. One morning, soon after coming to Vanser, I went to Rutanpur, a village about half a mile from the mission bungalow. After having had two meetings in the village among the caste people, I went to the Dherdvara (the place where the dherds or outcasts live) hoping to have a meeting with them. There are ten families living in this place, mostly weavers.

During the great famine of 1899 and 1900, most of these people became Christians, but it soon became evident that they only came for the loaves and fishes, for when the help received during the famine was stopped, they soon drifted back into heathenism. At present there is only one family of Christians, a man named Ashirvad, his wife Mani, and two children, a boy of about twenty, Nursi, and Sara, a little girl of twelve. Ashirvad has two brothers who are Christians, but they have left the village and are living at Mehmabad.

This morning the people were all very busy. I went from house to house asking them to leave their work for a little while and come to the meeting, but none cared to do so. But as quite a number of bright little children gathered around, I asked them to sit down and I would tell them, a story about the Lord Jesus, who loves little children.

After having talked to the children I went home, but these
little ones were much on my heart, and I asked the Lord to let me do something for them. The next time I went to the village I asked the children if they would like to come to the Bungalow Sunday afternoon for Sunday School. They all said that they would, and since then, Nursi Ashirvad has been bringing them over every Sunday. Soon afterward two little boys said that they would like to learn, would I not please open a school for them. Some of the fathers also asked me to open a school for the children. After praying about it I felt the Lord would have me do so. I had no money for the support of a teacher, but I remembered what Hudson Taylor once wrote "God's work done in God's way, will not lack God's money." I felt I could trust the Lord to send the money needed. The next week I received $10 from a lady in America, which I felt the Lord would have me use for this work. Now the school has been opened and the boys and girls come every morning. Nursi Ashirvad, who is a good Christian young man and quite well educated, teaches them.

If any of the readers should feel led to send a little money for this school it will be very gratefully received.

Since the work has been opened among the children, the grown ups have become more interested. One evening, not long ago, an old man, by name Kalidas, came to see me, and to have a talk. He told me many things about himself and family. He told me that his wife died during the famine, but he had a son, Govind who was a great comfort to him. But some years ago Govind also died. With tears in his eyes the old man said, "Govind was a Christian and when he was dying he said 'Father, don't cry for me, Jesus is calling me, I am going to be with Him.'"

The man married again and now he has three little boys, but he said, "I want my boys to learn and I also want them to be Christians." I asked the old man if he did not want to come to the Lord and be saved so that he could meet his son in heaven. "He said "What can I do." (This man is one of those who became Christians during the famine, but who has gone back.)

I talked to him about Jesus who "is able also to save them to the uttermost that come to God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them." The old man went home, but since then he has been coming to the meetings on Sundays, a few of the other people also have begun to come to the meetings.

I write this, dear friends, that you may join with us in prayer that these people may be saved, and that the work among the children may be owned and blessed of Him who said "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."
PUCKERA.

By Charlotte Rutherford.

We came across Puckera quite incidently. The small village in which he lived with his people was an unimportant one. There was nothing about the place that impressed the visitor. Even their idols were without an elaborate resting place: no grand carved temples, such as the idols of other places are favoured with, were to be seen here.

As we entered the place that early morning there was a conspicuous absence of men and women. Men had gone to their fields to labour. Women hastened past us, bearing on their heads their husbands' meals for the day, and a brass pot of drinking water in their hands; with a side glance at us intruders they were gone. A large herd of cattle and goats was being driven through the village by a small boy, to the jungle to graze. His yell and the heavy thud of the stout stick on the back of the lean animal nearest him, broke on the stillness of the place.

"There is no hope of a meeting here this morning," we say to each other, and so retire to another part of the place, but with no better result.

 Providentially we are drawn to a few isolated houses in one corner of the place. Here is a welcome, and at least one soul who has time for us. She is picking over her rice, and is glad to have us. "Bai, what is that beside you? Is someone asleep there?" "Yes," she replies, and throws off a covering of rags from the naked form of a lad of about sixteen years.

As the chilly air strikes the trembling lad he begs to be covered again, but his eye catches the sight of strangers. "Who has come?" He asks and again the covering is removed. He endeavours to raise his head, but it falls helplessly to the ground. "Raise me up," he says, and his old grandmother strains every muscle to lift his helpless form, but finds it beyond her strength.

