“GO QUICKLY.”

MATTHEW xxviii. 7.

“Go quickly.” Urgent is the call;
It will not brook delay;
Go forth with loyal heart and brave,
Go, win the souls He died to save,
Go, tell them of the empty grave;
Go, speed thee on thy way.
“Go quickly.” Not with angel hosts
The glad commission lies:
’Tis thine the blessed news to bear,
Redeemed lips His love declare,
A joy which angels may not share.
The work is thine! Arise!

—The King’s Business.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

In the public speeches of responsible statesmen on both sides of the Atlantic, as well as in the editorials of some of the great daily newspapers, we find the opinion expressed that this war must be so conducted, and continued to such an extremity, as to render another such world war impossible; others would have the same end accomplished by diplomacy, after the war. Various plans and schemes have been discussed whereby this desirable end may be accomplished. An International High Court of Arbitration whose decisions and decrees would be enforced by
the united armies and navies of the *great powers* has been suggested, and it has been said that no single nation would dare to go to war in the face of such a combination.

As we consider this proposition, one or two questions suggest themselves to the thinking mind—who would be the president or chief of such a tribunal? In whose hands would the nations be willing to place such power and authority? And how long would any man, placed in such a position, continue true to the interests of those who trusted him, and not use his power for his own aggrandizement? The present war came to the people, and even to the statesmen of the Entente countries as a surprise, they were not prepared for it. They were interested in keeping the world going on just as it was and could only regard any great or serious change as a calamity. Even now it seems as if rulers, governors and statesmen are united in the hope that this old world will continue as it is, and they are prepared to exhaust both their resources and diplomacy to prevent any great change. Statesmen, financiers, captains of industry, holders of real-estate, etc., as well as those engaged in the liquor-traffic, traffickers in immorality and vice, patrons of theaters and worldly pleasures, etc., have all made their investments on the supposition that the world must continue as it is, and their immense vested interests would be opposed to any radical change towards righteousness or Bible holiness.

**What Saith the Scriptures?**

Has the Bible, the Word of God, anything to say concerning these things? If so, we may be assured of its truth. That word which was fulfilled to the letter in the downfall of the great Babylonian, Medo-Persian, Grecian and Roman empires, as well as in the fate of many lesser kingdoms and countries, will not fail or be mistaken if it has spoken concerning the world powers of the present day. There may be differences of opinion regarding the application of some portions of Scripture to the events of the present time, but some of its statements are so clear that it seems impossible to be mistaken concerning them.

Concerning the indefinite continuation of the present condi-
tion of our world, the prophetic word tells us of a time, yet future, when the proclamation will be made by the heavenly messengers—"The kingdoms of the world are become the kingdoms of the Lord and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever." (Rev. 11-14). Surely this will be a momentous change, yet there can be no doubt in the minds of those who believe God's Word as to the fact of its taking place, though there may be serious differences of opinion as to the time when it will take place. Some are looking forward to it with joyful anticipation as the fulfilment of their hopes and desires, praying that the time may not be long but that the events leading up to it may soon begin, if indeed they have not already begun; while others, if they think of it at all, will look upon it as a great calamity, the destruction of all that they have been working and hoping for, a catastrophe to be dreaded, and postponed as long as possible.

The Word of God is sure, and not all the combined wisdom and subtlety of the statesmen, the power of their armies and navies, the wealth and influence of the immense vested interests opposed to it, or the indifference and unbelief of the multitude will hinder or postpone the day when Jesus Christ will reign as absolute monarch upon this earth, and all the kingdoms on the earth will own His authority, and be ruled according to His will.

**How is this Change to be Accomplished?**

Not by the gradual and peaceable spread of the gospel in all lands, or the success of the evangelistic message in the present age; but by a sudden smashing up and overturning of the nations by wars, famines, pestilences accompanied by hail, fire, earthquakes, poisoning of the waters and other terrible convulsions of nature signifying the pouring out of the wrath of God upon an apostate world.

In the book of Daniel, God himself pictures to the king the violent nature of the coming of his kingdom under the figure of a great stone which suddenly smote the image of world powers, grinding it to powder; the language of the second Psalm; the opening verses of Isa. 63; the Book of Revelation as well as many other Scriptures confirm this testimony to the overcoming
power and force necessary to set up that kingdom in the face of almost universal opposition from the powers of this world, backed up and strengthened by the powers of hell and the legions of Satan.

What then becomes of the speeches of statesmen and their plans for universal peace? God tells us that before this great judgment comes upon the nations a heavenly rider goes forth on a red horse with commandment "to take peace from the earth, and that they should kill one another." (Rev. vi. 4) Who is to say whether this messenger has not already gone forth on his dread commission? and if so, what becomes of the "peace talk" of the nations?

We cannot within the limits of this article, follow out what we believe the Bible teaches concerning things to come, yet there are some things in which the views of statesmen seem to be in accord with what God has said. The Bible tells us that there is to be a coming one, to whom the kings of the earth will indeed agree to give their authority; who will become supreme in church and state also controlling the business world so that nothing can be done without his sanction or approval. That for a time he will seemingly be true to those who entrusted him with this supreme power, but suddenly, at the end of three and one half years, he will break treaties, do according to his own will even to forcing himself upon the people as an object of worship and putting to death any who may oppose his claims; that he will be the last great world power or universal monarch, and that he and his kingdom will be destroyed together by the coming in glory of our Lord Jesus Christ, who will rule "for ever and ever."

The day of our Lord's return may be nearer than we think. He said to his disciples "when these things begin to come to pass, lift up your heads for the time of your redemption draweth nigh."

Are we looking forward to His coming as the consummation of all our hopes, the gladdest, happiest day of all our lives, or are we questioning about the upsetting of our plans and fearing
it as a day of dread which we would fain postpone if we could? Are we spending our time, our strength, our money in investments that depend for their returns upon the world remaining in its present condition, or are we investing our all in the coming kingdom, which is to “last for ever and ever?”

MISSIONARY ESSENTIALS.

One of the hardest problems in a very busy man’s life is the choosing between the essentials and the non-essentials. The more complicated his life, the more varied his pursuits, the wider his interests and the more versatile his mind, just so much more difficult the question becomes. In the primitive forms of man’s life the problem is practically non-existent. To feed and clothe himself and his family and to protect them from enemies—these were the duties and the sole occupations of early man, as they are of present-day savages. With the advance of civilization, the discovery of metals, the development of artistic instincts and most of all, keen competition with his fellowmen, life gradually became a complicated process, with a conflict between duty and pleasure, essentials and non-essentials.

Every true Christian strives to do his duty and asks God’s guidance in the doing of it. But in a busy Christian’s life, the problem is not so much between duty and pleasure as between duty and duty. When the day opens with a stack of work to be done, and when a man knows that he cannot possibly attempt all the duties that are waiting for him and that he would really enjoy doing, then the big question presents itself: what is to be done, what is to be left undone.

The successful individual life is that in which a man has seized upon the big duties, given the best of himself in their performance, and then, with his remaining strength and time, devoted himself to the lesser ones. It is simply a case of training one’s judgment as to values.

Few professions are so crowded with conflicting duties as that of the missionary. If he is in institutional work, he has its organization, administration and book-keeping, to say nothing of the constant personal interviews and the vast correspondence. If he is in district work, he has innumerable services, supervision of workers, long journeys by road or rail, and a continual stream of people wanting his advice or help or merely a friendly chat. And some missionaries have both kinds of work! Now, nothing is easier than to get so involved in what might be
called the mechanical side of the work that the personal aspect of it is neglected. Accounts have got to be reckoned up, letters have got to go by a certain mail, while the personal side of things can wait over for a day or so. And so it goes on, each succeeding day as it comes along bringing its fresh burden of merely routine work, and seeming to leave less opportunity for personal service. Yet the really vital things that missionaries stand for are personal—a personal message, a personal contact and a personal Saviour. It is the contact of mind with mind and of spirit with spirit that is the most perfect way of presenting Christ to those who know Him not. No amount of administrative or secretarial work can take the place of it.

What then has one to do, if in the midst of necessary routine work an opportunity for personal service comes along? In business life it is the easiest thing in the world to have stated hours for interviews. Except in a case of emergency, no one would visit a doctor except during his consultation hours. If this were possible in a missionary's life, one of his greatest difficulties would be removed, for he could portion off his time for various duties. But alas! when a weary enquirer suddenly appears in the morning after having walked five or ten miles to ask about Christianity, should he be told that the missionary can only see him between three and five in the afternoon! He would not think Christianity a very kindly or brotherly religion.

The early missionaries longed and prayed for opportunities for personal work, but though they went into the highways and hedges they were too often met by a blank wall of indifference or prejudice. Present opportunities are the direct fruit of their labours, and if we shirk them we are not faithful reapers where they have sown. Again, our Master was never once too busy or too weary to speak with them who sought Him. However tired or footsore He was, He never once gave a hurried or grudging answer to an enquirer, but gave Himself freely to all who asked for His personal service. Nothing could be more fatal to missionary effort in India than the over-absorption of the missionary in purely administrative and institutional work. These there must be and they must be well done, but they can only reach their fullest usefulness and justify their existence when combined with personal service.

It behoves every one to take a mental survey of his daily activities and fix in his mind what are the really vital things and see that they do get the bulk of his time and energy. "First things first," and the first thing is personal service, for God. —Dnyanodaya.
AN INDIAN FESTIVAL.

BOOM! Boom! From early dawn the gunpowder shots roared and the answering echoes boomed from the surrounding hills. It is the red-letter day of the year. Streams of people from all villages and hamlets are drawing near the temple. By eight o'clock a big crowd in procession passed the Mission House. First, the trumpeters, the bandsmen, the tom-tom beaters, and then three palanquins borne by several persons. There are three silver idols in these. Hundreds of people follow them, all in high glee. The procession is making for a shrine which is in a grove at the entrance of a village. In addition to these three idols, there is quite a regiment of them in the shrine.

Arriving at the shrine, the silver idols are placed under canopies erected for them, and the people begin to sacrifice sheep, fowls, goats, &c.

