"I worked for men," my Lord will say
When we meet at the end of the King's Highway.
"I walked with beggars along the road,
I kissed the bondsman stung by the goad,
I bore my half of the porter's load,—
And what did you," my Lord will say,
"As you travelled along the King's Highway?"

"I made life sweet," my Lord will say
When we meet at the end of the King's Highway.
"I smoothed the path where the thorns annoy,
I gave the mother back her boy,
I mended the children's broken toy,—
And what did you," my Lord will say,
"As you travelled along the King's Highway?"

"I showed men God," my Lord will say,
When we meet at the end of the King's Highway.
"I eased the sister's troubled mind,
I helped the blighted to be resigned,
I showed the sky to the souls gone blind,—
And what did you," my Lord will say,
"As you travelled along the King's Highway?"

—Author Unknown.
EDITORIAL NOTES.

PRAYERS FOR SUCCESS.

He doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, what doest thou? Dan. iv. 35

This is the hand that is stretched out upon all the nations.

The second anniversary of the beginning of the war was appropriately observed, by those who believe in prayer, with public services of intercession. Forms of service were issued for the Church of England by the Metropolitan of India for "a day of penitence and humble prayer to Almighty God." Many paragraphs of the "Confession," "Our Cause," "Our Future," and other sections, may be pondered carefully to our profit. A sentence in the opening paragraph is worthy of careful consideration, whether the framers of it realised its full import or not.

"Let us call to mind the simple conditions which God has attached to his giving, 'ask and ye shall receive,' and 'Whatsoever we ask according to his will, he heareth us.'" (The italics are ours).

Much that has been called "Prayer for the success of our Arms" is not real prayer at all. It arises largely from a misconception of God and of the true nature of prayer. The condition concerning acceptable petition, "according to his will," shuts out selfish and thoughtless prayers.

Prayer for success is not peculiar to Christians. All people who have a religion and any being to pray to, pray for success and temporal blessings. Mohammedans, Hindus, and Parsees met in their respective mosques and temples on August 4th to pray for the success of the Allied arms. This is gratifying from the point of view of their loyalty to the British Govern-
ment. But as to the efficacy of their prayers—though they may be as efficacious as those of many so called Christians—we would not like to feel that the cause of the Allies, or any other cause, was dependent upon the petitions of those to whom prayer is a mere convenience.

“Where was God when my son was bayonetted in the face in France?” was the question asked of an English clergyman by a sorrow stricken woman. The answer given stirred some comment in the English press. The poor woman’s idea of God was wrong. She thought He should answer her prayer regardless of the effect on others. Perhaps it did not occur to her that had her son not been injured he would have bayonetted some one else, whose mother or wife was probably praying with equal fervency for his safety. But when another man preserved his own life by wounding her son, she lost faith in God.

We must remember that in this war prayer—humble, earnest, beseeching prayer—is following the armies on both sides. And therefore all prayers cannot be answered. Who, then, is to have the answers? The natural solution is “The side which is right,” but if both sides think themselves right this does not help us much. The prayer of those who think themselves right then would sound much like this: “Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men are. Help me, therefore to take the mote from my brother’s eye. He is wicked and I am righteous, and my prayer should be heard in preference to his.” Is this prayer or mockery?

A recent copy of the Times of India says:

“A number of pious Hindus send us a letter from Madras in which they explain the steps they are taking specially to implore, during the ensuing Dasera festival, the blessings of Almighty God upon His Majesty the King-Emperor and his subjects in the prosecution of the war. Lakhs of prayers with flowers will be offered, lakhs of lights with ghee will be burnt, multitudes of people will be fed and special prayers will be recited and ceremonies performed as prescribed by the Hindu
scriptures. 'It is proposed to conduct these ceremonies at Kumbakonam (the seat of our High Priest), on the banks of the holy river, the Cauveri, in the Mutt of His Holiness, Sri Kanchi Kamakoti Peeta Adipathi, Sri Jagath Guru, Sri Sankaracharya Mahaswamigal and under the direct supervision of His Holiness. Their Excellencies the Governors of Madras, Bombay and Bengal have expressed their sympathy with the movement and the public are asked to subscribe to the expenses of it, towards which His Holiness the Jagath Guru will give a good amount.'

Here we see the spirit of Hindu prayer. Prayers are to be offered for the success of the allies. The method of getting Almighty God to pay special attention to them is by bribery, which is so common in India. These prayers are to be "said" by the tens of thousands, for the heathen alomost always expect to be heard for their much speaking. To insure divine consideration they are to be accompanied by observances suitable for gaining His attention. Offerings of flowers and lamps burning clarified butter, and the feeding of multitudes of people together with the personal direction of the Hindu pope, the list of whose titles sounds imposing to men, these are considered sufficient. If God were altogether such an one as ourselves this scheme might be effective. As it is it will be a grand advertising scheme for the Jagath Guru ("Teacher of the earth,"') and incidentally the public is asked to contribute toward the success of the venture.

* * * *

Christians are not always free from a similar mistake. God is not a tribal deity, whose favour may be won by anything we do. Neither can we so represent our cause as to convince Him that it is to the interest of the world in general that we should have help. It is true that God hears the prayer of the humble, but this is possible because the prayer of the humble differs very materially from the prayer of one who has undertaken to humble his neighbour, and craves divine help in the task.

How different from this was the attitude of Daniel the
prophet who, when he understood that God's appointed time had come for the deliverance of Israel, set himself to pray for the accomplishment of what God had revealed to be his will. How much searching is there to-day by those who pray for help for the revealed will and plan of God concerning the nations?