Puckera tries to raise his hand to greet us, but it falls weakly. He listens to us as we kneel at his side and tell him about Jesus and His wonderful love. His eyes are set on us, and are filled with wonder at the things we tell him. Suddenly he bursts forth, "Oh God, where art Thou? where art Thou hiding? Oh! come to me, Oh, Come! Why dost Thou hide from me?" and convulsive sobs shake his poor weak frame.

Tears flow down our faces and we retire for a moment to compose ourselves; and then return to his side to resume our talk. We teach him a little chorus "Jesus, saves, Jesus saves me, saves me now. Hallelujah, Jesus saves." A smile brightens
the sufferer's face, and he exclaims "Jesus, save Puckera, cleanse me from my sin and take me to Thyself."

Fearing lest we weary the lad, we seat ourselves near the old lady and inquire about his parents. She tells all she knows frankly and unhesitatingly. "His father has been dead several years. His mother has to work hard in the fields for her support and the support of us all. I cannot help for someone has to be with this lad. Do you see that child standing there? Well, he too has to help a little by taking care of cattle; it is only a little he gets but it all helps. Before Puckera was born, his mother had no son, so she went to a certain idol and performed the necessary vows, and made the customary offerings in order to get a son. She got a son, but he turned out a demon, look at him, he is only a burden to us all. She asked for another son and she got an idiot."

As often as possible we visited this sad and unfortunate family. We greatly rejoiced poor Puckera's heart one day, when we took him a new shirt to cover his naked body (for it should be understood that this paralyzed lad lay on the hard ground on a thin, dirty rag.) His eyes expressed his gratitude also, when he saw rice and fruit which we had brought him.

Months have past by and we have not been able to visit this family. The heat and the rains are the preventatives, but we look forward to the coming season, when we shall be able to go and again try to cheer, and comfort this afflicted family.

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"THE EVIL DAY," AND GOD'S PROVISION FOR IT.

By A. Johnson.

(Continued from last month.)

In my last article I tried to show that the "evil day" in Eph. vi. 13, points to the same crisis as the "day of wrath," Rom. ii. 5, "The day of the Lord," 1 Thess. v. 2, and "that day" 2 Thess. ii. 3, and answers the oft repeated prophetic question: "Who shall be able to stand"—in the evil day?

In reading the context, we are brought face to face, as it were, with the powers we shall have to withstand in that day. They are no other than those which the children of God have had to withstand in all ages, but nowhere in the Bible, except in the 3rd chapter of Genesis, and in the 4th chapter of Matthew, are
they so plainly revealed as in these verses, and later on in the book of Revelation. The first Adam was not able to withstand those powers, in his evil day. The second Adam was able, and did withstand them, and God has made a provision by which believers may withstand them in the coming evil day. Now let us consider God’s provision for that day. May the Holy Spirit help us, not only to see the importance of it, but to appropriate it.

The items in this provision are: first, “Having your loins girt about with truth.” (v. 14.) Peter, also, exhorting to readiness for the coming of Jesus, says: “Wherefore gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ,” 1 Pet. i. 13. We should notice here, it is not the outward man that is to be girded, neither is it the feelings nor emotions, but the mind, the understanding, that is to be girded with truth. “What is truth?” was Pilate’s question; and many great minds and profound scholars have asked that question; and have spent their lives in search of the answer, without, perhaps, getting any nearer to it than they were at the beginning. But Jesus gives the answer so plainly and simply that an ordinarily intelligent child of five years old can understand it: “Thy word is truth.” For nearly nineteen hundred years the Church has not only had access to the truth, but has been the custodian of it. Yet how, comparatively few in the Church realize the responsibility connected with this privilege; and how few are girding the loins of their minds with its precious precepts and promises, the consequence is that many are “Tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine,” “Ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth.” They gird themselves? yes; with “strong delusions,” sent by God, “that they should believe a lie.” “Because they received not the love of the truth.” 2 Tess. ii. 10, 11.

Second, “And having on the breastplate of righteousness.” A breastplate was one of the items in the high priest’s attire, without which he could not minister unto God in the priest’s office. The significance, in detail, of this item, curiously wrought of very costly material, belongs to the study of types, for which, both space and ability are lacking here. And we shall confine ourselves to the simple statements of God’s Word. The breastplate stands for judgment (Ex. xxviii. 15); therefore the “breastplate of righteousness” must stand for righteous judgment.

