GIVE YE THEM TO EAT.

"Give ye them to eat."
Not I, Lord,—surely, Lord, not I?
Thou see'st my scanty store and know'st if I had more,
'Twould be a joy to give, a joy complete.
But these poor loaves, and fishes few,
Dear Lord, how vain to try with these to make supply
For all the hungry multitude now in Thy view.

"Bring them to me," the Master said.
I bring them, Lord,—I place in Thy dear hand
All that I have that may mean bread
To those who perish if they be not fed,
And with bowed head before Thee, Lord, I stand.

My little store so incomplete, behold! He blesses it,
Then gives it back to me, and I give them to eat;
And still give more and more,
Nor think me of the scanty store,
But only that my Lord has blessed my feeble word,
Or humble gift, or prayer, and suffers me to share
With Him the blessing sweet of giving them to eat—
To eat from an exhaustless store, which, blessed by Him,
Shall feed for evermore the hungry multitude.

Selected.
We are very glad to report that our Training School for Indian workers at Dholka in our Gujarat field is to be re-opened about the first of July. It has been a great sorrow to us that for some years it has not been carried on regularly. On account of the absence of Rev. Walter Turnbull, who had charge of it, there seemed no one else to take it up and we looked forward to his return to the field to take charge of it permanently. But after he had finished his studies at home in preparation for it the Board discovered that he was the man needed for the Institute at Nyack, and so instead of sending him back to train our Indian workers they kept him for the training of missionaries for the foreign fields and of home workers. We heartily congratulate Nyack and all the foreign fields where well-trained missionaries are needed; but we feel the loss very deeply.

However, we have accepted it and are happy about it and are glad to have all the fields share in the gain of the present arrangement and we are re-opening the school under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, both of whom have proved efficient teachers. They will have the help of some of our Indian brethren who have real gifts as teachers, and we intend to keep it open hereafter for, as necessary as Nyack is in the training of missionaries and home workers, so necessary are our Training Schools on the fields for the training of workers.

We expect to have a fine large class at Dholka to open with and are sure that all who are interested in the work will pray much that God's peculiar blessing may rest upon the school, and that so far as possible He may be pleased to restore unto us the years that the locust and the canker worm have
eaten while the school has been closed. Some of the young men, who would have been in the school, have gone into other work temporarily, but have been praying that the school might be re-opened. We hope that those who were supporting students in the school will begin again and that those who have been supporting boys as orphans will continue to support them as students in the Training School, which will require about $24 each per year. Besides the boys from the orphanages we shall have an increasing number of boys and young men from the converts in the villages.

In the Marathi Training School we have a very bright young convert, baptized only a few months ago, who has gone on wonderfully in his Christian life and experience and has been baptized in the Spirit. And one older, though still a young, man who was a Roman Catholic and a master in their school for some years, was baptized about Christmas and has come out as a worker and is to attend the Training School during the rains. There are several other bright young men among the converts whom we hope to see in the school soon. Some of them are eager to come, but are hindered by various reasons, which God can remove in answer to prayer.

Pray that God may set them free and may fill up both our Training Schools with young men whom He has called and chosen to be His messengers to their people. Dear friends, do not fail to pray for this, and remember that we need literally hundreds of Indian workers to thoroughly cover the field of nearly two and a half million people which God has committed to the Alliance in India. This means only the field in which we have been at work for twenty years with the small force we have had. God has blessed and the fields are white and ready for harvest, and as Christ has bidden us pray for workers so He has bidden us to do all we can to prepare them and send them forth. We praise God for the one hundred and thirty native workers, but we need to double that number as soon as possible.
THE TEACHING OF THE TITHE.

"It is good to see you, Chatar Masih; come into the verandah and sit with me. Is everything prospering with you and with your household?"

"Yes, Sahib; it is a day of rejoicing at our house."

"I can truly believe you, Chatar Masih, for your face is shining like sunrise across the Jamna! Tell me of your prosperity."

"The wheat is sold, Sahib, and I have arranged to buy a yoke of oxen for the January plowing. This I have long desired to do. Moreover, the zamindar (landlord) has promised that, next year, I shall have the field beyond the road. In two years Kushum will be ready for marriage, and brother Bahadur Singh, who owns three yoke of oxen, came to me yesterday and offered to make a marriage arrangement for his son."

"This encourages me greatly, Chatar Masih, for you have been much upon my heart. I am sure you will not forget that God is the Lord and Master of this world, and is therefore owner of all the property that we possess."

"Yes, Sahib, just as it is written in the Bible, 'the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof.' Kushum has learned the new hymn which Memsahiba has been teaching to the women, 'Rabb Khudawand Badshah hai,' ('The Lord our God is King'). She sang it last Sabbath morning at worship, all alone. Then I testified, and gave praise to God, because he is truly the Lord of the whole earth, and his glory will he not give to another."

"Were there many present at worship?"

"Most of our Christian people were there and two or three Hindus also. One of them must have reported my testimony to Thakur Dhar, the zamindar, for he summoned me to his house and asked what I had been saying."

"How did you answer him?"

"At first he was very angry because he thought I had announced to the Christians that he was not rightful proprietor of the land! Of course I explained to him what I meant in my testimony, that I was not referring to any person, but was speaking of God. When he understood what I had really meant, he laughed and became very good-natured; then he promised to let me have the field beyond the road."