Prophecy is not something vague, the study of which is useless. Those who have studied it in the past knew certainly, in spite of the talk of peace and brotherhood, that this war was coming. They know that the result of this war will not be a permanent peace. And they know that God "doeth according to his will among the inhabitants of the earth," and that the things which are happening to-day are contributing their share toward fulfilling the divine plan, and bringing back the King. The revelation which God has given to mankind shows certain things as His plan concerning the Jewish nation; concerning the land of Palestine; concerning the "times of the Gentiles," or the time during which Jerusalem will be in the hands of Gentile powers; and concerning the coming of Christ to earth to reign, and the effect upon the world powers of His coming. It would seem to be sheer folly to ask God's blessing upon ourselves and our cause so long as we are too indifferent to ascertain what He is doing among the nations.

In connection with this the following paragraphs, which were quoted in the Bombay Guardian, are of interest.

"It is a fact full of interest to Gentiles as well as Jews, that August the 4th, the day war broke out as far as England was concerned, was identical with the 9th day of Ab, the anniversary of the destruction of the temple at Jerusalem, not only on one occasion but on two; it was on that day, that Nebuchadnezzar set fire to the temple while, centuries later, on the same day, Titus did the same thing."

Concerning the land of Palestine we read:

"The land is getting ready for its people. Now two-thirds of the population of Jerusalem is Jewish, and while a few years
ago no Jew dared to wear good clothes or live in a good house you may now see Jews richly dressed and with an entirely changed attitude. They are getting ready for their return not as dependents or aliens but as Jews in their own land."

An American newspaper also tells us of the recent Zionist Conference, and of the organized and well endowed attempt to obtain recognition of Jewish national rights. The plan is to hold congresses of Jews in the different countries where the Jewish population is large, so that an international Jewish body may be evolved before the end of the war. The Jewish leaders hope to gain national and international recognition of the rights of the Jewish people, with the right to repossess themselves of Palestine and to administer its government; also to have that recognition embodied in the strongest possible form in whatever peace agreement is finally drawn up by the warring nations.

Such facts as these are more worthy of our consideration than the morbid accounts of the horrors and atrocities of war, and of the secret service schemes among the nations, for they point toward the end of the times of the gentiles. "Now learn a parable of the fig tree; when his branch is yet tender, and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is nigh. So likewise ye, when ye shall see all these things, know that he is near, even at the doors."

It is loss to keep when God says "give."

"Treasures in heaven" seem to be too imaginary and indefinite investments for the worldly-wise; but returns in this investment are insecure and visionary just in proportion to the spirit in which the "treasures" are laid up.—Selected.

Are you going to preach the gospel in a Christian land, where, may be, some one else would preach it better, if you were not there; or in a heathen land, in a position where no one else will preach it if you do not?—J. D. K.
CHAIRMAN'S PAGE.

An Editorial Department Conducted by Mr. Fuller.

COMITY, CO-OPERATION, CONFEDERATION AND AMALGAMATION IN CHRISTIAN WORK.

A good deal has been said and written on each of the above subjects and much more needs to be said and written before the realization of all that is implied in each of them. There is no doubt that the lack of thoughtfulness and respect for the feelings and rights of others, a failure to apply the Golden Rule to the relations of missions as well as to those of individuals, has done much to hinder to progress of mission work in the various mission fields. Real wrongs have been done which all thoughtful persons must condemn, and so there have developed some pretty clearly defined principles of mission comity which are to-day respected by all missions who deserve the respect of their associate missions.

But there has been a growing disposition, not only toward well-defined principles of Comity, or respect for the rights of other missions, but a desire for co-operation between neighbouring missions, and there are theological schools, colleges, and industrial schools in which various missions are co-operating and joining forces for specific purposes, with a good deal of financial saving and, doubtless, much better results than would otherwise be secured. There has much been said of a further step, a closer union between all missions in the consideration of all missions with a view to the closer union of all Indian Christians into the Church of Christ in India. Missions from many Christian countries, and from the various denominations in these countries, came to India and, quite naturally, brought their national and denominational characteristics and differences with them. They have emphasized these differences in some cases so that there has grown up in the minds of the Indian
Christians, and of non-Christians, an exaggerated idea of the importance of these points of difference and an impression that the missions were antagonistic, or at least strongly competitive in their relations to one another. This has been exceedingly unfortunate, and often the converts in the various missions have been hindered from fellowship with and confidence in one another because of exaggerated ideas of the importances of their differences and a failure to grasp the infinite importance of the great fundamental essentials in which they were agreed, viz. their belief in one God the Father of them all through Jesus Christ, their belief in the deity of Christ; in the atonement made by Christ on the cross for their sins; in their unity of birth by one Spirit into the one family of God; in their unity with all Christians as members of the one body of Christ, and other great points of agreement.

With this great effort for the confederation of all the Christians of India we are in the warmest sympathy. It is a painful spectacle to see the body of Christ broken up into fragments. Our Christian and Missionary Alliance, as an interdenominational mission is an example of the most harmonious working together of missionaries of various nationalities and of various denominations, for we have Presbyterians, members of the Church of England, Congregationalists, Episcopal Methodists, Baptists and several others, working side by side with no difficulty about minor matters, because we are all agreed upon the essentials. Our mission is an example of amalgamation rather than confederation, for our converts know nothing of the differences of the home Churches.