Friends would like to know the origin of this festival. More than a hundred years ago there lived a certain chief, who ruled over these parts. A rivulet flows through Kurichee, between two hills, and the chief thought if he could put a dam across it, it would help the people in wet cultivation. He succeeded in doing so, and built a dam connecting the two hills. Being a heathen man, he thought some evil spirit lived there, and ordered a great idol to be made and placed on the bank. He issued an order also that every peasant must sacrifice to it. The poor people naturally thought the idol protected their crops, and he set a day on which to sacrifice sheep, fowls, &c.

Previous to the festival the people will be busy trying to obtain money to buy the needed things. I always observed the poor people to see how they managed. Every member of the family must get a new cloth. They should also buy rice instead of other coarse food. To meet these needs they were obliged to borrow. The Gownden (the present headman) lends money liberally to them, only to let it accumulate into a big sum and then take their property in exchange.

This year as the Gownden was giving money, a Christian thought he would go and try him, and the following conversation took place:

"My lord" (this is the custom of the people to salute their chief): "What do you want?"

"Please lend me a little money, as you do to these people."

"What do you want money for?"

"I want to sow seeds in my land."
AN INDIAN FESTIVAL

"I do not give money for any other purpose than to buy sacrifices, and if you promise to do this I will gladly give to you."
"I can't do that, and I won't, even if you were to give me a lakh of rupees."
"Then be off."

With a loud "Praise the Lord," he came and told all the people about this.

Now we shall go to the shrine. At three in the afternoon the sacrifice is in full swing. The priests, robed in special robes, offer incense to the idol, while the elders follow them. Goat kids are brought out, and while the priest raises the knife, the people make a loud yell and the head of the poor little animal rolls away. We cannot bear the sight. After offering the blood to the idol the flesh was cooked by women, and all enjoyed a good feast. Late in the night the idols were brought back, amid a great display of fireworks. I went to see the young chief, and he invited me to the meal, for friendship's sake; but he knew we would not touch it. "Are these the gods you worship?" I asked. He replied, "No, I do not worship them; but these poor people do. After all, it is only a picnic for them," "Divine worship connected with picnics!" I said. He replied, "Yes, what can we do?"

A. D. PARAVATHAM.

in Darkness and Light.

A CONTRAST.

By Julia Woodward.

WHAT is the meaning of this noise, the babbling of the motley crowd, the monotonous beating of drums? And what is the occasion that permits this outburst of lawlessness and sin?

Such were the questionings of the new missionaries, when they heard the above mentioned sounds from the nearby native settlement. The Kaira compound is only a short distance from a heathen village. The people have had many opportunities of hearing the gospel, but the superstitions and customs of the land have such a strong hold on them that they are afraid to come out for Christ.

For the last month they have been holding a festival, the "Holi," in honour of one of the Hindu goddesses, who, some say, was killed and afterwards arose from the dead. According to tradition this goddess demands that every year the people hold
A CONTRAST

a festival in her honour, which is the vilest celebration of the year. Long standing quarrels or hatred of their parents may reach the climax on the last day, and end in a murder. The children's part generally is to gather in groups and make unbearable noises. They, too, have caught the feeling of hatred and the passion for revenge, and ranged in opposite rows, pour forth on each other a volley of contemptible and abusive phrases. The scantily clad children end their performances by dancing around the bon-fires at night and assuming fantastic shapes, at the same time using repulsive and obscene language.

In order to please this goddess hideous obscenity and vulgarity must be carried on. Many of the Brahmans, who represent the educational and religious leaders in India, though not Christians, have awakened to the utter uselessness of these festivities, and have ceased to recognize the "Holi." Every evening during the feast the Indian drums are beaten for a short time and when the celebration reaches its climax, on the last night, several piles of wood are set on fire by the villagers; the drums are beaten incessantly and sin is indulged in without restraint. Men and women, boys and girls, all take part in this so called religious holiday. They do not mind spending all night, or several nights with their religious teachers or at feasts of this kind.

An illustration of ignorance and blindness of the people is found by observing a stone jar,—three feet high and about half that in width, which is conspicuously placed at the side of the road near Kaira village. Over the mouth of the jar is a piece of wood, and on top of this a heavy stone which insures the safety of the god. The customs or practices, which are observed each year for the "Holi" goddess are as necessary to satisfy her desires as the stone is to keep the idol from leaving its place of seclusion. These people are bowing down to such gods and goddesses every day. Gods which are lifeless, hideous to look at and unable to cope with the needs of a people that are without the living God.

In contrast with the confusion of the village is the singing of the girls in the prayer service on the other side of our bungalow. One of the girls voluntarily conducts a prayer meeting here evening after evening. It is life to her to read the Word and to spend time in communion with Him. In her daily life and conversation He is given the pre-eminence.

When a need for prayer arises in the compound, she gathers the little girls, of whom she takes charge into an empty room, where they spend an hour together. This room has mud walls,
mud floors, two glassless windows and a table. A lantern gives sufficient light for the one who is to read the Scripture. All who wish to attend for the purpose of prayer are welcome. Conviction often comes upon some of them and there is a real breaking up among them. Even little girls from nine to twelve are some of the most regular attendants, they also cry out to God and He answers their prayers and fills their hearts with His presence. The influence of these meetings is felt throughout the compound.

While the tumult of the village increases and their evil songs are sung most boisterously, these girls are on their faces before God. The power of the enemy has complete control of those in the village, while God's power through the Holy Spirit is working in the hearts of these. As we think of the vast difference between these children, sitting at the feet of Jesus, and the men, women and children under the control of the enemy, we cannot help praising God for what He has done in snatching many from the clutches of the enemy as "bands from the burning."

THE TRUE WAY.

Is the Gospel still the power of God? We are tempted to ask ourselves the question at times, when the thousands round us, ungripped by its message, impress themselves upon us. Then from the mission field comes some record of victory which shames our doubt and quickens faith. Such is the following instance just to hand from an American mission in Western India. A leading guru, who held sway over nearly 200 villages and had a following of hundreds of disciples, recently heard an Indian evangelist preach, was arrested by his teaching, and sought out the missionaries, confessing that he had lost the true way to God. Taking a piece of camphor, he showed them how he prayed. He lit it, and becoming absorbed in meditation as he watched its bright flame, prayed that as it left no ash, so his soul might ascend without a trace of earthliness to God. After some teaching, at great cost and in face of the deep sorrow of his family and disciples, he confessed Christ and was baptised. Next day, when his friends challenged him, he answered, "All my life I have been seeking light and peace—seeking, seeking, seeking, but never finding. Now I have found."
SCHOOL EXAMINATION

AT THE

GIRLS' ORPHANAGE, KHAMGAON.

MOST of the little readers of the India Alliance know already something of what it is to have a yearly examination for promotion, and so, as little boys and girls the world over are pretty much the same, our readers will not be surprised to know that, as the time appointed for the big examination drew near, there was much excitement among our little Indian "Brownies." The fact of the matter is that the manager of the school, who, during the past months, had often deplored a spirit of inattention and carelessness among some of the children, began to notice a real improvement as the time drew nearer and nearer to the coming test. Another thing which made the manager of the school wonder is that the letters which were written at that time to some of the children's friends and relatives were full of petitions worded something like this: "I am studying in such and such a class; our yearly examination is going to be held the last week in March, please, please do pray that I may pass." Then, in our prayer meetings, some of the little girls, who had been very lazy and inattentive during the year, becoming uneasy, began to pray very earnestly: "O God do, do help me to pass."

Well, the examination came only too soon for those who felt they were unprepared. It took a whole week to examine all the classes in both their written and their oral work; then, all the marks obtained were added and the totals showed who had passed and who had failed.

On the Saturday evening of that examination week there was
in the big school room a very solemn gathering of all the school children and their teachers, and as the missionary in charge of the school entered the room holding a big sheet of paper,—a great hush fell on all present. Many a wistful little face was turned towards the writer and seemed to say: "Please, do say that I have passed!" The meeting began with prayer and the reading of 11 Corinthians, fifth chapter, verses nine and ten, and a little talk followed showing that we always reap whatever we sow, and that not only in heaven but in this world people are rewarded according to their works.

When the talk was over the names of all who had passed or failed were read by one of the teachers, and if you had been there, you would have seen at a glance who had been successful and who had not; there were some faces wreathed in smiles and others who were hiding theirs with their hands, while some pitiful little sobs were heard here and there. In one class alone, all the girlies had passed and such proud important little faces and such a radiantly happy teacher you never saw, as the remark was made that their class had done so well.

And now, dear American boys and girls who read these lines, will you pray that your little brown sisters over the seas may all learn the lesson God is trying to teach them to learn now to be faithful day by day in all that they do, that year by year, if the Lord tarries, they may receive the reward of their work in passing successfully. I for my part cannot help thinking that as I earnestly desire to be among those who shall be changed in the twinkling of an eye to go and meet the Lord in the air, I must also, with all those who have this wonderful hope of the near coming of the Lord Jesus, be ever watching and waiting, purifying myself "even as He is pure."

Dear little children, Jesus is coming soon, are you all ready to pass from earth into His holy presence? Do give your heart to the Lord Jesus to-day.

J. L. Rollier.
EVEN when we exclude the large class who make no claim to Christianity and who spend their money for things really hurtful, such as intoxicating drink, tobacco, theatre-going and cinema shows, expensive dress and useless ornaments, harmful literature and many other things positively hurtful in themselves, there are thousands who, notwithstanding the present wide-spread distress and imperative calls for economy in these days, are buying things that they do not need and which have no real or lasting value.

As an instance of this we might mention the trade in cheap, flimsy mechanical toys, mostly "made in Germany," which flooded our markets and found a ready sale, only to find their way a little later to the scrapheap or ash-barrel.

Then there are the crowds who haunt the bargain counters of our large stores, buying because things are professedly "cheap," "marked down" "a real bargain," and not because the purchaser has any real need of the article bought.

When will we learn that what we do not need is dear at any price. That the store-keeper, even on bargain days, is not giving his goods away; he is running that store for a profit and if we want anything worth having, we will have to pay the price for it.

Those who are wealthy and can afford it are not the only ones caught in these snares, for some of them have become wealthy by the avoidance of such habits and by confining their purchases strictly to their needs; but the middle class, and even some who can ill afford to buy anything that is not both useful and economical are to be found in these crowds.

A few other instances of useless expenditure may be mentioned, viz.,—those who purchase expensive automobiles merely for their own pleasure or to gratify their ambition, and to the first cost of these must be added considerable sums which are required for their up-keep and operation. Others indulge in amateur photography, art or stamp collecting, or any of the other numberless hobbies which are carried on merely to gratify personal ambition, kill time, or minister to the individual taste.

What shall we say then of those who profess that their money is a sacred trust to be used in accordance with the will and mind of the Giver, and for the disposal of which they will have to give an account; if they use it in the same way as those who make no such profession?
It is said that during the Laymen's Missionary Movement in Cleveland, a Christian man was greatly moved by the world's need. He was about to purchase a limousine for $5,000, but decided that his old car would really meet his needs. He devoted the price of the car to God and thousands have heard the gospel through his gift.

Few will be able to deny themselves motor cars, but nearly everybody will be able to deny themselves something if they are only willing to restrict themselves to what is needful and beneficial. Is not the frittering away of money upon needless things, one reason why some of God's children are unable to respond to many of the calls which are made upon them for His work?

If we could only see the Master's face and hear His voice behind these appeals for the salvation of the heathen, the feeding of the hungry and the uplifting of the fallen and downtrodden, would we so lightly put them aside, or give the half-hearted response? How did Our Lord meet the needs of the people of His day? Going astray, "as sheep without a shepherd." He taught them; hungry, He fed them; sick or infirm, He healed them not turning any away. Has He not graciously permitted us to be partakers with Him in this service for the people of our day, saying "As the Father hath sent me, even so send I you," "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature" "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them" and "Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the age."

MULKAPUR.

S. Auernheimer.

SUNDAY, April 29th, we had a baptismal service at this station. Abraham, our school-teacher was baptized. His father, one of our mission workers, died about seven years ago. Abraham was educated in Akola Orphanage and afterwards in the Bible Training School at Bodwad, where he finished the three years' course last fall and then came to us as teacher. He has been a believer for a long time, but never had been baptized. Several weeks previous to above date, he came to us saying he knew he was saved, and now wanted to be baptized.

He is a promising lad, and we wish the readers of this would unite with us in prayer that he may fully yield his heart and life to the Master. If fully yielded to God, he can and will be made a great blessing to the boys he teaches daily.
"RICE CHRISTIANS."

I SUPPOSE you think you make converts of these people? When you have been in India as long as I have you will know no nigger ever becomes a Christian except for what he can ‘make’ out of it. The leopard never changes his spots.”

Such were the words addressed to the writer by an old planter at dinner on a ferry steamer while crossing the River Ganges about two years ago. A number of other Englishmen were sitting at table, and the emphatic manner in which my opponent had uttered his objection obviously attracted the attention of a number.

What could I say?

“Well, old man,” I replied, “we missionaries do not ‘make’ converts. We merely preach and teach. Only God can make converts. And as for their being ‘rice Christians’—well, I have just come from talking to a Bengali Christian gentleman. Until the age of about twenty-five he had lived in the lap of luxury, and had been used to having anything he wished. Then he got into touch with some missionaries and was baptized. His Hindu relatives stole two of his children, and although he got a decree of the High Court for their restitution he only managed to see one on the lad’s deathbed, while the other he was never allowed to see, and that son has now grown up to be a staunch Hindu. My friend was heir to his father’s estate with a yearly income of a lakh of rupees (£6,666 13s. 4d.), and since he became a Christian has never earned more than twenty-eight rupees a month (£ 22 8s. per annum), and has kept his wife and five children with that. What did he ‘make’ by becoming a Christian? I admit, there are ‘rice Christians’ in India; so there are in England. Indian Christians are at least as good as (I believe better than) the average Christians connected with our Churches in England, and many of them for hard work and singleness of heart and devotion to their Lord and Master can put lots of English Christians to shame.”

At this point an executive engineer of a great government undertaking broke in with, “Of course, Mr.—-, there are black sheep in every fold.” Nothing further was said, and we shortly afterwards tied up at the opposite bank. I would like to think my planter friend had also reached the other side of the river of racial hatred and misjudgment!—The Church Missionary Gleaner.
**SET FREE.**

He was the devil-dancer ("Kapurala") of the village. Many sought his services, thinking his weird incantations and extraordinary performances had great effect upon the demons they thought were troubling them. This brought him gain, for his fees were in many cases exorbitant; yet, though he was supposed to have such power, he himself was the victim of deep depression and misfortunes, as he has since confessed. Death often entered this man's home, taking one after another of his children, until nine had died. To appease the evil spirit which caused him all this trouble, he resorted to meritorious deeds, one of which was to build a temple to Buddha.

Still his spirit had no rest, so the poor devil-dancer took to pilgrimage journeyings. While on one of these journeys he heard about Jesus, the Great Consoler, from one of our preachers, who passed his village weekly, and got into touch with him.

It was beautiful to see this storm-tossed soul drinking in the truth he had long been seeking in vain. The many years of demon practice had left their mark on him, but he heard and received the truth. The power of God broke his chains, and he arose from his knees freed—a new man in Christ Jesus.

He has been baptized, and at his own request received the name, "Devadasa"—"Servant of God"; and as he and I stood by the river singing, "Victory for me, through the blood of Christ, my Saviour," I rejoiced over another jewel for the Saviour's crown. Please remember Devadasa in your prayers, for he is undergoing much persecution, being the only Christian in his village.

**YET WE HAVE LIGHT.**

About a century ago an infidel said: "In less than a hundred years from now the Bible will be a relic of ignorant superstition." But this time is out; the years have passed. The very press on which that statement was printed was worn out printing Bibles, and the very house in which that infidel lived is used to-day by the Bible Society as a repository for Bibles; and to-day more copies of the Bible are sold annually than of any other book published. Poor, ignorant, short-sighted humanity. Ignorance sat on the coal beds and oil field of Pennsylvania and predicted darkness; ignorance sat at the opening day of the gospel light and predicted darkness; but, thank God, we have light.—Selected.
THE Bible declares that the children of this world are wiser than the children of light. Why this should be so I am unable to solve, but the facts are everywhere apparent to prove this. Some few days ago we were walking on the mountain side and counted no less than ten different brands of American or English cigarettes. The empty boxes were thrown here and there on the hillsides, and the poor village people were smoking them as they passed us. The time was when the people of India would not touch one of these cigarettes, let alone smoke one by putting it near their mouth. Their style for ages past has been a green leaf with a little tobacco rolled in it, the leaf fastened with a thorn. More than this would defile them and make them unclean. How then have these foreign-made cigarettes found their way into the villages and homes of this far-away people? Who taught them to smoke without defilement? How do they manage it? In answer to this, let me say first of all that a few years ago millions of packets of these were given away free. Native agents went everywhere with them, hamlet and village, hovel and hut got a supply of them, and what is more, were shown how to use them by these shrewd native agents without having to defile themselves. They draw the smoke through the clenched hand, holding the cigarette at one side and drawing at the other. They are very cheap now, but their price is rising and will rise to the normal price as soon as they have sufficient fiends—cigarette fiends, who cannot do without them.

I am told on good authority that some of the papers are dipped in opium to capture the smoker and so entrap and insnare him in the terrible habit.

Do you notice how it was done? The native agents, live agents with experience, went everywhere! Yes, the wide-awake businessmen at home had it planned out. They sent money to carry out the plan. There was a good deal of sacrifice, but they carried out their plan, and now everywhere the people smoke their cigarettes!

In the Acts of the Apostles we read that "they........went everywhere preaching the Word." Why not our moneyed and business men at home put their heads and money together and let the spread of the Gospel be as intelligently planned as this fiendish cigarette business?

If the missionary enterprise were prosecuted with the same
intelligence, energy and devotion, these heathen lands would soon be permeated with the Gospel of Christ.

Can we not sacrifice a little? Can we not as a church and people make a determined effort to put the printed page and Gospel portion ahead of cigarettes?

Are there not some in the church to-day that have money to spare to put the Gospel in every village home in India? Are there not some that could sacrifice this much?

This is no "torn, bleeding little lame lamb" business that we read of in Malachi, but a business that will never, never be accomplished without our best—our first born—our sacrifice.

Albert E. Ashton.

NEW CONVERTS.

Daisy Lapp.

FIRST. An old woman, whom everybody calls Ajibai (grandmother.) Just before leaving Mhicepur, I said to her one night, as she sat crouched native fashion, at my feet, with her hand in mine, "Tell me, Ajibai, you have grown old in serving idols, what is in your heart about the Lord?" "What is in mine heart about the Lord," she repeated after me, "Oh Auntie, how can I tell you? When I am out in the fields picking the cotton, and say to myself चलो देवता माता तारणारा, माता बाटले अश्चर्यकर Christ is my Saviour, dear to me, "It seems to me that my heart will burst through my body, and fly to Him." And she is one of the hopeless old women into whose heart and mind it seemed impossible for the light ever to penetrate.

Second. Old Gulya. It was in a night meeting at Khola-pur, held as are all of our village meetings in India, out under the stars, when old Gulya came and sat down by me,—"Well, Gulya dada—tell me—what is in your heart about the Lord?" "This is in my heart. Auntie, I have given Him myself, my wife, my sons, and all that I possess. I have withheld nothing." Then with his dear old face full of earnestness, he said, "Oh that I had more to give Him! I desire nothing for me or mine but Him, and to do His will. Tell me is there anything more I can bring to Him?" As his face looked into mine I saw a depth of consecration arrived at in less than the year that made my heart melt with praise to our God Who could save out of the dregs of heathenism, and lead on so quickly. But he waited for the answer, and I could only say, "Ah Gulya dada, you are indeed greatly blessed, for, as you have given yourself unreservedly to Him, even so will He give Himself to you."
SERPENT WORSHIP.

