EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is said that soon after the war broke out, an English gentleman applied to a French consul for a permit to go on a motoring excursion for pleasure, in France. In refusing the request, the French officer made the following pertinent enquiry—“Sir, Do you not know that your king is at war?”

In the earlier stages of the war there were many who did not realize what it meant and went on their way as though nothing unusual was taking place, if there was a war it was too far away to concern them or cause them to change any of the details of their daily lives. Some of these, through loss of dearly-loved relatives, destruction of their business, control of their usual freedom of action in private life, or advanced prices of the necessities of life, have had the fact of war brought home to them in such a way that they could no longer ignore it, but were forced to choose whether, willingly as volunteers or forced as conscripts, they would take their part in it.

What shall we say of some others? The writer heard of a man who, when told that unless England gave up the drink Germany would win the war, said “I always have had my whiskey-and-soda, and always will have, no matter who wins or loses.” If all were like this man, there is not much doubt about which side would win; so much the slave of his own appetite that king and country might go, if only he could get enough drink to satisfy that appetite. Is not such a man as much a traitor as he who sells his country to the enemy?
Reader! Throughout this wide world, in every country, from generation to generation, God, the great king, is at war with a strong and cruel enemy for the deliverance of a deceived and oppressed people. Have you realized the fact of that war? Has it made any difference in the details of your daily life? or does it seem so far-away and unreal as not to affect you?

His Majesty the King of England has himself led and been an example to his subjects in self-denial and the personal sacrifice necessary to gain the victory, and the Great King of Heaven did not hesitate to give his best, the Son of his love, that He might point us the path to victory and lead us in it.

If everyone prayed just as much as you pray, how much blessing would come down on the Church and on the world? If everyone did just as much as you do for the evangelization of the world, how many souls would be brought to Christ? If everyone gave in the same proportion as you do of your means for the up-building of the Church and the salvation of the world, how long would the Church continue her services and the mission cause advance in heathen lands?

The great European war has now been going on for two-and-a half years causing intense suffering to thousands and calling forth immense sacrifices from others, and yet there are many who scarce realize that a war is going on and are making no personal effort to help on to victory.

Young man! Young woman! God is calling for volunteers, there are no conscripts in His army. The Saviour said "He that is not with me is against me." So if you are not actively fighting for Him, you are working with and for the enemy. Have you thrown yourself, heart and soul, into the conflict? or, are you letting ease, sloth, or some carnal appetite rob you of the immortal crown?
A FAREWELL AT BHUSAWAL.

By Charlotte Rutherford.

"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 His saints and do minister."

It was a very appreciative assembly of native Christians that gathered in the little chapel in Bhusawal to bid farewell to their pastor the Rev. A. I. Garrison who was about to leave for America. He had served the little flock for three years tenderly and faithfully, and those who were present testified to spiritual blessings they had received during his ministry.

For days there had been much whispering amongst them as to what would be the most suitable gift for their pastor. A turban was purchased and presented, which was afterwards draped about his head. A native dress was also purchased and presented to Mrs. Garrison.

This little flock realized that they were losing a true friend and brother, as well as a faithful pastor. The pastor’s study was always open to every member of his flock, and there they might seek his advice, or come for prayer or to settle disputes amongst them; or to confess their sin, and to put things right with God.

No pastor could have loved his flock more than he did, nor could have been more zealous for the salvation of precious souls. No opportunity was ever missed to witness for Jesus. He lived for God and souls, and endeavoured to lead the members of both his Native and English Churches into the same place, as he himself had been led; he sought to make all feel their responsibility for leading others to Jesus Christ.

On 3rd March, the members of his English church gathered together to partake of refreshments and to express their appreciation for the spiritual help and blessing he had been to them. His messages had always been weighty and powerful, and the
truth spoken in love. "Mr. Garrison's sermons go straight to your heart, and make you feel you must be good," said a lady one day.

A sum of money was given by these members, as a token of their love, and gratitude to their Pastor; to be used on the voyage. He has left us, and we who are left yearn to go on with the work in the same spirit and to glorify Jesus as he sought to glorify Him in every detail of his life. Mr. and Mrs. Garrison accompanied by their brother, the Rev. K. D. Garrison and his wife, left India, March 21st, by the P. & O. steamer Kyber... They will be greatly missed by their native people and missionary friends, because of their spiritual influence and usefulness in the work. We regretted to see such a party, so broken in health, leave India. We trust that they will soon be physically restored to health and much used of God, while in the homeland, and able soon to return to the land and people that are dear to them.

The writer has lived with both families, and enjoyed the sweetest fellowship with them, and learned to love and appreciate them. We felt the parting keenly, because we too felt that we were losing valued friends.

BHUSAWAL.

By Charlotte Rutherford.

DEAR READERS:—This is a great Indian festival called the Holi, and of all their many festivals this is the vilest; men and boys going around with large syringes spraying red, yellow, and blue colouring over people on the streets, even animals, such as bullocks, goats and dogs were not allowed to escape. For days the Hindus have given themselves over to feasting and vice. Fifty native firemen in the employ of the
railway company applied for "sick leave" so that they might be absent from duty and these same "sick" men were very active in the festivities.

How glad you would be if you could visit some of our stations and see the contrast between these and our native-Christians who are saved, sanctified and delivered from such heathenish festivals, being made one with us, in Christ Jesus.

I want to tell you of a little nine-year old boy who attends our mission day school and is acquainted with the Bible through the daily Scripture lesson. In the evenings he read a portion of the Gospels to his father, and one day, as he watched his father break a cocoa-nut before the family idol and perform his devotions, he said,—"Father, that idol has no life, it cannot see you, it cannot do anything for you or save you," and as a result of the boy's talk with him, the father put away the idol from the home.

About this time Mr. Garrison and his helpers were having some services in the streets and by-ways of the town. This father was present each evening and the Holy Spirit convicted him of the truth, Mr. Garrison visited him and his wife in their home and did all he could to help them.

About a month ago this man and his wife expressed a desire to confess their faith in Jesus Christ by baptism, and the day was appointed. We too, were rejoicing that after years of hard work, we would now see some fruit in our own town, but alas for our hopes! Some evil influence was at work in the heart of the woman and at the last moment she strongly protested against the baptisms, Saying, "you may sever my head from my body but do not baptize my husband." The man and his son yielded to the dictation of this dear woman who was once as enthusiastic to become a Christian as they were, and none of them were baptized, though the man and boy seemed still true to their convictions. Can you sympathize with them? Have you
ever been in a position where family influences prevented you from fulfilling your vows to Jesus Christ?

Please pray until, with all hindrances removed, this entire family can join in singing the song of the Redeemed.

Have you ever seen anyone worshipping a horde of ants? We had just taken a young Hindu man and his wife into our employ. We saw them sprinkle sugar (an expensive article now-a-days) on the ground to induce the little creatures to come out, and as they carried off the sugar, this simple, ignorant couple bowed in worship to the indifferent retreating swarms.

Will not some of my readers answer by coming in person to tell such ignorant people in the villages the way of life? You and others are needed, for the small number at present on the mission-field will never be able to do it. There are multitudes who have never yet seen the face of a missionary. Mark viii, 34, 35; and x. 29, 30.

Yours in His joyful service till He comes.

A LETTER FROM KAIRA.

By Miss E. Wells.

ON Sunday, 25th February, Mr. Turnbull's last Sunday at Kaira, thirteen people were baptized in the tank near our well. The service began about 4-30 p.m., and then we moved into the meeting-room and had a sweet Communion service.

Eight of those baptized were orphanage girls. Some of them have been subjects of prayer for years, one especially who has been supported for seven or eight years by Mrs. Rounds of Chicago. Mrs. Rounds wrote at that time asking me to assign her the very worst girl we had, and I replied by return mail
assigning this girl "Jemie" to her. Mrs. Rounds calls her Jennie. The girl is really changed, not very bright at best, but able to grasp the facts of the gospel, and herself asked to be baptized. When last on furlough, I asked many people to pray for this girl. They will be glad to know that their prayers have been answered, as well as those of Mrs. Rounds.

Four of those baptized are members of one family—the father, "Nagar," the mother, and two boys, Jacob and Esau. (They were originally Soma and Amba, but when they became Christians, the father changed their names.)

To look at these boys, you would call them twins, but they are not, though I myself cannot yet tell them apart. Some of these have been candidates for baptism for some years, but we have held them off until the whole family should be united, as we have had some trying experiences with families where the wife was not willing to come out with her husband, in such cases usually the husband keeps one foot in the world, instead of being "all for Christ."

Khani, the wife, is densely ignorant. Dear Edna Prichard often used to toil with her and try to instruct her when others, myself included, had little patience with her; so a few weeks ago Khani expressed an earnest desire to be baptized and was able to testify, "I'm saved. Jesus has forgiven my sins. I want to be baptized and leave the world." They are a united, happy family now.

The two boys aged about nine and ten years attend school at the Kaira bungalow and have made good progress. At the Christmas entertainment these two boys had a prominent part and did so well that no one would have thought that a few years ago they were Dherds (low-caste boys); we have great expectations for them.

Nagar's face shines these days. He is making strenuous...
efforts to pay off all his old debts, small and great, and be a free Christian man. They have, long since, moved out of the Dherd quarters and are living in a hut made of Bajri stalks in their field by the well. Pray for them.

(We believe in the salvation that makes a man pay up his old debts and become a free Christian man. Ed.)

THE CHURCH'S TASK.

It is our belief—a belief which has been expressed, perhaps as clearly as it is possible to express it, by Dr. J. Mott—that it is the Church’s duty to give each man in the world an opportunity of knowing Christ and that an adequate opportunity. Although missionaries are working in most of the strategic centres in India and a National Missionary Society has been in existence some years, millions of India’s people are still without that opportunity, hundreds of thousands have never had the claims of Christ put before them, and thousands living within ten miles of mission stations hear His sacred name from the lips of His accredited messengers no oftener than once a year.

It is sad work indeed to go once a year to a village. The same people are there whom we met last year, but we are oppressed by the conviction that the opportunity we are giving them is, in comparison with the great importance of the matter and the inconceivable difficulties in the way of even understanding the message, no opportunity at all.

Let us imagine that a preacher of a new religion, or at least one new to his hearers, appears in the streets of a village in England. What likelihood is there that during one visit or as the direct or even indirect result of one visit, his sceptical and prejudiced hearers will be able to judge of the truth or falseness of his message? Very little, if any at all.
We have heard Indian evangelists, after a rambling address in which the life, death, resurrection, as well as the claims of Christ, were expressed in a hundred sentences, tell their hearers that now the responsibility of accepting or rejecting Christ rests with them. But does it? No, certainly not. How can they either accept or reject the Saviour in any real sense of the words until they know a great deal more about Him than can be conveyed intelligibly to custom-bound and ignorant people in one short address?

Missionaries are preaching in the same villages as their seniors did before them, villages from which no one has ever been baptised; they are obliged to use the same poor uneducated class of evangelist, and to spend the best years of their lives in an effort which they know to be pitifully inadequate to the task in hand. They write accounts of their tours and work to the English missionary magazines, and the impression is created in the minds of the average reader that the people of India are being given what it is the Church’s duty to give them—an adequate opportunity of knowing Christ. Could any impression be farther from the truth? The missionary is of course an optimist, but his very optimism not infrequently blinds the eyes of the ‘home’ reader of missionary magazines to the real state of affairs; to the fact that in regard to the evangelisation of India we have only just made a small beginning.

Some one will say, “Yes, but all this itinerating and preaching is a preparation for a great time that is coming when people will become Christian in masses.” That is probably true—the first fruits of it are already seen,—but let us remember that we are now preaching to the children of those to whom our predecessors preached; that although we find the present generation more willing than the last to listen, more susceptible to impression, less fanatical about their religion, nevertheless their fathers have gone to their long home, the majority without an adequate opportunity of knowing the Saviour, and when the
great day, which we have spoken of, comes, this present generation too may have passed out of the Church's reach.

Whenever that great day comes, the Church will find available for her activities only one generation.

One fact which looms out of all these considerations is that we want the living agent as a witness for Christ in every village and in every town, whether as a paid or honorary worker; there to give his daily witness, to meet people, to gain their confidence, to answer questions and solve doubts, to live the Christian life in word and deed, and by dependence on the Holy Spirit of God, with whom nothing is impossible, to bring to them the knowledge of Him Whom to know is Life Eternal.—W. Wyatt in "Bombay Guardian."

PLOUGH WORK.

"Our minister is always talking about sacrifice. I am getting tired of it. He expects us to give, give, give all the time. He seems to think the Church is the greatest institution in the world."

"Perhaps he is right. But I agree with you that we can't always be giving to the Church. There are other things that we must think of. I am afraid our minister is visionary rather than practical."

The first speaker was a wealthy business man and the second was a successful lawyer. Both men had very large incomes; they lived not only in comfort but in luxury, and denied themselves nothing that they felt it desirable to have. They were Church members and gave "generously;" but neither of them really knew the meaning of the word "sacrifice."

A few months after this conversation the two men joined a
party that was going round the world. Before they started, their "visionary" minister earnestly asked them to observe and remember any unusual and interesting things that they might see in the missionary countries through which the party was to travel. The men promised—carelessly, perhaps—to do so.

In Korea, one day, they saw in a field by the side of the road a boy pulling a rude plough, while an old man held the plough handles and directed it. The lawyer was amused, and took a snapshot of the scene.

"That's a curious picture! I suppose they are very poor," he said to the missionary who was interpreter and guide to the party.

"Yes," was the quiet reply. "That is the family of Chi Noui. When the church was being built they were eager to give something to it, but they had no money, so they sold their only ox and gave the money to the church. This spring they are pulling the plough themselves."

The lawyer and the business man by his side were silent for some moments. Then the business man said, "That must have been a real sacrifice."

"They did not call it that," said the missionary. "They thought it was fortunate that they had an ox to sell."

The lawyer and the business man had not much to say. But when they reached home the lawyer took that picture to his minister and told him the story.

"I want to double my pledge to the church," he said. "And give me some plough work to do, please. I have never known what sacrifice for the church meant. A converted heathen taught me. I am ashamed to say I have never yet given anything to my church that cost me anything,"
How much does the average modern church member ever sacrifice for his religion? How many that call themselves Christians ever sold the ox and then harnessed themselves to the plough?—The Youth's Companion.

THE FOURFOLD ORDER OF CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

The Bible seems to teach a four-fold order of Christian ministry, viz.—Apostolic, Prophetic, Evangelistic and Pastoral. These were shown in symbol by the cherubim with four faces, Lion, Eagle, Man and Ox which were upon the Mercy-Seat, above the Ark, in the Holy of Holies and were also embroidered upon the curtain separating the Most Holy from the Holy place. Leading the tribes on the March or in militant service, we see Judah the Lion, Dan the Eagle, Reuben the man, and Ephraim the Ox; and the same four faces are seen by Ezekiel "going straight forward, wither the Spirit was to go." John also, in Revelation, had the vision of these saying "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty which was, and is, and is to come."

God never intended that there should be only a one man ministry in the Church of Christ, but that there should be at least a four-fold ministry in active operation. Paul tells us in Eph. iv. 11-13 that "He gave some to be apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints to the work of ministering, unto the building up of the body of Christ: till we all attain unto the unity of the faith, and the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a full-grown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. (R, V.)

By the present prevailing system of one man ministry in the church, unless the minister is himself an exceptionally all-round man, the Christian is often ministered to on one side of his nature, perhaps that upon which he is strong, and may be
neglected upon the side upon which he is weak, so that he becomes abnormally developed along some lines, and weak on others; the Eagle side of his nature has its place and requires development as well as the lamb side, the Lion as much as the Ox. We shall see the force of this if we take it that the Apostles, representing the Lion, minister to the will; the Prophet, representing the Eagle, ministers to the imagination; the Evangelist, representing the man, ministers to the reason; and the Pastor, or Teacher, representing the Ox, ministers to the affections.

What happens when one of these is in extreme operation to the exclusion of the others, may be seen from the following illustrations which, though perhaps extreme, are true in varying degrees in the experience of many of God's dear children. Ministering to the will, if carried to excess, is likely to develop the apostolic idea producing a rule of iron, or the desire to either rule or ruin; the prophetic teaching, unchecked, may lead to fanaticism or perhaps even to insanity; ministering to the reason, if in excess, leads to unbelief, agnosticism, and perhaps, later on, to the unbridled materialism so rampant in some quarters to-day; while ministering abnormally to the affectionate part of man's nature produces attendency to sensuality, fornication and adultery.

"Put on the whole armour of God that ye may be enabled to stand against the wiles of the devil," whose power is great, but whose wiles are more dangerous to mankind than his power.

NARDORA CONVENTION.

NARDORA is a village high up above the banks of the clear, sparkling Chandrabaga River, while mid-way between the village heights and the clean sands of the river-bed, there is a gently sloping plateau extending for some distance around the village.
In the afternoon, March 22nd, a party of missionaries descended from the brake-van of the little narrow-gage railway, in which they had been cramped for some hours sitting upon their bundles of bedding, etc., brought with them for camping purposes. There was a general demand for "water" from all the party, so after a little delay the station-master ordered an old man to bring some from a well near by. One of the party had some doughnuts with him which he generously shared with the others, most were content with one doughnut, but not with one glass of water.

Their thirst assuaged, the party got into the bullock-carts waiting for them and jolted over three and a half miles of country roads "to the camp." Reaching the high bank of the river, on the plateau opposite could be seen a line of tents which, from their general appearance and small size, suggested that they belonged to missionaries rather than government officials. By the kindness of the patel, (headman) at one and of the line of tents a large cloth had been spread out, on bamboo poles and secured with ropes, beneath which was seating capacity for three or four hundred people sitting cross-legged on the ground, Eastern fashion. This cloth made a very acceptable protection from the rays of the sun in the day-time, and a similar one had been erected down on the sand of the river bed for sleeping or eating. Long lines of string on bamboo poles, with pieces of coloured paper fastened along them which fluttering in the breeze, gave the whole place an air of Eastern festivity and rejoicing, as well as conveying a welcome to the visitors.

Winding down a steep gorge, the visitors soon found themselves in the river, where the bullocks were glad to stop in midstream and quench their thirst before toiling up the steep ascent to the plateau above. Here the Missionaries were met and welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Cutler, and Mr. and Mrs. Lapp who had been on the ground for some days getting things in readiness, and also by Mr. Crowe of the Kurku and Central Indian Hill Mission, who had arrived a short time previously.
During that evening and early next morning people began to come from more or less distant villages until, at some of the meetings about two hundred were present, and almost 25 villages were represented. It was hard for them to leave their homes as the cotton-picking was not yet finished in that section, and the loss of two or three days' wages made a considerable difference to many of them. The writer saw one old man who with some others had walked 18 miles to be present, and one family who had no one to care for their water-buffalo at home, drove it before them and came to the meetings. It was inspiring to see the look on the faces of some of these as they sang or shouted the praises of their Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. What gave the looks of gladness and joy to those sitting under the cloth (Christians) as they sang the Christian hymns and songs of praise to the music of six pairs of brass cymbals and some native drums, and made them look so different from others sitting around outside so that they might see and hear, but afraid of their caste being defiled if they sat with these others. Oh, how they sang! With their whole hearts and voices too, repeating a line or a chorus over and over again until they would never forget it. As many of them were unable to read or write, this may have been the best way of teaching them, so that they might take away with them helpful words and thoughts that would prove a rock to them when trial or testing came; for many of these had to endure persecution in one form or another "for His Name Sake."

Few who heard it will soon forget the tender, earnest pleading of Mr. Eicher, Mr. Schelander and Mrs. Ramsey, or the inimitable way in which Mr. Crowe of the neighbouring mission told the stories of Daniel and the Lions, David and Goliath, etc. making them so real that one could almost fancy he was standing in the presence of Daniel and the Lions or watching the combat of David and the Giant; closing each with a very practical application to the problems likely to arise in the experience of those present.
Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, who had been attending a Convention of the Scandinavian Alliance Mission and afterwards our own Gujarati Convention, arrived in time for the afternoon service; and though tired from the long, weary journey and the previous meeting, Mr. Fuller spoke next morning with fulness and power. Each evening a large crowd of Christians and non-Christians assembled to see the lantern pictures on the life of Christ, shown by Mr. Lapp.

On Saturday evening invitations were given to any who wished to be baptized, and after some few who were not quite ready had been asked to wait, nine persons stepped into the river with Mr. Cutler and were baptized in the Name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and a letter from Mrs. Cutler informs us that five more were baptized a few days later, after the writer had left the place.

Sunday morning, heavy rain fell, and for a time it was doubtful whether the meetings could be continued, the cloth put up for us by the patel serving to keep off the rays of the sun but being no protection against wind and rain, but God was good and when the sun shone out a few hours later, one of the larger tents was emptied so that the people might not have to sit on the wet ground, and the meetings continued. Before the close, a collection was taken which the people were told was to be used for the erection of a house for a preacher and teacher in that village, and we trust this may be added to from time to time until there is enough for the purpose.

The patel, (headman) though a heathen, had been most kind in lending the cloths for shade and decorating the place, he also had grain ground and provided for the needs of those Christians who came from a distance, for which kindness he would accept no remuneration. The missionaries were hospitably entertained by Mrs. Cutler and Mrs. Lapp. We all returned to
our stations praising God for what we had seen and heard, realizing that this is indeed His working, and has very little of the touch, guidance, or conventions of man in it. To Him be all the praise.

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CHILDREN'S PAGE,

Conducted by Miss Blanche Conger.

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REBECCA.

I BELIEVE you little white children in the homeland would like to hear something about your little brown sisters and brothers away out here in India, so if you listen carefully I shall tell you a real, nice story, about one of our little girls.

Her name is Rebecca: she is about four years old, and has a nice little round face, with real dimples in her cheeks, and a pair of sparkling brown eyes. Her mouth is like a little bird’s mouth, and her little hands and arms are fat and chubby, and of course her hair is black as ink.

Now, don’t you think, she is a very beautiful little child? but little Rebecca didn’t always look like this.

Once upon a time, when she was just a little, tiny baby with a very few teeth, her mother—who did not love her at all—took her and placed her in a jungle to starve and to die. Now a jungle in India is not always a place where many trees grow—as it is in Africa, but sometimes it is just a barren field, where there is no protection from the hot sun, and it was in the corner of such a field that dear little Rebecca was cruelly placed.

But God loved this little brown skinned baby, just as He loves the white babies in America, so one day He sent a kind
missionary along to find her. Before the missionary got to the place, she heard the baby's faint cries, so she went right into the jungle where she found dear little Rebecca—almost ready to die. She was so very, very thin that her little bones stuck out all over her body, and she was so weak, she could scarcely cry.

Well, this kind missionary brought her to the Orphanage, where she was tenderly cared for, and now she is the nice, little fat girl I have told you about.

I just wish you could come over to India some day, and see Rebecca—I know you would all love her. She plays and romps around all day and is bright and happy.

Unlike you little children at home, she doesn't wear shoes and stockings, but scampers around in her little, brown, bare feet, and she doesn't wear so many clothes either, just one little loose dress. You see it is always nice and warm over in India, so neither the big folks nor the little folks need to wear much clothing.

One of the big girls takes care of Rebecca, and keeps her clean and neat, and let me whisper, she spanks Rebecca sometimes, when she is naughty! You know all children get naughty once in a while, don't they?

On Sundays, this little brown girl—looks so nice, all dressed up in her Sunday best, as she sits on the floor and sings with all her might. Sometimes she makes more noise than the older folks!

Now, I'm sure you know Rebecca, so when you talk to God about your little friends at home, and ask Him for good things for them, won't you please ask Him to help dear little Rebecca to please Him by being good and obedient?

J. E. Skelly.
SNAPSHOTS FROM THE AKOLA ORPHANAGE.

By Lucia Fuller.

This morning as I sat at my desk I heard an explosive "Boo!" behind me and turned round to see the school incorrigible (aged seven, dancing-eyed, snub-nosed, wide-mouthed,) hugging himself with delight at his own cleverness in having taken me unawares. I took him on my lap. He gave me a vigorous kiss and grinned till he was all mouth and eyes. The recent loss of two front teeth adds generosity to his smile and diverting impediments to his speech.

The morning was still fresh and he seemed a happy piece of it. "Are you being a very good boy to-day?" I asked. He waggled his head and beamed, "Yes! I helped Mother (the school matron) and did my work. I prayed last night and this morning, I'm a good 'boy when I pray."

"What did you pray?" I asked, for his prayers are usually interesting, and very much to the point, which is more than one can say for many far more righteous grown-ups. His face took on a sweet, wistful look as he stopped to remember what he had asked. Then twisting his fingers he repeated his prayer.

"O God, I thank thee because Thou dost care for me night and day. Don't let any of the boys who go to the Government school get plague. O God, shut up this plague and shut up the War. Bless everybody who has sore eyes and make them well. I ask in the name of the Lord Jesus, our Saviour."

His mind hops about like a sparrow and instantly it was off to the delightful subject of honey, which might be obtainable from a wild bees' hive under the church eaves. We were interrupted by a sore head and bruised arm clamouring for ointment and iodine, not to mention comfort. The incorrigible himself had a bad finger, which he had brutally sawed open with a rough-edged bamboo stick to excite the admiration of his fellows.

Later came a quarrel. The plaintiff was a slim nine-year-old whose name means World-Conqueror. The defendant was
a stiff-necked young person of ten with a dignity which might be amusing if it were not so unaffected. The lawyer-and-first-witness for both sides was an officious ten-year-old who for all his platitudes and self-righteousness is very lovable. Followed sundry rag-tags of minor witnesses and “innocent bystanders.”

For the sake of any who may have read the orphanage report in the last India Alliance, I will say that the “incorrigible” is the boy who swallowed glass and rubber, and that the “lawyer” is the one whose mother died in a field at his birth.

The lawyer stated the case too impartially to be strictly professional. Though he leaned to the defendant, he was almost judicial. “Well, in the first place, they were crooked with each other (by which he meant out of sorts,) so they were ready to quarrel about anything.” “What were they crooked about?” I asked. “Because they are always friends,” was the sage answer. “You know. When two boys call each other ‘Brother, Brother,’ for three or four days, then they always have a row. So he dropped a stick on his head, but he didn’t mean to and it didn’t hurt him, but because they were crooked, he hit him and hurt him very much, so he cried, and Mother said he couldn’t have any curds, so he is very angry. But it was his fault too, only he didn’t tell Mother what he had done himself.” The identity of all these personal pronouns was clearly indicated by the advocate’s jabbing forefinger as he went along.

The forfeiture of sour clabber, a favourite Indian delicacy, was a serious matter, for it was a very extra special treat for the day. The defendant stood full of sullen wrath. “What hast thou to say?” I asked the angry, hungry one. “Nothing,” he said in a low voice, “let him talk!” pointing his chin at the complacent World-Conqueror, who stood gracefully leaning on the hockey-stick which had done the initial damage. He was quite willing to talk and began showing how the stick came to fall on the defendant’s head, but the lawyer summarily interrupted with contradictions, “Not so! Thou did’st hold the stick thus, and dropped it thus, and thou wast not sorry till he made thee cry.”

Though I am very fond of him, I know that the World-Conqueror has a subtly irritating smile at times, which could easily
goad the smiled at to violence. I hated to have the defendant lose his curds. It seemed too severe a punishment, considering the provocation. "Art thou sorry thou hurt him?" I asked Master Stiffneck. "I am sorry for nothing," he said sullenly.

At this point the matron herself appeared to plead for a restoration of the curds; whereupon I learned that the World-Conqueror had allowed another boy to tell the matron that I had ordered the curds forfeited. This, every one felt, equalized things so the case was dismissed with a brief admonition from the judge, who felt again, as numberless times before, the extreme futility of human justice. By evening, I have no doubt, Stiffneck and the World-Conqueror will be going about hand in hand, saying 'Brother, Brother,' once more.

I cannot refrain from telling a story about the lawyer, which occurred when Mr. and Mrs. Lapp had charge of the orphanage here. At that time the lawyer was only about five, but kept a Pharisaical eye on a boy, whose name means Wealth, an active little sinner, somewhat older. After a picnic in the jungle which had furnished a day of delights, Wealth was so happy, he felt he must relieve his soul in thanksgiving at evening prayers. He thanked God for the happy day, that no one had been bitten by snake or scorpion, or come to any other grief, and prayed blessings on Mr. and Mrs. Lapp. When he had finished, our little Pharisee, who prided himself that he was not as Wealth, said reprovingly, "Thou hast not confessed thy sins." The poor little publican could remember no sins committed that day,—he had been too happy to be naughty, but—he knew of course that he was counted an uncommon sinner, and feeling unusually amiable, he was willing to oblige the Pharisee if he could. So he repeated his prayer of thanks and at the close he said, "And now, dear God, please forgive all the sins which I shall commit to-morrow. Amen."

Some time ago the baby of the school, a tiny shrimp of about five, whom I call the Elephant, came to my window and, lifting up a truly mammoth voice, began to declaim of injuries received at the hands of one Love. He was quite dry-eyed and did not look hurt, still I took him up and examined his legs for the alleged cane-strokes. I finally found some very faint white marks on his chocolate-brown.
"He beat thee very much?" I asked seriously. "Yes," said the big, humbuzzy voice with emphatic shakes of the head. "Did he take half thy life?" I went on. (To lose half one's life is a Marathi phrase for suffering great injury.) "Yes," says Master Big-Eyes with more shakes of the head. "Perhaps he took three-quarters?" I suggested. "No," he said firmly, "it was one half." "What dost thou wish me to do?" "Punish him," whispers Jumbo. "How?" He wrinkled up his small selfish face in thought. "Shall I beat Love with a big stick?" I asked, hoping to stir his kinder part. I do not resort to corporal punishment myself, so to my delight he recoiled and said "No, no!" "What then?" He thought again. I could see his little face harden and a naughty look come into his eyes. "Yes," he whispered, "beat him with a big stick!" "What!" I said, horrified, "beat him for those little scratches on thy legs?" He nodded his head. "Thou greedy, hard-hearted one! How many strokes dost thou wish him to have?" He said twenty, which was the largest number he knew.

I felt I had made a mistake, so I petted and talked to him a moment. "Two will be enough," he said then, and finally his big kitten's eyes smiled again and he said he did not want Love punished at all. I gave him a piece of rock-sugar and asked if that made everything all right. He wagged his head contentedly as he sucked. "But," I said, to tease him a little, "I shall tell Love to give thee back thy half life. He cannot be allowed to keep it!" He ran away looking a little silly. Later when I passed him in the compound, he suddenly called out, "Charming beat me!" evidently hoping for more rock-sugar. "Thou humbug!" I laughed at him, "Did he take half thy life too?" He ran away then and I had no more complaints from him after that.

Just now that my family is away from home for a few days, I am temporarily in charge of the orphanage; and since I am alone in this bungalow a few of the bigger little boys, of their own wish, sleep on the verandah outside my door to protect me from excitingly hypothetical thieves. Not that there is the least danger, but, like boys everywhere, they like to think there might be.

I think it was David Harum who said that "most folks have as much human nature in them as other folks have, if not
a little more so," or something to that effect, and certainly our little boys here are cram-full of it. Except that they tell a simply incomputable number of fibs,—most of them,—use a very different vocabulary, and diverge slightly in other details which are mostly matters of environment, they are very like our own kiddies in the homelands.

They are just human children, very lovable and sometimes terribly trying,—because one's own love and patience are so limited. I have never talked with orphanage workers in America or any of the other nominally Christian countries, but I have often wondered if it is as hard everywhere to inculcate responsibility, magnanimity, self-respect and a sense of honour into orphanage children.

My mother used to say that "orphanages are a necessary evil" and I think anybody who has had much to do with orphanage work must feel, at least sometimes, that the orphanage is far from being the ideal solution of the orphan child problem. The impersonal dependency of the life, the inevitable constitutional inharmony of the children themselves, the impossibility of constant individual attention, all tend to develop the mean and unlovely in human nature. If only one were ideal oneself and had ideal helpers, all might be well. One wonders what the Master thinks about it, as well as about many another modern institution. I sometimes think whole-hearted adoption into congenial families might be His thought, but that, on any large scale, will have to await a more unselfish stage of the world. And how to foretell congeniality?—everything human is so complex! Or would the Master say it was enough to love enough! Would that He would come and say! Till then one can only go on doing one's best within the limitations of the age and one's own heart and understanding.

A REQUEST FOR PRAISE.

By A. C. Cutler.

We would like a request for praise to be inserted in the next number of India Alliance for answered prayer for our 2nd Mela for our new converts, held from March 23rd to 25th, inclusive. A report of the same will be found on other pages, but we-
ourselves would like to say how thankful we were to witness a real "going on" in the spiritual lives of many of these "Babes in Christ." There were many hindrances to prevent their gathering together, but notwithstanding a good number were present and it was an inspiration to hear their hearty singing to the accompaniment of their native musical instrument and to hear their testimonies to God's saving and healing power for soul and body. Another 22 persons were gathered in, bringing the total up to 646. Truly our hearts are full of joy and thanksgiving to God for the wonderful work He is doing in these days in our midst.

We also ask prayer for many who are being tested and tried, some enduring considerable persecution, that they may stand firm, be purified in the fires, and become instruments in the Lord's hands for the further extension of His work throughout these districts.
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-in India, Ceylon and Burma. To other countries it is 2 shillings or 50 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 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.
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