"I know of lands that are sunk in shame,
And hearts that fall and tire;
But I know a name, a name, a name,
That will set those hearts on fire.
Oh, give them that name!
Oh, kindle that flame!
That will set the world on fire."

By request.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We wish to direct the attention of our readers to the two articles in this paper setting forth the needs of the Lord's work in the Berar and Khandesh Fields, and we hope to have a similar article in the April issue telling of the needs in Gujerat. These are needs which ought to appeal to every man and woman who loves the Lord Jesus and desires to make Him known to others.

We have read much in the American papers recently of how God has blessed that nation by keeping it out of the war which is costing Europe such great numbers of men and vast sums of money. Surely there is no better way in which the Christians of the U. S. can show their gratitude to God for this immunity from suffering and loss, than by making Jesus known to the millions of India.
February number each year, being reserved for reports of the work, last month's paper will repay the reader for careful study, as it gives a short account of the work done and progress made in each of our stations.

In one or two places the long-looked for break has come and numbers have turned to the Lord. This work is still spreading and we trust the fire may soon be kindled in other places. Please pray for the missionaries and for the new converts, both need wisdom from God, with much patience and forbearance. For lack of space Miss Lucia Fuller's Report of Women's Work in Akola, and also that of the Boys' Orphanage, were omitted from last month's paper; both will be found in this issue.

We thank God for another year of service, and some fruit to His Glory, and we hope to see Him do more and greater things during the present year.

CHAIRMAN'S PAGE
Conducted by Rev. M. B. Fuller.

A CONSCIENCE CLAUSE.

There has been a good deal printed during the last few months concerning the proposed conscience clause which was urged by the Hon. V. S. Shri Nivasa Shastri of the Servants of India Society in a pamphlet published by that Society.

For the sake of friends at home who have not known of the proposed conscience clause we would say that it was urged that non-Christian parents sending their children to any Mission school which received a grant-in-aid from Government, should be allowed to demand that their children should be excused from attending Bible classes and other distinctively Christian teaching, as it was harmful to their consciences to be compelled to learn what is contrary to their own religion. A great deal has been said on both sides and much more will yet be said and printed. Personally we can feel a good deal of sympathy for such parents, for serious minded parents of any religious community cannot be indiffer-
ent to what, according to their present light, they consider to be the truth concerning religion.

We believe that the school is the place where the moral and spiritual development of children and young men and women should be as prominently kept to the front as their mental development, and there must always be a degeneration of conscience and character when education ignores religion. Even thoughtful Hindus and Mahomedans have seen this and have criticised Government schools and colleges, but as Government professes to be neutral there seems no other way but to exclude all religious teaching from all Government schools so that Hindus, Mahomedans, Parsees, and Christians can all attend, and leave the parents of children to provide for their religious instruction elsewhere. Tens of thousands of Hindu parents have sent their children to Mission schools and colleges rather than to Government schools, because they preferred to have them receive the moral education and even the distinctively Christian teaching which they receive there rather than to have them receive no moral instruction. The secular education given in Mission schools and colleges has been considered superior, and so parents have run the risk of their children imbibing Christian teaching for the sake of the superior secular education given.

Doubtless there have been a good many qualms of conscience on the part of such parents, but in most cases there has been no compulsion. There have been Government schools and colleges within reach as well as Mission schools, and they have chosen the Mission school for the reasons mentioned. It is only in cases where there are no Government schools within reach, where there is any hardship. In general the Mission schools are full, because the non-Christian parents prefer them. But as the Indian Christian community increases it will become impossible for the Missions to provide the secular education for all of their children. It is the duty of Government as we understand it, to provide for the education of every boy or girl, and already a good many Indian Christians send their children to Government schools and the number of such will, we believe, rapidly increase.
There will then be a demand for a conscience clause on the other side, for while Government schools are supposed to be neutral, yet the fact remains that Hinduism is taught in them and Christian children are required to read in the Government readers things repugnant to their consciences and are required to answer questions about Hindu gods and incarnations which hurt their religious feelings. These are not grant-in-aid schools in which Missions provide half of the support and Government the other half, but schools wholly supported by Government. As the Indian Christian community increases there will be the greater need of a conscience clause to protect them. And although only a comparatively few of them attend Government schools, yet the time has fully come to ask Government to provide an arrangement by which the children of Christians may be excused from reading any lessons repugnant to their conscience or those of their parents. In fact all Government reading books should be revised and all objectionable lessons or paragraphs should be expurgated. If the public schools are indeed for all, then there should be consistency, and all religious teaching left out or provided by each community for the children of their community at hours set apart for that purpose.

This opens up a large question as to the future education of the Indian Christian community and we will consider it further in later articles.

CHRISTMAS IN INDIA.

By F. J. Brabazon.

NATALNE Salaam! It is Christmas morning and long before the sun has come forth to shed o'er the land its glad approval, the native Christians are abroad, exchanging their hearty greetings. Many had gathered from the distant villages the day before and were camping on the compound. From their tents roll forth songs of joy and praise with much fervor. The reality of "joy to the world" is in their hearts.