There has been talk of confederation of all the Christian literature societies to economize and save overlapping, and it now looks as if it must be an amalgamation of them. The Bible Society is serving all missions and it would seem the natural and sensible thing to have one society for all India to produce and distribute Christian literature, with branches for all the various language areas.
The Alliance has proved that the so-called denomination differences are small in comparison with the serious and radical differences between orthodox or evangelical, the so-called parties and liberal parties, with their destructive criticism and new theology; their denial of the deity of Christ, of the need of atonement and the consequent denial of the fact of it; their undermining of the inspiration of the Bible and the consequent denial of its authority existing in the various denominations. It is much easier for men of like views on fundamentals, though they may be of different denominations, to have real fellowship than for men of the same denominations who differ on the fundamentals to do so. The difficulty of amalgamating the literature societies will be not because of the denominational differences but because of these deeper differences in fundamental matters. If missions are to be asked to support men for the special work of producing literature for the Indian Church, and for non-Christians as well, they have a right to insist that men be chosen who are loyal to the whole Bible and are not poisoned with the destructive criticism and false theology "made in Germany," but imported in wholesale quantities by theological teachers in England and Scotland and America and peddled out to their students as far and as fast as they could be persuaded to take them. The morals of Germany as revealed by the war have been shaped for the last fifty years by the teachers who have undermined the faith of men in the Word of God. And it is time for missions and for the Indian Church to get back to the Bible as the standard by which to try the teaching of men. We welcome everything that will help to bring about the unity for which Christ prayed among all His disciples, that will help to manifest that unity to the world, but no mixture of truth and error, of light and darkness, will bring about that unity. And so we ask our readers to pray that in this effort to consolidate or amalgamate the literature societies at work in India, truth may not be compromised and from the same fountain sweet waters and bitter may not be sent forth to confuse and be-
THE CHRISTIAN MELA AT DHOLKA.
By Josephine E. Turnbull.

The annual meeting for our Gujarati Christians was held in Dholka from Sept. 7th to Sept. 10th.

For two months Dholka had been an unusually busy, lively place as all the Gujarati Mission workers, with their families, had been gathered there for Bible study during the rainy season. There had been about 230 persons housed on the Dholka compound, besides the boys of the orphanage, and one can realize that Mrs. Hamilton, as the only missionary lady in the place, had had a busy time of it attending to the sick ones and being the general 'mother' of the whole crowd for two months. The Bible classes conducted by Messrs. Hamilton, Back and McKee had been attended with real blessing, and much prayer had gone up that the special meetings might be a time of receiving fresh power for work among the villages of the various districts.

Mr. Fuller came to Dholka to be God's messenger to the people, and the other missionaries of Gujarat came to stand by in prayer and faith and to receive a new anointing of the Spirit, with their native brethren.

One was conscious of a very earnest spirit of seeking, particularly among the native workers and those who had been studying in the previous Bible classes. Many of the young men had a more intelligent understanding than ever before of their need of the power of the Holy Spirit in their lives to be effective soul winners and to lead a victorious life themselves. Their hunger for such power was manifested in the earnest prayers they poured out to God during the four days' meetings.

Mr. Fuller's messages brought new light to many hearts, and dealt with matters particularly applicable to the Indian preachers and teachers. He especially emphasized the necessity of having all backsliding and failure to walk in God's will confessed before Him and put under the Blood; of having Christ Himself enthroned in the heart to have the pre-eminence in everything; of being diligent and earnest in the work God has committed to us; of recognizing how great is the ministry to which God has called us and how great His power to enable us to fulfill this ministry, as we faint not. The last message, drawn from the first chapters of Acts, was concerning the baptism of the Holy Spirit and the need of having constant refillings of the same spirit. Quite a number of the workers spoke of having received new light and help from this message.

Sunday was the great day and the capacity of the little
Dholka church was taxed to its utmost. Over a hundred Christians gathered from Ahmedabad and several other towns to attend the Sunday services and about 350 were present during the day. In spite of the intense heat and the crowded condition of the church the people sat through a four hours' service in the morning, and after a short interim sat again in the afternoon service from 3-30 to nearly 7 o'clock. The afternoon meeting closed with testimonies and many praised God for new light and blessing received from the various messages that seemed to be just for them, and many spoke of new faith and determination to follow the Lord all the way during the coming year.

The friends in the homelands, who continually have helpful and inspiring meetings they may attend, can hardly realize what this annual meeting means to our Gujarati Christian people, especially to our native workers and their wives. During the year these young men and women, with their little families, are scattered throughout the several districts allotted to our Mission, and there, amidst the most deadening, depressing influences with very few, if any, other Christians about them, they seek to preach Christ to the people and to be living witnesses of Christ's power to save and keep. They have much to endure from the perverseness and wickedness of the heathen people, and to leave such an environment for a little while and to be among the crowd of Christians who gather for the yearly mela, to be in the atmosphere of earnest prayer and inspiring singing and to hear strong, heart-searching messages from God's Word means everything to them. The Holy Spirit enables them to get a new grip on God and to let God get a new grip on them, and we see them start back to their work with freshly blessed and encouraged hearts.

The little ones whom God has given to this band of nearly sixty Indian preachers and teachers were very much in evidence during this series of meetings. Quite a number of them are old enough to attend school and are doing so wherever it is possible. They call for our deepest sympathy and interest, and, if Jesus tarry, we believe many from among this second generation of Christians will grow up to be strong workers for God. We need to pray that they all may be definitely saved and not grow up to feel secure in the fact that they were born Christians. And we need also to pray that God will give us, as a Mission, wisdom to make provision for the proper education of these bright, promising girls and boys whose fathers are receiving very small salaries as humble preachers of the gospel.

At the close of our annual native conventions one always feels that God has blessed, and it was so this time. Some could not get through to meet God for fresh blessing until they
had straightened out things with their brethren, and when one sees stubborn hearts yielding in such matters one is sure that the Holy Spirit is at work there. The annual mela of 1916 closed with stirring songs of victory and we trust that the song may be continued in the hearts of those who have gone back to their appointed places to hold up Jesus in the surrounding darkness.

A CONVERT'S STORY.

The leading Marathi poet of India today is Rev. N. V. Tilak. His poems have contributed much to the Christian cause, and especially to Marathi hymnology. In the Dnyanodaya he gives the following account of his conversion.

"For more than twelve years before I became a Christian I had been a close student of religion. I was convinced that religion had played the greatest part in human history. Especially in India the life and the thought of the people were so much connected with religion that I believed that it was only through the medium of religion that India could be regenerated in every phase of life. So I wished to be myself a founder of a new faith for India, new in the true sense of the word. With this aim in mind I applied myself to the study both of religions, and the lives of their founders.

It was a very small incident which led me to include Christ and Christianity in the course of my study. In 1893, while travelling by railway, an European fellow-traveller discussed with me the part that Christianity played in the history of Europe. During the conversation, as I described to him the plan of my new Indian religion, he remarked that I was, without my knowledge, almost a Christian, and advised me to read certain books of the New Testament, which he marked for me in a copy and gave the same to me. After I left him I read and studied it for over two years, with the casual help of the late Rev. Baba Padmanji, who was in Bombay and I in a small town called Rajnadgaon in C. P., at a distance of 700 miles. Rev. Baba was helping me by letters. Other men who encouraged me were the late Rev. Sidoba Misal and his son, Jayawantrao, both of the U. F. C. Mission. But my way of studying religions was in certain respects peculiar to myself, how, I cannot describe within such a small scope. Thus I was intellectually converted at home in my own study room. Not so the spiritual conversion, which took place years later in a quiet corner of the Mission bungalow at Satara, under the spiritual influence of a Christian sister, Miss Hatty Bruce, now Mrs. Cooper.

It was the strongest desire that India should be given a new
faith which might elevate her, that led me to embrace Christianity. Finding that Jesus was far superior to the ideal man whom my brain had created, and finding that His faith was far superior to that which I had invented, I followed Him and His faith. Five points in regard to Jesus Christ impressed me most deeply:—First, I found in Him the ideal man. Second, it is He and He alone who makes love to God and to man of the same importance. Third, His perfect identification with His Father. Fourth, His inconceivable faith in Himself as the life and the light of the world. Fifth, His cross and the whole history of His crucifixion.

I wished to start work among my countrymen as soon as I was baptized. Whether it was serving Christ or serving my country, I cannot say. After I started the work I soon found out that I was a spiritual dwarf, and very often despaired. But God's dealings with me did not close with my baptism. A series of disciplines was ready for me. This prepared me for the service of Jesus by the time, some seven or eight years later, when I had the deep spiritual experience which is to me my real conversion. I began to serve Christ at the time of my baptism, but it was rather serving my country than serving Christ. The sense of serving Christ dawned upon me after my conversion.

As a Hindu I had, and still have, a typical respect and love to my guru. And when Jesus became my Guru, naturally I regarded and loved Him with all the fervour and intensity of a real disciple. I experienced a peculiar fellowship with Him. This much I know, that I could not be happy if I missed Him.

The following hymn (Marathi hymn, No. 416) was written by me in this period:—

“My friend, life of my life,
My Jesus, where art Thou gone?
Come at once: I die for Thee,
The world around me is all darkness,
Without Thee no hunger, no food, thirst, no water,
The absence has, as if put me on the rack,
Sinner, a miserable sinner, as I am,
O Thou, the friend of sinners, Thou art my only Friend;
Art Thou forsaking me?

Life is worse than death. Then that life deserves some more hideous name than death. I crave for nothing. Let me lock Thee in my embrace, and that is all I crave for.

I am a body indeed, but Thou art the life. Sweet Jesus, remember this and leave me not for a moment.”

The immediate impulse towards Christian service which I felt, and feel to-day, is to preach Christ and Him crucified by as many means as God has placed at my disposal.”
As languages and dialects abound in India, the court language is necessarily English, and higher education is in English. Consequently, there are examples, without number, of the quaint production which foreigners call "Baboo English," i.e., the English of semi-educated natives. These are often very amusing. We reproduce below a letter, written by an applicant for a position in a Government Post Office, which fell into the hands of one of our missionaries, and append the Moral, of which we often lose sight in our enjoyment of the effort at English.

Most Honoured Sir:—Understanding that there are several hands wanted in your honour's department, I beg respectfully to offer my hand. As to my adjustments, I beg very humbly to state that I appeared for the Matric examination but failed, the reasons which I shall describe. To begin with, my writing was illegible. This was due to climatic reasons, for having come from a warm to a cold climate, found my fingers disobedient to my wishes. Further, I received a shock to my mental system in the shape of the death of my only fond brother. Beside, Most Honoured Sir, I beg to state that I am in very uncomfortable circumstances, being the sole means of support to my fond brother's seven issues consisting of three adults and four adultresses, the latter being the bain of my existence, owing to the having to keep two of my own wives, as well as their issues, of which the feminine gender by God's misfortune predominate. If by wonderful good fortune these few lines meet with your benign kindness and favourable turn of mind, I the poor menial shall pray ever for the long life and prosperity of yourself as well as of your Honour's posthumous olive branches.

I beg to remain,
Most honoured Sir,
Your most humble and obedient servant.

The moral of this letter is that it is less easy than may be imagined to become both fluent and accurate in a foreign language. The writer of the letter was in earnest; he wanted work. Doubtless missionaries, though as much or more in earnest, have made just as serious and ridiculous mistakes. This is a strong argument for a missionary candidate to try his ability on Latin or Greek or some modern language before coming to the foreign field.

Again, this indicates the need of prayer for those who are serving God in foreign lands. The heathen do not have the advantage of knowing what we are driving at in spite of our mistakes. Indian audiences are usually courteous and long-
suffering, but even with them so small a thing as a slip of the tongue may be used by the Enemy in hindering minds from grasping and responding to the message of Life.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE BOY WHO STOOD ON THE BRIDGE.

NOT Casabianca, as you will readily think; not the boy who perished rather than disobey his father. Yet this was another boy equally as courageous in the line of duty. Though he did not have to face the fiery test of the young French hero made famous for all time by Mrs. Hemans's poem, still this other boy, Henry Havelock, had his courage and his faithfulness tested again and again. Every time, like the pure metal, he rang true.

Sir Henry Havelock, England's great Christian soldier and hero of the siege of Lucknow, was the son of a wealthy shipbuilder and was born at Ford Hall, in Wearmouth, Sunderland, April 5, 1795. He was the second of four sons. While quite young he began to display those fine traits of character for which he became illustrious in manhood—truthfulness, fearlessness, dependableness, and a steadfast stand on the side of right.

"Henry has never to be forced to obey," his father once said of him. "Obedience, when he realizes that it is right, is as natural to him as breathing. He is one son of whom I do not have to make a request the second time. Neither does he stop to question the why and the wherefore. I am his father; that is enough."

One of the best stories told of Henry Havelock's early boyhood is of the time he stood on London Bridge in a chilling rain, drenched to the skin, yet patient, unflinching, with no thought of moving, because his father had placed him there and told him not to leave until his return.

Henry was only eleven at the time, just one year older than Admiral Louis Casabianca's heroic young son, Louis, Jr. Henry was always delighted when he could go walking with his father, though his father was of a somewhat absent turn of mind and would sometimes get so absorbed in business cares as to forget the presence of the sturdy little chap plodding beside him.

On the afternoon of which the story tells, just as they came to London Bridge, Mr. Havelock suddenly remembered a matter of business at one of the stationer's. So he said to Henry, whom he left on the bridge: "Remember now, don't
move away; but stay right here until I return.” This he said to his son for fear the little fellow might wander away and get lost in the crowds.

At the stationer’s Mr. Havelock met an old friend, a gentleman who owned a line of ships plying between London and foreign ports. The finest ship of the line had just come in. The gentleman was eager for Mr. Havelock to inspect it. He finally consented; for while they talked, the father had forgotten all about the little son he had left to await his return on London Bridge.

The ship was a beauty, and Mr. Havelock grew enthusiastic over its many fine points. Then a collation was spread to which he and others who had come at the shipowner’s invitation were easily induced to sit down.

Suddenly, in the very midst of the feast, there flashed upon Mr. Havelock remembrance of the boy he had left on the bridge full two hours ago. Consternation seized him as he realized that for some time it had been raining. He got speedily to his feet. “I trust you will excuse me, sir,” he said to the shipowner, “and you too, gentlemen, that I leave at such an inopportune time. But I have just recalled that I left my son Henry on London Bridge, with the injunction that he remain there until I returned. I fear he is in great distress, unsheltered as he is in this rain. I must go and take him home.”

“Nonsense!” exclaimed his host. “Why distress yourself about nothing? Sit down again, friend. You surely don’t expect to find that boy there now after all this time has passed and in this rain too. Why, that boy has gone home long ago.”

But the father confidently shook his head. “He is still there,” he replied. “I am certain of it. He is right where I left him, despite the rain. You don’t know my Henry. I told him to stay there until my return, and he is there yet.”

So he was, spent with fatigue, hungry, drenched to the skin, but never once thinking of deserting the post where he had been told to stay till his father returned. It was this same unflinching obedience, this absolute loyalty that made him the great soldier that he was.

I think one of the finest points of this story of the boy on the bridge is the father’s unswerving confidence in his son, his unshaken conviction of the boy’s trustworthiness. More than a hero is the boy whose father can have such steadfast faith in him.

At another time Henry was on his way from school with
a crowd of chums. They were importuning him to come for a game of cricket on one of the old fields.

“No,” he said steadily, “I can’t go. I promised my father I would never go there to play. He has a reason for wishing me to avoid the place.”

“Oh, come on. Don’t be a loony. He’ll never know it.” Henry turned upon the speaker, his eyes flashing: “But I’ll know it,” he said.

Happy the boy who goes straight, not because of fear of discovery if he turns off the right course, but because of his own fine sense of honour.

When he was sent to the relief of Lucknow, after he had proved himself one of England’s most fearless soldiers, Havelock was reminded again and again by the officers associated with him how well nigh hopeless was the task. It did indeed seem that naught but a miracle could take the little army commanded by Havelock through the swarming lines of Sepoys and into the beleaguered city.

But Havelock had been told to cut his way through at any price to the rescue of the besieged men, women, and children. He had no other thought but to obey. The queen herself had said: “Send Havelock. If any man can reach them, he can.” Another splendid tribute to the man who, as a boy, had learned the lesson of obedience and faithfulness.

