BURDEN-BEARERS.

Burden-bearers are we all;
Great and small.
Burden-sharers are ye all
Great and small!
Where another shares the load
Two draw near to God.
Yet there are burdens we can share with none
Save only God.
And paths remote we must walk alone
With only God.
For lonely burden and for path apart
Thank God.
these but serve to bring the burdened heart
To God.

JOHN OXENHAM.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Accounts of two farewell services for Mr. Turnbull and his family have been sent to the editor for publication in this issue, one comes from Mehmedabad where Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull have been the resident missionaries, and the other from Kaira. Kaira
where our Gujarati Girls' Orphanage is situated has also a considerable Christian community ordinarily ministered to by Miss Wells and her staff, but as Kaira is only six miles from Mehmedabad on a good government road, Mr. Turnbull was a frequent and welcome visitor, administering those services of the church which are not usually performed by ladies, so that he might be almost considered as pastor in both places.

Not every missionary has such a "send off" as Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull, but from Mr. Kerr's article, we get a glimpse of the unceasing, self-denying toil which it cost to win the hearts of the people. This is the point which the everlasting critic of missions will overlook. He will say "what good times these missionaries have, look at all this feasting and rejoicing, why should we give our hard-earned money to them, we don't have such times here." Perhaps if Mr. or Mrs. Critic could be present at one of these "spreads," sitting cross legged on the floor they might learn a few things, first that if they expect to enjoy the dinner, it might be best not to see too much of the preparation and cooking of the food; secondly—their appetites and tastes might have to be educated before they would enjoy it, thirdly—there is a vast difference between European or American and Indian table-manners; and lastly,—the most important thing to the critic, look at the cost; the whole thing does not cost so much as he pays for an ordinary dinner with his family.

It is the love and tender fellowship that count, that make such times a real sacrament and show how really one with his people the missionary has become. This is what makes it worth while.

An extract from a letter written by Mr. Turnbull to the editor from Bombay a few days before the party sailed, will show his feelings about the parting. He writes "We left for Bombay last Tuesday evening. Our heart-strings were pulled severely when the time came for separation from all the dear friends both white and brown, but the Lord gives grace, and His peace abides within our hearts. It was harder for us to leave.
India this time, than it was for us to say "farewell" when we left the homeland. We are very tired, but hope to get a few days' rest before sailing. We will often think of you and remember you in prayer" etc.

As we have just heard that the party cannot sail until some days after the date appointed, it will give them all time for a little rest before beginning the long voyage. Friends please remember them in prayer.

CHAIRMAN'S PAGE.

Conducted by Rev. M. B. Fuller.

CASTE IN THE INDIAN CHURCH.

Caste is recognized by those who are acquainted with the work of missions in India as the greatest barrier in the way of winning Hindus to Christ. We may say that caste and idolatry are the two feet upon which Hinduism stands. Among the educated portion of the Hindu community idolatry is losing its hold and in this we rejoice. Caste is also losing its hold in many ways, and the true reformers among the Hindus, many of them at least, are speaking and writing against caste as the greatest hindrance to all social and political progress. Men who are sincerely trying to prepare the people for self-government see that while caste retains its hold, progress will be slow.

The great masses, the respectable farmers, gardeners, and the artisans are bound by it and are hindered from free development. With all the public schools of India carried on for the last seventy-five years it still remains that the large majority of teachers in these schools are Brahmans. They control largely the educational department and few comparatively of the young men from the farming caste are found teaching in the village
schools, or holding the position of village clerks whose business it is to keep the records of all the fields and their owners, and land taxes, etc. Whether the Brahmans seek to hold the monopoly of these positions or whether the young men of the farming community have no desire to qualify for them the fact remains. The idea of freedom for every boy to qualify himself for the line of work for which he has a natural taste, has not yet become prevalent among them and so they go blindly on in the work of the caste in which they were born.

In the Indian Church great progress has been made and every young man or boy is free to choose any business, trade, or profession which attracts him, so we see the different brothers in a family following several different lines of work. In this sense, of caste as standing for a particular profession or trade, we have little in the Indian Church. But socially and especially with regard to marriage and general social intercourse the matter of caste is painfully in evidence in many places, and there seems to be a real danger that, as the mass movements go on, and people from the various castes come into the Christian community in large numbers, they will practically bring their caste feelings and prejudices with them and while those of different castes may belong to the same Church and partake of the Lord's Supper together, yet in matters of marriage and general freedom of eating and drinking together, the old caste feelings will continue until a very deep work of grace wrought by the Spirit of God obliterates them. In some cases it would be easier for a thoroughly saved Brahman convert to marry a young woman of education and refinement who had come from the sweeper caste, than for an outcaste from another caste which is considered not quite so low, to do so. In missions where there are large numbers of converts from the dherds who are carion eaters, and the sweepers, in the same village, it is very difficult to get the dherds to send their children to a school where sweepers' children are allowed, although they are quick enough to claim that their children should be allowed to attend the same schools that the children of farmers attend.
In some cases the converts from the outcastes show a spirit of jealousy towards converts from the high castes. No mission laws could be made compelling inter-marriage between converts from different castes. In the earlier days when converts from the higher castes were very few, they had to marry converts of lower castes and the effect was that caste was more nearly obliterated than it is to-day in the Indian Church. Much prayer is needed that the Spirit of God may deal with the whole spirit of caste and that as large numbers of converts are brought in they may not come by castes but as individuals who will be from the highest of them to the lowest, “all one in Christ Jesus.”