To one who spent his early years in New England with its snow clad hills, nature gives but little evidence that Christmas
is come. The green trees, the balmy air, the birds, bring only memories of summer in that far away land. But there is something in the very atmosphere which steals into the heart and whispers of the Christ Child Jesus. It is the "still small voice" of the Spirit that has made us one in eternal bond, members of the family of God; and all know it is the Saviour's Birthday.

With willing hands the native Christians have applied themselves to the many tasks and they have done their work well. Everything is in readiness. The cook for the occasion has arrived with his pots and kettles. Already the fires burn freely and the provisions are in the hands of this experienced concoctor of viands, pleasing to the native taste. In the meantime the people have gathered. Their hearty greetings are seldom understood by the writer, but their faces beam out what their lips fail to convey.

The bell has rung and all are gathered in the Church to hear the Missionary's message, and later, to listen to the well prepared programme. The fitting words of the Pastor, Bro. Turnbull, make ready the hearts for the exercises to follow. The originality of the programme, the fervor and ability of those taking part, would do the heart of a Sunday School Supt. at home just worlds of good. Here the Oriental picturesqueness of Bible stories has opportunity for full development. "The Hebrew Children in the Furnace" "The Prodigal Son"; "The Ten Virgins;" and several other Bible scenes are made to live before the interested listeners. The Mission Village Schools are proving their worth. Here they are, what were "raw heathen" two years ago, now singing, speaking and acting the Gospel as if they were born under its gracious influence. The time is all too short to complete the programme. The bell has rung; the feast is ready.

About three hundred are seated on mats, cross-legged, missionaries included, ready for the "spread." This part of the programme has several new and distinctive features. It is customary at home to have your dessert served last, but here the waiters come with the "Ladavas," a native sweetball first. I am sure this would please the children at home, especially at Christmas time, when the plum-pudding and many other sweets are in order. This is the custom of the country. The sweets are real good after you get used to them. Afterward the "Curry and Rice" are served in liberal quantities to all. There are times when even the best of appetites are quickly satisfied. One unaccustomed to this "savory dish" prepared in native style, finds that a little goes a great way. Soon opportunity is afforded for observation and thought.
What a change! One year ago I was seated with my relatives at home enjoying my last Christmas dinner with them for years; and the nation observed it with ns. To-day I am seated with my "relations in Christ," practically the only ones in the Mehdabad Taluka of sixty thousand souls, to pay homage to the Saviour. The world goes on about us as if the Redeemer had never been born. As I look about me that promise comes with renewed force to my heart, to those who "leave brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother,—for my sake and the Gospel’s, he shall receive an hundred fold now in this time," Mk. X. 29-30. And here they are, my relatives in Christ. Each one a miracle of His grace, a trophy of His loving sacrifice, a testimony of His power to save and to keep.

One group quite different from the rest commands the attention. They look different; they are different. The little tuft of hair left hanging from the crown of the head gives silent testimony—they are Hindus. Their faces tell the story more clearly. Their souls’ need is stamped plainly on their countenances. They seem like the multitude that followed Jesus for the “loaves and fishes” but failed to eat of “the Manna let down from heaven,” or to drink of the “water of life” which were as freely offered. They are strangers to the fold, but truly welcome, and our hearts go out in prayer that they too may “taste and see that the Lord is good.” Again those redeemed by the blood of the Lamb meet our searching eyes, and with full hearts we praise Him for the “GOSPEL of JESUS CHRIST which is the power of God UNTO SALVATION to EVERYONE that BELIEVETH.” With them no caste is known for all are free and one in Him. The “Feast” is over and the farewell "Salaams" are being said.

Late in the afternoon these witnesses for Jesus, in bullock carts and on foot, make their way homeward refreshed in body and in Spirit through fellowship with Him and with one another. Again with thankful hearts for the privileges afforded, the Missionaries commit to God the day and all its possibilities, that out of it all He may win precious souls for eternity.

“Come, labour on,
The labourers are few the field is wide,
New stations must be filled, and blanks supplied,
From voices distant far, in lands across the seas,
The call is “COME!”

Missionary Calendar.
THE PRESSING NEED IN KHANDESH.

By Rev. C. Eicher.

ELSEWHERE in this issue you may find an article on the pressing need of workers in our Berar field, and it is my purpose to speak briefly in the same way regarding our Mission field in Eastern Khandesh, and its pressing need.

We have five Mission stations in four large counties stretching about one hundred miles along the G. I. P. Railway from Chalisgaon to Bodwad. In this section, extending from five to thirty miles from the railroad on each side, there is a population of about five hundred thousand. Among these we have fifteen Indian helpers who give their time to witnessing and preaching.

When you read this our Missionary force, now only eleven, will have been reduced to seven owing to the Garrisons going on furlough for a much-needed and well-earned rest and change, so we are left with a force altogether inadequate to press the claims of Christ on this great population.

After years of faithful witnessing there is now the beginning of a break in some places, and we hope for a great ingathering soon; but how are we to meet the situation? We are in desperate need of missionaries. Young men! why don't you enlist now? Your services are urgently needed. Prepare yourselves and come to fill in the depleted ranks of the Lord's representatives at the front. You will want a share in the spoils and in the joy of victory when hundreds are turning from idols to serve the Living God.