Day after day the little army fought its way onward, its ranks constantly diminished by Sepoy bullets and by disease. Behind Havelock and his men were the awful scenes at Cawnpore, which they had not reached till after the massacre. Before them were the swarming, bloodthirsty Sepoys and mile after mile of inhospitable country. No one realized more keenly than Havelock himself how desperate was the undertaking. But day after day, when in the council of officers he was advised, almost bidden, to turn back from the gaping jaws of death, his answer was ever the same: “We must go on. They are depending on us—those men, women, and children in Lucknow. We can’t have another Cawnpore through any shirking of duty on our part.” And go on he did, patiently, persistently, never flinching, never so much as entertaining a thought of turning back; steadfast, unswerving in the trust committed to him.

Finally, his ranks pitifully thinned by exhaustion, by disease, and by bullets, Havelock was compelled to return to Cawnpore to await re-enforcements. His army strengthened, again came the order to march to the relief of Lucknow, which still held out against the Sepoys, but was in desperate
straits. Though disease had seized him now as its victim, he never thought of making it an excuse to quit his post.

The second attempt to reach Lucknow was successful, though not accomplished till after many days of heroic endurance and of desperate fighting. We may well believe that, as the overjoyed men, women, and children of the Lucknow garrison hastened to proclaim their gratitude to the man whose unswerving stand at the post of duty had delivered them from the horrible fate of Cawnpore, the heart of the great soldier was thrilled by the thought that all these precious lives were his reward for steadfastness. We may believe too that it made him glad to remember that he had learned the splendid lessons of courage and faithfulness in his boyhood.

—A. M. Barnes, in Nashville Christian Advocate.

UNIVERSAL DAYS OF PRAYER FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL

The days set apart are Sunday and Monday, October 15 and 16. This appeal is sent forth to the Churches of India with the confident expectation that they will join in grateful thanksgiving to Almighty God for the efforts made to make Jesus Christ known to young people, especially in the Sunday Schools; and above all to pray with earnestness and faith that He will so bless the labours of His servants, that they may lead the children to the feet of their Saviour.

Let there be due preparation made for the meetings to be held on those two days. The Church should have its extra hour of prayer to uphold the Sunday School workers. The teachers should especially plan and pray. Expectation should be awakened, and earnest effort put forth in the Home, School and Church.

Local circumstances vary so greatly that details of the observance must be left to the Churches. Meetings for prayer must be held. Special gatherings of the children at suitable hours must be called, when they should be urged to accept Jesus Christ, or rather yield themselves to Him. May the days be fully occupied, and may great grace and blessing be upon every Sunday School in Southern Asia on Sunday and Monday, October 15 and 16.

Revs. H. Gulliford and A. A. Parker, at the request of the "India Sunday School Union," have prepared a "Call to Prayer" and an outline of Suggested Local Arrangements. A copy can be obtained free from the General Secretary, I. S. S. U., Jubulpore. It is suggested that sermons on Religious Education should be preached everywhere and that special addresses be arranged by all Sunday School Superintendents. The latest
Sunday School information of the Empire will be gladly supplied free to any one who makes application.

Friends often find this a suitable occasion on which to take up a Collection for the funds of the India Sunday School Union.

(Sd.) R. Burges.

GOLD IN THE FURNACE.

By Lucia Bierce Fuller.

On August 30th at about half-past two in the afternoon, while Mr. James P. Rogers, manager of the mission workshop in Akola, was working in the shop his right hand and wrist got caught in some machinery and were so frightfully twisted and mangled that it was necessary to amputate the forearm about four inches below the elbow. Only the merciful breaking of a belt and his own great strength and presence of mind in wrenching himself free, saved him from being hopelessly entangled and killed. A lifelong habit of keeping one's head is invaluable in crises and Mr. Rogers' calm and self-possession were nothing short of wonderful. He did not even get faint, but coolly tried to push the protruding head of the ulna back into its socket. The young men in the shop marvelled at him and, unable to endure the sight of his mangled hand, wrapped it in his own apron and hurriedly called a tonga, one running meantime to tell my father and another to telegraph Mr. Rogers' two daughters, who are teachers in the Queen Mary High School, Bombay, and arrived here the next morning. The tonga drove first to the house of Dr. D'Silva, the Civil Surgeon, and then by his direction to the Civil Hospital, but in spite of the jolting, the heat of the early afternoon sun and the increasing pain as the numbed nerves came back to life, Mr. Rogers never flinched. One lad, who stayed with him from the first dreadful moment until the bandages were in place, held his hand all the way and says with satisfaction that, but for him, Mr. Rogers would have lost much more blood.

The operation, immediately and most skillfully done, has been entirely successful. Mr. Rogers was inclined to think he could endure it without chloroform, but of course no one would hear of that, though there is no doubt that his iron nerve would have carried him through triumphantly in the cruel days before anaesthetics were discovered. He has lived such an active life and done so much heavy manual work, that at seventy-one he is exceptionally muscular and vigorous; in fact the doctor says that the muscular contraction which normally follows amputation, but which after seventy as a rule is almost nil, was greater in
this case than in that of the ordinary young man. He has been astonished and delighted at the progress of the wound and thought for several days that there would be a healing "by the first intention," but the bruised condition of the arm has made that not quite possible; however it will only mean a few days' delay and not months of long-drawn-out suffering as in the old days, for which we are profoundly thankful. There has been absolutely no fever. Mr. Rogers returned from hospital on the ninth day and walks over now for the daily dressing. The stitches were removed the fourteenth day, and by present indications the healing will be complete within four weeks of the operation. On the eleventh day he went back to the workshop, which is like a dear child to him, to see how it fared, and since then has gone daily to advise and direct. He seems quite himself again. It has all been a large-typed object-lesson on the value of a clean, hardworking life and a constitution free from the ill effects of alcohol and tobacco.

In telling me about the accident the next day, Mr. Rogers said that his first articulate thought when he had wrenched himself free and looked at his hand was relief that it was himself and not one of the younger men who had been hurt. Still he did not realize the inevitability of amputation, so that it was something of a shock when Dr. D'Silva stated its necessity. He sat silent a moment and every one was unnerved when at last he said simply, "Well, I'm gladder than ever that it was not one of the boys." The speech was so entirely characteristic, that any one who knows him will recognize its unaffected sincerity.

It seems to perplex him that after more than fifty years' experience in handling machinery he could have had such an accident, for he is temperamentally careful, nor can he say exactly what took place, but he says that however it happened it was at least permitted by God and so good must come of it. He is anxious to learn the new set of lessons this experience involves and in nothing fail to reclaim all possible gain from his loss.

To see a man go out whole and come back maimed all in the same hour makes for unreality, and at first one could only hope it truly was a nightmare, but every day since has made only too clear what our dear friend has lost. To us who look on it has seemed unbearable at times, and especially at first it seemed brutal to be whole when he was maimed. A hundred little things we all do without thinking every day became significant when we remembered he could no longer do them. But he has never complained nor faltered,—nor have there been any heroics. His patience and docility, and the simple matter of fact way in
which, without comment, he has adjusted himself to new conditions. I bring sudden tears to eyes trying for his sake to keep dry. I specially remember our first meal on Mr. Rogers’ return from the hospital. Under other circumstances it might have been a very constrained and painful time; instead it was a very free and happy one. Mr. Rogers’ own consciousness was far from either self-pity or embarrassment, his mind was full of some interesting matter he had been reading, and he accepted the slight aid he needed so as a matter of course that no one felt uncomfortable. Not only was there no allusion during the whole of the meal to anything unusual in the ensemble, but I doubt if any one even remembered it except in occasional flashes. It seemed to me remarkable. Mr. Rogers’ quiet pluck is indomitable. Two days after the operation he was practising writing with his left hand and attained legibility moreover. Since his daughters’ return to Bombay, September 8th, he has written them his usual daily note every day but the first. It makes one proud and glad just to know such a man.

On September 10th he attended church and said a few words at the close of the Marathi service. Tears fell during his simple expression of thanksgiving and his exhortation to all to love and be at peace with one another. It reminded me of the tradition that John the Beloved at the last had but one word for all,—”Little children, love one another.”

Mr. Rogers’ thankfulness is not perfunctory. He thanks God with deep and solemn gladness that his physical life has been spared for the mutual joy of himself, his daughters and his friends; and that he may go on working, if not quite in the same way, still most effectively and needfully in the workshop, to the growth and improved efficiency of which he has given so much of his thought, care, ability and strength since he came to India in 1887.

He loves the young men who work under him, many of whom he has trained and tried to teach the clean satisfaction, quite apart from monetary compensation, of honest and finished craftsmanship. Moreover his life, without any blowing of trumpets, has shown them the kindness, patience, unselfishness, humility and sincerity of the true disciple. It would hardly occur to the most obtuse of his pupils to suspect him of self-seeking, though they might wish sometimes that his eye were not so straight and his sense of honesty less akin to it, for when did Slipshod ever love square, rule and plumbline? I was amused the other day when we passed some workmen near the hospital doing some crooked measurement, to see Mr. Rogers glance at the botch and say dryly, “Now they just can’t see that that’s not
straight!" Not twenty-nine years in India have succeeded in putting a kink into his innate love of every sort of rectitude.

I think it has caused him a gentle surprise to see what a stir his injury has made in Akola. Any amount of people have been to see him and enquire about him and the sympathy, grief and not infrequent tears have been very real. Every one has been most kind. Several have sent fruit, which is very hard to get just now. English officials and sweepers, high castes and low castes, old people and children, Christians, Hindus and Mohammedans have all called and been moved that so good a man should have come to such grief.

One prominent Brahmin mourned the loss to the community of Mr. Rogers' right hand, saying there was no other like it in these parts, nor any skillful enough to do the beautiful work it has always done. It was a large, strong, calloused hand, beautiful as every perfect instrument is beautiful, and how sure, quick and deft in its movements. I was noticing and admiring it two days before the accident, and now it is gone, but how glad we are to have its master still with us! The first time I saw him after the operation he held out his left hand and said, "Well, dearie, the good old right hand is gone," quite as he might have spoken of the death of a beloved and faithful horse, and then smiling, "You'll have to shake the left now," and a little later, "It was a close call, but I am here."

Several of the young men in the workshop have remarked with satisfaction that now at last Mr. Rogers must know how much and how widely he is loved and respected. The foreman, our dear Kanwadi Swami, gets special pleasure from this phase of things. He says that Mr. Rogers has always thought so little of himself, just doing his faithful best every day and never imagining the influence and regard he has gained during all these busy years in Akola, that this demonstration will surprise him but it must at last convince him of what his unselfconscious modesty has hidden from him so far. He says too that what has touched him the most was the meeting between Father and Mr. Rogers when the latter had regained consciousness after the operation. Mr. Rogers had held out his hand, sighed and said, "Well, Brother Fuller,"—and my dear Father, blind with tears, had replied, "Well, we did not count on quite this, did we?" Kanwadi said they had probably counted on many hardships, losses and sorrows, and death itself, when they gave their lives to India, but that just this had never entered their calculations.

Of all Mr. Rogers' variegated callers whom I have seen, I think none have appealed to me more than the little boys in the
orphanage here. They begged to see him, so on the third day Father took them over. It made one gulp to see their awed, big-eyed solemnity as they filed in, and then their relieved smiles at Mr. Rogers' cheerful greeting as he took each small brown paw in his big left hand that made more than one wee chap wince and furtively rub his knuckles. Then they stood about silently, staring with pity and childish curiosity at that sad, short, bandaged arm.

The general feeling was summed up, I thought, by a woman who came to see me the day after the accident. She was a village woman, quite illiterate but of good caste, who became a Christian years ago. She is something of a character and has always kept her quaint village speech, sharp, racy, full of colour and sentiment, but over highly flavoured at times, not only with salt and pepper, but with garlic, asafedita, rank oils and strange, heavy, musky flavours often used in Indian cookery. She came in with a face that spelled grief from afar and sighing a great sigh, she said "Bai, Bai, what a mountain of sorrow came down on us yesterday!" And so, I think, did everybody feel it to be a colossal disaster.

For Mr. Rogers' ready smile and kindly humour endear him to everybody. To his own daughters he is an ideal father (as they to him are ideal daughters), and in these days a man who satisfies his own children has passed some rather severe tests! But to many others, Indian Christians, younger missionaries and children, he is a dear father, uncle and grandfather. To me he has always been "Uncle Rogers" since at the age of five, greedy for stories and pictures, I used to sit on his knee, listening to his talk, or watching him draw a perennially fascinating picture of a tribe of monkeys crossing a broad stream by grasping each others' tails and so making a bridge between two tall palm trees. In my estimation it was the finest drawing any one of my acquaintance could make and I used to cherish it on my slate, keeping it touched up, until some accident obliterated it, when Uncle Rogers always cheerfully renewed it. I cannot remember him ever impatient. In fact so many people were good to me in those dear days that I have always felt I have a big debt to pass on to other children. So it was a great pleasure when I returned to India last February to find the Mission had appointed me to Akola, the home of my childhood and still beautified by many of the people who used to smile on me long ago. Uncle Rogers in his twinkly way said the other day that he, his daughters, Father and I were the only ones left of the original group that joined the Alliance Mission in 1891, and that he was glad we could all be here together when he was hurt. But when it comes
to a point of seniority, I always stickle for precedence over Uncle Rogers, for I was in India five years before he was! If I showed him this letter, he would be asking me to leave out a lot of it, and as in India a paternal uncle has authority next to one's father, I should not like to disobey, so I shall not show it, for I think that "an ounce of taffy is worth more than a pound of epitaffy," and to the best of my knowledge it is all every bit true anyway.

It is a strange, sad, and very wonderful world. Beauty and terror are in it, and much pain, but for all the suffering, there are, for many at least, "overweights of joy," great and lovely. One of them is knowing brave and beautiful people.

**PRAYER AND PRAISE.**

**PRAISE.**

AMRAOTI.—*Praise,* for another inquirer. She is the wife of one of the new converts. Was very hard, but is now asking for baptism.

KHAMGAON.—*Praise,* For protection from cholera and plague.

—For some who are concerned about their souls.

—For blessing in ministering God's truth.

*Prayer,* is asked for blessing upon the Christian community.

—For one who loves Christ, but is hindered from being baptised, by fear of his fellow religionists. To step out would mean bitter persecution.

—Plague and cholera are around us, and we ask prayer that many who have heard the gospel may heed God's warning before the day of grace is gone forever.

MALKAPUR.—*Praise,* for deliverance from cholera. Our Bible women, Tarabai, had a severe attack, and she is here to-day because Jesus, the great Healer, heard prayer. Also another Christian had an attack and the Lord undertook for him.

—That the disease did not spread farther, though we and all of our Christians were exposed to it.

*Prayer,* is still asked for a site upon which to build a "house of prayer," and also houses for our workers.

—For some who are near the Kingdom, but have not entered in.

—For the headman of a village who had a stroke of paralysis. He received no help from human remedies, though many were tried, but has greatly improved since prayer was made for him. We want God to be glorified in his healing, and in his salvation.

SHANTIPUR.—*Prayer,* is asked for the protection of the Christian people from cholera, with *praise* for their deliverance hitherto.

**ITEMS.**

Our fellow-worker, Miss Edna Prichard, has at last found rest, after a long and painful illness. She departed to be with Christ on September 25th. The last weeks of her life, though filled with suffering, were victorious.
List of Alliance Missionaries.

BERAR

AKOLA
Mr. & Mrs. M. B. Fuller
Mr. J. P. Rogers
Miss Lucia Fuller

AMRAUTI
Mr. & Mrs. W. Fletcher

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

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

MALKAPUR
Mr. & Mrs. S. H. Auernheimer

MURTIZAPUR & DARYAPUR
Mr. & Mrs. L. J. Cutler

GUJARAT

AHMEDABAD
Mr. & Mrs. D. McKee
Miss Lillian Pritchard

DHALKA
Mr. & Mrs. S. P. Hamilton

KAIRA
Miss E. Wells
Miss B. Conger
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 (Jetalpur P. O., Ahmedabad)
Miss Jessie Fraser

VIRAMGAM
Miss Peter

LONAVLA (Poona District)

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

ON FURLough:

Mr. & Mrs. P. Hagberg
Mrs. I. Moodie
Mr. & Mrs. O. Dinham
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Moyser
Miss E. Wyeth
Mrs. F. M. Bannister
Miss H. Bushfield
Mr. & Mrs. P. Eicher
Mr. & Mrs. C. W. Schelander
Miss M. Woodworth
Mrs. V. Erickson
Mr. & Mrs. J. N. Culver

Bombay:

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