"And so you denied your Lord, Chatar Masih, that you might turn aside the anger of your zamindar!"

"What, Sahib, I? I deny my Lord? Never!"

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"What, Sahib, I? I deny my Lord? Never!"
"But you told Thakur Dhar and all his household that God is not a living God, that he is like the dumb and dead idols by the river."

"No, Sahib, I could not say such wickedness! Was it not my testimony and praise to God which first made the zamindar so angry? O Sahibji, I could not deny my Lord who has given me such blessing. You break my heart when you speak such awful words!"

"My dear brother, listen to me. What did you mean when you said to Thakur Dhar that you were not referring to a person, but were speaking of God? Is not God a person?"

"God a person? I do not understand you, Sahib? Are not Christians taught that God is a spirit?"

"Yes, Chatar Masih, that is true. But what do you understand when you say those wonderful words? What is a spirit? Is a spirit a ghost? Is a spirit like some shadow hanging in the air?"

"A ghost? A shadow? Tell me, Sahib, is it so? I am an ignorant man and do not understand these things."

"No, my brother, it is not so. A spirit is not a ghost, and is not a shadow. A spirit is a person. You are a spirit, I am a spirit. This is, we are persons. The Bible says that man was made in the image of God, and God is a spirit; that is, God is a person."

"But I always thought a person must be some one who is alive!"

"Yes, that is true. Is not our God a living God?"

"But the Bible says that no man hath seen God at any time; yet we can see persons."

"No, Chatar Masih, that is a mistake. We cannot see persons. I cannot see you; you cannot see me. You can see only my body, that is, the house in which I am living. Thakur Dhar was not angry with your body, he was angry with you! Is it not so?"

"Yes, Sahib, that is very true."

"You see, my brother, our bodies are very necessary while we are living in this world, and we have not yet learned to get on without them. Therefore we often become confused in our understanding. It is difficult for us to think of a person without a body. And yet we know that we ourselves are not the same as our bodies. Some day we shall lay our bodies down as we lay down a heavy burden; then we shall be free forever."
When you speak of your spirit you are speaking of yourself. Is not this perfectly clear to you?"

"Yes, Sahib, you have made it very plain. Your words make my heart leap up like a young heron among the reeds. Tell me more, Sahib. Teach me how I may always remember that God is a living person; for I love him truly, and desire to honour him always."

"I am sure you do, my brother, and I think I can help you. How many people are living in this district?"

"I do not know, Sahib; there are many, many thousands."

"Yes, Chatar Masih, there are several millions. You do not know them all, do you?"

"Certainly not; I do not know everybody in the division, nor even in my own market town. How could I?"

"It certainly would be very difficult, even if you were head clerk to the collector! But try to think of all the people you know, and tell me—whom do you remember most often?"

"That is difficult to answer; I think very often of you, Sahib."

"You are a flatterer, Chatar Masih! But tell me—whom do you remember when you look at your field, and plant your seed, and reap your harvest? Do you think of any particular person?"

"Certainly, Sahib, the zamindar."

"Do you think of him when the rains come down, and when the crop is good?"

"Yes."

"Do you think of him when there is no rain and the crop is a failure?"

"Yes, indeed, more than ever!"

"Did you think of him this week when you arranged to buy your yoke of oxen?"

"Certainly, I had to ask his permission, for I have not yet sufficient money to pay for them. He holds a mortgage against them."

"Do you ever think of him when you plan for Kushum's marriage, and when you remember little Durga?"

"I cannot think of them at all but I must remember the zamindar also."

"Well, Chatar Masih, it seems to me you think of Thakur Dhar more often than you think of any other person in the world!"
"Yes, Sahib, I fear that this is true."

"But why do you think of him so often?"

"Because, Sahib, I owe him money! He holds the land and must receive a certain portion of the grain, no matter whether the crop is large or small. He owns the house in which I live, and I must pay him rent. He advanced money fifteen years ago when I was married, and that burden still rests upon me. He has advanced half the money for the oxen, and now I owe him that. I must think of him, Sahib, for his hand touches me and my family every day."

"You do not see him every day, do you?"

"No, but I remember him every day, and many times during the day. I think of him at night when I cannot sleep. If I should ever forget him, I have only to look at my plow and oxen, and at little Durga, and I can see him plainly, standing in front of me with my hundi (promissory note) in his hands. O Sahib, it is terrible to be in debt! I can never rest easy in my mind!"

"Chatar Masih, you are speaking one half of a very wonderful truth. But there is another half which you are forgetting."

"Tell me, Sahib, for my debt makes me very miserable."

"Suppose Thakur Dhar should go away to live in a distant province. Before he starts on his journey he tells you that the time of his return is very uncertain—although he will surely return—and that you may have your farm, rent free, until he comes again. After he has gone away, would you still remember him, as you do now, every day?"

"I would surely be grateful to him for his kindness."

"No doubt, Chatar Masih; but would you constantly remember him?"

"I think Sahib, that I should be afraid he would return again, very suddenly, and demand an accounting!"

"Yes, no doubt that would be natural, especially at the first. But after several years, when you saw that your zamindar delayed his coming, when you had grown accustomed to the wonderful fact that no one asked you to pay over any portion of the crop, nor demanded any house rent, and that no hundi-wala (banker) ever stood at your door to remind you of any debt, what do you think—would not the face of your zamindar gradually fade until it became a dim picture in your memory, and his voice like a song that has passed away?"

"Yes, Sahib, I have no doubt you speak truly; indeed I am sure of it. Chhota Lall has owed me twelve rupees for more
than seven years; his memory is so very poor I have to remind him constantly. If I should go away for but a single year, he would forget about me altogether—and the twelve rupees also!"

"Ah, my brother, I am afraid that most of us are like poor Chhota Lall. God knows how weak we are, and how foolish. He knows how easily we could forget that he is a person, and how very easy it would be to think of him as the Hindus think of Brahm. Could anything be more terrible than to forget God, or to think of him as a shadowy, dim, and distant vapor, forever unconscious and vanishing, away, and without power to do anything, or know anything, or love anyone! God would not permit his children to fall into such awful darkness, therefore he made it easy for them to remember him. He proclaimed for them the law of property. It is for all men, everywhere. It is a law that comes out of the loving heart of God himself, for no man forgets his property."

"Tell me that law, Sahib."

"We have been speaking about it, and you are already familiar with it: Ownership must be acknowledged."

"But how shall we acknowledge it? I do not understand."

"Do you acknowledge that Thakur Dhar is zamindar, that is, that he has control of the land?"

"Yes, Sahib, I must acknowledge it."

"But how do you acknowledge it?"

"I pay him a certain proportion of the crop."

"Who fixes that proportion, you or the zamindar?"

"Oh, the zamindar, always! I could not fix it, I am only the tenant."

"But is the zamindar really the owner of the land?"

"No, indeed, 'the earth is the Lord's. Thakur Dhar merely holds a title from the Government."

"Then how shall we acknowledge God's absolute ownership? Is not God a person? The law of property came from God, and it is one law everywhere. Shall we not pay unto God a certain proportion of the income which he gives us power to acquire, a proportion which God himself shall fix?"

"But I must pay more than half the grain to the zamindar; it does not remain in my hands."

"Very true, Chatar Masih, and God, who is the real owner of the land, will expect acknowledgment from the zamindar as well as from you. Nevertheless a certain part does remain with
you; otherwise you could not live. Out of this portion you are to make acknowledgment to God."

"But, Sahib, money and grain cannot be given to God. These things are for persons."

"Be careful, Chatar Masih; is not God a person?"

"O Sahibji, I forgot! I am confused. How can God receive money or grain?"

"Why, my brother, if you were ready to make your settlement with Thakur Dhar, and his portion of the grain was lying in a heap by itself, could he not give you an order to pay the grain or the money to Ram Charan, his son, and would not this be the same as paying it to the zamindar himself?"

"Surely, Sahib, and that is what I did, this very week! I see what you mean. If I pay the money or the grain to those whom God shall name, in this way I am paying it directly unto God himself. It is very wonderful!"

"Yes, Chatar Masih, it is indeed wonderful. Therefore, what proportion shall we pay to God?"

"Do I know, Sahib?"

"Yes, my brother, I think you do. I have often told you what this proportion is, and you yourself have read it in God's Holy Word. Do you not remember it?"

"Is this the law of the tenth, Sahib?"

"Yes, Chatar Masih, God's law—the law of property. God might have named some other ratio; as a matter of fact God did name the tenth. This law is older than the Bible. It began when worship first began upon the earth."

"But, Sahib, is this law for poor people as well as for the rich? It would be very difficult for the poor to set apart a tenth; their portion is very, very small, and their need is great."

"How strangely we think of God, as if he were demanding something from us! The tenth is indeed God's law of property; it is therefore the same whether one's income be great or small. But we must understand this law. Its deep inner truth is not that God requires a tenth, or any other proportion. It is that we are in honour bound to remember God's ownership, and thus look to him for his blessing and his guidance. His very love and tenderness provides this way for us. Would God forget his poor, or permit them to forget him? He could not be so cruel! God's law of the tenth is the very cure of poverty. If the poor would but remember it, many of them would be delivered. They feel the pressure of their many debts and it makes them miserable;
if they would recognize God's portion, and thus his ownership, first of all, God could bless them in basket and store even as he has promised. As it is they 'manage' for themselves, and live and die in poverty. They are like poor little birds out in the storm, that will not seek the shelter of the Rock. As for the rich, their failure to observe this law is the snaring of their own feet. They become sufficient in themselves and have need of nothing. The loving God is robbed—not of money—but of honour, loyalty, and the obedient fellowship of his children.

"But, Sahib, is the law of the tenth absolutely binding upon us?"

"Is honour binding upon us, my brother? You would not ask such a question if you did not constantly forget that you are dealing with a person. You would not ask it if you thought that you were dealing with Thakur Dhar, even though you know that your Hindu landlord does not care for you at all, but only for himself. Is loyalty binding, my brother, and fellowship, and character, and truth?"

"Why, Sahib, this law would make God my partner and not my master!"