The naga or hooded cobra still has his devotees in Bombay city, and from Kashmir to Nepal in the Himalayan region, throughout the Deccan and southern India, and on the West Coast in particular this curious veneration of snake gods survives. An interesting account of the worship is given in the latest annual report of the Archeological Department, Southern Circle, Madras. In it details are narrated of the offerings made to the cobra and of the various ceremonies connected with the worship. The usual form of naga worship is the vow taken by childless wives to install a snake stone if they are blessed with offspring, and the hypothesis is put forward that the snake is an emblem of sexual passion. Closely allied with this idea is the worship of trees, and pipal and margosa trees planted together—"married" as the saying goes—come in for a share of the devotion paid to the snake stones set up in their shade. It is believed, says this account, that women will get children if they walk around the married trees 108 times every day for 45 days consecutively. Unfortunately no authentic case is cited of the efficacy of this prescription, but the offerings brought in gratitude by women to the shrines may be taken as favourable evidence. A curious fact is recorded that miniature wooden cots or cradles are now offered in some cases instead of the naga kals, or stones, which used to be the rule. It is suggested that the price of the carved stones has gone up like everything else in southern India, and that the poor who are unable to employ a sculptor make use of a carpenter instead. Economic influence on religious observance is a theme to which census compilers might very well pay attention.—Times of India.

GUIDED BY SUPERSTITION.

We remember how before we entered the mission field, our hearts were often touched as we read of the different ways in which the poor heathen would try to appease the wrath of their gods. We tried to picture to ourselves the awful sadness of their condition and although we thought we realized it and felt a deep pity for them, yet we cannot feel for them as when with our own eyes we see them trying to make reparation for their sins.

One day as we were walking down a crowded road in Allahabad leading toward the Ganges, we chanced to look
down and there beside us lay a man. He was measuring his path to the holy river where he hoped to wash away his sins, but he had become exhausted by his long journey. Now though but a short distance from his destination, he was so worn and wearied that it was with great difficulty he continued on his way. The people were rushing here and there and no one paid any attention to him, except to give him an occasional glance. How God's great heart of love must have been touched as He looked down on that man, and a prayer arose from our heart that God would help us to bring some of these souls into the glorious light of the Gospel.

Another day while seated on the front verandah of our bungalow, we noticed something lying in the compound near our gate. Going out to see what it was, to our amazement we found an old man with swollen feet and full of sores. We thought he was asleep, so we carefully brushed the flies away, but as we did so, he looked up at us with surprise and gratitude. We tried to find out where he came from and what he was doing, but he was too weak to speak much. With great difficulty he told us he was on a pilgrimage and that his people were far away.

We wanted to do something to relieve his sufferings, but he was afraid his caste would be broken. Even a drink of water was refused. A conveyance was sent for, in which he could be taken to a hospital where his sores would be attended to, but he became alarmed and tried to get away. He managed to drag himself out onto the road just outside the gate, where he soon passed into eternity.

For days our hearts were heavy and even yet the memory of him saddens us. Poor souls! How much they need the knowledge of the love of God! Christ alone could make atonement for sin,—all that man can do is vain. May God help us as Christians to do our best in giving the glad tidings of the Gospel to these precious souls, ere it shall be too late.—Selected.

HOME, OR FOREIGN, OR JUST MISSIONS?

A Japanese converted in this country went home on fire to tell his countrymen of the Saviour. Soon he received a message from a friend in an inland town: "Come up and help me. There are some people called missionaries in this town. They claim that Americans know about a new god called Jesus. I tell my fellow townsmen that these folks are fakirs, for I lived for years in America and never heard about this Jesus."
A BHIL SUPERSTITION.

WHEN a Bhil falls sick his friends first try any medicinal remedies they know, and if these fail they believe he has been overlooked by a witch or is under the influence of an evil spirit, and try the following process for his cure:

The sick person is seated on the ground facing east, and a few grains of sound maize or of arad (lentis) if maize is unobtainable, and a paisa are carried round his head in a basket, 7 times the opposite way to the clock, and once the way of the clock, and then touched with his right hand.

These things are then taken to the wizard with a hank of cotton yarn, some cotton thread used by women in plaiting their hair. The man who takes them must not sit on a bed.

The wizard puts the grain on the ground and draws a circle round it with his finger or the paisa, and putting his hand on it says a mantra in the name of the goddess Johjohni. He then makes the grains into little heaps with his fingers, and names the disease by inspecting them.

Then saying a mantra in the name of the god who cures that disease he makes a thin cord a cubit long of the cotton or of the combings of human hair, and still saying mantras he ties 7 knots in it, or, if it is for fever, 11 knots; and sometimes he gives some enchanted arad instead of the cord.

He then tells them that they must kill a goat or a cock when the patient is well, and gives them the cord telling them to hold it in the smoke of ghee and after touching it 7 times on the patient's forehead to tie it round his right arm or his neck. He also tells them that if the patient is not better within a certain time they must come back or go to some one else.

The cord must be tied on the same day, and the man who carries it must not sit down till it is tied on, if he does he must put the cord in his turban on a high place.

If the patient wants to eat meat they think that the witch or enchanter who has caused the sickness wants it, and bring either a goat or a cock. If it is a goat they make a small cut in its right ear and make a tilak with its blood on the man's forehead, or if it is a cock they put the patient's right hand on its head. It is eaten when he is well, or kept for the wizard to kill when he comes.
When the patient is well, the wizard who cured him is called and the master of the house gives him the goat or the cock. He makes it stand before the patient and calling on the name of the goddess, sprinkles spirits on it. When it shakes its head they say that the disease is ready to accept the goat. The wizard then takes off the cord. If he cannot untie it he breaks it, but does not cut it. He may then tie it to a rafter in the house, or to a branch of a tree, in which case if it is a real cure the branch will dry up, or he may throw it away or take it home.