Then we wish to remind our readers about the Indian brethren who are our helpers,—do not forget to pray for your representative, as there are some workers whose support has not been undertaken by any one, and our workers' treasury was about empty a month or so ago. On an average, it costs $50 per annum for a junior, and $75 per annum for a senior worker. Please pray that our force of workers may be doubled very soon.

This brings us to another point for careful and prayerful consideration. We have now in our Training School sixteen young men for whom we request your earnest prayers that they
may all be true to the call of God for service, and that as soon as their three years of Bible study are finished they may join us in giving full time to Mission work. Others from among the new converts are desirous to enter the Training School, but we will not be able to take them unless $25 each per annum is forthcoming for their support. This is a most practical way to help us increase our staff of Indian workers.

RAINY WEATHER EXPERIENCE AT MALKAPUR.

By Rev. S. H. Auernheimer.

FEBRUARY 1st 1917 will long be remembered by us. In the morning it was somewhat cloudy, but we had no thought that rain would come. So the two workers and I started early in the morning to a village some four miles from camp. We had a good time preaching and selling the printed Word. From there we went to another village, a little further on, and here also were enabled to reach a number of people with our messages and sold a few Gospels.

From this place we went on about three miles further to a place where there is a large weekly market. We arrived at this place about 11-30 a.m. We got the necessary feed for our oxen, and then had our lunch, after that we entered the market and began our afternoon work of preaching, doing personal work, selling Gospels and other good books. For several hours we were busy, and the time to return to camp came only too early. We reached camp about 6-30 p.m. By this time the clouds had the appearance of rain, and while we were eating it began to thunder, also lightning was in evidence, and we knew we were in for a heavy storm. Suddenly the wind blew, and a little later the rain came. For a time it seemed the tents would be blown down, but fortunately this was not the case. All of the workers’ tents were soaked, though our tent remained dry. We were planning to have all the workers sleep in a portion of our tent, but after a little while the rain again came, and this time all our hopes were shattered, as before many minutes our tent was standing in a lake of water. The water stood all around our tent to a depth of six inches or more. Our tents were under large mango trees, but it so happened that the land sloped towards these trees from three sides, and so all the water from at least 10 acres of land flowed towards the tents, and formed a lake about 200 feet long and 50 or 60 feet wide. By sitting on our cots we could keep dry, but how could we spend the night
thus? Where shall our people sleep? Only one remedy, all the women and children must be taken home to Malkapur, even though it was dark, and we were nine miles from home. After it was decided to do so, we had to pack up the bedding for all, and such things as are needed at home. While we did so we (the men) had to wade in the water and mud up to our knees. After all the necessary packing was done, the “oxomobile” was brought as near the tent as possible and filled with women, children, and bedding, &c., &c., Mrs. Auernheimer and Ruth had to be carried from the cots to the tonga through water and mud that was over knee deep. The next question was, will the oxen be able to pull the tonga through this water and mud to the road which was several hundred yards distance. A trial was made and with the help we could give, the road was reached, but what a road? It was about three feet lower than the fields on both sides and so had become a stream of water about two feet deep. It was necessary for several of us to follow the tonga, to help in case the road should be impassable. This road led to the Government road, and we knew that if we were able to go about three-fourths of a mile, all would be well. With a continual prayer to the Lord our vehicle went on slowly, and finally the good road was reached, and in due time all reached home safely. But what about the men? We returned to the tents and found the water still there, but slowly disappearing. Several of us slept in the tents, while others went to the town and slept in the resthouse. There was not much sleep for the writer.

In the morning we saw little water, but lots of mud. The only thing to do was to get some carts, and take all the things out of the tents, and send them home. After much difficulty we were able to hire two carts, these were loaded, and sent home. As it was all mud around there, we had to leave the tents where they were. Four days later we were able to get them as by that time the earth had dried sufficiently so that we could take them down. Such experiences do not often come, and when they do, we do not appreciate them. We are thankful however that no harm befall us, and that very little damage was done.

Rain is necessary, but when it comes in the “out season” it does damage, and also puts us to inconvenience.

This rain brought our touring season to a sudden end. We had good times telling forth the glad news of Jesus. In 15 days we sold 354 Gospel portions, and many other books. Thus the Word of the Lord has been scattered far and wide, and we hope some good will be accomplished for time and eternity. Reader, please pray that our sowing will mean fruit for the Master.
CHRISTMAS—CHALISGAON.

E. Mildred Patten.

“CHRISTMAS day dawned crisp and cold, and the merry tinkle of bells greeted our ears,” would be the proper way to begin a description of Christmas “doings” at home, and our readers may be surprised to know that it fitted the day exactly here in tropical, sunbaked India. The bells worn on the bullocks’ necks are an excellent imitation of sleighbells, and when we arose on Christmas morning the “nip” in the air made one feel exceedingly Christmasy.

Do not think that the ground was covered with ice and snow, O, no! but when the thermometer drops to 60°, the bungalow, built to keep the heat out, has a zero feeling, but if we go out in the sun in the middle of the day we find that it is only a delusion and are reminded that we are still in tropical India where we bake at noon and freeze at night during this season of the year. But the illusion will soon be a thing of the past and we shall be sighing in vain for some cooling breeze to temper the scorching heat which never ceases night or day.

Our personal testimony of this Christmas time is that it was the best of our lives, because of a deeper revelation of the wonderful love of our Lord that brought Him down from the glory to reconcile a lost world to God. The spirit of love pervaded the whole place and we realized “how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.”

In our morning service we discussed the meaning of Christmas in several short messages, interspersed by hymns and Scripture verses by the children of the day school. We have felt almost discouraged about this school sometimes, and on the point of closing it, as the financial support of it has been quite a burden, but when we heard the long Scripture portions and the large number of hymns and motion songs given in such an admirable way by these Hindu and Mohammedan lads, we felt that it was worth while to keep these bright boys under Christian influence. One little boy, the brightest in the school, says that he is a Christian, and were it not for his heathen grandmother we believe he and his father would soon acknowledge Christ openly. The sweeper’s bright little boy, arrayed in a much bespangled velvet waistcoat, yellow silk handkerchief and gorgeous turban, all new for the occasion, won applause by reciting a very long portion of Scripture. This bright lad, belonging to the outcasts of India, is a regular attendant at both day and Sunday School, listening attentively to the lesson and always reciting the Golden Text. At the close of the service, all the Christian community, and the “stranger within our gates,” were invited to eat their Christmas dinner together. It
is remarkable how many "strangers" turn up at Christmas time, so we had a goodly company, even one Roman Catholic family who seemed delighted to be welcomed into our midst.

The pleasant surprise of the day came when the people came crowding around and giving their Christmas offering unsolicited.

In the evening we had a simple service to which the school children again contributed largely, but the unique feature of the service was the part taken by the men of the night school. Our hearts swelled with gratitude as these men in turn recited John 3:16, and sang "Jesus my Saviour" with the schoolmaster, and during the prayer, because they did not know what to do they followed the master’s example and kneeled reverently, we took it as an earnest of precious souls who shall leave their idols of wood and stone and worship our precious Lord in our little chapel.

The distribution of simple gifts took place after the service and everybody was happy because there was a small gift for each, thanks to the dear ones at home who had added all sorts of little things to our outfit when we came back to India.

These "odds and ends" play a large part in the real work of the station, as a little gift at Christmas does much to keep a spirit of goodwill among the people. There were only six dolls for over twenty children, and it was a real disappointment to have to pass by little upstretched hands and tell them that there were not enough dollies to go around.

We can see the effect of our family gathering upon the whole Christian community, as several families who had been very careless are now attending church and sending their children to Sunday School besides contributing to the Lord’s work, and our hearts rejoiced when a few days ago, two families asked for Bibles that they might read in their homes.

Christmas and the New Year have come and gone, but the spirit of love—"the love of Christ that passeth knowledge" is still in our midst, and we believe that some of our company of Christians have come into a closer fellowship with Him who came as God's gift to the world.

We are now touring in the district, making the usual round of villages and finding a few whose hearts seem to be earnestly reaching out after the only Way of Salvation.

Let those who read this be "helpers together by prayer" that our Christian people, whatever their occupation, may make an effort to lead souls to Christ, and that the heathen who are convinced of the truth may break loose from the fetters of caste and openly declare themselves disciples of the Lord Jesus.
SOME weeks ago when the weather became cool enough to live in a tent, for in India you know it is very hot, we loaded up our tents and made ready to move out into the district, as we say to preach the Gospel from village to village. When the tents were all up and everything arranged, the people began to come to see us. One reason they came was because they heard we had an organ with us, which came from America, and all were anxious to see what it was like.

Now you have often seen organs and pianos, but these people had never seen nor heard one, so they came, sometimes in crowds and sometimes in twos or threes. The first days they kept us sitting at the organ playing for them, nearly all the time when we were not out in the village talking to the people.

After playing for a while, we would tell them the story of Jesus. Some did not know who Jesus is, for, they never had heard that name before. They did not know that He came to this world to save them. The only god they had ever heard about, was a god of wood or stone, such as the poor people of this land worship, because they do not know about our Jesus who died on the cross for us and for them.

This village has several schools and many of the boys are able to read. When these boys came we gave them singing books and for the first time they sang hymns and for the first time they sang with an organ. It was not very melodious to be sure, however, it made our hearts rejoice to hear them sing the Gospel and we covet these bright young lives for the Lord Jesus. They seem to understand as the older people do not, when we tell them the story of the cross. They are so anxious too, to get a portion of the Bible. We do not give the Gospels to
them, but sell them for a pice each, which is equal to one half cent. The Word of God is precious and when they have to pay for it they value it more than when we give the Gospels away.

One evening about a dozen school boys came. After they had sung with us for a while and were about to leave, I asked them if they would not like to buy a Gospel. They all wanted one, but said they did not have the money, so would come another day. One little fellow, however, evidently decided he would make sure of his and when no one was looking slipped one into his pocket.

We knew nothing of this and they went away, but after a while two lads returned bringing the money for the stolen Gospel. They explained that one of the boys had taken a book and they made him give the money and now they were bringing it to us.

In the villages, the school boys and girls always want a Gospel. Sometimes their parents are not willing for them to have them. They fear they will become Christians and this, according to their way of thinking, would be a great disgrace. Others perhaps, think only of the pice and are not willing it should be spent in that way.

One day recently we held a meeting in front of an old man's house. Quite a crowd stopped to listen and some of them took Gospels. The daughter of the old man, asked him for money for a book, but he said he did not have any. Soon I saw her run away with a bit of grain in a brass dish, and in a very short time lest we should be gone, she returned, not with grain in the dish, but with a pice. She had sold the grain, and had become the happy owner of the Gospel of John.

Those who really want a book manage in some way to get it.

These Gospels are God's own living Word and we believe "it shall not return unto Him void." Will you not pray for the school children of India that they may read, understand and become followers of the Lord Jesus,

M. M. Taylor.
EN ROUTE FOR INDIA.

By Miss J. E. Skelly.

FAREWELL Britain! Farewell Home! and the ship, with her East-bound passengers and cargo, glided slowly from the London dock. Like the sailor who "sighs as sinks his native shore," I would feign "have climbed the masts to feast my eyes once more."

What a multitude of thoughts whirled through my brain as I gazed on fast receding church spires, steam-pipes and lofty buildings, and realized that I was on the way to India, dark, needy India, steeped in heathenism and idolatry.

Seafaring in these days is one continuous unravelling of interest and excitement, and we are not immune. The days which elapsed ere we sighted the bold, rugged outline of the Rock of Gibraltar were filled with thrilling experiences. In order to dodge submarines and floating mines, we had at times to depart from the usual course and this zigzag method of travelling somewhat retarded our progress, but "Safety First."

In the Mediterranean also the passengers were at times conscious of proximity to danger—faithful watch was kept, life-boats were swung over the sides, life-belts were constantly at hand, and boat-drill was one order of the day. It was with a sigh of relief that Port Said was reached and we soon sailed into the Red Sea, where we revelled in the warmth and sunshine of the Eastern day; glorious sunsets; clear cloudless skies, and moonlight nights of unsurpassed beauty.

We were thus far in safety—all thanks be to Him "Who holds the ocean in the hollow of His mighty hand" and at whose command the wind and waves stand still. Unfortunately, few of our passengers seemed to realize that our deliverance was providential; time that should have been spent in praise and thanksgiving to Our Heavenly Father, was spent in drinking and card-playing.

Is it any wonder that the reddest of human blood flows on the battlefields of Europe, when our people continue to indulge
in individual and National sin? God grant that ere long they 
may be found in their right mind.

The trip from Port Said to Bombay was uneventful, the 
tension was removed and time passed quickly and pleasantly.

Well! there's an end to everything, even an ocean voyage, 
and on January 19th, I caught my first glimpse of Indian soil. 
Was this really India—the country assigned me for my labour 
for the Master? Instantly, my heart warmed to the dark-
skinned natives; they are included in the "Whosoever" for whom 
Christ died. Some day when I graduate from the mysteries of 
the Gujarati Language, I shall be able to tell you more about 
these folks. In the meantime, pray that God may bless 
the great movement on foot for the evangelization of India. 
The Harvest truly is great, and the labourers are Oh! so few—so 
pray on! Send on! Come on!!

THE NEED IN BERAR.

By W. Ramsey.

Of the ten Talukas (counties) in Berar allotted for occupation 
to the Christian and Missionary Alliance and for the work-
ing of which our Mission is supposed to be responsible, 
four are as yet without resident missionaries, though at times 
considerable touring has been done in them. It is in one of 
these (Daryapur) that there were so many baptisms last year, 
and that work is still spreading. A site for a bungalow was 
secured from Government years ago and we hoped to have been 
able to build on it, but as yet for this both missionaries and 
money are needed.

In the other six Talukas where there are resident mission-
aries, native workers, both men and women, are urgently 
needed, as well as money for their support. Some of these 
Talukas have an area of 500 to 800 sq. miles, with hundreds 
of towns and villages and 150 to 190 thousand people, yet in 
some we have only one male worker, and in others two, or at 
most three besides the missionary. In order thoroughly to 
evangelize this territory at least four times the present number 
of workers are needed.

A young man starting out in this evangelistic work only 
gets $1.00 or $1.25 per week for his own personal support while 
a more experienced worker may get $7.00 $8.00 per month, and
a Bible-woman only costs the mission, on an average, about $2.50 per month; yet it is for lack of such small sums as these that thousands never get a chance to hear the Gospel.

It is with heart-felt thanks to God and deep gratitude for the gifts of His people in the past, that these needs are made known. We feel sure there are many who will desire to have a share in this work of making Jesus known to the heathen and see Him gathering out from among them a people for His Name, and so hastening His glorious coming.

THE WOMEN’S WORK, AKOLA.

By Lucia Fuller.

In this Christian community of 384, there are about 90 women. These, with their families, live mostly at the Christian settlements at Khadani and Shivni, outside Akola city, but near by. The rest live in the neighbourhood of the Mission bungalow, the Indian church and the Mission workshop, which are all within a few minutes’ walk of each other. Since all the women cannot meet in one weekly class, there are three. Wednesday morning at Shivni, Thursday morning at Khadani, Friday morning here at the bungalow.

At these, which are very informal, the women tell of their troubles, sickness in the family, children’s problems etc., ask for prayer, or thank God for some special help, spiritual or material. There is always a Bible lesson, singing and prayer. Sometimes the hour or two spent in these classes are happy, tender times of heart-opening and drawing together, as we realize afresh the infinitely kind and marvellous Love of God, the adorable grace and truth of the Lord Christ, and the fact that we all have in common so many of the same sadnesses and gladnesses in this ancient school of life. And sometimes the class is rather dry.

In Olive Schreiner’s wonderful “Dream,” called “In a ruined chapel,” a man after long struggling to forgive, is given a sight of his hated brother’s naked soul. First, seeing all its longings, struggles and pitiful missing of an only dimly seen goal, he cried out, “It is I! It is myself!” Next, seeing the soul as part of the Infinite and Eternal, as “that which in its tiny drop reflects the whole universe,” he shuddered and whispered, “It is God!” At last, seeing the soul clothed again in flesh,
he said, "How beautiful my brother is!" And he went to him, melted with pity and yearning love and awe. So would all resentments and enmities fade like shadows before the shining of understanding love. It is this true sight and true love that our people here, like people everywhere, need to save them from small quarrels and meannesses.

When one of us is not able to go out to take the class at Shivni, it is cared for by Arnubai, the capable wife of the workshop foreman. The Khadani class in similar case is taken by Gomati Bai, wife of one of the principal workmen. Some of the women are lovely, and some of them,—well some of them make one sigh; but even they give one pleasant surprises sometimes, as for instance the other day when the least lovely came to me and said things that dumbfounded me. As she told of her struggles and desires, I was ashamed that I had heretofore seen only the surface unsavouriness of person and speech; that I had let myself be blinded by the woman's reputation for unsavoury deeds, unquestionably committed, but with God only knows how much struggle and suffering. I remembered again Robert Louis Stevenson's saying that "we are all little islands shouting to each other across seas of misunderstanding." O, for strong love to bridge those sad seas!

The larger number of these women were formerly in our orphanage at Khamgaon, many of them while I was there. It is cheering to see the progress some of them have made since their school-days, and how some very immature girls have flowered and sweetened with the responsibilities of motherhood.

As for the children, they are darlings. All the little ones who are not yet in school, come with their mothers to the class. The biggest tinies sit in a wise row on the floor around me, and listen with wide uncomprehending eyes at first, but after half an hour they run out one after the other to play. The babies, dear chubby, brown things, sleep and play on their mother's laps; or sit up sucking their fists and nodding their absurd, big heads; or creep about on the floor visiting one and another hospitable lap before returning to their own havens. It is sweet to see the amused delight with which the newly married young women welcome these friendly little souls, and sweeter yet to see the wistful tenderness with which the long-married, childless women invite and keep them with pretty craft.

India is in no danger of "race-suicide" except from poverty, vice, child-marriage, an appalling over-prolificness, and an ignorance of hygiene and sanitation which is largely productive of the almost incredible infant mortality.
THE BOYS' ORPHANAGE, AKOLA.

The boys' orphanage here is the smallest now it has ever been since the first few years of its existence when I was here as a child. Those boys, whom I knew then, are now sober fathers of families. Hosts of waifs have succeeded them, for orphans we have always with us in this land of frequent famine and pestilence, not to mention the constant and awful poverty of the lowest classes.

At present we have sixteen boys ranging from four years to fourteen. The eight oldest attend a Government school in town. For the rest, there is a primary school in the compound which prepare them to enter the second standard, or grade, of the Government school. This compound school is attended by about fifteen outside children, mostly from Christian families, and has two teachers.

A dear old body, who can scold like a mother hen, and cares for her brood as tirelessly, is the matron. She cooks, not only for the orphanage, but for thirteen lads formerly in the orphanage, who are now apprentices and workmen in the mission workshop. They all call her mother (her own name means Victoria), and they all stand in affectionate fear of her, though some of them know the art of cajolery to a fine finish, as do other boys, in other places!

I need not say that no two of the youngsters are alike. Some of them are "problems," and some of them are only pickles, but they all have a way of wriggling themselves into one's heart. Some of them can remember no home but the orphanage here and that for girls at Khamgaon, where they were first cared for as little babies. Four were in the nursery at Khamgaon when I was there and I well remember the sad circumstances of their coming. Two were only a few weeks old, tiny and wasted, and one was only five or six hours old. He was born out in a field while his mother was gathering fuel. The mother died there alone and a few hours later when the father found the child, he brought him to us just as he was. He would never have lived but for Miss Yoder's great skill and persistence, and for a year had a struggle for life, but he was always the jolliest baby. One of the little chaps here is the child of a man who was hanged for murder. He is a strange child, a source of horrified astonishment to his companion, because of the abnormal things he does sometimes (to-day he swallowed some glass and rubber), but for all that he is one of the most original and appealingly lovable children we have.
They all need love, the turbulent and the apathetic, the aggressively selfish and the stupidly selfish, the sly, the lazy, the stubborn, the lawless, as well as the dear, merry, helpful ones. They need love, not in scraps and patches, but warm and pervading like the sunshine that brings out the flowers. "Love never faileth," ask for us this Love.

CHORUD YATRA.

By Rev. O. Lapp.

About twelve miles from our camp at Vadgaon is Chorud village, Erandole taluka, where every year at the time of full moon in Dec. about 50,000 people gather for two days to worship Krishna's idol.

Mr. Schelander, myself and two native preachers started to that yatra early Friday morning Dec. 8th. We took turns in driving the oxen, as our driver was sick with malarial fever and could not come.

Bhadgaon was our first stop, where there was a bazaar held that day. There we preached from morning till late in the evening. One man from the crowd came to us and said he had believed in Jesus Christ ever since he heard Mr. Dinham preach five years ago. We stayed all night in the native rest house, where a few natives also slept. During the night a very rich man came to call on us, he was more than half drunk, and seemed to have an idea that he was acting like an European, he came to shake hands with us and called us brothers. At last he got so noisy that a policeman had to take him away.

Early the next morning we took up our beds and moved on to the yatra village, and got there before the pilgrims arrived. There we had time to learn the history of their idol, and the reasons for the people coming to that resort.

In the earlier years the pilgrims gathered at Kanasi, in Pachora taluka, where this idol was kept, but its power to hold its worshippers diminished and the pilgrims ceased coming there. Then Ranjiban, who lived in Chorud, had a vision in which this god Krishna told him that he had moved to Chorud and asked him to proclaim this fact to his worshippers in Khandesh and Berar. Accordingly he made the proclamation. Secretly then he stole the idol from Kanasi and brought it over to his village. This idol is dressed up in the latest Brahmin fashion and it looks decent. The priest, Ranjiban, takes care of it and he gets the gifts of the worshippers.
The pilgrims, especially women, come to request this idol for sons, and when their request is granted they come back to pay their vows, which vary in prices from 25 to 200 rupees; and the priest gets the money. Unfortunately the priest himself is without a child, although he has three wives; still he counts himself happy in getting riches since he is not favoured with sons. Another reason for the people gathering at Kanasi is either to get rid of demons or to get them. Hundreds of women were prostrated, unconscious around the idol, some were muttering, some were singing and some dancing, some laughing and running, others climbing the trees, but all had their hair loose and shaking like reeds under the power of demons. The onlookers were bowing and praying to these demon-possessed people.

All this was going on while we were preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ outside the temple to the large crowds. We sold over a hundred Gospels and gave away many hundred tracts. Sorry that we had not more Gospels and tracts with us. That night and the next day the crowds remained, and early a.m. we began to preach again and preached till evening. A man stepped out from the crowd and asked us to allow him to say a word, he spoke of the pilgrimages he had made seeking salvation, and had not found it, but now, he said, "I believe that Jesus Christ is the only Saviour and I openly accept Him." Then he urged the people to do the same. This man belongs to a distant district and we advised him to go to the missionaries there and get further instruction.

This is a diary account of three days' work. Pray for us while we press on, that God may quicken the Word.

PRAISE AND PRAYER.

BERAR.

AKOLA.—Praise for God’s protection of our whole Christian community from plague.

— For the working of God’s Spirit in the hearts of some who have been tried by sickness among their children.

Pray for the parents of the child who died of snake-bite, that this sudden sorrow and loss may arouse them to be ready.
BODWAD.—*Praise* the Lord for serious enquirers here and there, for the Spirit's working in hearts, and for the goodly number of new converts in this year's Bible class.

*Pray* that an influential new convert may get so low and humble before the Lord that He can use him to bring his fellowmen to Christ.

— for the Training School students, that all may be filled with the Spirit and fitted for service; also that their support and that of others who wish to enter the school may be forthcoming.

KHAMGAON.—*Praise* for God's care while on tour, mingling among plague-afflicted people.

— That none of us were hurt by a heavy thunderstorm with rain and hail, which swept over our camp.

*Pray* that the seed lately scattered among the village people of this district may bring forth fruit.

KHANDESH.

CHALISGAON.—*Praise* that Chalisgaon has been exempt from plague so far, though it is in several villages in the Taluka, and that there has been no serious illness among us.

— that we are finding some hungry hearts in the villages.

*Pray* that a sin in our midst may be confessed and made right.

— that the Christian truths being taught the children in the day-school may have permanent effect upon their lives.

— that we may have discernment to know when souls are reaching out for light, and wisdom to understand how to lead them on.
GUJERAT.

AHMEDABAD.—Pray that it may soon be possible for the Mission to build a church in Ahmedabad, where such a building is becoming more and more a real necessity.

SHANTIPUR.—Praise the Lord for His work in the hearts of our people. In our watch-night service some of our Christian farmers gave messages from the Word and all who were present took a definite stand for the Lord, that they might serve Him better throughout this year. All who were present took part in prayer, praying very earnestly for the Lord's work in the surrounding villages, and for the whole work of the Mission.

For the work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of some young men who attend our night-schools. The other night we found in one school, eleven who all decided to be Christians and we felt the Gospel was doing its work in their hearts as we talked to them. We trust they may soon be baptized.

Pray for our workers and teachers who live in these dark, heathen villages that they may be kept true; that they may be bright and shining lights by their lives as well as their teaching.

For the boys in our Bible class that they may fully decide for Christ, some are being kept back by their heathen parents.

VIRAMGAM.—Pray that permission to sell Gospels at this important railway junction may be restored to us. For several years we have had permission and thousands of Gospels have been
PRAISE AND PRAYER

sold, but that permission has been suddenly withdrawn, which means that thousands will be deprived of this opportunity of receiving the Word of God.

— for Mana Rymel who is one of our oldest and most useful catechists, that he may be restored to health.

NEWS ITEMS.

In October a beautiful little girl, six years of age, belonging to one of our Christian families in Akola, was bitten by a snake in the night and was dead by morning; and again, on Feb. 11th. about 2 a.m., a fine little boy of four was bitten and died before morning.

About 20,000 people die of snake bite in India every year, but it makes this sad fact painfully real when two of that number are from our Christian community in one town. It comes so suddenly and without warning that it reminds us of the Master's words, "Be ye also ready."

Rev. L. F. Turnbull with Mrs. Turnbull and their two children, Rev. A. I. Garrison and family, and Rev. and Mrs. K. D. Garrison, all expect to go on furlough early in March. We trust friends in the homeland will pray that they may have a safe and prosperous voyage.

Rev. A. I. Garrison writes,—The special meetings for English speaking people in Bhusawal commenced Jan. 28th. and continued to Feb. 11th. Dr. Marrett, M. E. Pastor of Igatpuri, was with us throughout, and Rev. C. Eicher and my brother Kiel, being so near, were able frequently to run in and help. We have had meetings for Christians in the morning, which have been earnest, helpful and well-attended. At night, we had straight, Gospel messages with the magic-lantern, and some nights there were so many present that all could not find room in the church, but stood outside at the door and windows.
Quite a number have been saved or reclaimed, among whom were several Roman Catholics. We are looking for greater things yet.

Mrs. Lapp writes,—We (my husband and myself) are fifteen miles out from our station on a very bad road and only get mail once a week.

That rain was awful. Our tents were pitched on black soil and we could not get the carts out of the field. Everything is soaking wet and the water in places up to the bellies of the oxen with the mud a foot deep.

Yesterday Raghanat and Sabajee (two Indian workers) came and persuaded us to go four or five miles with them to Singelpore for a night meeting. We did enjoy it. About 100 new converts with their families all gathered in that one place to praise the Lord. They take the simplest songs and sing them to the accompaniment of their native musical instruments, until one is quite carried away.

They will repeat a single line fifty times if they want to, and get happier every time they sing it. Women, children and all sing at the top of their voices, and besides other instruments they have six pairs of native cymbals.

Their prayers went to the root of things and it was a united cry to God for definite needs.

One, leading in prayer, would say, “my brother is not yet in the light,” then, like “the voice of many waters,” would go up the united cry, “save that brother.” Every single petition was echoed by the whole company, making it absolutely personal. Shall I tell you what time we got home? The meeting closed at 11:30, but we did not get to our camp till 2:30 a.m.

We saw the headman before we left, he is so bitter. Hates the workers because the people became Christians through them. He does all he can to persecute them. It is a case of Pharoah over again, who hates to see his slaves go free and be loosened from his power. Pray for them and for the workers.
BUSINESS MANAGER'S NOTICE.

ALL our subscribers have the date of expiration of their subscription printed on the address label on wrapper in which paper is sent. If date reads Dec. 15 it means that you are in arrears since Dec. 1915. We wish all our subscribers would examine the date on their address label and if in arrears, please send in their subscription. Quite a few of our subscribers are from one to three years in arrears. The price of the India Alliance is Rs. 1-2-ia in India, Ceylon and Burma. To other countries it is 2 shillings or 30 cts. a year. Money sent to us by Money Order is quite safe and convenient. Make all Money Orders payable to me at Malkapur, Berar, India.

All persons, who support an orphan, a student, a worker, or a missionary, are entitled to a free copy of the paper. It any one of these do not receive the paper, will you please let me know so that I can put your name and address on the free list.

We shall at all times be thankful if subscribers and others will promptly inform us of any change in their addresses, so that we can make the change in our books and address label.

We continually receive papers back from the Dead Letter Office, people having moved away and their papers being returned to us. All such addresses are struck off our lists, as it is a waste of paper and postage when paper has to be returned to us. Probably some who are entitled to the paper, and also some subscribers do not receive their papers, because of having changed their addresses and the paper having failed to reach them has been returned to me, and their names have been taken off the list. If you will keep me informed of your correct address, I shall be able then to have the paper reach you.

Yours & His,

S. H. Auernheimer,

"I. A." Business Manager,

Malkapur, Berar, India.

Directions for sending donations to the work, or for the personal use of missionaries will be found on inside of front cover.
List of Alliance Missionaries.

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Miss Lucia Fuller

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Mr. & Mrs. O. Ladd

CHANDUR
Mr. & Mrs. W. Ramsey

KHAMGAON
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