"Do you see it, Chatar Masih, do you see it? Then mark this day with red! Look in the Gospel, my friend, and find Christ's promise of partnership; look for it, laughing, for you have discovered the secret of God upon the earth: 'I call you not servants—I have called you friends.'"

H. R. Calkins in—"Woman's Missionary Friend."

THE DOUBLE CONNECTION.

By. H V. ANDREWS,

The power of the Holy Spirit, which according to divine purpose should operate mightily in every Christian life, is, to all appearances, entirely ineffective in the lives of many. How many of those who conscientiously attend service on Sunday and listen to the truth of the Gospel have ever experienced a live current of the divine power of the Gospel? How is it we find Christian people praying for the power of the Holy Spirit without any apparent answer?

The reason, in many cases, may be due to a desire to have power for their own sake—to be a reservoir of power instead of a channel or wire through which God's power may pass to another. Christ's teaching seems to clearly indicate that the power of the Holy Spirit was given for witness bearing, and not for the pleasure or magnifying of the recipient. If we understand the
Word of God rightly its teaching implies that in order to fully know the power of the Holy Spirit we must stretch one hand, the hand of faith, toward God the source of power, and the other hand, the hand of love, toward sinful man where the power is needed. If we seek connection with the power-house simply to have its power localized in ourselves we may seek in vain. There should be the double connection. Unless there is a desire and purpose to pass on to those in sin and helplessness the coveted power, we may never know much of it ourselves, just as electricity in a wire will accomplish nothing until the circuit is completed.

The power is God's and will always be His, not our own. He may endue us with power but the power remains His: (See Acts iii. 12). We may be ambassadors, with all, the power of the nation we represent behind us or at our command, and yet be as weak as other men.

So many Christian people have barely enough spiritual power to keep them alive. They regret their weakness and failures and desire a bright, victorious life, but largely, if not wholly, for their own good. They want to be sure of heaven and some reward at the time of reckoning, but the spread of the Gospel or the setting up of the kingdom of God in other lives gives them little concern. They stretch their hand frequently toward the power-house but the other hand hangs low. If we would know the power that comes from above some contact with the world below is necessary. We cannot shut ourselves away from the world of men and know much of the inflow of divine power. A self-centred life is largely an empty one, even though the desires are for good things. If we stand upon the ground, contact with one wire is sufficient, so if our feet are ready to run with the Gospel of peace the hand of faith can reach the source of all power. It was in connection with the command to teach all nations that He to whom all power has been given said "Lo I am with you always."

The power of the Holy Spirit in the heart works towards the death of all self-seeking, even the desire for spiritual power that does not have the glory of God and the good of others as its supreme end. The Holy Spirit sets the kingdom of God and His righteousness above all else. If we desire divine power that we may do the whole will of God and be faithful witnesses in a faithless world we have a right to believe that this power is at our disposal. We may have to start witnessing conscious of nothing but weakness, but if there is the double connection the power will flow in response to faith,
GOOD many years ago, when the people who are now old and grey were boys and girls, there was, somewhere in India, a typical Brahman home where lived an intelligent and progressive father, a perfectly natural mother, some bright boys and, possibly, some shy little girls, though as to the latter we are not quite sure.

One of the boys, the eldest one I think, and the pride of the family if he was the eldest, had gone away from home to school. Somehow or other, in the loving providence of God, this boy had come in contact with the Bible and was reading it. And the eternal truth which shines in all its pages, when our eyes are not blinded by prejudice or dimmed by the sights of the transient world about us, began to shine into his heart. He was very young, and well it was for him that he was, else the pride that grows so fast if not overcome in childhood might have conquered the heaven-born desire to be saved from sin. But he was young, and so it came about that he wrote home to his father this message,—"I have been reading the Bible and I have found in it Jesus Christ who is the Saviour . . . . I am going to be baptized.

And then there was a scene in that well-ordered home, where the pride and conservatism of centuries had dwelt with profound assurance that there could be nothing better anywhere than what was there. The father threw himself on his face and cried out with shame and sorrow that must have been something like the sorrow of David for Absalom, except that in this case there could not have been any submission to the will of God, since the father himself was the one in darkness,—"O my son, my son, why have you disgraced us so! Why have you brought this awful shame upon us? Would that you had died! If you had merely wanted another god nobody would have objected, for, are there not plenty of gods to choose from? Or, if you had liked, you might even have called upon the name of this Jesus and kept it to yourself and we should not have been any wiser, nor should we have cared. But to have become a Christian, to have joined your-
self to those *beef-eaters and drinkers from tin-pots! Oh! has it come to this? O my son, my son, would that you had died!" And the stricken heart could not find words to express his grief and humiliation.

And the poor mother, I think, with less intelligence, perhaps, but with grief just as poignant, swayed back and forth as mourning mothers do in India, and maned and groaned and wept for the son that would, as they felt, better have been dead. A little brother about whom we shall have more to say, later on, beheld his parents and wondered and wondered. He could not make it all out but it left an eternal impression on his mind to see the way his father and mother were grieving and to behold the stir among the neighbours which this news about his big brother had wrought.

At first the father contemplated going at once to order his boy home and away from everything that had to do with being a Christian, but he was a wise father and knew his boy and knew himself pretty well, and so he waited a little until a more feasible plan would present itself. Then he called the father of his son's wife—for we must remember that Brahman boys are married while very young, and this boy had a wife, though she was still living at her father's house. The father of the boy called the other father and said something like this,—

"The shame and disgrace that is on me is on you, too. Your daughter is disgraced, for, is she not the wife of the one who has done this awful thing? Now, I had thought to go and order this rebel home but I dare not trust myself. In my anger and the thoughts of my humiliation I am likely to thwart my own purpose, and the boy will refuse to come with me. You go and, somehow or other, bring him home."

The father-in-law did bring him home and little by little the noise about his conversion quieted down and things began to go along about normally once more. The big boy was watched closely but he was never seen to eat any beef or drink from a tin pot, and, I presume, suspicion was gradually much allayed.

But away in his own room this young disciple managed to hide two copies of God's Word, one in English and one

Orthodox Brahmans are vegetarians and the very thought of eating flesh, much more the flesh of their sacred animal, the cow—is most repulsive to them. As to drinking from "tin-pots" or tin cups, it seems that a generation ago, at least, there was a prevalent notion among Brahmans that that was the mode of drinking water among Christians! This of course would be revolting to those who always drink from well polished brass vessels or from the washed hand held under the vessel while the water is poured from it.
in Marathi. Just why he kept the English copy I do not know but he was young and aspiring and a knowledge of English would be necessary in the work he would take up, for he belonged to a family of lawyers and Government servants. At any rate he kept these two precious volumes in a box in his room, under lock and key, and when he could be there alone he would take them out and read—first from the English version and then from the Marathi. And surely the Author of that Word was there to guide him into the truth and teach him the lessons he was seeking to learn. And he would pray, too, to the living God and receive grace to help. And Oh! it must have seemed very different to bowing down to the images that were worshipped in his home and in the nearby temples. There would be no vain repetitions, no saying things by rote, but just telling the great Spirit of holiness, power, wisdom and love what he needed and what he felt. And so he grew in grace and all unknown to himself shed a holy influence, around him. And the younger brother watched him and was impressed, for, one day he said to him, "Brother, what is this religion you have found? What is it like? Tell me."

"Would you really like to know?" answered the believer, looking cautiously around. "Do you really want to know? Then come with me." And together they stole away to the room with the locked box, and the big brother opened it and took out the books and said, "It is here. I cannot tell you what it is: but let us read and you will see it for yourself." And so they read together, first in English and then in Marathi. This reading was followed by many more like it. They began with Genesis in the Old Testament and with Matthew in the New. They had no works on theology, no commentaries and no higher criticisms! In simplicity and with bright young minds enlightened by the Spirit of God, they read. And weeks and months went by and then, one day, the younger brother said, "Tell me how to pray."

And the elder one said—was he not a true disciple when he said it? "I do not know much about it, but you just bow down to the living God, without an image, and tell Him." The younger disciple began to do this and I think he very soon learned some lessons in real prayer.

But then a great problem presented itself to him. He wanted to pray but how should he do it without revealing the fact that he had given up the worship of idols? His heart was hungry for the talks with Jesus but if it became known, as
his young mind reasoned,—if it became known that he prayed to the Christians' God, would not his father and mother compel him to stop it? Already they had some reason to suspect him for they must have noticed that he never bowed down to the idols any more, and he was always ready with some excuse when it was proposed to him that he must not be neglectful of this worship. And this is the expedient which suggested itself to him and which he carried out: in his room, or, somewhere, near where he used to sleep stood a big box containing a miscellany of articles. He would kneel by this box, behind the raised lid, and bow his head and pray. And if anyone should happen to see him they would probably think he was in search of something in the box. His plan worked very well for a time but of course it could not go on interminably. His continued excuses for not worshipping the idols had made his mother watchful, for, should not a mother be concerned about the spiritual welfare of her son? And idol-worship was, to her darkened mind, the evidence that her son was doing right in his relationship to spiritual things. To add to her suspicion there occurred, about this time, an incident which was sufficient in itself to show her mother heart that this young son of hers was not following the way of his fathers and that something very radical must have happened to him. It was during a holiday season or at any rate a special occasion when there was a feast of good things to eat. Immediately after the feast they would, according to the custom which this occasion demanded, bow down to the household gods and go through the appointed forms of worship. All this passed through the mind of the young disciple who had so lately begun to know real prayer and worship, and as he lived in that hour, in anticipation, he saw that he could not be a partaker in it and keep a good conscience. What should he do? If he were to run away it would give cause for inquiry as to the reason. If he were to refuse openly to bow down to the idols it would precipitate a downfall of trouble such as his boy heart shuddered to think about. How should he get through that evening of feasting and idol-worship without doing violence to his convictions and grieving the Lord who loved him?

At last he decided that he would go to bed early and try to sleep through it all. And remember he was a boy. It must have been something very real in the heart of a boy that would make him leave the festivities of that evening—the gay decorations, brilliantly lighted, that surrounded the feasting place; the merrymaking; the bright talk that he so loved to listen to
and take part in; the joyous atmosphere that would pervade the place; and above all, the tempting dishes of food and sweet-meats, laid out in fine variety—and go off to his lonely room, and sleep, early in the evening. But somehow he managed to do it, and when he was called by his mother he told her he did not want to eat; he wanted to sleep! Maybe she thought he was ill or—what did she think? Anyway the evening went by and the Brahman boy did not worship the idols and whether his mother became more suspicious and more watchful we are unable to say, but some time after this she discovered him, one evening, kneeling by the big box and stopped to watch him. He did not hear her coming, for mothers in India do not wear shoes when they walk about in their homes, and so, unconscious of her presence, he went on with his prayers. Suddenly her voice, sharp with excitement and anger, broke into the quiet of his devotions, “Son! What are you doing? Why are you kneeling by that box?” And when he turned his startled face to her she needed no further evidence to convince her that this boy, too, had become a worshipper of Christ. He had not ceased to pray but the evident reason that he would not any longer pray to idols was that idol-worship was not a part of the religion of Christ.

My memory does not recall just what happened immediately after this, but one day when the young sufferer—for Jesus’ sake came home from school and went to the locked box to get the Bibles to read he found them missing. The box was locked as he had left it and the other things were undisturbed but the Bibles were gone. This grieved him very much and I think he must have prayed about it, for, certainly the Lord helped him to get back his Bibles in a most remarkable manner and in a way which proved most beautifully the tender care of an all-wise Father.

The boy knew that he dared not ask about the Bibles for that would betray openly his interest in them and make the persecution, which his tender young mind so shrank from, keener than ever. He waited and God worked for him. One night he had a dream, and no one to this day can convince him (or me) that God had nothing to do with that dream. In his dream he saw his beloved Bibles hid securely behind the closed doors of a cupboard in the wall of a room in a neighbour’s house. Why were they there? In his waking moments, later on, he could understand why his mother would not hide them in any of the various niches and cupboards in the walls of their own home, for she would naturally reason that he would search for them
high and low in every likely place. After this dream the boy watched his chance to go into this neighbour's house, and there was nothing strange in his going either, since these neighbours were friends and of like caste with themselves. A kind Hand led him even in this, however, for when he went to the house the neighbours were all out except a woman who was ill and who was in the very room where the Bibles lay concealed. She talked with him in a friendly way and he, taking the privileges that a neighbour boy might take, asked a great many questions. But in it all his mind was bent on seeing behind the doors of a certain small cupboard in a wall of that room. There were several such cupboards in the room—no one who has been in an Indian home will doubt the possibility of this—and the young Christian dared not go directly to the one he wanted to open, so he began by asking what was in one at another part of the room. On being told he said, "I am going to see." He then opened the door of that one and then in like manner asked about and investigated a second cupboard. And now he was coming to the one he really wanted to see and he observed at once that the woman tried to evade telling him anything about it. Then when he started to open it she protested very vehemently. But he had determined to get back his Bibles and, nothing daunted, he opened the cupboard. Sure enough, there lay the precious volumes before him, even as he had seen them in his dream. "Ah!" said he, "you have tried to hide my Bibles, but God showed me where they were." And then with his heart beating fast with excitement he gathered them hastily into his arms and ran quickly home. He was so full of joy in the thought of how the Lord had helped him that he no longer feared to let it be known that he had the Bibles. "Oh, mother!" he cried as he saw her, "you thought you could hide God's Word from me but see! My Jesus showed me where to find them. He told me where they were." The poor mother was nonplused and would not believe that what her boy told her was true. She believed that she had been betrayed by someone, yet the manifest joy and sincerity of her son as he cherished his re-found treasure must have been like an arrow, striking conviction to her heathen heart.

And now I must close this little story so inadequately told. I cannot tell by what chain of incidents and events these two brothers were led on, or in what ways of wondrous grace and providence God kept them faithful and preserved them from the perils that often threaten and overtake converts from their caste, often ending in death or what is even worse. It will be
enough to tell you that the younger brother is now a venerable looking man with a kindly face and a heart that still trusts in Jesus. He lives a retired life after an honourable career of high and efficient service for the British Government in India. The older brother, too, I believe, has been kept true to the faith. The story of these two lives was told me by the younger brother himself one night when we were riding together in a crowded train. He probably did not think that I would pass it on for others to read and I did not think of doing so at the time but I have felt, since, that it might be a help to some of God's children, to see how in this case the Lord found access into a Brahman home.

And perhaps we need to be reminded that there are thousands of homes in India of which this one is a type. Then comes back again the question of our responsibility to get the Word of Life (preached or printed) before the minds of these for whom Christ died. The faithful promise and sure word of prophecy is that there will be some redeemed from every kindred and tongue and people and nation. And our Lord has said to us who are His disciples, "Ye also shall bear witness." Oh that we may be about our great work until it is finished.

THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST AT WORK.

By E. R. Garner.

SOME weeks ago we heard that there was to be a local convention at Murtizapur for the "new Christians," that is, for the converts that have so recently been gathered out from Daryapur county especially, with smaller numbers from other places. Mr. and Mrs. Cutler who, with their faithful native evangelists and helpers, have had the wonderful joy of seeing the beginning of a great harvest, and have beheld the transformation of worshippers of idols into servants of the living God, had felt that for the encouragement and spiritual edification of these children in Christ, they should invite as many of them as could come, to gather in a central place, that is, at the Murtizapur mission station, with a few of the missionaries from other stations. The writer confesses to having had a real longing to be one of those who might meet in this little convention and was even tempted to "invite himself," but concluded it would be better to pray and let the invitation come, if at all, from a proper source. The invitation did come and as the con-
vention is now a matter of history in our mission work he wants to give you a very brief account of it, in the hope that he may be able to pass on to your hearts a little of the joy and inspiration that it brought to his heart.

A tent that could be made to hold about 150 people, sitting Hindu style, or, in what Westerners would call tailor fashion, had been pitched close to the east verandah of the mission house so that its raised side made the verandah and the room of the tent all one audience room, with the verandah serving as a platform or pulpit. Over the door leading into the mission house, or, in other words, over the pulpit of this improvised church was a motto in Marathi as follows, "त्री प्रमु देवू स्मरताय जय," which means, "The victory of our glorious Lord Jesus Christ." That motto is the spiritual battle-cry of these men who have newly enlisted in the army of King Emmanuel.

We reached the mission station at about noon on Friday. All through the day, at intervals, the pilgrims kept arriving for the convention. We say "pilgrims" because they considered themselves to be such. They had, all through their lives, since old enough to take part in such things, been used to making occasional pilgrimages to sacred (?) places for the worship of particular gods; now they were pilgrims to the mission station in order to worship Jesus. And just as they had been used to going to distant shrines in groups, singing or chanting at intervals along the weary way, and especially as they would draw near to the shrine of the god whose honour they would be celebrating, so now, some of them came to the mission house in groups, marching and singing in rhythmic cadences, with meter and tune the same as before, but in words of praise to the God of all grace. And anon would ring out the battle cry, "The victory of our glorious Lord Jesus Christ." We could hear them long before we saw them as it was getting dark when this larger group drew near. Such a bold confession of the faith and such healthy enthusiasm would be good medicine, perhaps, for some pilgrims in more favoured lands who tell in lugubrious accents about the "weary pilgrimage." Some of these men—for nearly all who came were men, the women and children staying at home, partly because it was the first Christian pilgrimage and therefore something of a venture, and, in some cases, I think, because it would cost more than such poor people could afford, to bring wife and children along—some of these men had walked thirty miles through heat and dust to be present at the meetings.
And you may believe that they were good and tired when they got there. Most of them, however, had come by railway train for part of the distance or by bullock cart. Everyone seemed cheerful, and after waiting patiently till food had been prepared for them—a task requiring some hours and keeping some of the workers busy till about midnight—they went to the places appointed for them, lay down like contented sheep and went to sleep, to be ready for the meetings on the following day.

And what shall we say about those meetings? It might be more than you could be expected to be interested in if we were to tell you about them in detail and, at any rate, we are not going to run the risk. But we wish you could have been there and could have shared in the joy of seeing those babes in Christ, to whom we might very appropriately have preached from the text, “Ye turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God; and to wait for His Son from heaven.” There they sat, a whole tent full of men and the power of God was manifest and the Holy Spirit witnessed to our hearts that He was in our midst. Eighteen months ago they were practically all heathen and idolators. Of course there were a number of them unconverted who had come to look on, or because a Christian friend had brought them, or with a desire to find out what a Christian gathering would be like. But most of them were Christians, and it one of the most inspiring sights we have ever witnessed to look into the shining faces and feel their spirit of humble receptivity and joyful thirst as they drank in the truth which God’s servants gave to them. They were all from the outcast class of people, but among them we noted many fine looking and intelligent men and, withal, it was in keeping with the spirit and law of God’s truth—the very genius of Christianity in fact—that these erst-while heathen outcasts should be beholding and enjoying things too high and too deep for the princes of this world. It was a sight of something worth giving one’s life to see and have a part in, that is, it was like looking at the gospel of Christ at work.

The simplicity of these babes in Christ is beautiful beyond expression. Remember they know nothing about the forms of Christianity as we who were born in Christian lands know them and they humbly accept what we give them and, by the way, what a responsibility that puts upon the missionaries who teach them! Imagine how we were taken aback on beginning to pray to find the whole audience repeating in concert the first sentence of our prayer as soon as we had finished it. They
thought we were teaching them to pray and they were all ready for the lesson. And they little suspected how much they were teaching us, and you, dear reader, in turn, we trust. Between meetings some came to the front to be prayed for for healing and for help in other ways, and there the missionaries sought to have them voice their own petitions. This was new ground to some and never can we forget the light that broke on one man’s face as he finally, after a big struggle, and much prompting from three or four missionaries and native brethren, audibly told the Lord what he wanted. And his joy and confidence so quickly asserted themselves that he turned to another struggling brother and began to teach him how to go about it and then prayed for that brother.

On Sunday morning over a dozen enquirers were baptized and that afternoon we took together with these new brethren the Lord’s supper. What a joy it was to commemorate Calvary and to show forth our Hope in fellowship with those who have so recently become partakers of the divine nature. The next day these friends departed for their villages and their homes, some with the request to Mr. and Mrs. Cutler, whom they look up to as spiritual father and mother, that there might be another such convention after six months. They want two “annual conventions” each year! That is more than double the number that some people want.

As we came away from these meetings it was with the conviction that God is doing a great work. And the work will go on. It is, we believe, the time of visitation to this part of our field. Literally, voices are calling from villages and counties where we have no missionaries and workers to send, “Come over and help us.” Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He send forth labourers into His harvest.

“Oh,” says one, “If I just get to heaven somehow, it will satisfy me.” “Will it? Oh, do not talk so! Just to get there like a tempest-tossed bark, water-logged like a wreck, just to be towed into harbor at last—well it is a great mercy to get there, certainly, but it is a poor way of going in. Oh, to sail into the harbour with a full cargo and plenty of passengers on board, with all the flags flying to honour the great King of the great port, who hath guided you through the storm, “That so an abundant entrance should be administered unto you into the kingdom of God.”—Spurgeon.
THAT LITTLE BROWN BABY.

There are hundreds of little brown babies
That live far away, o'er the sea,
As pure and as lovely and precious
As any white baby could be.

There are hundreds of mothers, that love them—
Those babies, far away o'er the sea—
Who tenderly nurse and caress them
As mother does baby and me.

There are hundreds of poor little children
Whose mothers have died o'er the sea,
And left the poor helpless babies
With no one to care nor to see.

There are hundreds of little brown babies,
Whose cries sound far o'er the sea,
For food, for clothing, for love,
For a friend as a mother should be.

Will you help these little brown babies?
They're precious, as any could be,
For such is the kingdom of heaven,
Brown babies, white babies, and me.

—The Missionary Visitor.
PRAISE.

Praise for the interest shown by the new converts in the local sabha at Murtizapur, and for their liberality in giving according to their ability in the offering.

—Pray for those who have recently, in Murtizapur and elsewhere, confessed Christ in baptism.

—That a large number of our missionaries are able to get away for a few weeks from the heat of the plains.

—For God's continued mercy in supplying the financial needs of the mission.

PRAYER.

—Pray for the new converts in various stations,

—For the native Christians in the various stations during the absence of the missionaries.

—For the missionaries, that those who are at the hills may be rested and rejuvenated in body and spirit; and for those who cannot leave the orphanges, etc., that they may have special sustaining grace during the days of intense heat.

—For the seed that has been sown during the past season, that it may not be plucked up.

—For new missionaries, to enable us to keep open the stations which we already have.
IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Several years ago we announced that any one who supports an orphan in our orphanages in India or an Indian worker, evangelist, teacher or Bible-woman, would receive a copy of the INDIA ALLIANCE free, as long as the support was continued. A large number of the orphans have grown up and we have only about two hundred and sixty left. A large number of supporters have naturally dropped out; but the Manager of the INDIA ALLIANCE did not know it, and so their names have continued on the free list, and as some may have changed their addresses the papers are lost.

We therefore request all who are receiving the paper free as supporters of orphans or workers, to send post cards to the Manager Rev. S. H. Auernheimer, Malkapur, Berar, India, telling him that they wish to become subscribers for the paper, or if not, asking him to discontinue it. We are still glad to send it free to any person who supports an orphan or a worker as long as the support is kept up.

Names of those on the free list who do not write to the Manager within two months will be dropped as we shall take it for granted that they do not wish the paper continued.

This seems the best and easiest way to revise our list. It will cast only a two cent foreign post card to let us know whether you wish to have the paper or not.

ITEMS.

Miss Bushfield sailed on April 22nd for furlough, and was accompanied by Mrs. Bannister, who changed her plan of sailing, and went via the Pacific.

Those of our missionaries who are able to do so have gone to the hills for a few week's respite from the heat.
## 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

- **BHUSAVAL**
  - 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. Lapp

### GUJARAT

- **AHMEDABAD**
  - Mr. & Mrs. D. McKee
  - Miss Lillian Pritchard
- **DHOLKA**
  - Mr. & Mrs. S. P. Hamilton
- **KAIRA**
  - Miss E. Wells
  - Miss E. Prichard
- **MATAR (P. O. Kaira)**
  - Miss Cora Hansen
  - Miss M. Taylor
- **MEHMADABAD**
  - Mr. & Mrs. L. F. Turnbull
- **SANAND & SABARMATI**
  - Mr. F. H. Back
- **SHANTIPUR** *(Jetolpur P.O., Ahmedabad)*
  - Miss Jessie Fraser
- **VIRAMGAM**
  - Miss Peter
  - Miss B. Conger
- **LONAVLA (Poona District)**
- **PANCHGANI** *(Satara District)*
  - (Children's Home)
  - Miss Lothian
- **BOMBAY**
  - Mr. & Mrs. M. B. Fuller

### ON FURLOUGH:

- Mr. & Mrs. P. Hagberg
- Mrs. I. Moodie
- Mr. & Mrs. O. Dinham
- Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Moyser
- Miss E. Wyeth
- Mr. & Mrs. P. Eicher
- Mr. & Mrs. C.W. Schelander
- Miss M. Woodworth
- Mrs. V. Erickson
- Mr. & Mrs. J. N. Culver
- Mr. & Mrs. H. H. Cox
- Miss Coxe
- Mr. & Mrs. A. Duckworth
- Mr. & Mrs. H. V. Andrews

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**BOBFAY:**