A MISSIONARY FAREWELL.
By Miss J. E. Skelly.

FRIDAY, March 2nd was a red-letter day at the Orphanage. Folks—white folks and black folks—flitted hither and thither regardless of the penetrating rays of the Eastern sun, and the gusts of hot wind accompanied by unlimited quantities of dust.

Trees and shrubbery were divested of their foliage and flowers, furniture and carpets or to be strictly truthful the carpet were transferred from their wonted abode and artistically arranged in the clay-floored, glassless windowed schoolroom, where stood a very suspicious looking table and covered over with parchments bearing the Gujarati calligraphy.

Under this scroll I feign would have peeped, but being a “new missionary,” I must choke down my curiosity and wait.

On this auspicious occasion we were all garbed in our ‘Sunday best’ from the missionary staff down to our little Mohammedan baby girl of four years, who was gaily arrayed in a bright pink sardaee.

A glance into the dining room revealed further proof that something unusual was in the air.
Overhead, bright coloured paper decorations (of no mean design or quality!) waved gently in the breeze, while the walls, table and sideboard were bedecked with greenery and flowers.

Now, I'll warrant the curiosity of the readers is aroused ere this, so at this juncture I shall explain the "why" of all this preparation and excitement.

Our beloved pastor and fellow missionary Rev. L. F. Turnbull and his dear wife with their two children were coming out to see us Kaira folks before they set sail for the homeland, and of course we must needs have a Farewell Service.

Once upon a time, I thought "Farewells" were confined to the homeland, but never again! I am fully convinced that the "ties that bind" are just as strong and perhaps a little stronger out here in Gujarat, as they are in the British Isles or the U.S.A. The love of Christ has constrained and tightly bound together this people and those who have laboured for them, and with them in the Lord. Beneath the brown skins of these dear Indian Christians are hearts which beat loyal and true.

Shortly after breakfast (by the way we don't have breakfast in India before 10.30) Miss Wells arranged her large family of about 100 girls, with the men, women, and children from the neighbouring villages, in rows on the nice hard clay floor, where they squatted comfortably in tailor fashion, while the missionary family consisting of eight ladies plus Mr. John Turnbull, occupied the available chairs.

"All things were now ready," and Miss Conger heralded the arrival of the guests of honour. Upon their entering the room, the brown skinned element arose with one accord, and most politely and reverently remained standing, until the guests had taken their places under a canopy of green.

Now the service proper began. We had a short, enthusiastic praise service, and oh! how I wished I could read Gujarati well enough to join in the singing—but alas! I had to be content with strenuous endeavours to keep, at least, in the same line with the songsters!

Prayer, reading and exposition of Scripture followed the song service, and then the eventful moment came.
The Turnbull family was garlanded with wreaths: the suspicious looking table was uncovered and a beautifully bound Gujarati New Testament was displayed, bearing Mr. Turnbull's name printed in golden letters along with pretty and suitable gifts for Mrs. Turnbull and the girls.

These—the gifts of the Kaira Church—were presented in the most orthodox fashion, with gracious smiles and humble bows. Whereupon, the recipients replied in a most impressive manner, I'm sorry I cannot tell you homeland folks what they actually said—being a new missionary is an awful handicap! However, we all shared in the blessing of fellowship with Him and with one another. Surely it was good for us to be there where the very atmosphere was fragrant with God's presence.

Lives for God in India are surely precious in His sight, and should He tarry, we shall look forward to Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull's return to this field, where they have laboured so successfully for twenty years.

After saying their salaams, they drove off—followed by hungry eyes, hearty singing and earnest prayers.

May the presence and power of the God of all Grace be their daily portion as they seek to influence lives for Him.

A CENTURY OF MISSIONS.

At the beginning of the 19th century, the British East India Company is said to have reported to the home government that, "The sending of missionaries into our Eastern possessions is the maddest, most expensive and most unwarranted project that ever was proposed by a lunatic enthusiast."

At the close of the same century, the Lieut-Governor of Bengal said, "In my judgment Christian missionaries have done more good to the people of India than all other agencies combined."—Sel.
VIRAMGAM NOTES.

By Rev. John Culver.

AFTER a long and safe voyage from Seattle, Washington, via Japan and China, we again arrived at Bombay October 24th, and how happy we were to find ourselves in India once more.

After a few days' stay in Bombay we came up-country and finally were stationed in Viramgam. This is an old, walled city of 25,000 inhabitants. Besides this large parish here at our door, we have the whole of Viramgam Taluka (county) with its 280 towns and villages to evangelize. Sixty-nine more villages were added to our list when Brother Back found that he had so much work in the Boys' Orphanage at Dholka that he could not superintend the evangelistic work in Sanand Taluka, which was some distance from his home.

I trust and pray God may stir his people to pray for labourers to be speedily sent into these needy fields because our forces are altogether too small for this great field.

As soon as we were settled in our new home, I began evangelistic work here in Viramgam and surrounding villages. We were delighted to be in the Lord's work again and the Lord was blessing us. Little dreaming of what was ahead of us I returned from having a meeting in the town, and I found my little five year old son sick with fever.

We thought that it was only malaria, which is very common here in India, but we noticed as time passed that the symptoms were not like malaria. After about four days of high fever, of which much of this time he was delerious, a rash appeared on his whole body and limbs. We thought it would pass away when his fever went down, but next day we found it had increased. We were anxious to know what it was, so we called a doctor. Imagine our surprise when he said "small-pox."

We knew we were in for a real battle, so word was sent to our missionaries to pray for us. My wife took the other two children and lived in the other side of the bungalow while I remained with my little sick son in the room where we were.
Day by day the sores increased till his face, hands, limbs, etc. were so covered that the only way he could bear to be handled was on pillows. I hardly knew my own little son so far as looks were concerned, but God soon began to work. In all this trial, from the very beginning, His presence was very real to us. He took away fear and filled our hearts with confidence and joy. We knew we were safe in Jesus. The enemy had to get permission from God before he could touch Job or any thing he had and we believe it is true of God's own people to-day. God did not let the disease take its natural course, because when the day arrived that should have been the worst our little son was much better and was able to sit up in bed a little. He soon was free from sores and scabs, and in one month's time we were able to come out of quarantine, which we did on New Year's day. Indeed that was a delightful New Year's day long to be remembered by us.

Small-pox with all its horrors had come and gone, to Jesus Christ be all the glory for not letting it harm us more than it did.

Just one more note of praise to Jesus for answering prayer.

A few days after our little boy took sick with small-pox, our little one-year-old baby took fever the same way. A rash appeared and the doctor again said, "small-pox." He sent us some fever medicine but we felt led to take God and not medicine, this time. I bathed in strong disinfectant that night, put on fresh clean clothes, and went over to my wife's side of the house. We took our darling baby to God in earnest prayer and from that time on he grew better. I returned to quarantine, but next morning our little baby was free from fever and the rash had also disappeared. The Lord did it all!

The fever never returned and he has been well ever since. It pays to trust God at all times. The greater the trial, the greater the glory for God if we hold steady, and for that reason we need the whole armour of God (Ephs. vi. 13) that we may stand fast.

God kept us and delivered us, and we give Him all the glory! Hallelujah!
A TRIBUTE.

The Christian Community at Mehmadabad have had the great sorrow of parting, at least for a time, with their beloved Missionaries Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Turnbull, who for more than five years have so lovingly and tenderly cared for the flock. Many will follow these dear workers with their blessing and prayers, as they, with their two lonely little daughters, leave India for a much needed rest in the homeland.

The work at Mehmadabad has greatly prospered under their ministry. Many precious souls have been added to the Church. A Farm Colony has been established where a number of Christian families are settled and where little children are brought up without being contaminated by the evil influence in the heathen villages. A number of primary schools have been started and put in charge of Christian teachers, which will be sure to bring much fruit in the future.

"Even Christ pleased not Himself."

This great example has indeed been followed by Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull. They have not pleased themselves, but have given themselves fully for the good of the mission, the missionaries, and the native people, who have not been slow to seek help from them for soul and body, which has been freely given. Not only is this true of the people in their own district, but many a man or woman who has been in need of counsel and help has found the way to the mission house at Mehmadabad, where they have been helped and sent on their way rejoicing.

It will indeed be hard for the missionary who will have to take up the work in their absence.

Their fellow missionaries will not soon forget the pleasant and helpful times spent in their hospitable home at Mehmadabad and in their beautiful Rest Home at Panchgani, where instead of seeking rest for themselves in the hot seasons, their time was spent in loving and self-denying service for others.

All this has not been forgotten by the blessed Master. Who will reward them richly. Has He not said "God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love which ye have shewed toward His name in that ye have ministered to the saints and do minister."

A FELLOW MISSIONARY.
TOURING NOTES FROM JALGAON.

By Rev. C. W. Schelander.

Four full months have now been spent on tour in this district since my arrival in India. These months have been full of work, but at the same time, a season of quietness and rest. The free out-door life gives the nerves a sense of stillness and peace which never is realized at home in the station.

We have camped in five different places, visited 150 villages, and held 220 meetings. In the mornings we usually go to one or two villages some distance from the camp, and in the evenings, hold meetings in the nearby villages. Some of these evening meetings have continued until after ten in the evening.

Two religious fairs and 19 bazaars or weekly markets have been visited and 45 services were held in these places. This work is particularly trying because of the noise and changing crowds, and it takes some time to get used to preach in such places. It may not look very promising either, but Christ preached to the multitudes as well as to the few.

At the present camping place there are 125 gardens in each of which there are at all times about a day in people, men and women, and it is a good opportunity to preach to a few in a quiet way. All these garden people are very simple and uneducated, but nice and friendly.

They plant in these gardens a kind of vine from which the leaves are taken off green, and packed in baskets, shipped to all parts of India, and used by the Indian people, both men and women, as a chewing-gum.

It is interesting to note the disregard for the old idols among the people. In one way this may be hailed as a good sign, but on the other hand it shows the tendency of these days of general apostacy and disregard for all religion.

It is a time in which Christian efforts should be increased a hundred-fold because the people will drift away into infidelity unless we can bring them into the fold of Christ.

Therefore awake thou sleeping Church, self-satisfied Christian, and easy going professor!

During these days of war we hear of unprecedented efforts, self-sacrifice and real suffering. Thousands of lives are offered for king and country; yet the Church is living in self-complacency and indolence while millions are dying without Christ and hope.
Another thing noticeable is the partial breaking down of the caste system, or at least as close a regard for the observance of caste rules as in the past. The Christians are not considered as low a caste in our district as they used to be fifteen years ago.

The people have confidence in them, and as a rule Christianity is spoken well of, and the doctrines of Christianity acknowledged as real and true.

The thing most needed is a deep conviction of sin and a felt need of a Saviour.

Are there not a few faithful praying souls in the homelands who would take the burden of prayer for these people upon them, in order that this lacking conviction of sin and need of a Saviour may be wrought in them by the Holy Spirit?

One other thing noticeable among the common people is the idea that by becoming Christians they must eat meat, which they have never before eaten, though we tell them time after time that no one needs to change anything in the way of eating and drinking, but to live in their villages, work their fields, take care of their families and property as they have done till now.

If we become Christians what shall we eat? Will God feed us from heaven? These are questions of interest to them.

You must work, of course, like you do now. Then some one perhaps will answer, “What use is it then to become a Christian?”

But these are not so oft repeated questions now as they used to be.

Now the heat begins to be severe and we will soon have to move our camp home. Plague has hindered us this year in the work, but it is decreasing since the hot winds started. We need some one to come out and take charge of Pachora station. We have a nice good house built there, but no one to live in it since the Lapps left for Amraoti.

TOURING NOTES FROM KHAMGAON.

By P. Hagberg.

SOME two years ago the Government transferred 90 villages and one town, which formerly belonged to Malkapur and Buldana districts, to this district. We felt it to be the Lord's will for us to camp among these villages, so after several obstacles had been overcome we started out some ten miles west from here on Jan. 13th. We had to travel all the way by
village roads which were stony, dusty and full of ruts. We found a good camping place in the shade of some Nimtrees opposite an old Hindu temple beside a river and outside a little village which would not be noted for cleanliness, but rather the opposite. We found the people on the whole, friendly. These villages being quite distant from both Malkapur and Buldana had not for several years been visited by any missionary or native preacher; so the story of Jesus seemed to many, rather new. We had two native helpers and two Bible-women in our party who did good work. We visited sixteen neighbouring villages; some of them several times. After two full weeks' stay we returned to the station for one day, and the following day we proceeded five miles north from here. The bubonic plague had affected most of the villages around that neighbourhood. As soon as the plague appears in a town or village, the people generally move out from their houses and put up in temporary huts and sheds in open fields or vacant lots; thus getting quite scattered. This makes it more difficult to get the people together in one place, so we have to speak to little groups of people where we find them. After a few days at this camping place we were suddenly and rather unexpectedly visited by a thunderstorm, accompanied by heavy rain and hail. The Bible-women's tent was soon flat on the ground, but we succeeded in keeping ours from blowing down. It got of course very wet, as did also part of our bedclothes; but we were very grateful to God that none of us were hurt. There being every indication of more rain coming, we decided to take down the wet tents next day and go home. We had showers of rain for several days following. After the village roads had dried up, we started out, this time for our outstation twelve miles from here. The weather had settled, but being the last week in February the heat was fast increasing. We have here a day-school with forty children in attendance. These are from both high and low castes without any friction whatever. Besides the secular instruction they have daily instruction in the Bible. Nearly everyone of them attends Sunday school, and many of them the service on Sunday afternoons. It was a pleasure to see them sit so quiet and listen so attentively to the Word of God, as well as heartily joining in the Christian hymns. Many of these Children are quite convinced of the truth and some refuse to worship idols. We pray and trust that many of them will, when they can choose for themselves, become true followers of Christ and then also be the means of
leading their parents to the Saviour. Will you, dear friends, kindly join us in prayer for this. During those eight days' stay we had sweet fellowship together with the dear native Christian community consisting of the two Christian teachers with their families and one Christian family living in that village. We had meetings together in the school house every noon. In the early mornings and evenings we visited the neighbouring villages and market places, preaching the eternal gospel of Christ and selling the printed gospels wherever we could find a purchaser. Thus is the "touring season" over for this year and though we have not had the joy of seeing anyone openly take a stand for Christ, we are confident that several are convinced of the truth. We ourselves have realized the blessedness promised to those who "sow beside all waters." May we ask the readers to kindly join with us in earnest prayers that the seed sown may bring forth fruit, and that the hundreds of scripture portions left behind in so many homes may be read and understood, thus being the means of bringing light to many a darkened mind.

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Conducted by Miss Blanche Conger.

ONE FOLD AND ONE SHEPHERD.

The Hindu women in India often ask this foolish question, "If I become a Christian will my colour turn white?" They almost seem to covet the missionary's white skin and if one's skin chances to be a shade lighter than her neighbour's she is quite proud of the fact. We are so glad that we have something better than a white skin to promise them if they become Christians—namely, a white heart. And we are glad, too, that we can assure them that if they will give their lives to Jesus they become His children and our sisters, and that there will be but "one fold and one shepherd" when He returns for His own.
This truth was brought home to our hearts anew a few days ago when Elmore Eicher, the twelve year old son of Rev. and Mrs. C. Eicher, was baptized in the river just back of the mission compound. Elmore was saved while his parents were on furlough and has had many definite dealings with God since. For over a year he has been asking for baptism.

It is a real test of faith on the part of the parents when they have to send their children away to school ten months out of every year, because they realize that satan is exceedingly busy in this dark land, but God honours their faith.

While Elmore has been away to school he has not only stood true to his convictions, but has been able to exert an influence for good over his playmates and is praying for their salvation. Lest I might leave the readers under a false impression I want to tell you that he is not one of those “goody goody” sort of boys that you read about in story books, but he is a real live boy, frank, open-hearted and affectionate. He loves his home and his parents very much, but he is sure to have a good time wherever he goes.

While he was at home this year his parents were convinced that he was ready for baptism. So the native Christians and we missionaries together with some Hindu on-lookers, stood on the bank of the stream and sang in Marathi, “What Can Wash Away my Sins?” While Elmore stepped out into the water holding his father’s hand.

It was an impressive occasion and as we returned to the bungalow, brown and white together, Jesus’ words “one fold and one shepherd” came to me with a new meaning.

H. B. B.

“PARTING DAYS AT MEHMADABAD.”

By Rev. S. Kerr.

No one who is acquainted with Mission Station work and was at Mehmadabad during the last week of February, could have failed to see that something unusual was about to take place in the near future. During the whole month, there was an unusual number of callers. Ordinarily, the missionary’s
time is in great demand, settling matrimonial affairs and native quarrels; besides writing petitions to the government officials for land grants and recommendations for situations. If one had access to the records of Brother Turnbull, he would find them far in excess of the average number dealt with for any one month. Along with this boom, there was the large number of villages and native workers to be visited, which in many respects is more trying than the home work with all its details. None but those of experience can form any conception of the amount of detail and consequent worry is entailed in dealing with native problems. This is one of the things which naturally draws on the missionary's strength, and demands a time of rest and quietness long before it is due. Those are times when one has to look to, and trust the Mighty One and draw from His treasure house. One can readily see that the month previous to going on furlough is the busiest of the term.

Combined with the setting of affairs in final order, there are all the little parting ceremonies. Our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull were not without a good share of these. The big band of native workers were on hand on their own initiative, the whole week making preparations for the final leave-taking. They worked silently and secretly. They were seen at times with their heads together; and to those of us who don't know enough of Gujarati to change words, they were able to resume their tasks without our being any wiser regarding their plans. Although they worked hard and willingly, yet it was not a hard matter to detect a large sense of sadness, and many were the sighs during the last three days. Some, perhaps, thought it was the last time they would have the privilege of honouring those who had been more to them than father or mother. To say they were fully demonstrating their appreciation, would be expressing their feelings in the poorest of terms. To the Hindu, his religion is everything. The same is true among our native Christians. The same spirit of earnestness with which he worships enters into anything and everything which pertains to his padre-sahib. Only the presence of the three new missionaries on the compound brightened the picture, which otherwise looked rather gloomy to them: for they loved the padre-sahib and maam-sahib with an earnestness of loyalty and devotion which few rajahs possess.

Saturday March 3rd was the day set aside for the address and presentation. The gong, which takes the form of a round
brass plate suspended from a tree, sounded at half-past three, announcing the "All things ready." The little company of six missionaries with Muriel and Margaret wended their way to the chapel, which was tastefully and artistically decorated, and where they were greeted by an audience larger by three times than any ordinary Alliance congregation in U.S.A. Here they were handed beautiful bouquets and were decorated with the customary garlands. Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull coming in for a double share as a token of honour.

A short, though interesting programme was rendered by the native brethren in the vernacular. Two of the workers sang a rather appropriate duet, after which, an address was read be-speaking deep appreciation for lives, heartily, zealously, and unreservedly given in love for their sakes. During the reading Brothers Brabazon and Kerr had the honour of presenting the gifts, respectively: a native tea set and tray to Mrs. Turnbull and a splendid Gujarati Bible to Mr. Turnbull from "The Mehmabad Church."

As Brother Turnbull rose to reply, his restraining powers failed to control his emotions and very few present were able to prevent their softer natures from expressing themselves in tears. The whole congregation wept. Some because of his parting words, and others because of the fact that they would see his face no more, for a few of them cannot hope to see three more summers. The audience had not regained its equanimity when sister Turnbull gave her reply which, though swept by waves of emotion, was very fitting and showed what it meant for her to say "good-bye." When the ordeal was over, heathen and Christians alike were seen to have testified to the sorrow they felt at the home-going of the missionaries, who had been their friends under favourable and adverse circumstances alike. The day's proceedings terminated with the "Steady Please, one moment, Thank you!" of the photographer.

Fully one hundred and eighty people attended the service in the big chapel on Sunday morning. The service was solemn and impressive. Mr. Turnbull preached a straight and clear farewell message in his own inimitable style. Afterwards he administered holy communion, assisted by the new missionaries. The afternoon service concluded with a fine testimony meeting in which sorrow and joy met in sacred conflict. This service
will, no doubt, be remembered by many. It was a fitting sequel to the procession of events of the preceding days.

Monday, the last day had come, and although the compound was still crowded, there was less bustle and comparative quietness reigned. The only thing of note during the morning, was a deputational visit paid by the native workers from Dholka. These hadn't seen the new missionaries and were very much encouraged by the new reinforcements for which they have been besieging the throne of Grace for years. Their faces were aflame with joy as they looked upon the Trio. Many were the ejaculations of Praise to Him Who never fails nor disappoints those that trust and "Only believe."

More excitement was due in the afternoon. The first sign of departure came when half-a-dozen of the men were seen hauling a bullock waggon towards the bungalow steps. In a short time it was heavily laden and on the way to the station. The gong sounded and the natives, Christian and a few heathen, crowded the dining-room and verandah for the final prayer-meeting. Heart-touching and fervent were the prayers raised. Reverently, heathen heads with their little tufts indicating some pagan vows, were bowed, as sighs rose from hearts too heavy to express themselves otherwise. Outside waited the conveyance, specially provided by the natives in advance, to convey them to the station. The prayer-meeting over, the large procession headed by the vehicle started for the train singing the songs of Zion. The departing friends were bedecked with garlands and carrying bouquets. The vehicle moved slowly and it seemed as if nature were joining in the parting strain; for the numbers of little, unassuming doves looked on and forgot to coo; the jungle dogs skipped about and seemed to bark in wonderment; the sun setting in its golden glory seemed reluctant about retiring until it too had said "Goodnight" again to those who had done so much to make things brighter around Mehmadabad. There was a large crowd at the station. The friends were there from Kaira and other nearby stations. The native brethren continued to sing parting songs, now and then broken by their sadder feelings. One almost imagined himself at a Nyack send-off, if it had not been for the presence of the painted brows and beards of the heathen men.

Surely such a scene must bear its fruit: as one contrasted the soft radiant expression of sympathy on the faces of the
Christians with the painted, idol-marred, care-worn and sin-depressed faces of the heathen. The train pulled out; and with it many prayers went for God's rich blessing upon those who had gone for a truly well-earned rest. May God use them in the homeland to help alleviate the sufferings of an idol, caste and hell-bound people and give them the rest which will renew and refresh them for the fray again in this land. May they be successful in the recruitment of the men and material necessary to hasten back our King.

TWO PICTURES.

By Harriet Beardslee.

A mental picture often presents itself before me. I see a woman with a sad face sitting on a well curb. Sad faces are very common in India, but this woman's face was most pitiful to look into. Why was she sitting there and what was she doing? Nothing—just nothing at all. Why was she sad? I will answer this question by giving you a little insight into her life.

A year ago while we were camped at Herrenkhed, Mrs. Eicher and I visited the women there. This woman and her mother-in-law had listened very attentively to the gospel and her little boy, an unusually bright lad, had read aloud some verses from the Bible. The old mother-in-law especially seemed to comprehend what we were telling her and seemed touched by the message.

This year when we again pitched our tents at Herrenkhed, one of the first places to which we were anxious to go, was to see this old woman. In the early morning a Christian woman and I went to the house. We found poor Puttiebai sitting on the well looking so sad and downcast. I did not recognize her at once, but she remembered me and began immediately to tell me that her old mother-in-law and little son had both died of cholera since we were there last year. She was now alone as her husband had died some years ago. As we again told her of the love of Jesus and pointed out the way of salvation, the tears rolled down her face.
Mrs. Eicher and I visited her many times and we felt that she was sincere when she said she did want salvation, but she was afraid to step out of caste and openly confess Jesus. When we broke up camp we left Puttiebai on the roadside with tears in her eyes, salaaming until we were lost from her sight. We promised to pray for her. Reader, will you put Puttiebai's name on your prayer list?

Now let me give you a brighter picture. Last year in this same village we found an old woman lying on a cot under a tree. She was in the last stages of consumption. We told her the gospel story and of Jesus' power to heal, and she listened very eagerly. This year when Mrs. Eicher went to the village one morning alone, she said to an old woman whom she met, "Where is that old woman who, last year, was lying on a cot under that tree over there?" The woman replied "I am she and your God has healed me." Mrs. Eicher told her that God surely had raised her up that she might be saved; and making the way of salvation as plain as possible, she prayed with her and by simple faith the old woman accepted Jesus as her Saviour.

A few days later she came to the tent and with a smiling face testified that she had the peace of God in her heart. We prayed with her again and she would repeat some of our words or insert words of her own.

Our last Sunday morning in camp, I went over to the town to see her. When she caught sight of me she joyfully exclaimed, "Oh you have come to have prayer with us." She called her neighbours together and we had a precious time. She was not afraid to tell her caste-people that Jesus had saved her.

Since writing the above, our two catechists who were living in Herrenkhed, have had to come back to the station because of the plague which is sweeping through the town. Many people there have heard the gospel and some are under conviction. Their attitude toward the gospel has greatly changed and yet caste is the great barrier. We covet the prayers of every reader of this paper that God may speak to their hearts through this awful pestilence, and that many may have the grace to acknowledge Jesus as their Saviour.
REVIVAL IN PARDE.

Blanche Hamilton.

About 100 miles from Bombay, near the coast or sea-shore, is situated the pretty little village of Pardi now the permanent residence of two ex-Alliance missionaries i.e. Mr. and Mrs. Read who are working in the Wesleyan Methodist Mission. Here a small chapel being too strait for their growing work, a little church was erected on the English plan, which accommodates about two hundred persons seated according to native custom. This work being in its infancy, they had never held special revival services. The work has been prospering under these faithful missionaries and their staff of workers, both European and Native, and several out-stations have been opened. The church building being finished, the date was set for a dedicatory service and Mr. Hamilton, Bhider Aja and the writer were invited to help in holding a series of meetings for spiritual quickening and awakening. Their Christians and workers, also missionaries, gathered on February 8 from all the surrounding districts and for two days, although there was faithful and deep preaching and much prayer, yet no signs of revival were in evidence. Our hearts were encouraged however to pray through.

Though no sign of wind or rain could be seen or felt, in expectancy many ditches were dug. The third day in the morning service the Spirit of God so came upon us that Mr. Hamilton could not finish his sermon for all began to weep simultaneously. Many hearts were broken up so that confessions of sins and failures followed, and many got right with God. We have seldom seen anything more wonderful, and a flood of joy filled our own hearts on seeing the mighty work of God. The prayer meetings in the early morning were very wonderful and the deep hunger of hearts was satisfied. The women's meetings were also worthy of mention. We often see a few melt under the gracious power of God, but here all hearts were seeking Him. When we gathered around to partake of the emblems of His death in the closing service, two women sobbed and wept and all our hearts were melted. This was preceded by a love-feast in which nearly all testified to a new filling of the Spirit, and some to salvation. We have never been in a place where there seemed to be greater unity or sweeter fellowship and this also pervaded our English prayers and all the meetings. Indeed we were loath to leave this "mount of blessing" and when the time came to separate, it seemed as if we had known these dear people years...
instead of one week only. We can truly say we hold these dear ones in our hearts, and praise Him on every remembrance of them. The way they give to the Lord is very exemplary. Their monthly offerings are equal to the yearly offerings of many larger congregations. One dear woman was a real inspiration to us, we shall not forget the expression of hunger depicted on her face which manifested itself by floods of tears; nor can we forget her testimony. She said she had once received such blessing that it was like heaven but had grown-cold, she was wonderfully quickened. Her husband also came on to higher ground and then her joy knew no bounds. It seemed as if some would literally leap for joy so copious was the flow of "living water." We know that this precious work will continue and the little church be not only a power-house but the birth-place of many souls, for such a volume of prayer changes things, and He will verify His promise.

INDIA CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR YEAR BOOK.

The Year Book of the Christian Endeavour Union for 1917 is a very compact little volume of 140 pages containing many valuable hints which may be helpful to missionaries and other Christian workers as well as those of the C. E. Society. The Messages of the President and General Secretary are helpful and inspiring, and the report shows an increase of 2,818 members during the year.