Then the wizard has the goat killed. Four leaf or earthenware cups are made ready, one for the blood, one for the limes, one for the spirits, and one for the oil.

The blood is caught in one cup, and the wizard takes 7 or 5 or 3 limes, as they are available, and cuts them partly through so as to divide them into four quarters. He then puts a piece of burning wick into each, and waving each in turn over the patient brings it over his head, and sucks it in his mouth and puts it into the cup holding the blood. He then puts the following things into the cup:—7 quartzite pebbles, 7 thorns from a cotton tree, 7 pieces of charcoal, 7 Ratti seeds, 7 kinds of grain, balls of ashes, and chillies. He then takes the cup and a drawn sword and goes outside the village with two or three other men. They put the cup down at the cross roads, and make a circle round it with the point of the sword, and pour water round it in a circle. Then if they have brought a little roasted meat and some spirits with them, they eat and drink and return to the patient's house. On arriving they ask "Is it here or has it gone?" and those in the house say "It has gone."

The patient is then given the liver to eat that he may be quite cured, for they think that those who cast spells on people are particularly fond of liver.

The four legs below the knee, the head, one thigh and a little other meat is set aside for the wizard, and the rest of the goat is cooked and eaten by the patient and the wizard and all those there.

Last of all they give the wizard Rs. 1-4-0, the meat set apart for him and a bottle of the best spirits and set him forward on his way home; but they do not say "Come again" as they generally do to a departing guest, as they do not want him to come again on the same business.—Rev. A. I. Birkett, C. M. S., in White Already to Harvest.
WHY SUWARTHA TURNED TO CHRIST.

TAMA, one of India's little children, was dead. Suwartha, her mother, was heartbroken, for she loved her little one as dearly as any mother in England or America ever loved her child. She had never heard the Easter message; she knew nothing of the risen Christ. She was a Hindu, and in her grief, she went to the temple for some word of comfort. The priest, seeing her, spoke roughly to her.

"Cesspool of all evil," he began, "where is the child that you formerly brought with you?"

"Most noble ruler," said Suwartha, "the child, my little Atama, is dead. Yesterday I carried her in my arms to the burning ghat and—"

"Aha!" laughed the priest, "that is a matter for rejoicing. There will be one less woman to drown men in the whirlpool of suspicion, and to poison them with the poison that looks like nectar."

"It must be as you say," murmured Suwartha, meekly, "but my arms are empty, and my heart is full of sorrow because she is gone. And I wonder, and wonder where her gentle spirit—"

"Her spirit, her soul?" interrupted the priest contemptuously. "She may not yet have found her soul. 'Tis more than likely so—if women ever have a soul."

"Oh, say not so," wailed Suwartha. "Tell me, is she happy? Is her soul at rest?"

The priest appeared to reflect seriously for a moment.

"Is a toad happy?" he asked.

"A toad?" gasped Suwartha.

"Yes, bane of humanity, a toad, a lizard, a dog or a pig, a serpent or a fish? For already the soul of your child may have passed into one of these. You will do well to be very careful in avoiding every form of creeping things, lest you crush your child, you know."

"And when," gasped Suwartha, "when, when will her soul be freed from this bondage?"

"Oh," yawned the priest, "perhaps in ten thousand times ten thousand years, after she has lived in every form of loathsome animal, perhaps she may become a despicable woman again."

Slowly, Suwartha arose and left the temple. She went to the outskirts of the city, where the day before she had burned the body of her child. There lay a heap of ashes. Suddenly it seemed that they stirred, and slowly there glided from them a hideous cobra.
“Palmur! Tat! Palmur!” shrieked Suwartha. “Atama, my darling, my child,” and fell to the ground, convulsively grasping handfuls of dust. For she believed that the soul of Atama had passed into the serpent. And this was the best that Hinduism could do for a mother bereaved of a child. There could be no comfort for her.

After a time, Suwartha started home. On the way, she met a band of little children, and they were singing:

“There’s a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky
Where Jesus reigns in glory
A home of peace and joy.
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare;
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier there.”

What could this mean? Was there hope, after all? Was little Atama not in the body of the snake, but happy somewhere? She remembered that one of her neighbours, Chettu, was no longer a Hindu, but a believer in the Jesus doctrine. Going to her, she said:

“Oh Chettu, Chettu, I have just come from the burning ghats, where I carried my little Atama yesterday, and out of the heap of ashes where her body was burned I saw a dreadful cobra writhe; and if what the priest of Ganesha told me was true, the spirit of my darling Atama had entered into that hideous—”

“Oh, no, no!” interrupted Chettu eagerly. “It is not true; it is a lie. The soul of Atama is in the bosom of Jesus, the risen Saviour, who loved little children, and took them in his arms and blessed them.”

That night, Suwartha could scarcely sleep. The strange, new message of life after death seemed too good to be true, but what comfort and peace it brought to the soul! The next morning was Easter day, and the first faint glimmer of sunlight stole into the room. It rested upon the face of Suwartha, and revealed there the light that shines wherever a soul lays hold of eternal life through faith in Jesus Christ. Life and immortality had been brought to light through the message of the gospel.

—*Five Missionary Minutes.*
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