Believers are said to be “kings and priests unto God,” and it
is also said that "the saints shall judge the world." (1 Cor. vi. 2.) But at the present stage, I think, the believer will have less to do with judging the world, than with judging self. A right judgment of self will have much to do with our standing or falling in the day of temptation. The accuser will soon detect any flaw, or weak point there. Anything short of God's own standard is sure to break down. "There is none righteous, no, not one," is His standard of judgment on man. It is by this standard that we must judge self, the good, as well as the bad self. The very best self will not have a shadow of a chance before the accuser. Self must be judged and put out of the way. "If we would judge ourselves," says Paul, "we should not be judged." This was the stumbling block of Israel. They tried to establish their own righteousness, and utterly failed. This was the great sin of Cain; and it has been the great sin of mankind, from that day to this. But has there ever been a time when this great sin has been so rampant as it is at the present time? And, according to God's word, it will increase more and more until the end of the age. "Setting God aside and defying man" was the charge Bishop Ullman, of Stockholm, laid against the people of Sweden two years ago. I wonder how many more Christian nations would come under that charge.

But there is another side to self judgment, as believers. If we will judge self according to His standard. He has another standard for us, in which no adversary can find a flaw. We are not, like the Jews at Antioch, to judge ourselves unworthy of everlasting life (Acts. xiii. 44), but we are to judge "Him faithful" who has promised us everlasting life in His Son. "Who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." (1 Cor. i. 30.) "That no flesh should glory in His presence." (v. 29.) Nothing less than God's own righteousness is proof against the enemy, and nothing less has been provided.

Third, "And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace" (v. 15.) When the children of Israel were about to partake of the passover before departing from Egypt they were told to eat it, "with your loins girded, your shoes on your feet, and your staff in your hand," (Ex. xii. 11.) And afterwards we are told that they went forty years through the wilderness, without their feet swelling, or their shoes waxing old. (Deu. viii. 4. xxix. 5.) That is the kind of shoes the Lord provides. So, Hannah, also, in her wonderful prophetic prayer and doxology, sings: "He will keep the feet of His saints."

The "preparation of the gospel of peace."—a wonderful pre-
"THE EVIL DAY," AND GOD'S PROVIDE FOR IT

paration that! A sure cure for snake bite. The trouble with the world is, it is snake bitten, and this is the only cure for it. The poison of the old serpent has been flowing through its veins for six thousand years; yet, the world insists that there is nothing the matter with it. All it needs to bring on the millennium is religious and political liberty, a perfect social system, and a world leader. Well, these things are in making. Tremendous forces and movements are at work on them, and the leader can not be far off. And, mark, please! That man—made "millennium" is not merely a wild dream. It is coming. It will not last a thousand years, it will be of short duration, but it will be very real while it lasts. Christ says: "Except those days should be shortened, there should no flesh be saved, but for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened." Matt. xxiv. 22.

It is against this serpent poison, so active in world movements to-day, that the believer needs to have his feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, lest, he be swept into the tremendous maelstrom of these movements, inspired, and energized by that same old serpent, who six thousand years ago, said to Eve: "Ye shall be as gods."

(To be concluded.)

THE DYING OF JESUS.

WHAT it meant to HIM sometimes seems to be to us little more than mere words, and yet "THE DYING OF JESUS"! Oh! what words they are, and oh! the depths to which the reality of these words led Him!

This short sentence of four words we find in II. Cor. iv. 10, R. V.: "Always bearing about in the body the dying of Jesus, that the life also of Jesus may be manifested in our body." It is important that we understand something of what the dying of Jesus meant to Him, for it is something that we are, in our turn, to "bear in our body;" and also because the measure in which the life of Jesus will be manifested in us will be the measure in which "the putting to death of Jesus" (R. V., margin) is shown in our body.

First of all, by the use of the word "body," we may be reminded that it is some very practical lesson that the Apostle would teach us, something that touches every part of us—our

[The life of Jesus manifested in our body is indeed practical, and can be made to mean nothing else than a supernatural quickening of our mortal bodies.—Ed. I. A.]
hands, feet, lips, eyes. We get the same thought in Rom. xii. 1, where he beseeches the people to present their "bodies a living sacrifice," a sacrifice upon God's altar that leaves out no part.

What then did "the putting to death of Jesus" mean to Him? Only He can know the depths that it did mean for Him; but we can, and must, learn something of its meaning by some of the descriptions and expressions which we find in the gospels. This "dying of Jesus" is something that is "always" to be manifested in us, so it is surely of great importance that we seek to understand something of its significance.

1. We find in John xix. 17, R.V., these wondrous words: "Jesus . . . bearing the cross for Himself." This is an experience we must all pass through, and pass through alone, alone in heart if not outwardly. It is an unavoidable experience, if we are to know anything of "the putting to death of Jesus"; there is no other way we can know it, we must bear the Cross, each one "for himself." Such an experience is not one that can be explained or dilated upon, it can only be understood as we pass through it.

2. The dying of Jesus meant to Him that He did not defend Himself—"Jesus gave him no answer" (John xix. 9). It was not that He could have given none. Oh! no. He could have given such an answer that heaven and earth would have been moved, and angels and devils have joined in acknowledging Him as Son of God and Lord of all. But instead of this we read, "He opened not His mouth" (Isaiah liii. 7). "He answered him nothing" (Luke xxiii. 9). Do not think it is a weak, cowardly thing to keep silent when you might stand up for your rights, when you might give a full explanation to satisfy those who are injuring you. The Son of God "opened not His mouth." The words of the wise men are, "Say not thou, I will recompense evil." We think, "I can do it so cleverly!" "But wait on the Lord and He shall save thee" (Prov. xx. 22).

Even in Christian work there is often abundant opportunity to show this spirit. St. Paul says (i. Thess. ii. 6, Weymouth.) "We might have stood on our dignity, as apostles of Christ." Yes, but instead, what did they do? "We were babes among you." A babe has not much "dignity," a "babe" lets other people fight for it, a babe does not seek to show its own wisdom or cleverness, it is "gentle," as Paul here says they were. This then is something that we are to show forth in our bodies, and this is something that "the dying of Jesus" means for us.

3. "They . . . mocked Him and beat Him. And they blind-
folded Him" (Luke xxii. 63, 64). Oh! let us ask the Holy Spirit to make these more than mere words to us! Let us allow Him so to speak them in our hearts that our coldness, and pride, and self-sufficiency shall be melted and removed. People will "mock" you, they will jeer at you if you want to know what the "dying of Jesus" means. They will "beat" you, not perhaps with the literal weapons of wood or iron, but they will say as they did of Jeremiah (chapter xviii. 18), "Come and let us smite him with the tongue," a very effectual weapon in this enlightened, refined and cultured 20th century. "Their tongue a sharp sword," the psalmist tells us (Psalm lvi. 4), and, again, "Swords are in their lips" (Psalm lix. 7). Do you ever use this sword with your fellow-worker, your fellow-missionary? There is a better sword: "The sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God." It cuts quite as surely and pierces quite as deeply as the other "sword," but the results are vastly different. This sword of the Spirit can also be used by our lips as well as the other sword.

But there is one more word under this third heading, and it is this: "They blindfolded Him." If we want to know something of the experience of "the dying of Jesus," God may allow other people to be the means of cutting off the visible, "the things that are seen," from us. It is not a pleasant sensation to be blindfolded. We feel helpless, humiliated, stupid, ignorant of the way we are going. The beauties around are shut away from us, we cannot see our friends. Yes, spiritualise all this and you will have something of what "the putting to death of Jesus" means for those who want to know it: The blindfolding cannot do one thing. It cannot shut out God from us. Our friends may have left us, disappointed us, the beauty of this world may have paled for us; but if this be so, then our eyes are the wider open to "the things that are above." In this connection St. Luke tells us (chapter xxiii. 45, R.V.) of "the sun's light failing." Yes, that happened when Jesus was dying, it meant that to Him. Every earthly light went out, and if we are to "bear about in our bodies the dying of Jesus," we may be quite sure that sooner or later the sun's light will "fail." All that goes to make this earth light and bright of itself, that will all "fail"; but only then can we find Him to be the One to our souls, of Whom the prophet says, "Thy sun shall no more go down . . . for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light." An old saint has said, "Christ can never appear in the daytime now. I mean in the sphere of earthly brightness." "The sun was set" when God revealed Himself to Jacob (Gen. xxviii. 11).
It is so easy to read or write these words, but, oh! how different, how difficult, when we come to pass through the experience of our earthly suns setting one by one! Yet it must come if we are to know anything of "the dying of Jesus."

4. Further, we read in Luke xxiii. 25, "Jesus he delivered up to their will." It meant, to the Son of God, that wicked men had their way with Him. It may mean something similar to us. Others may get their own way with us, they may work their will in injuring us. Yet God is behind it all. The psalmist knew it when he said, "Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads" (Psalm lxvi. 12).

5. "The soldiers plaited a crown of thorns and put it on His head" (John xix. 2). "On His head!" The One in all God's universe Who was most worthy of a crown of gold! The thorns were no "make-believe," they actually pierced His patient brow. There will always be something to "pierce" us if we experience in any measure "the dying of Jesus." The "thorns" come very often. But there is a deeper piercing, one which perhaps only comes once in a lifetime, but we know it when it comes: "One of the soldiers with a spear pierced His side, and forthwith came there out blood and water" (John xix. 34). This piercing goes to our very heart, and touches our very vitals, a piercing that cannot be written or cannot be spoken, but it is something that is for ever after "branded" upon us, something that never wears out, or can be wiped out: we bear "the dying of Jesus" for ever.

6. There is but one more passage to quote in our study of this subject, and this you will find in John xix. 30, "He bowed His head." It was not difficult for Jesus to bow His head, for He had bowed His heart long before. There was no stubborn, unbent will behind, that had to be broken ere He could bow His head to His Father's will. They are wondrous words these: "He bowed His head." Have we all come to that part of "the dying of Jesus?" It takes many of us long and weary years before we "bow." We fight, and fret and struggle before we bow, but it has to come. May God lead us all to that point where we shall let that go which is keeping us stiff and stubborn, and we shall bow both head and heart before Him. It seems a great thing to say, and one impossible apart from God; but it is surely possible for us to say it as He bears us through the dark "valley of the shadow of death" ("the putting to death of Jesus"), "O death, where is thy sting?" for nothing so takes the "sting" out of a trial as to "die."

We have a beautiful and glorious reward for anything we
may suffer, for St. Paul goes on to say that we “bear about in our bodies the dying of Jesus, so that in our bodies it may be clearly shown that Jesus lives” (Weymouth). Are we showing that Jesus lives? Showing it by not defending ourselves, but by bearing the Cross, by being willing to have the visible shut off from us, by letting others, if necessary, “ride over our heads,” by wearing “a crown of thorns,” and, above all, by continually bowing in deepest submission to “that good and acceptable and perfect will of God.”—Emma Garratt in “Darkness and Light.”

EASILY DEFILED.

One of the greatest hindrances to missionary work here in India is the system of caste. No matter what a person’s circumstances may be, however hungry or thirsty he may have become, he will not accept anything except from one of his caste. And if anyone, whether European or lower caste, should touch anything belonging to him, it would at once be defiled.

I recall an incident when we were in Almora. One day a son of a high caste Hindu was going to visit his village, five or six miles away in the mountains, and he invited three of us missionaries to accompany him. In climbing the mountains we became very thirsty and as we came to a spring they would give us water. It did not once occur to us that if we were to help ourselves to the water we would defile it, as there are many public springs in the hills and we did not know that these were Hindu springs.

We reached the village late in the evening and the servants gave us plenty of water. Early the next morning, we arose and went down to the river. As we passed the spring from which they had given us water the previous evening, having a cup with us, we took a drink, not dreaming that we were defiling the spring in doing so. Some of the villagers saw us and got stirred up about it.

On our return from the river about ten o’clock, we were
again thirsty and were looking forward to having a refreshing drink from the spring. When we reached it, however, we found it had been cleaned out and another one which we had merely passed early in the morning was being cleaned out, as the people feared we had taken water from both. After the water was all taken out, a Brahmin priest came and with a gold finger ring performed some kind of a ceremony over the springs to purify them.

Our friend said the villagers might have done us harm, as they were so stirred, but he told them we were his friends and he had invited us to come with him and they should not harm us.

We asked our young friend about the water supply in town, as everyone knows that all, Europeans and Indians, high and low caste, are served from the same source. He told us that the wind blowing over it as it was drawn from the taps purified it. Thus we see how ignorant the people are and how little they understand of what really defiles the soul.—The Burning Bush.

LABOURERS OF CHRIST.

Labourers of Christ—lift up your heads. Be not dismayed or disheartened. . . . God is for us: who can be against us! The mountain is full of horses and chariots of fire, and we must not trust the carnal vision to which spiritual forces are invisible and unreal. The only way to do any work for the unseen God is to work as well as walk by faith and not by sight—to believe that beyond the range of our short vision and finite observation stretch limitless realms of truth and fact. *Behind all work for God stands God Himself*, its inspiration and its assurance, its warrant and its reward. Let us believe that His command constitutes authority and His promise security, and in that faith to the end dare to do our duty as he has shown it, waiting for the end to interpret the beginning and all that lies between.—Arthur T. Pierson.
LITTLE EUNICE'S BIRTHDAY.

A FEW months ago Eunice, who is the child of Christian parents, was brought here to enter our school. This was her first birthday in Kaira and her father sent word that if we would celebrate by having a party he would bear the expenses. In the villages when a child is born the parents tie a string to the roof. Each year at the same season a knot is tied in the string in order to keep account of the child's age. The month and day are not recorded. But the birthday of little Eunice was recorded and celebrated in the Christian way.

Early in the afternoon the nine little girls of her room were sent off to bathe and dress in their Xmas clothes. In the meantime the bungalow was decorated with branches of green leaves and at five o'clock they came in two by two dressed in yellow sardis, yellow skirts with large black and white figures, and white jackets with tiny red flowers. These suits were given to them on Xmas, and they have worn them on Sundays ever since without washing and they still look clean and neat.

When they had been seated in a circle around the room they sang in English the little song:

"Happy birthday to you,
Happy birthday to you,
Happy birthday dear Eunice,
Happy birthday to you."

Then, according to the native custom, we served refreshments before we did anything else. Each child had three native fried cakes, or puries, and a cup of tea. The boiling water, tea, milk and lots and lots of sugar were all mixed together in a large vessel and dipped out with a cup. The matron of the room in which these little girls lived asked the blessing, praying sweetly for Eunice. At first the children just looked at the food and at us and their eyes danced, but they had to be coaxed to begin to eat. We told them the one who drank her tea first should be served to a second cup. Nearly every one of them took two cups. When the puries had disappeared, each one was given some white candies and puffed rice done up in a package to be taken away to their room, also some of the rice to eat in the bungalow.
When the little feast was over, they placed their packages in safe corners of the room and prepared to play.

The first game was, "Drop the Handkerchief." They sang a Christian song as they played. Next we sat on the floor and played, "Ring on the String." As one child was caught and entered the circle the one who had the ring told her to look toward the other side of the room, then she quickly sent it on. We were much interested to see how quickly they caught on to our home games. Next we played "Button, button, who has the button?" Sharp eyes often saw the button drop, and somehow it was hard not to tell out of turn.

Next, we all gathered around the little baby organ and sang "Jesus Loves me this I know, " and "What can wash away my Sin." These nine little girls together with their matron and the missionaries made the bungalow ring. They sang just as lustily as they had played, and after a short prayer by Miss Coxe, they shouted, "Maherboni," which means, "Thank you," and scampered away to tell the others about their party.

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**WHAT WILL YOU GIVE?**

There's a call from the far-off heathen land;
Oh, what can you give for the great demand?
We have not wealth like the rich man's store
We will give ourselves; we have nothing more.
I will give my feet; they shall go and go,
Till the heaven's story the world shall know,
I will give, my hands, till their work shall turn
To the gold I have not, but can earn.
I will give, my eyes, the story to read.

Of the heathen's sorrow, the heathen's need.
I will give my tongue that story to tell,
Till Christian hearts shall with pity swell.
We have little to give, but by and by we may hear a call from the voice on high,
"To bear my Gospel o'er land and sea,
Unto all the world—go ye! go ye!"
Tho of silver and gold we have none at all,
We will give ourselves, if we hear that call.

—Sel.
PRAYER AND PRAISE.

NOTES OF PRAISE.

BHUSAWAL.—Praise for the hopeful conversion of an Englishman who has been living in sin, and for a Hindu woman who is under instruction.

BODWAD.—Praise the Lord for His help and the exceptionally good health He has given us during the time of our most strenuous work of the year, as well as the most trying upon ones health in the whole year.

—We are also thankful to report that six of our students have graduated this year and will soon join our helper's force.

DHOLKA.—Praise for the profitable time of study and teaching during the summer school.

—for the spirit of prayer that accompanied the studying and teaching.

—for the resultant earnestness in the workers.

MATAR.—Praise for the restoration of the wife of one of our teachers from a severe illness.

MURTIZAPUR.—Praise for eight more baptisms of adults, and eight new dedications of children in Daryapur county.

PRAYER REQUESTS.

BHUSAWAL.—Prayer is asked for the man recently converted, that he may become established.

—for a native brother who has sadly backslidden because of a root of bitterness harboured in his heart.

BODWAD.—Pray that the Lord may send along more young men for the 1916 class in the Bible Training School.

DHOLKA.—Prayer is asked for a worker who is guilty of a fault, that he may fully confess it and get right with God and with the Church.

—Pray that the bad conduct of a dismissed worker, in an outstation, may not result in hindrance to the work. Pray also that the worker in question may humble himself and get right and be restored to the confidence of the mission.

—Pray that we may be given wisdom and spiritual power in the beginning of the touring season.
MATAR.—Pray for two old women of the Darara caste, who seem much interested in the gospel.

GENERAL.—A number of the missionaries and their children have been suffering with fever or with the indescribably painful "Indian sore eyes." Pray for them and for others who but for your prayers may be similarly afflicted.

—Pray for the touring parties which will be starting out when this paper reaches its readers.

ITEMS.

The headquarters of the Alliance Mission have been moved, for a time at least, from Bombay to Akola. Mr. and Mrs. Fuller are making their home again at Akola where Mr. Fuller opened the work over thirty years ago. The missionaries on the Marathi field are rejoicing in the fact that Mr. Fuller will be able to be with them oftener in the stations. The Alliance home at Colaba, Bombay, will still be open to guests under the management of Miss Bishop, whose homes of rest in South India are well known in missionary circles.

The 22nd meeting of the Gujarat and Kathiawar Missionary Conference was held in Mehmadabad on September 29. The devotional meeting was conducted by the Rev. M. B. Fuller, who gave an inspiring address on the words "I faint not." In the afternoon two papers were read, one by Mr. Fuller on "The Second Coming of Christ," and the other by the Rev. C. Conley, of Nadiad, on "Trades for Christian Boys." Both papers were listened to with great interest, and were followed by discussion. The Conference, and the fellowship with which it is associated, lose none of their power to refresh and reinvigorate as time goes on.—Bombay Guardian.

Mr. S. H. Auernheimer has been appointed business Manager of the India Alliance for the coming year, and all communications concerning subscriptions to the paper should be addressed

Rev. S. H. AUERNHEIMER,
MALKAPUR,
BERAR.
# List of Alliance Missionaries

## BERAR
- **Akola**: Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Moyser, Mr. J. P. Rogers
- **Amraoti**: Mr. & Mrs. W. Fletcher
- **Chandur**: Mr. & Mrs. E. R. Carner, Miss E. Kratof, Miss H. Bushfield, Miss A. Little, Miss J. L. Rollier
- **Khamgaon**: 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
- **Khaira**: Miss Coxe, Miss B. Conger, Miss E. Prichard, Miss M. Taylor
- **Matar**: Miss Cora Hansen
- **Mehmadabad**: Mr. & Mrs. L. F. Turnbull
- **Sanand & Sabarmati**: Mr. & Mrs. D. McKee
- **Shantipur**: Miss Jessie Fraser
- **Viramgam**: Mr. & Mrs. A. Duckworth

## Khandesh
- **Bhusawal**: Mr. & Mrs. A. I. Garrison, Mrs. F. M. Bannister
- **Bodwad (P.O. Nargaon)**: Mr. & Mrs. C. Eicher
- **Chalisgaon**: Miss K. P. Williams, Miss E. Wyeth
- **Jalgao**: Mr. & Mrs. K. D. Garrison, Miss C. Rutherford
- **Pachora**: Mr. A. Johnson

## On Furlough:
- **Mr. & Mrs. O. Lapp**
- **Mr. & Mrs. P. Hagberg**
- **Mrs. I. Moodie**
- **Mr. W. M. Turnbull**
- **Mr. & Mrs. O. Dinham**
- **Miss M. Woodworth**
- **Mr. V. Erickson**
- **Mr. & Mrs. J. N. Culver**
- **Mr. & Mrs. H. H. Cox**

## Bombay: