"UNTO VICTORY."

Fierce is the conflict now,
Stronger the foe,
More keen the battle-cry
Raging below;
Louder the noise of hell,
No longer dumb!
Yet, sounds the midnight cry:—
"Quickly I come! Quickly I come!"

2. Stronger the testings now,
Keener the fight;
All hell has risen up,
Must'ring their might;
Harder to overcome,
While waiting here;
Yet, the glad sound is heard:—
"Jesus is near! Jesus is near!"

3. Harder to prove His word,
In this last hour;
For 'gainst us Satan flings
His fiercest power;
More spirit strength we need,
Here to prevail;
But, as He comes, we cry:—
"Master, all hail! Master, all hail!"

4. Who then will follow on,
In His great strength;
Whose faith will stand and win
Vict'ry at length;
Whose heart is strong in GOD,
To overcome?
Such will rejoice to hear:
"Quickly I come! Quickly I come!"

5. Who'll face the straightened way,
Choosing God's Best;
With not a look behind,
Conqu'ring each test:
Whose spirit dares to press
Through pain and fear?
For, in the midst is felt:
"Jesus is near! Jesus is near!"

Tune Euroclydon. —The "Overcomer."
EDITORIAL NOTES.

DEFICIENT SPIRITUAL PATRIOTISM.

"Offer it now unto thy governor." Mal. 1:8.

This was the acid test which Malachi applied to the dishonesty and meanness of the Jewish people in bringing imperfect and unworthy sacrifices to the Lord.

Probably never before has there been so great an effort as at present to show up at their best advantage the virtues of thrift and economy.

Wastefulness, luxuries, and unnecessary indulgence of all kinds are condemned by all patriotic British subjects. There is little in the material of these appeals that is new to those who have believed in missions as the first duty of the Church, but it is indeed a new thing to hear so general an outcry about it.

The noble speech of Lord Curzon last year, in which he deplored the fact that men could find amusement in horse races or football, when their brothers were dying only a few miles away in France for the Empire, doubtless opened many eyes. Never before have so many persons seen the sin of needlessly spending upon themselves money which might be better used in a greater cause.

We read in the editorials of one of the large daily papers of Western India:—

"Is a day at the races or a dinner at the club worth it, when we know that the money so spent, if lent to the State, would mean another shell to the Russian soldiers whose fortitude throughout the terrible retreat has excited the admiration of the world? This war is not going to be quickly won by races and dances, bands and theatricals; it is going to be won before exhaustion sets in only by the supreme and continuous concentration of the activity of every man and woman whose service leads, directly and indirectly, to the greater efficiency of the State. That is the spirit which must animate us throughout the winter if next Spring is not to bring the disappointments of last."
"Colonel Marchand, in announcing his approaching return to "the front, after being wounded in Champagne, wrote:—A man "has a right to be dead, but not ill. We cannot all fight; but "everyone can serve."

We are in full sympathy with the sober judgment of such an appeal, and wish that men might heed it. But when one's country is at war is not the only time, when we are admonished to "be sober." National sobriety, is like temperance; if it is good for war times, why not at all times? What right have men to live carelessly even when their country is not at war?

The above mentioned paper comments sarcastically upon the attitude of those who are slow to heed its call to economy:

"Let's go on as we are," they say in effect, "until such "time as Government passes the hat round, and then we will "see what can be done: in the meantime it is somewhat un- "necessary to advise anyone to save up for the demand which "may be made upon him."

Amidst the correspondence aroused by this we find some paragraphs worthy of reading. One writer dissatisfied with the "economies" practised by his countrymen in India, writes:

"But little is gained by putting forward an opinion that we "are not economising as we should be unless we go right home "and consider in what directions it is possible to save. The true "patriot will arrange his mode of living at the present time hav- "ing regard to the requirements of his country and not to those "of his retired life.

"Does our income, bearing in mind the enormous war expend- "iture which may continue for many months, justify us in yachting, hunting, motoring, attending race meetings and theatres, "playing games and entertaining our friends in much the same "way as we were prior to the war? Under which of these heads "have we cut down our expenditure? Have we reduced our "club bills to a minimum? Do we still spend money freely on "wines, liqueurs and small drinks? Are motorists economising "in petrol and tyres and in doing without a chauffeur wherever "possible? Are we reducing our shopping to a minimum and
"are we looking to it that where we must buy, we are patronising
"British exports? Do we look round our bungalows and see
"that all articles of daily consumption are produced in Britain
"or her colonies or failing that, by her Allies?"

Another, divides British subjects into two classes, defining
the classes definitely:

"The unenviable notoriety attained by the young unmarried
"slacker has served as a salve to the conscience of some of the
"married and older civilians.

"Do any of the latter among your readers disagree with my
"definition of the following two words as applied to all male
"British subjects other than children, dotards, and hopeless
"invalids.

"Patriot :—He who has joined the Navy or Army, or offered
	himself for service and been rejected 'by the authorities,' either
"on account of youth, age, medical unfitness, or because 'the au-
"thorities' require his services in a civil capacity.

"Slacker :—He who has not done so.

"There are instances where boys of 12 have gone on active
"service as naval cadets, and have also been accepted for enlist-
"ment in the Army as boys.

"An ex-chief gunner of the Navy, a V. C. aged 82, who re-
"joined for this war, has had 5 ships sunk under him in this war,
"and has lately been wounded.

"A man I know who, as a civilian before the
"war, was refused by several life insurance offices as medically un
"fit, was accepted for active service and fought efficiently. Hi
"Highness the Aga Khan offered himself to his Emperor for en-
"listment as a simple sepoy. An English Peer enlisted in the
"Hussars as a mere trooper.

"Married men with large families have enlisted. Men have
"sacrificed their careers to serve.

"Over half a million heroes have sacrificed their lives. The
"authorities are the ones to judge whether a man is fit to go or is
"indispensable at home."

We cannot refrain from remarking that if men talked about
fighting as they do about missionary work, Kitchner's army would
be a pitiful affair, we have all heard much about "special calls to the foreign field," but nothing about special calls to military service abroad. What further "call" is needed than the proclamation of the King? One writer suggests a means of stimulating courage in young men, who are reluctant to join the colours:

"If there are any shirkers I can only advise them to go Home and realize the spirit of the war that even the English girl has developed. "None but the brave deserve the fair" is old-fashioned. Her motto is "No gun no girl." I knew a very pretty young girl who was proposed to by a young man worthy of her. Her answer was "I have two brothers fighting in the trenches: why are you not there?" He went, and he won a girl, a gun "and a D. C. M. I commend this story to the shirkers."

And one who signs himself "The father of a soldier," writes:

"The indignation expressed at your article is well founded when one passes outside and sees the number of smart new motor cars mostly of foreign origin, and recalls the doctrine preached in England that the purchase of every foreign made article of luxury is a blow at one's own country. On the contrary one is forcibly impressed with the aptness of a question I overheard addressed to a certain nobleman last August by the French Consul in Folkestone, while refusing him a passport for a motor tour in Western France, 'Monsieur, are you aware that your country is at War?'

We have reproduced these paragraphs because they show the feeling of serious minded men toward national sobriety. But the substance of all that they have said, and much that could be said on the subject, might also be said with greater force to many Christians concerning their attitude towards the Master's work. Many seem not to know that the world is at war with the church; many who know it, do not appear to have taken sides very definitely; many others seem so unwilling to deny themselves for the gospel's sake that those who observe their lack of concern have been led to scoff at religion itself.
Every Christian who, in this time of war, has been stirred by love for his country to do what he was not willing to do for the love of Christ, would do well to think seriously as to why it has been so. England is proud to have raised an army of four million men by voluntary enlistment. Why has the response to Christ's call for volunteers for "immediate service abroad" been so meager? Is it because the Emperor's call for men is more moving than the call of Christ? Is it because "the right of small nations to exist" is a more worthy cause than the right of all men to hear the message of life? Is it because the murder of women and children on the high seas is any more awful than the degradation of womanhood in the "habitations of cruelty"?

Christian, take the amount of zeal that you have hitherto displayed in the cause of your Saviour, and "offer it now to your governor." Will sober minded men—Will your own conscience—accept it?

CHAIRMAN'S PAGE.

_An Editorial Department Conducted by Mr. Fuller._

We have been very glad to see some suggestions which have appeared in some of the papers of late concerning the Marathi translation of the Bible. Every one who knows anything of the English language and of the English speaking people, knows what a deep and all pervading influence the English translation of the Bible has had upon the language and literature of the English speaking people scattered over the world, as well as upon their hearts and lives and homes. And the marked characteristic of the King James translation is the very high percentage of simple Anglo-Saxon words. Had the translation been made in Johnsonian English how different it would
have been. The Bible would never have been the book for the simple cottages nor the source of untiring pleasure for children with its wonderful stories which are fresh and new for each generation. Nor could any translation burdened with long words derived from Latin and Greek have made the Bible the same rugged book in its imagery, nor so pungent in its power to speak to the hearts and consciences of men, to convict of sin and to lead men to a hunger and thirst after righteousness, a simple strong desire to be like Jesus. When the curse came for sin we read "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," and even people who in ordinary conversation seem to think it almost vulgar to say, "sweat" and prefer the Latin word perspiration, would not want the text quoted put into latinized English. Dr. Johnson gave the definition of a *network* as "something reticulated and decussated with interstices having equal distances between the intersections." Many people who know English well would be unable to tell from the definition what it defined, and yet they know well enough what a network is.

The earlier translations of the Bible into Marathi were naturally made largely by missionaries and were doubtless faulty and open to the charge of being Padri (missionary) Marathi, but Sir Narayen G. Chandavarkar, a Marathi scholar, has made a very strong and true criticism of the later translation or revised version. After speaking of the great influence of the English Bible he says of the Marathi translation, "If that translation is to touch the heart of India and become a part of its life and literature, it must avoid both "Padri Marathi" and "Pandit Marathi" (the Marathi of Sanscrit scholars) but must have a touch of peasant Marathi, for the language of the Bible is the language of shepherds and peasants as all true religious literature has been, and that is, after all, the grand style."

Many missionaries at work among the common people in the villages have felt this and are glad to have it said by a person of Sir Narayan's ability, Sanscrit translations may be useful for people who know Sanscrit, but the purely Marathi speaking people, numbering nearly twenty millions, ought to
have the Bible in their mother tongue with all the simplicity and rugged beauty and force of the King James translation in the Anglo-Saxon language. Pundita Ramabai was one of the few Hindu women who had the title Pandita (feminine for Pandit or professor) and she knew Sanscrit before she became a Christian, but she has felt the need of a translation of the Bible into real Marathi, not the Sanscritized Marathi of the Pandit, and we hope that no translation will be considered final until such a one is produced. We believe that such a translation would do for the Marathi speaking people something like what the King James version has done for English speaking people. Let Pandits have their Sanscrit if they like but if the common people can have the Bible in their mother tongue, accurate and forceful, true in language and style to the original languages of the Bible, they ought to have it and we hope they will have it.

From portions of the epistles written by the apostle Paul there is no doubt that he was able to write Greek in the classical style if he had wished to do so. But he definitely chose to sacrifice his reputation as a Greek scholar, and allowed his critics to say that his speech was contemptible because he spoke and wrote in the colloquial of the common people. He himself confessed that he was rude in speech, but not in knowledge. He wrote for the people of the churches to whom he wrote and we are glad that the King James version in English has put the colloquial Greek into plain Anglo-Saxon.

SOME ENCOURAGEMENTS IN CHALISGAON.

By E. M. Wyeth.

The people in Chalisgaon have been very friendly disposed toward us. For the most part their homes are opened to us. We find a welcome in their midst, from the highest caste down to the lowest. They allow their boys and girls to attend our Sunday-school and come to the bungalow freely. Often, in their artless ways, they have shewed us kindesses which have rejoiced our hearts and made us glad in the Lord,
that though we are alone amidst the heathen, yet He does not even let them be unmindful of us.

One day as we were driving along the road from town, a woman stepped out of her house, and held up her hand for us to stop. We wondered what she could want of us, because she was near the post office and in calling distance of the police and hospital; but we stopped and waited till she came out. She walked up to the cart and laid three fresh eggs in our hand. We said, "O Bai, we brought no money with us this morning." She waved us off and said, "I do not want any money, this is a buksheesh (gift) for you." Before we could recover from our surprise and thank her, she was gone. Once after this she called us into her house and gave us a plate of fruit.

Not long ago a head man of a village, fourteen miles from here, came in to have his mashed toe dressed. He was grateful for the attention he received and afterwards brought us a nice big basket of white onions. Several times women and children have brought fresh fruit and vegetables from their gardens and fields, which have been very acceptable to us.

We praise the Lord for these remembrances; but we thank Him, still more because we believe the reaping time here will soon begin. The other day while out among the people, we were in a house where a man declared his determination to be baptized and become a Christian. He has heard the gospel for years and is convicted of sin and convinced that there is no way to obtain salvation except through Jesus. While he was talking the people said, "Do you not know that if you become a Christian, people will taunt you, and you will have to give up your work and become an outcaste to your relatives and acquaintances?"

"Yes," he replied, "I know all this and I am ready to suffer persecution, and to be alienated from friends and caste that I might be freed from sin."

Please pray for this man and others, who said they would follow him if he took the first step.

THE KUNBY.

By E. R. Carner.

This is a plea for the farmers of India, known in this part of this great land as Kunbies. If there is any inherent great-
class. Compared with the many other classes and castes, the Kunbies are strong, honest, industrious, simple in their habits and capable of development along the lines that are good, far beyond any of the classes that surround them or, rather, that live among them, for they themselves are the surrounding ones. They live nearer to nature, and the great loving One who made it, than do any other of India's many peoples. In fact, it strikes us as we start out with this subject that we shall not be able to do justice to the Kunby, for while there is not much that can be said about him as to the attainments that the world counts great, there is in him a wealth of good qualities and substantialities that will live through a harder test than will the things that commonly receive the praises of men.

To begin with, the Kunby is very taciturn. He not only does not "wear his heart on his sleeve" as to matters of love, but he keeps his own council about many and most other things, except with friends whom he knows and trusts. That kind of friends he does not meet with every day, and the result is that he does not tell his opinions and his thoughts about many things, every day. But the Kunby has thoughts and opinions, nevertheless. He is not hollow-headed. Once a Kunby opens his heart and his mind he shows that he is not incapable of good logic and wide and varied interests.

Then we said he was strong. Strong in body and strong in spirit, as compared with his neighbours. He bears the burden of the support of the millions of India's dense population and does it uncomplainingly. When you look at the hand of a Kunby you look at a hand that is hard and horny with years of patient toil. This alone should compel you to respect him, and then, when you remember the thousands of soft-handed parasites who fill their stomachs off the Kunby's plate and never say, "Thank you," through a whole lazy lifetime of begging, you really ought to wonder at the patient spirit that can put up with it all.

And when we say the Kunby is honest, we are speaking of comparatives, for what man is really honest until he has a new heart from above? The Kunby's whole environment is tainted with dishonesty and falsehood, as is any environment where idolatry reigns and the worship of the God of truth is eliminated. But having said this we reserve the right to say that the Kunby is an honest man as compared with those around him. He plows the fields and sows the seed and reaps the crops, and lives on what is left after the various tolls, some of them being heavy indeed, have been taken out of the whole.

He is frugal. He does not waste his substance with riotous
living. He eats simple food; wears simple clothes; lives a simple life. And if he should be fortunate enough to own land, not mortgaged to the cruel extortioner, called by the name of money-lender, the Kunby accumulates property and improves what he already owns.

And he has capabilities that are as yet hardly dreamed of. The honest toil and simple life (his own and that of his forebears) have done something to keep his head clear and to save him from the mental degeneracy that would be inevitable without these restraining influences.

But alas! we can only say he is capable of development. He is not yet developed. Few of this great class can either read or write. Our hearts almost ache sometimes as we look into the intelligent faces of these men and hear them say, with an expression of hopeless indifference, in answer to our offer to sell them a Scripture portion, "Yes, the book is good and cheap but of what use to me? I know no letters. I cannot write or read. I am a poor ignorant one, shut off from such things."

We hear this in various forms literally hundreds of times and we are glad to tell the Kunby who says it, each new time, that salvation by no means depends upon a knowledge of letters, few or many. But back of that expression, "I cannot read," is the whole sum of the disadvantages under which the Kunby lives. The mere fact of being able to read would not change the problem very much, though it might mean that he would purchase the book and read it. And if he read it he might wake up to its tremendous message. And if he did that you would begin to see the Kunby as God meant him to be. His mind and heart, notwithstanding what we have said above, have been dwarfed, and like the rest of the race, he is dead in trespasses and sins, but God has endowed him with many good gifts that will make him a bright gem in the crown of the King of kings when the day of his allegiance to the King comes.

Much more might be written about the good qualities of this farmer caste of India, but we do not want to exhaust the subject now. And, some one may ask, "what do you plead for him?" We plead his right to the Word of life; his right to hear adequately that Jesus is his Friend and Saviour. He cannot plead for himself and perhaps would not if he could, for one of the traits in this excellent character—a trait we have not even mentioned, but one which will make him all the more dependable when he has learned "the way of peace"—is the trait of conservatism. If he hears of a way that is new to him he is likely to ask, "Why should I give myself and my faith to some-
thing which is so new to me?" Yes, the Kunby is conservative and independent in spirit, but he has a right to a fair chance. The villages (there are thousands of them) where he lives, have not yet been adequately evangelized. Many of them have never heard the message. The sound of glad tidings has not fallen on the ears of many, and among those who have heard there are many who have not even begun to apprehend the vast importance of the message which has so seldom been told them. We plead, then, that you will take the Kunby on your heart and love him and ask the Lord of the harvest to send more labourers into the field; and that you will pray down deep conviction for sin into his heart and, withal, a great unction upon the messenger who goes forth through dust and heat and glaring sun in order to get to where the Kunby lives. And we plead that you will ask God to gather out quickly, before Jesus comes, the Kunbies who are now alive in the flesh, but whose spirits are dead, in the darkness of the idol-templed villages that are—India. 'Will you help us?'

A FAREWELL MEETING IN KAIRA.

By Edna Prichard.

The school room was transformed by laying rugs on the floor, and arranging chairs and tables around in sitting room style. Coloured papers were cut in fancy shapes and strung above our heads in all directions, and waving in the breeze they made a music sweet to Indian ears. Branches were placed about the chair to be occupied by Miss Coxe, who was in charge of the orphanage, and who was soon to leave us. Finally all was ready and the gongs were sounded. The girls dressed in their best entered one door and sat in groups. The outside people came in at another door bringing their families. These also formed circles, and were soon ready for tea.

It is the custom in this land to serve refreshments before anything else is done. So we appointed two men to dip out the tea for the outside people, and the matrons of the rooms served their own girls. Two missionaries gave out the biscuits which were soon soaking up the tea in the flat dishes. (They do not use cups.)

Tea over we opened the meeting by singing, "I will love Thee Saviour," followed by "Blest be the tie that binds." After prayer we sang, "Hail sweetest, dearest tie," to the tune of Auld lang syne,"
A FAREWELL MEETING IN KAIRA

Next, the master of our boys' school, Hira, who takes his turn at preaching as well as teaching, read Acts 20: 18-38, and gave a very appropriate message for the occasion.

At a signal from the chair one of our bright young orphanage school teachers, arose and placed a pretty garland of pink roses and dainty white flowers around Miss Coxe's neck. At the same time one of the young men distributed copies of a "paper of respect" to the outside families, and the head matron supplied the girls.

This done Hira arose and read the "paper of respect." At the appropriate moment another young man presented Miss Coxe with a beautiful leather bound Gujarati Bible, and also a silver vessel given by the Kaira church, which is composed of the orphans inside, and the married people outside, who were formerly in our orphanages.

A farewell song composed and sung by six or eight of our girls followed. The tune was doleful, and the words reminded the girls of Miss Coxe's work of love amongst them, resulting in flood of tears.

When Miss Coxe had finished expressing her thanks the service was closed by singing, "Till we meet again."

The most substantial expression of love was in the fact that the girls unanimously agreed to sacrifice eight meals of vegetables to pay their part toward the presents. At such times they would eat nothing but dry bread. Growing girls and boys the world over are very much interested in their meals, and I wonder how many in America and England would be willing to eat only dry bread once every week for the sake of giving something to a similar cause. Dry bread with sacrifice and love spread on it however is not so dry, is it?

Miss Coxe has left us, and two missionary families will soon be on their way. Who will bid farewell to America and fill these vacancies on the field?

MORE SIDELIGHTS ON MISSIONARY LIFE IN INDIA.

By Lydia I. Duckworth.

ONE of these sidelights would be quite apparent this morning to any one who would pay a visit to my office, where the writer sits with a handkerchief bound over one eye, trying to write by the sight of the other. This is by no means an uncommon sight in India, and is caused by the prevalent and pain-
ful and contagious “sore eyes.” The idiom in the vernacular is “the eyes have come,” and perhaps this expression originated in the very great consciousness one has of the presence of the offending member. One meets with it very often in towns and villages, where babies, and older children, with eyes uncareed for and uncleaned and exposed to the glare of the sun, frequently lose the sight of one eye and sometimes of both, and are thus maimed for life. This is why there are so many blind people in India. The flies are the carriers of this contagion, as well as of many other kinds, and sometimes when there is an uncommonly large number swarming around, and when in the rainy season the innumerable kinds of insect life hover around the lamp and make it almost impossible to do anything by lamp-light, one longs for the well-screened doors and windows of houses in the home-land. They are really much more needed here than there, even, because of the great abundance here of all kinds of arthropoda.

But God’s care and protection from the many things that would harm us is great, and we praise Him each day for protection from things seen and unseen, and dangers known and unknown. I am going to tell you a few incidents of God’s love and care to us in our home and in our work.

On account of the war, shipments of stores and provisions are sometimes hindered or delayed in transit, although, thanks to our Heavenly Father and the brave English Navy, the regularity of the arrival of the mails and shipments all through the past months of war stress has been marvellous. However, it has been very difficult recently to get Nestle’s condensed milk, and although I have been trying for over a month, to get a case from Bombay, none of the shops, not even the large English firms, had a supply, and I have had to get as best I could from local dealers, and keep hoping for the case of fresh milk to come. The shop-keeper in town assured me he had half a dozen tins on hand, and as very few of the people buy it I depended on this modest supply. One night, about nine o’clock, I opened the last tin in the house and lo! it was spoiled! So I sent it up to the town and had the shop-keeper aroused to get one of his tins of milk, for a baby’s milk must be had, whether or no. But to my dismay, the man came back with the startling statement that all the tins had been sold! The only next thing to do was to send to Ahmedabad the next morning, but the first return train from there would not reach here till noon the next day, and there was less than a teaspoonful of milk in the bottom of the last used tin. According to his usual routine the baby
would want two feeds through the night and two before noon the next day. We were rather anxious, but prayed about it definitely and retired. That night the baby slept from nine at night until six in the morning, a thing he had not done before, and has not done since! The small amount of milk in the tin was divided into two parts and mixed with the barley, and made two feeds that managed nicely until the milk arrived from Ahmedabad. The Lord surely heard prayer, and although it may seem a small thing to some, yet it shows us what a tender and vital interest our Heavenly Father has in all our concerns and needs.

Let me give another incident of God's keeping power, which shows also how He answers sometimes, when we may have thought the prayer unanswered. The day after the war broke out my husband's cousin's eldest son, a very bright and promising young Englishman, only nineteen years old, obtained a commission and joined the army. Soon he was sent to Cairo and thence to the Dardanelles. His photo was in our drawing room and I told our little Martha, who was the only one of our children home from school at the time, that cousin Eric had gone to the war. She immediately added to her evening prayer the petition that God would "bless Eric and not let him killed." A few months later, she, too, went to school, and hearing her prayer, our other girls, and also the other missionary children in the home, began to pray very earnestly for Eric. It brought the fact of the war very much home to them to have some one they knew of at the front to pray for. Writing of "the front" reminds me of a remark little Margaret Turnbull was heard to make to one of our girls. "I think it is just too bad," she said, "for them to put such young boy as Eric Duckworth in the front row."

In August came the sad news that Eric had been killed, and when I wrote and told Martha about it, she felt so badly that she cried and cried. She had never seen the young man herself, but she was disappointed because her prayer had seemingly not been answered. However, we learned later from Eric's mother that the children's prayers had certainly been answered in part for while the officers in that campaign only survived on an average of three weeks, Eric had been kept for months, and though he had twice before been shot through his uniform he had escaped injury!

Let us take these answers to prayer for temporal things as an encouragement to pray more for the spiritual needs of our work. Although you are not here in the midst of heathenism, you can all have a part by prayer as Martha and the children had a
part in this great earthly conflict, by praying for their friends at the front. To-day, we are at the front, and the forces of the arch-enemy are becoming more active all the time. There are many souls in the valley of decision. Will you help to pray them through? Mr. Duckworth is out in camp and the people come to his tent and stay sometimes till nearly eleven o'clock at night, inquiring the way, but the great need is for conviction and decision.

PROMISE IN AMRAOTI.

By W. Fletcher.

INDIA may have been considered by many of our friends a very barren field, and indeed it has seemed that the reaping day was far ahead, but I would say to you, as Jesus said to His disciples, “say not ye, there are yet four months and then cometh the harvest, behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest, and he that reapeth receiveth wages and gathereth fruit unto life eternal, that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together.” “But he that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame.” “Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe.” The powers of evil are at work and the spirit of Antichrist is coming down upon this poor old sin cursed world. But I am sure that we should also expect to see some wonderful outpourings of God’s Holy Spirit upon the people. Let us not say as some of the heathen do, “Oh it is kali yog (the age of sin), what can we expect?” India certainly has gone far in sin, but not beyond the power of Jesus. Has Jesus yet got the full share of His inheritance from Berar and Khandesh? We think not, and we must awake and stir ourselves up and put in the sickle.

You have heard something of the ingathering from many villages, in Darayapur district, for which we praise God. This Amraoti district comes right next to Daryapur on the east, and then Chandur. It matters not where I go these days, I am hearing strange things. The heathen are telling where to go next to find souls who are talking among themselves about turning to Christ. The first five weeks of this cold season we spent in the south of this district, where we found men’s hearts tender in some villages, and we took courage. Since then I have set aside going to each village just as it comes on the map; but have been taking long rides out into the district to where I have heard that men want to turn to Jesus. Last week I rode 35 miles
on the rough country roads and visited two villages. In the first I inquired of the Mahar people if they were ready to turn to Christ and they all said "Oh, don't stay here, go down to Misapur, and there you will find them ready." "And what about you," I asked. "Well, we will come a little later, but don't go without preaching here to us, we would like to hear about Him." So I had a meeting there, and then went on about four miles to the other village. There I had breakfast in the rest house of the Mahar people, who invited me in and treated me royally. I then had a very sweet service and prayer with them. It was more like a Christian service than one among heathen. I asked them many questions about turning to Jesus for Salvation and they said that there were some about ready to step out, particularly two who were away at work just then. Just as I was about to leave them, praying God's peace to abide with them, a high caste man called me to his house and wished to do me honour. I pleaded not hungry, but in vain; I had to brace up my courage and drink a big brass cup of milk with a handful of fine brown sugar in it. But I got it down with a straight face and helped myself from the dish of cloves on the table. Then came a new mercerised handkerchief saturated with strong Indian perfume, which I accepted, and had perfume all the way home.

A few days later I visited a small hamlet in quite a different place and there people talk about coming out in a body. Two days ago, I went to another village and there found a most interesting young man who reads the Bible. Yesterday I was at the opposite end of the district and there the people told me where to find other seekers, twenty miles from there. Every day some surprise awaits us. Praise God for the hopeful outlook all around. Three days ago Brother Ramsey told me that he is finding things much the same where he is now. Who will enlist in an army of praying and believing ones, to have a share through prayer, in the reaping of these white fields?

In deep humility,
Amid earth's sin and sorrow
Christ came to rescue thee;
In love, all love surpassing
He took the sinner's place,
That thou might'st be forgiven
And ransom'd by His Grace.—Sel.
MINNIE MOYSER DAVIDS.

The many friends of Minnie Moyser Davids, both in India and America, will be grieved to learn that she has passed from us.

Her story is an unusual one. About twenty-five years ago Mr. Fuller took Minnie, then a child of six, into the orphanage. She was a dainty child, and soon endeared herself to the missionaries, becoming as a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Moyser, who cared for her and educated her until she became self-supporting. At the age of ten she gave her heart to the Lord.

After being educated in Taylor High School, Poona, Minnie, spent a year in village work as a helper in connection with our work. Those who worked with her speak very highly of her work that year, everyone seemed to love her.

In 1905 Miss Davis went to America, and attended the missionary Institute at Nyack, New York. It was at Nyack that we knew her and learned to love her. She was an unusually good platform speaker, and had a ministry there on behalf of India. After graduating from Nyack Miss Davis took a business course in Quiney, Ill.

Returning to her own country as a missionary Miss Davis began work with the Methodist Church, and did a good work in the few years granted her for service. Her work in Belgaum, where she had charge of three day schools, was successful, and she was, as always, much beloved. About three years ago Miss Davis was united in marriage to a Mr. Davids of Belgaum, but continued her missionary work as before till the time of her death.

A company of British soldiers, granted by the Commanding officer, carried her to her resting place. It is not given to many lives to show the elevating power of Christ and of the influences of Christianity as has been shown in the life of Minnie Moyser Davids. And her passing will be mourned by a host of friends.
ONE day a small boy came to the Mission bungalow to beg. He had very few clothes on his body, and what he did have were old and dirty. One of the missionaries, whose heart is full of love for such children, took him in and cared for him but she could not always do so, because she had a call to go to North India to work hard amongst some famine stricken people there. So he was given over to me to mother.

He was given new clothes and sent to our mission school, which is on the compound. He was a smart and handsome boy, and soon learned to read and write. You would find this dear boy every evening after dinner with his new mother in a little room learning to read. Now this was never a tedious task to him, as it is to some boys, for he thoroughly enjoyed his lessons. He made rapid progress and very soon could read the gospel for himself. When our lesson was over we would kneel down and pray. His prayer was always good; he would say “Lord Jesus save Abdul and take all the sin out of his heart.”

One night he did not go to sleep very quickly because Jesus wanted to have a talk to him. He showed the boy that he should give his heart to Him and be baptised. You can imagine how happy his new mother felt when he told her that. After a month or so of instruction about what the Bible teaches about sin and baptism and other things we finally took him down to a river and baptised him before a number of people. He lived with us, and was kind and thoughtful and useful in the house.

Finally the time came when it was necessary to go home to Australia for a rest, and I had to leave Abdul behind, but he got work and earned money to support himself.

A few days ago a tall, handsome, nicely dressed young man, with a smiling face, came to the bungalow at Jalgaon. And who do you suppose it was? why, Abdul. His master was staying for a day at Jalgaon, and he found that I was here so he came to see me. I was very happy to see him once more.

Now, dear children, I know you have uncles and aunts and cousins and mother and father and missionaries and lots of others for whom to pray, but I would like you to remember to pray for Abdul. He has temptation like other young men have, but we want him not only to be a good Christian himself, but to bring his companions to Jesus.

Charlotte Rutherford.
PRAYER AND PRAISE.

PRAISE.

MEHMADABAD.—That several former Christians have repented of their backsliding and have been restored to spiritual blessing.

KHAMGAON.—Miss Bushfield, who has been worn and tired and ill with fever, is away for a few weeks rest and we hear that the Lord has touched her with His healing hand. This, we give praise for.

SHANTIPUR.—For one of our Christian farmers who has been very ill with Lobar Pneumonia. God has heard prayer for him. We now have every hope for his recovery.

AMRAOTI.—For four men in one village who stood up before their people and patil and confessed Christ. These await baptism. Mr. Fletcher adds. "Had a 32 miles ride yesterday and had a little revival service. Have another 28 miles ride tomorrow." We understand that Mr. Fletcher uses a bicycle. It is hard on him and he needs prayer, but we rejoice in seeing in Amraoti a beginning of revival in the villages.

DHOLKA.—Mr. Hamilton writes "Praise that we are privileged to be on tour and the Lord is taking care of things at Dholka in a special way, which causes us to rejoice. . . . A few were added to the Lord at our last camp, besides a quickening among the Church members. . . . The Lord has greatly blessed our workers with us this year. Please pray that it may not leak out, but rather increase."

BHUSAWAL.—For the conversion of an Englishman and for marked deliverance in Mrs. Garrison's body and for healing of other bodies.

JALGAON.—For God's manifested presence with us in camp and for the joy of leading to the Lord, one man who had come thirty miles from his village. He has gone home to tell his people of joy he has found in Christ in hopes that they too may turn to the Lord.

—That we found, the five who came out for the Lord last year, standing fast in their faith, but still unbaptised and we would ask you to pray that they may go the whole way.

—That "Puckera" of whom mention was made lately in an article in the I. A. stood steadfast to the last. He died saying "Jesus take me."
PRAYER.

BHUSAVAL.—For a Christian brother who has fallen into grievous sin, that he may be granted “repentance unto life.”
—For the manifestation of the spirit upon the English and Marathi Churches, workers and missionaries.
—That a number of enquirers may be truly saved.

AMRAOTI.—For the first fruits of this district’s villages, that they may have the true experience of salvation and follow Jesus anywhere; also for several other villages where quite a number are being taught with a view to salvation and baptism.

SHANTIPUR.—For a school that has been opened in a new village, and especially for the teacher, who is a young man, that he may be filled with the Holy Spirit and have, wisdom from God, to lay the foundation for God’s glory in this dark village; and that the people may be touched by the Spirit of God and led to repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus.

MEHMADABAD.—For some of the village Christians who are being pressed by heathen relatives to arrange for the marriage of their children according to Hindu custom.
—That two Christian teachers, who have opened primary schools this month for low caste children, may be blessed in their ministry in the villages and be used of God to lead some of the parents of the school children into the Light, as it is found in Christ.

MALKAPUR.—For Bapu Kesker, one of the 1914 graduates of Bibie Training School at Bodwad, who suffers with heart disease. He is a fine young man, loves the Lord and gladly would be spent in the Master’s service. He is helping in school work here, but is not strong. Pray that the Lord will heal him speedily and thus enable him to serve Him in a way that he cannot now, on account of physical weakness.
—For two men who are awfully convicted of their need of Jesus, and who seem ready to confess Christ, but fear what will happen if they become Christians.

KHAMGAON.—Mr. Carner writes “The missionaries’ children are off again to school and no one but parents who have gone through the experience can know the grace needed to give victory over the pain of seeing them go so far from reach and for such a long time. This is harder than it was to leave home to come to India. We pray for grace daily for this need and we praise that as our days so shall our strength be.
Will our friends at home kindly note the fact that the P. & O. S. S. Persia, which was torpedoed on Dec. 30 en route to India, was heavily ladened with mail, all of which was lost. The mails which left America during the first week in December probably all went down in this ship, which will explain why our friends will not receive answers to letters sent about that time.

We regret to learn that among the passengers lost were Rev. and Mrs. Grant, of the Scotch Presbyterian Mission in India.

On the 18th of Feb. Rev. and Mrs. Wm. Moyser left their station, Akola, for furlough. They had intended to go a month later, but as the March steamer was cancelled they had to go in Feb. or wait till April and so at the last their leaving was hurried, but that did not hinder the Indian Christian Community from giving them a very affectionate and enthusiastic farewell. Scores of the men and women and children went to the railway station and loaded them with garlands of flowers and showed their sincere love by warm farewell mingled with tears of gratitude and of sincere sorrow at the separation, yet cheered by the hope of the return in due time renewed in health for another term of service among them. Mr. and Mrs. Moyser have given themselves largely to the work of the orphanage and the building up of the Christian Community for the last two years while they have been in Akola, and will be warmly welcomed on their return.

We are glad to announce the safe arrival from furlough of Misses Wells, Lothian and Lucia Fuller, and Mr. and Mrs. Lapp. Miss Wells will return to Kaira, where she has already spent many useful years in charge of the Girls’ Orphanage. Miss Lothian is resuming charge of the Children’s Home in Panchgani, and releasing Miss Beardslee to help in the Training School at Bodwad. Miss Fuller is for the present at Akola with Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, and Mr. and Mrs. Lapp have been appointed to Pachora. May they have special blessing from the Lord as they resume their work again.

The additions to our ranks are offset by the number of those who are going on furlough. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Moyser, Misses Wyeth and Coxe have sailed during the past month. Mr. Andrews and Mr. Duckworth and their families are
booked to sail for America, leaving Bombay on March 23rd.

Our field committee is asking urgently for at least five more men this year, to fill vacancies left in the already existing work by those who are unable to return to India. Let this be a subject for prayer.

Among the changes made at the last meetings of the executive committees were the following:

Upon Mr. Andrews leaving for America, Mr. and Mrs. McKee will move from Sanand to Ahmedabad to shephard the large flock of Christians in that important place. And Mr. Back will take the oversight of the work in Sanand and Sabarmati.

Misses Conger and Peter are to be stationed in Viramgam after the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Duckworth, and Miss Conger will take up her duties as assistant treasurer from March first.

Miss Patten has been appointed to work for a time in Chalisgaon, and Miss Taylor has been appointed to evangelistic work with Miss Hansen in Matar District. Her post office address will be "Kaira," as that is the post office for the Matar district.

Mr. and Mrs. Fuller expect to return to Bombay about Mar. 15 to take charge of the Bombay Home until about June 15, after which time their permanent address will be Akola, Berar, which was Mr. Fuller's station for years before joining the Alliance. They will not hold it as their station, but it will be the mission headquarters as it was before moving to Bombay in 1895. They hope to give a good deal of time to helping in the evangelistic work in the large towns where ten of our Marathi stations are located.

The Bombay Home will still be open as a Missionary Home, carried on by a godly lady, Miss Bishop, who has another at Colombo, and three at hill stations.

Each of our missionaries has recently received several tins of California fruit from a kind donor in America, who sent a whole crate to the mission. It is difficult for those who have
not lived in India to realise how welcome such a gift is when one's appetite falls off and there is no cellar filled with fruit to fall back upon. We do praise God for the thoughtful kindness of the friend who sent the fruit.

A narrow gauge branch line is being built from Pachora to Jamner, 30 miles, which will give us access by rail to many important villages, and to one of the most important weekly bazaars in Khandesh. And a new station is being added on the main line, between Pachora and Staheji giving us six stations on the main line, within the Pachora boundries.

On the last there days of January, Pachora had its first agricultural exhibition, which was pronounced, by the commissioner, the largest yet held in the Bombay Presidency, 130,000 exhibits were reported.

Miss Prichard writes:—

"Mr. Turnbull baptized a boy and five girls in Kaira on Feb. 13 about fifty girls have come to Miss Peter desiring to be saved and baptised. We praise God for His mighty working in our midst.

From Ahmedabad come the following bits of news of interest to our readers:—

"One of the four young men for whom prayer was requested has been baptized. Another seemed quite ready but domestic difficulties prevented him. Two others who live in the city were baptised Dec. 26th. There are still several who intended to openly confess Christ.

Nine children were publicly dedicated to the Lord recently.

Our people on Christmas contributed seven rupees to cheer some who might be too poor to make any Christmas for themselves.

Several other families have moved into the city lately, increasing still further the need of some place of worship.

We learn with regret of the recent death of Mrs. Minnie Moysor David, of whose life a short sketch appears on another page.
List of Alliance Missionaries.

BERAR

AKOLA
Mr. J. P. Rogers
Miss Lucia Fuller

AMRAOTI
Mr. & Mrs. W. Fletcher

CHANDUR
Mr. & Mrs. W. Ramsey
Miss J. L. Rollier

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

MALKAPUR
Mr. & Mrs. S. H. Auernheimer

MURTIZAPUR
Mr. & Mrs. L. J. Cutler

KHANDESH

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

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

CHALISGAON
Miss K. P. Williams
Miss M. Patten

JALGAON
Mr. & Mrs. K. D. Garrison
Miss C. Rutherford

PACHORA
Mr. A. Johnson
Mr. & Mrs. O. Laff

GUJARAT

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

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

KAIRA
Miss E. Wells
Miss Peter
Miss E. Frichard

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

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
Miss B. Conger

LONAVLA (Poma District.)

PANCHGANI (Satara District.)
(Children's Home)
Miss Lothian

BOMBAY
Mr. & Mrs. M. B. Fuller

ON FURLOUGH:

Mr. & Mrs. P. Hagberg Miss E. Wyeth
Mrs. I. Moodie Mr. & Mrs. P. Eicher
Mr. & Mrs. O. Dinham Mr. & Mrs. C. W. Schelander
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Moyer Miss M. Woodworth

Mrs. V. Erickson
Mr. & Mrs. J. N. Culver
Mr. & Mrs. H. H. Cox
Miss Coxe

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