Several of the Topics for study weekly throughout the year show by their titles that they are subjects which, though necessary and timely, are not often among those presented for careful study in these days, such as,—"Evading Moral Issues," "Curse of Cowardice," "How Lying Undermines Character," "What is Reverence," "Gossip and Scandal," "Self Control" and many others.

The book also contains the International S. S. Lessons with their Golden Texts, and a poem by Rev. N. V. Tilak entitled "Do Something More" which admirably fits in with the text of the President's Message, "Speak unto the Children of Israel that they go forward."

We heartily agree with the Editor when he says in his Note on first page, that the articles contained in it "will repay very careful perusal." Further enquiries regarding the book or the C. E. Society may be addressed to the General Secretary, Rev. Herbert Halliwell, Bangalore.
ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Miss Krater writes from Seattle, Wash., U. S. A., on January 16th: Arrived last night at 9.30 p. m. Praise God. Had a rough voyage, but comforts were not lacking. It is cold here and we are weak from sea-sickness and feel it much. Miss Little and I are well, only feeling the effects of the rough voyage. Write me at 204 Lexington Ave., Altoona, Pa.

(Praise God that these two sisters have reached the homeland in safety, even if the voyage was rough. Ed.)

Mrs. Lapp writes:—Mr. Lapp baptized eight men since I wrote you last time and more are waiting. We are often out nights among the people till twelve and one o'clock. One night meeting in a new town this week looked as though the Mahars (low-caste people) were coming over in a body, but the headman came and sat down with them for a couple of hours persuading them not to come. In spite of him, five came to the river and were baptized. Pray for them.

Mr. Schelander writes:—The attendance at religious fairs is falling off more and more. There seems to be a general tendency among all nations to disregard religion. There is “a falling away from faith” even among the heathen. Ridiculing and laughing at idolatry and the old venerated customs, is now quite common among the Hindus, but this is not Christianity. I fear these nations are but following those of West in turning from their old religion to become a prey to infidelity, and scepticism. Education without Christianity, as well as a dead form of Christianity practiced by many so-called Christians is to blame for much of this. I am praying and hoping for the time soon to come when God will raise up some Moody from among the people of India, filled with the Holy Spirit and on fire with zeal for the salvation of his people; some one without regard for salary or personal comfort, perhaps even without official connection with any mission, but trusting God for his support, who will go forth and preach the Gospel in an Eastern fashion to this Eastern people; and I can see crowds flock to such a man.
I wish to send a greeting to all the friends in New York and Pennsylvania whom I had the privilege of meeting last year in the Lord's service. My way from Seattle to Calcutta was not hard, though I had to trans-ship five times, and I had no difficulty in landing at Calcutta. Please pray for me and for the work.

Miss Rollier writes:—Four little girls gave themselves to the Saviour at our last day-of-prayer in Khamgaon. Pray that they may be kept stedfastly believing in Jesus as the One Who saves from the power of sin. Pray also that God may deepen the work in all our hearts, and that we may have a sense of new and of a fresh out-pouring of His Spirit.
# List of Alliance Missionaries.

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<th>Location</th>
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<tr>
<td>Akola</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. M. D. Fuller</td>
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<td>Mr. J. P. Rogers</td>
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<td>Miss Lucia Fuller</td>
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<td>Amraoti</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. O. Lapf</td>
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<td>Chandur</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. W. Ramsey</td>
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<td>Khambgaon</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. P. Hagberg</td>
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<td>Miss J. L. Rollier</td>
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<td>Miss K. P. Williams</td>
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<td>Malkapur</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. S. H. Auernheimer</td>
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<td>Murtizapur &amp; Daryapur</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. L. J. Cutler</td>
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<td>Bodwad (P. O. Nargao)</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. C. Eicher</td>
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<td>Miss H. Beardslee</td>
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<td>Chalisgaon</td>
<td>Mrs. I. Moodie</td>
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<td>Miss E. M. Patten</td>
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<td>Jalgaon and Pachora</td>
<td>Mr. C. W. Schelander</td>
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<td>Dhulka</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. S. P. Hamilton</td>
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<td>Mr. F. H. Back</td>
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<td>Kaira</td>
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<td>Mr. S. Kerr</td>
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<td>Viramgam</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. J. N. Culver</td>
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<td>Lonavla (Pavana District)</td>
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<td>Panchgani (Saravan District) (Children's Home)</td>
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<td>Miss E. Wyeth</td>
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<td>Mrs. F. M. Bannister</td>
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<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. E. R. Carney</td>
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<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. W. Fletcher</td>
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<td>Miss H. Bushfield</td>
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<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. P. Eicher</td>
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<td>Mrs. C. W. Schelander</td>
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<td>Mrs. V. Erickson</td>
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<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. A. Duckworth</td>
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<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. H. V. Andrews</td>
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<td>Miss Coxe</td>
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<td>Miss E. Krater</td>
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<td>Miss A. Little</td>
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<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. L. F. Turnbull</td>
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<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. A. L. Garrison</td>
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<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. K. D. Garrison</td>
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## Bombay: