HOW LITTLE WE KNOW OF EACH OTHER.

How little we know of each other
   As we pass through the journey of life,
With its struggles, its fears, and temptations,
   Its heart-breaking cares, and its strife;
We see things alone on the surface,
   We none of us glory in sin,
And an unruffled face is no index
   To the fires that rage wildly within.

How little we know of each other,
   Of our own hearts, how little we know,
We are all prone to fall in temptation,
   Be our station in life high or low;
Ah! then, let sweet charity rule us
   As we help one another to win
The crown that awaits those who strive for
   Avoidance of shame and of sin.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Wherefore putting away lying, speak every man truth with
his neighbour; for we are members one of another. Eph. IV. 25.

Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever
things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things
are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of
good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise,
think on these things. Phil. IV. 8.
In the days when the words of our first text were addressed to
the Ephesian church and a similar message to some of the other
churches, may they not have been intended to apply to the
falsehoods springing out of stories told as idle gossip, as well
as to those told for the sake of gain or personal advantage?
There were, no doubt, some in the churches of those days, even
as there are to-day among those who profess to have "put off
the old man, with his deeds" and to have "put on the new
man," etc., men and women who would shrink from being the
originators of a false story, yet who pass on the gossip which
comes to their ears without taking the trouble to investigate
its truth, and so become the originators of idle gossip and
falsehood in the minds of others, who but for their repeating it,
might never have heard the story. So much is this the case
that at times one is tempted to ask, with Pilate, "What is
truth?"

When we consider how few persons are able to repeat a
casual conversation with absolute accuracy, we should be very
careful about accepting everything that is told us, even by our
friends, as being the exact truth; a difference in look, tone, or
gesture may make a great difference, even if the words are
quoted correctly. If three or four honest, upright men, without
any bias in their minds, and with the best intentions, can hardly
relate a series of incidents without differing considerably one
from another in details, how certain we need to be before we
accept one version and condemn another; and how much more
is the truth hard to be discerned when the incident is viewed
through the green glasses of envy or jealousy, the blue glasses of
cold indifference, the red of anger or hate, or the dark ones which
shut out all the brightness and sunshine?

Much laughter is caused by looking at ourselves or others in
a convex or concave mirror in a museum, but is it not the know-
ledge that what is seen is a distorted image that permits the
laugh? Few would be inclined to laugh if they knew that they
or their friends actually were as they then appeared to be. The
image seen in the convex or concave mirror is a real image, and
perhaps is not much more distorted than one’s character appears from the views given by some who profess to be his friends. Such misrepresentation may be either the result of ignorance of the man’s true character, or it may be done designedly, with a definite purpose. In the first case the one who does it may be entirely innocent and free from blame, while in the second it is mean, contemptible and wrong; yet the result in both cases is the same, viz., the man’s character is misrepresented, his influence diminished, his friends alienated and he has no opportunity of explaining or presenting his side of the case.

Our second text tells us how to avoid the sin of the first. If we think only what is pure, true, good and lovely, we shall speak of the same, for, “out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh.”

If we allow our thoughts to dwell constantly on the other side of the picture, try as we may to seem just, honest and fair, our true thoughts will reveal themselves in speech or action. The only way to avoid evil-speaking is to think no evil and allow nothing to dwell in the mind that we would shrink from putting in words for some one else to hear.

The writer was once asked “Am I responsible for my thoughts?” Not if we are willing to admit that we are idiots, or are so without knowing it, otherwise the Scripture holds us responsible for right thoughts, as well as for the conduct resulting from right thoughts, toward God and toward men. Again, someone says “I am not able to control my thoughts at times. Certain subjects so obtrude themselves on my mind that I cannot help thinking of them.” Is not the reason of this that the thoughts have not been kept in control, but have been allowed to wander in all directions until the will has partially or wholly lost the power to control them? We may not always be able to prevent certain thoughts suggesting themselves to our minds, but we certainly ought to be able to choose whether we will accept and act upon them, or reject them. This is one of the many things in which habit plays an important part and if we accustom ourselves to thinking and speaking only the good, ennobling things,
they will reflect on ourselves and our own characters will be ennobléd by them. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

It seems almost as if the war spirit, which is abroad among the nations, is also doing his best to cause differences and misunderstandings among the people of God, causing suspicion and division, making separations and destroying that unity and harmony which should prevail among those who "are members one of another." "And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; and if one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it." Is this true of us? Do we "rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep?" or do we just put our brother’s suffering and trial to one side and treat it as his burden, something that does not concern us, and so break the unity of the body; for the unity of the body may be broken as much by the withholding of sympathy from a suffering member, as by differences between members. "Bear ye one another’s burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

MARATHI WORKER’S EXAMINATION AND CONVENTION.

It may be interesting to those in the homeland who are praying for and supporting workers in our Marathi field to know that in addition to his or her teaching and preaching, every worker is following a regular course of study which will take them through the Bible in eight years. This, with one year for review at the end of the fourth year, and another when the course is finished, makes practically a ten years’ course. With each year of Bible study, they have also a little Theology, a little Church History and a study of Christian Doctrine.

Some may think ten years a long time, but as these men and women are expected to do the work of evangelists, and their studies are only given to make them more efficient in that work, we cannot overcrowd them with study. The course must be made so light that it will not take too much time and strength from the evangelistic work, but be just enough to profitably employ the time when they cannot be among the people. Just now, in the rains, when the roads are impassible in many places, and open-air work at a standstill, much time can be profitably spent in study which otherwise might be idled away.
Some of our older workers have already reached the seventh year of the course, having been as faithful in their studies as in their preaching. How we love to see them grow in grace and in the knowledge of God year by year so that they may be able to take burdens of increasing responsibility in the work, caring for outstations, meeting inquirers and candidates for baptism, as well as settling difficulties for new converts and teaching them.

The date for the Annual Examination is fixed this year for week beginning Monday Oct., 1st., and a committee of missionaries has been appointed, to draw up questions and conduct the examination.

Immediately following the examination come three or four days of a Marathi Worker's Annual Convention, and we trust examination and convention may both be times of great blessing to those who attend. They are so much like ourselves that one of the chief hindrances to blessing at such times is the prevalence of needless talking and gossip between the meetings, so that a warning on this point is necessary almost every year, even as it is in many conventions in America, and occasionally even at missionary conventions in India.

We hope the readers of this paper will unite with us in prayer that these workers may have a rich blessing from God at these meetings, that He may pour out His Spirit upon them, and give them a fresh anointing for the work of the touring season just before them, if He tarries; also that supporters may be found for a few of them, whose supporters have dropped off, some by death, and some through other causes.

W. R.

WHEN THE TRAIN STOPS,
Lillian M. Pritchard.

There is no place like the railway station, or train, in which to study human nature. India is no exception to this rule, for nearly every train is crowded to its utmost capacity.

We were waiting for the train at a certain branch railway station. I say "we," but it would require the pen of a ready writer to describe "us." Every caste and creed may be distinguished by the apparel of the motley crowd gathered at an Indian railway station. There may be seen the Mohammedan with his tight-fitting, white cotton trousers, the bottoms of which are trimmed with tucks and embroidery, some with white embroidered upper garments, and others wearing black coats. The Mohammedan purdah woman may be seen with a loose garment covering her from head to foot with small holes for her eyes, and
these holes covered with net; then the purdahless Mohammedan woman makes a most striking appearance with her bright coloured tight-fitting trousers, very much like the men's, only of various coloured calico, these reach to the ankles which are loaded with heavy silver anklets. These women's upper garments are made of very thin material, are many yards in length, and of all colours of the rainbow. Then there is the ordinary Hindu with yards and yards of delicately tinted muslin marvelously draped about his head with about one yard left hanging down the back of his neck, this like the woman's sarree, is generally used as a handkerchief and dishwiper. But I must stop, for space would fail me to tell of the Parsee ladies with their costly and beautiful silk sarrees gracefully draped about them; and the men wearing broad-cloth and shining peaked brimless hats, also the student class with black fez caps, black coats, and white dothis (loin cloths). This style is generally adopted by our Christian men. Then there is the poorest class whose apparel consists of anything attainable, or not much of anything. All, waiting for the train.

It is a hot day and I am very thirsty. I ask one of the servants at the station if a drink of water is obtainable. He very kindly brings forth a pail of clean water with a cup so dirty that he proceeds to clean it with earth and water. I had no objection to this, as it is generally the custom to clean vessels in India this way, but I did object when he proceeded to dry it on the end of his all-important headgear.

As we travel among these people we find many amusing incidents, as well as many opportunities to preach the gospel. High caste people must run the risk of getting defiled by jostling against the low caste, and the low caste must run the risk of getting many a rebuff from the high caste. On this particular occasion I started to get in the native women's compartment, but there was such an unusual up-roar that I did not enter. If you have ever been awakened at midnight by a disturbance in the hen-coop caused by the entrance of some preying animal, you will get some faint idea of the sow in this woman's compartment, which seats about thirty women. Among the passengers, one old woman frantically beckoned to me, above the rest her voice rang out, "missi sahib come here and help us, this low caste woman has come in here and is crowding right against us; please put her out." I soon saw the object of the disturbance, a meek woman of low caste, cringing in the smallest space in the farthest corner of the compartment, I answered, "her money is just as good as yours and she has just as much right to be
there as you have”; but the uproar increased, till the station master, who was a high caste man, came and forced the low caste woman into the next compartment. Meantime a young Hindu man, observing my interest in the affair, addressed me in good English saying, “These old women still hold on to their old-fashioned ideas, but slowly the old customs are passing away, their husbands have to come in contact with hundreds of people every day and think nothing of it. We would be glad if we could do away with these silly ideas, but we are bound by ancient customs.” This young man voiced the sentiments of thousands of India’s sons. By this time peace reigned in the woman’s compartment and the elderly woman who had solicited my help very generously invited me to come and sit with them. I said “no, I might defile you if I come in and sit with you,” she said “oh! no, missi sahib, we do not mind you at all.” She then offered me her snuff box asking me to help myself. I answered “if I took snuff, that would defile my body more than sitting with the low caste people,” so saying I took my seat in a mixed compartment where the low caste woman had been placed by the station master.

As the train passes along, if you look out of the window, you may see pairs of brown feet hanging out of some of the windows, the owners are somewhere inside dozing peacefully. As the train stops at the various stations, a small Brahman boy calls out “Brahman water? Brahman water?” Every traveller in India, as a rule, carries a small brass vessel with him, this is held out of the window and filled by the boy, a small coin being given in exchange. These boys make considerable money in this way, for they know that a high caste man will not take food or water from any but his own caste. Some may be seen cleaning their teeth out of the window, for no Hindu will allow a morsel to pass his lips in the morning till he has spent at least twenty minutes cleaning his teeth.

One man must have a bath, so while the train stops, he runs to the faucet which is at every station, under which he places himself and takes his daily ablution regardless of the rest of the people who may be waiting to get only a drink. You hold your breath in suspense lest he miss the train, but he gets through in time to jump on just as the train begins to move out. Before one realizes what has happened he is attired in clothes clean and dry and his loin cloth which is about four yards in length, is stretched across the width of the compartment to dry. At the next station Mr. Brahman leaves the train all spic and span.
Then the pious Mohammedan may be seen, while the train stops, to get off and spread his prayer mat on the crowded platform of the station, and oblivious of all on-lookers performs his devotions as peacefully as if he were in the quiet of his own room.

An old farmer dressed in coarse home-spun, dozing in the corner, wakes up to find a low caste woman sitting so near his bundles they are hopelessly defiled. With angry words he orders her to get up. My righteous indignation is aroused. I tell her to sit where she is, that she has as much right to be there as he has. There was no one to interfere and I had the satisfaction of seeing her keep her seat till she got off at her station. Seeing this, the woman sitting next to me moves nearer saying she was my sister. Said the missionaries had often been to her town to tell about Jesus. I told her the only way that she could be my sister, was to believe in the God I worshipped who is the Creator of all, and as we accept His Son Jesus as our Saviour, we all become His children, and hence brothers and sisters in Christ Jesus. This opened the way to witness for Him for about an hour in that crowded compartment.

My destination was the terminus of the road. That evening on my return trip I walked the length of the platform looking for the least crowded compartment. The last compartment appealed to me, because it was the least crowded, and the people in it looked cleaner than the rest. Just as I was entering the car, some one from the window of the next car called to me saying “missi sahib don’t go in there, they are all sweepers” oh! I replied I don’t mind, I will ride with the sweepers to-day.

While waiting for the train to start who should appear at the window but the young man whom I had met on the morning trip, he also was returning to Ahmedabad. He stood for some time talking with me at the window. When the train started, instead of returning to his own compartment he opened the door and sat in the seat opposite mine, much to the astonishment of the sweepers. He told me his father was the station master of that town, and he was a ticket collector at the large station in Ahmedabad. Said he was twenty years old and his wife fourteen, they had been married two years. He was of the Brahman caste, and knew some of our boys very well, as they had attended the same school with him. He knew somewhat of our religion and in his heart believed it to be true, but said “we are bound by our caste and it is impossible to cut ourselves off from our relations.” The trip between Dholka and Ahmedabad was spent in showing him man’s lost
condition and Christ's atonement for sin, His victory over Satan and death, and the hope of His coming again, and some of the signs of His coming. He listened most attentively and asked many intelligent questions. On nearing our station he took out his purse and asked me the price of an English Bible, saying he would like to possess one and would I kindly buy one for him. He said, "I will read it, but I won't give up my caste, we go through this world but once and we have our friends, why should we give them up and make enemies, if I read your Bible and find that it satisfies me I can believe it in my heart and live it without saying anything about it." I told him in our Bible Jesus said, If we leave "mother, father, sisters and brothers, and houses, and lands, for His sake; we will receive an hundred-fold in this world, and in the world to come, life everlasting."

He bade me farewell, promising to call at our bungalow the next day at two p.m. to get the Bible I had promised to give him. People had often promised to call at the bungalow to learn more of Jesus, but never came. So I was a little surprised the next day when, just on the minute, my young man appeared. One of our men missionaries spent sometime with him in conversation, after which he spent a long time in conversation with one of our young men with whom he attended school some years before. It was inspiring to hear R. witness to what the Lord had done for him, how He had taken him, a low caste boy, and educated him, first in the orphanage, then in the town school in D., where this young man had attended, after which he came to Ahmedabad, passed through the high school and was in his second year in college. But the best of all he said, "I know the Lord Jesus, He is my personal friend." After a long conversation, the once low caste boy and high caste heartily shaking hands, parted. Some time after, while seated in a train at the station in which this young man is employed as ticket collector, he came, and spoke to me. I asked him if he was reading the Bible. He said he had read a good deal in it, but he did not have it at present and pointing to another young Brahman who was busy punching tickets, said, "he has borrowed it from me and is reading it."

May the Lord hasten the day when many here in India who really believe in their hearts, will have the moral courage to be true to their convictions and step out, confessing openly the Lord Jesus.
COME OVER AND HELP US.

By J. P. Rogers,

EVER since this message was given in a vision by the Spirit, the same cry has been sounding forth from some portion of the earth. Sometimes, as in the case of Macedonia, it comes from places where the Word has never been preached, but more often in these days, it is given by those who, in response to the call, have themselves come into contact with the real need. It is not often that those besotted by ignorance and sin give the call, for it is only after hearing and being touched by the Spirit that conscious need is felt, and the sound goes forth. The real heart cry goes up from those who have come in actual contact with the real conditions, for only they have a just conception of the need.

From our Marathi field, a part of which has had the gospel preached for nearly thirty years, this call has been going forth from time to time as new doors were opening on every hand, and enquirers coming in. Thousands might be gathered into the fold if only the message could be given, followed up, and pressed home upon their consciences; but we are so few.

God has been gracious throughout the years, gradually filling up, or rather, sending out the vanguard of the needed hosts, in answer to prayer. Once there were only fourteen missionaries and a few native workers, now there are seventy-three, according to the Missionary Directory, but a much larger number is needed if we are to reach out into the needy fields all around us. We who know something of the need say, as did the disciples on a former occasion, "What are these among so many?" Although we have passed through two great famines, yet the population has so increased that the number of missionaries has hardly kept pace with the need.

What are we to do, under these circumstances? The Lord said to the disciples, "Pray ye the Lord of the Harvest to send forth labourers," this we have done and are doing. A man of Macedonia, in a vision, sent out the petition in the words of our text, "Come over and help us," but, are not the words of hundreds who are now wanting to be taught the way of life, equally clear and emphatic? After years of hard work and patient waiting for the fruit, a great break has been made in a portion of our field; men and women, by hundreds, have been gathered in, and these have to be shepherded and taught by the
missionaries in two of our stations. Urgent calls are coming in
from all sides.

To whom is this call sounding forth? To those who are
already in the Lord's work and being used of Him to save souls.
If one is not already being used of God to the salvation of souls in
the homeland, crossing the ocean and coming to a new country or
climate will not make the needed change to fit him for this service.

In the Marathi country we should have at once, at least
five young men to take up the study of the language in prepara-
tion for the work. A number of our missionaries who have been
in the work twenty years or over, may soon have to drop out,
and who are to take their places? The two years given to study
of the language and then really getting into the work takes
up most of the first term of the field. Another year should not
pass without the above-named number, at the very least, having
been sent out.

Reader, we wish to make this a personal ques-
tion, and would ask you to carefully consider the follow-
ing arguments for your coming,—you may be preach-
ing the gospel and seeing souls saved, and saints built up in the
faith, but it is very likely—in a place where every one of them
could hear the message of salvation from other lips if they wish-
ed to hear it; most of them could attend another place of wor-
ship; and almost, if not all, can read the Word of God for them-

Owing to climatic conditions, missionaries can only spend
about four months each year touring in the district, the rest of
the time being spent in the villages which can be easily reached
from the central station, and even in this they are often more or
less hindered, so that comparatively few of the dense population
have a fair opportunity of hearing the gospel sufficiently to
understand its claims upon them.

Now, in conclusion, where are those who will say; “Here
am I, send me.” If you once get a vision of the real need, and
then of the Saviour's command “Go ye—;” we shall not have to
send up this plea night and day. From the many signs in the
present day, the coming of the Lord must be near at hand, so
that which is to be done ere that day, must be done quickly.
Again to you, we repeat, the invitation, “Come over and help us.”
CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Conducted by Miss B. B. Conger.

MORE ABOUT THE DHOLKA BOYS.

In a recent article we promised to tell you more about our little brown boys, a very interesting subject whether we take them individually or collectively. How you would enjoy a visit to the orphanage, but as that is an impossibility, we shall do our best to give you an imaginary one. Let us go to the first dormitory where more than a dozen of the youngest ones live. The youngest, the baby of the family, could even vie with the little brownies described in Miss Carmichael's book "Lotus Buds," which I would like you all to read.

One day, when forbidden to go out in the rain, he stretched out on the verandah of the bungalow and kept his head out in the rain until it was soaked, only a portion of his body was out, you see; would you call this half disobedience? Please pray for bright little Doud (David) that his feet may be kept from paths of sin.

Next come two very interesting little brothers who were supported for some time by the Nyack students. The younger, we call our little Sunshine, his face is like a sunbeam and seldom without a smile. He is a beautiful child, and I am sure little Vera would find a warm place in your hearts if you could see him. The first room is full of these interesting little ones, each with his own peculiar story.

Once we asked for a promising little boy for our school and his sister for Kaira, we wanted to save them from evil lives, but the parents would not give them to us as they were not poor or starving like so many others. There was an outbreak of plague, both parents died within a week, and the children came to us; but to tell the story of each one, and how they came to us would fill books.
Each boy has become very dear to us and leaves quite a vacancy in our hearts when he goes. We shall not soon forget the first one we buried. As we put away his book-bag and other belongings, a great prayer filled our hearts for those that were left.

Many people at home who support these boys ask for a prospective preacher, but as we watch the little lives it is very hard to know what they may turn out and we are often mistaken in our forecast of their future lives.

At our annual gathering this year, we had an attendance of over five hundred, one fifth of which had passed through our orphanage.

Some of them are preaching and teaching in our village schools; one is in a Government hospital in S. Africa; some who learnt English are able to help the new missionaries in studying the language; two are in the postal department in Busra, expecting to go on to Baghdad; and quite a number have found employment in Bombay and Ahmedabad.

One boy, who had the habit of running away every day, got the name of “partridge.” He preferred a meal of unripe or decayed pomegranates from a neighbouring garden to a nourishing diet of rice and pulse. To cure him of this we tied him to our table, but his health has suffered through his foolishness, and we would ask prayers for him. Unlike most of his people he can learn almost anything, and is now a help in many ways; he also sings well.

The orphanage is not yet twenty-five years old, from a small beginning of about a dozen boys it grew apace during famine days, when they were sent to us by cart-loads!

In those days the first item on the programme was a bath, and some of them not knowing the use of soap thought it was sweetmeat and so ate it. After the bath they were given a strip of cloth to wrap around them in place of whatever dirty rags they might have been wearing, several contrived a way to get an older boy’s portion of food by raising themselves on bricks to look taller as they sat, no blame to them for they knew no better.
Much more might be said of these boys of ours, of lives transformed and made useful, and even now of some who were wayward being brought into the fold. A week of meetings has just closed, and the results are encouraging.

One evening recently, the primary class gathered in our room, asked to have a prayer meeting. You would have been surprised, I am sure, to hear their earnest prayers, and we ourselves received inspiration from them.

Little lives for Jesus, little prayers ascend.
Not great or mighty ones, but who can tell the end!
Since asked to write this article, we have been transferred from the Orphanage to the Bible Training School and evangelistic work, but we see the boys daily as we still live in the same compound.

Rev. F. H. Back who is now in charge will be glad to give information regarding the Orphanage boys. He is its founder and father.

B. Hamilton.

OUR ANNUAL CONVENTION.

Our Annual Convention will D. V., be held this year in Akola, beginning with a prayer-meeting Friday evening Oct. 26th, and lasting a week or ten days.

The first four days will probably be given to spiritual exercises, and waiting on God; the remainder of the time to reports from the stations, and the general business of the mission.

The Alliance work in India is divided into two sections or fields, the people of which are of a different race and speak a different language, yet the missionary problems on both fields are so alike that, except in a few details, rules made for one field are equally applicable to the other.

Each of these fields has its local committee of seven members who meet every three months to transact local business; these two committees together form the United Committee, which meets twice each year to transact the business common to both fields; and then all the missionaries meet in the Annual Convention.

The link which connects the Marathi and Gujerati fields throughout the year is the Mission Chairman, Rev. M. B. Fuller, who generally presides at each local committee meeting, as well
as at meetings of the United Committee, and at Convention. A
convention without Mr. Fuller in the chair would be something
like the Annual Meeting at Nyack with Mr. Simpson absent. May
they both be long spared to the Alliance work.

Both old and new missionaries look forward to Convention
with hope and earnest expectation. The old ones that they may
greet the men and women who will soon have to take their
places, and carry on the work they have begun. How much de-
pends on these new missionaries, coming as they do, with fresh
faith and zeal to the work; how they can make or mar the work
of a station; what a great blessing many of them are, where they
are willing to fit in and adapt themselves to the work. On the
other hand,—how a few have failed. Coming out with pre-
conceived notions as to how the work should be done, and ready
to inaugurate "reforms," or what they considered reforms, in
every department of the work, they caused serious loss and
damage, showing pretty clearly "how not to do it." Some
afterwards confessed their mistakes and became good missionaries,
while others had to retire from the work. God bless the
new missionaries and send us many more of them.

The new missionaries look forward to their first convention
as an opportunity of getting acquainted with the older mission-
aries, many of whom they have heard of but not seen. Mixing
freely with all, both in meetings and out, they learn a good deal
about the difficulties in the different stations and various phases
of the work, its difficulties, triumphs, etc. How much the older
missionaries in the same station can be to these new ones, help-
ing them in the language, telling them the habits and customs
of the people, introducing them to native Christians and also to
Hindu friends and acquaintances, as well as by giving them a
part in the work of the station as soon as they are able to under-
take it. An old Indian missionary many years ago said, "the old
missionaries must be stepping stones for the new ones to pass
over, and must be content to see them go on and they be
left behind," and a greater than she said, "One soweth and
another reapeth, that he that soweth and he that reapeth may
rejoice together." Paul may plant and Apollos water but God
giveth the increase.

Dear friends,—will you pray for this convention, that God
may give us a rich outpouring of His Spirit in real revival; that
there may be a unity deeper than of mere friendship and good-
fellowship; that the missionaries may all receive a fresh anointing
of the Holy Ghost; and that God may lead us out into yet more
aggressive work for Him.
A SERIOUS BLOT INDEED.

SIR JAMSETJEE JEJEEBHOY, in presiding over the Bombay branch of the Depressed Classes Mission Society was eloquent on the subject of the fearful fate which awaits from the moment of birth the "huge mass of human beings, constituting no less than one-fifth of the whole population of the Indian peninsula," who are designated collectively the "untouchables." Their life he described as "a monotonous life of drunkenness and squalor, more or less innocent of the very elements of decent living." Intercourse in any fair degree with the so-called higher classes is closed to them for ever, and the influence of civilisation is kept from them. The stigma imposed on them is not authorised by the shastras, and yet Indian reformers do little or nothing to remove it. The fate of two or three hundred thousand Indian coolies who go under indenture to labour in the sugar colonies is made the subject of numberless diatribes at public meetings called for the special purpose. The fate of sixty million wretched beings who stay in their own country in a condition of abject neglect attracts little or no attention. The existence of such a class, as Sir Jamsetjee declared, is a serious blot on India's national existence, so far as it can be said to have one, and it is a thousand pities that more attention is not given to the subject.

Signs of the Times.

(The Depressed Classes Mission is not a Christian institution.—Editor—India Alliance.)

OBADIAH S VIEWS ON MISSIONS.

"When I first jined the church," said Obadiah, "I didn't know much about this 'ere talk of Christian givin'. I know'd I was a miserable sinner, but I wasn't thinkin' about the rest of the world's miserable sinners. 'Peared like as if I just wanted to make sure of heaven for myself. I felt real comfortable like after I had my name written in the church book. 'I'm sure of gittin' there, anyway,' I thought.

"Our preacher is a powerful good man, but he gits all stirred up when he talks about Christian givin'. "When I jined the church I didn't know nothin' about missionary societies and the disabled funds of the Board; fact is, I didn't want to know, and when the preacher said to me, 'Obadiah, how much kin we expect from you to help with missionary work?'—I'm a plain speakin' man—I jest said, 'You can't expect anything from me. I'm a hard workin' man and the little I git has got to go to support my own,'
"My daughter, Sarah Ann, is a missionary collector. I never said nothin’ agin her collectin’, but sort of thought I would have that to stand in the sight of the Lord for my share of givin’ in the work.

“When I attended the convention last fall, one of the members said, ‘Of course you are a supporter of missions?’ and I replied, ‘Sartinly, sir; my daughter, Sarah Ann, is a missionary collector.’

‘Things went on in this way for two or three years. I was pretty regular in attendin’ the church, but I didn’t seem to get much joy out of religion. Sometimes when the preacher would make an extra appeal for missions. I’d just ease my conscience by sayin’, ‘Balance that agin Sarah Ann’s account.’

“Well, it just went on till I got closer and closer, even to grudgin’ Sarah Ann her time to the Lord. I said to myself, ‘I can’t afford to have Sarah Ann spend so much of her time collectin’. One day I was settin’ in the chimney corner smokin’. Sarah Ann was movin’ silently around, and I’d noticed for some time there was somethin’ sort of strange about her look.

‘Says I, ‘How much time do you spend collectin’ for missionary work in a year, Sarah Ann?’

‘Says she, ‘Countin’ by the calendar, father, two days would cover it all; but countin’ by the throbs of the heart, there is never an hour in which I do not dwell upon the blessedness of the work in which I am engaged.’

‘Don’t you think it’s consumin’ too much of your time, Sarah Ann?’ I added.

‘A strange light came into her eyes. She cried, ‘Father, what sort of a heaven do you expect to go to?’

‘Why, real blessful like,’ I said, ‘streets of gold and the like.’

‘What are you doin’ to earn it?’ she continued.

‘Wall, I don’t know that I’m doin’ anything in particular, but you know the Book says, “we’re saved by faith, not by works,” and I’ve lots of faith, Sarah Ann, that I’m goin’ to git there when I die.’

‘Father,’ said Sarah Ann, and her eyes filled with tears as she spoke, ‘as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also. “By their fruits ye shall know them!” Oh, father, what are you doin’?’

‘I was startled.

‘I ain’t a-goin’ to hinder you from workin’, am I?’ said I.

‘Father, dear father,’ said she, ‘we must each work out our own salvation. No deed of mine, however worthy in the
sight of God, can stand for the debt you owe the Master.'

"I was startled anew. I'd kinder thought in the day of reckonin' when the Lord should say, 'Obadiah, what have you done?' I'd make answer, 'Not much of anything, Lord, but my daughter Sarah Ann was a powerful hand in the church, and I supported her.'

"'O father,' Sarah Ann continued, 'I cannot bear to think of the dangers to which you expose your soul. Should the Lord's work be less precious to you than your own? Did your Master say, Deny yourself; take up the cross and follow Me? What are you doin' for the dear Lord, who has done so much for you?'

"'Not much of anything,' I said, 'but provin' a stumblin'-block in the way of others. I'd no sort of idea when I jined the church that the Lord wanted me and my money, too. I've spent considerable of my life in smokin' and self-ease. Now, if I want to git to heaven I've got to begin to exercise myself.'

"'Dominie,' I said the next Sunday at the church, 'I'm converted, a new man!' A pleased smile came into his eyes. 'Yes, my heart and pocketbook are both converted this time, and when you want any extra gift for missionary work don't forget me, Dominie, for I owe lots of back dues to the Master.'"—Christian Intelligencer.

Among the sacrifices observed by the Konds is one which is offered on their new year's day to Durga (known in northern India as Kali), the blood-thirsty goddess of cholera and smallpox. On this occasion a buffalo is tied to a post, and at a given signal the people fall upon it with knives and spears. Formerly it was customary for each one to bring a rupee and thrust it down the animal's throat, though he took good care to recover his money after the animal was dead. The blood is offered up to Durga, and the flesh is eaten by the worshippers who are present.

Human sacrifice to the earth-god was prevalent not very long ago. The victim was purchased or kidnapped. On the day appointed he was stupefied by intoxicants, and then, after the performance of certain ceremonies, was whirled round on a horizontal bar affixed to a vertical pole and hacked to pieces while still alive. His body was cut up into many sections, which were buried in different parts in order to fertilize the fields.
SNAPSHOTS FROM THE MISSION PRESS.

If there was more abiding in Christ there would be less abiding in America.

The most momentous fact in the universe so far as we know, is that 900,000,000 human beings are still groping in idolatry.

Even on the cross, Christ was a missionary to the robber, and His last command was the missionary commission.

In San Francisco there is a Hindu temple which cost $60,000, and which was built primarily for Americans, and not for Buddhists from beyond the seas.

Is not the real question not how much of my money will I give to God, but how much of God's money will I keep for myself?

In America there is one ordained minister, evangelist, or Christian worker, to every forty-eight or fifty people. It would take 4,000 more missionaries than are now in the field (India) to have an average of one to 50,000 of the people.

The size of our spirit of missions here will correspond with the size or the glory of our mansions hereafter.

The Hindu has the bold example of a sinful god and the immoral teaching of his sacred books to follow, while the Christian has a righteous God and a sacred book demanding holiness as his guide to life.

"Missions are not a failure in heathen lands, but are a sad failure in the hearts of many professing Christians at home."

There is buried in gold and silver plate and useless ornaments, within Christian homes, enough to build a fleet of 50,000 vessels, ballast them with Bibles and crowd them with missionaries; build a church in every destitute hamlet, and supply every living soul with the Gospel within a score of years.

"A living sacrifice" is the life poured out in loving ministry for others. How often our own lives are impoverished because we reserve them for ourselves! How often we see the cramped and meagre lives of others, those who, in care for self, have lost in fragrance and usefulness!
EVERY MAN HIS WORK.

THE HOT season is but a memory now. Instead, it is prickly heat, gnats that want to rest inside your eyes, mud, frogs, some snakes, unhealthy dampness, and with these lovely green grass, and not a vegetable save the stand-by-onion, to be had for eating.

As the heat increased, warning voices whispered it was time to go, and so one day, not without reluctant feelings, we started for cooler clime and moister food. How little those who live in the temperate zone, can realize what all this means! If not too far gone before giving in to go, the change soon enlivens one, but sometimes it is a hard pull to get the machinery to stop, even when it is free to do so. On returning, threads have to be gathered up, for there are not enough missionaries now-a-days to take turns and keep the work going, so the Indian helpers are left to themselves for a while.

During the rains the country roads are impassable in many places, but God is bringing people within our reach in a wonderful way, and for the sake of your prayers I want to mention again the Chandur hotel, or eating-house. The taluka (co.) Court-house is within calling distance of our bungalow, and the "hotel" a stone's throw farther on. There, men from all over the taluka of 394 villages congregate for their evening meal or night's rest, after the business is closed in the Court-house. They are not the class of men usually met with in the villages, for nearly every one is a head-man or a money lender, and many of them have read their own books. Some also can talk "War" with quite a degree of intelligence. One of them on being asked to buy a book at half a cent, said, that all his money had gone to the "war loan" as it ought when our own nation was in need. The sentiment was good, but from his appearance, neither the half cent, nor his loan to the war would go near to touching the bottom of his money bag.

And so these men of good caste representing the wealth and intelligence of the country are at leisure in the evenings while the meals are being cooked by people of their own castes. They are not calling us to them to preach the Gospel, and often their apathy at first is enough to freeze one's enthusiasm to an iceberg; but their need does call, and the longing desire after their souls' salvation gives fervour and persistence until they not only want to hear, but show no sign of moving even when one's voice can hold out no longer.
It is pleasanter to have people come to the bungalow and of that work we never tire, but this seems to be a special bit of the Lord's own appointing, and He whispers to me "Your work." Not the only work, mind you, for Chandur is one of the stations in Berar that is very much under-manned as far as missionaries are concerned, which leads me to ask What has become of the crowd of Nyack students so enthusiastic, so full of knowledge of the Scripture, so free to come to Berar, and withal such a necessity here? Pardon me if I quote Robert E. Speer when he used the expression "playing at missions." A few years needed in which to get a working knowledge of the language and a working knowledge of something else equally important; as one said to us in our early zeal, "You have other things to learn besides Marathi," and we found it to be true. However, if you really want to, you can get enough of the language to save a soul, early in your experience on the field, and that ought to be your supreme motive from beginning to end, and your usefulness will grow in both ways as you learn, not as you set yourself to work reforms? merely, still theorizing is useless, for you have not yet started nor even made up your mind to start, great as is the need.

On my first call at the hotel this season, I found a guru (teacher) well versed in religion (?) The "hands" greeted me cordially and invited me to sit down, which I did in front of the guru. At first he seemed careless, but as the story went on, his interest was gaining in eagerness and he kept repeating "It's true, It's true." On looking up I found that about fifty men were leaning over to catch every word.

Next day a new audience, a few books sold, a brain a bit weary, for it requires effort, but a joy supernatural, in the heart, and a good appetite for dinner.

What arguments they can bring forward to shield themselves from arrows of conviction of sin! and this is the crucial point with men be their caste high or low, and there is where the Missionary feels the need of continual freshness in the Holy Spirit. We may interest or entertain them even as we might interest or entertain an audience at home, or even on paper, but the cry of our heart is that, blinded as they are by superstition, filled with myths of heathen gods, worldly wise in many ways, seeking for a salvation that would save and yet countenance the grossest of sins, knowing in their own hearts it is worse than useless—our cry is that we might be the instruments in God's hand to break the spell of the opiate which Satan so skilfully administers to them.
EVERY MAN HIS WORK

"How then shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?"
Rom. x. 14—15.

WHAT A GUEST OF A DAY SAW AT A MISSION STATION.

ABOUT eleven o'clock the guest walked in unannounced, and oh, the shout of welcome!

It paid well for the effort of tearing away from one's own work, and the two hours' journey on the hard benches of the third class compartment, with a prospective three and a quarter hours in the heat, on the return trip.

The padre himself was busy with open Bible giving some help to a couple of workers, who had come from another station on business. The little Bible-talk was just "by the way."

While the eleven o'clock meal (breakfast) was going on, a young Government officer, a Christian, came in, and was greeted as if he were a member of the family.

Men from "the villages" were waiting to be instructed, for in the district which this station represents, revival is going on, and men and women too are asking for baptism. They are not great theologians, these people—at least, not as a theological seminary students are taught, but God's Holy Spirit is at work among them, and many of them have in some measure, "come to their senses," so to speak; perhaps not much more than to want to get rid of the bonds of Hinduism and be baptized into the Name of the Living God, because Jesus died for them. Then they are ready to be taught as very babes.

It cannot be denied that with some there is an ulterior motive, but the Missionaries in Berar would be positive ingratiats to dwell, on that side of it only, knowing that God Himself is at work calling out "a people for His Name." Any one interested could see the prime necessity for divine wisdom in dealing with one after another, as each made his own particular plea.

It means real self-denial too, for wherever one went, to back room, front room or side room, the sound of native voices was in evidence, and the missionaries counted it a privilege, not an intrusion, to have these people about, for that is the business in which they are engaged, but they sometimes get physically and mentally tired!

It was prayer meeting evening and the visitor was unexpectedly asked to lead, God had been giving the message for
that meeting days ahead however, just in a very ordinary experience, when He had whispered, regarding a commonplace, household matter—oh, it was just about finding a washerman, for the one previously employed was letting his leper brother do the washing. "Oh, thou of little faith wherefore didst thou doubt?" So the text was "Without faith it is impossible to please God," and the visitor's own soul grew warm in the giving it out in Marathi.

Then came the testimonies, beginning with a well fellow saying "God is Love" "Jesus wept" all in one breath. Bigger ones followed with longer verses that they had learnt for the meeting, and then S., a worker, read "Faith without works is dead" followed by his own bit of experience. Next came C., the Bible-woman, winding up with a sob as she asked prayer for her wandering boy; and so, giving each his or her turn the testimonies were encouraged and there was a real spirit of praise.

One of the women with trembling voice and fluttering heart (she had but recently buried her youngest child) said, "I never testified or prayed in meeting all the time I was in school, but now I am glad I have got a Jesvre to do so." She didn't tell, how, since last left them, she had been going out with the Bible woman when she could spare the time from her family duties, but it was not hard to see that the love of Jesus was real to her. A new Christian thought there must be some prescribed form for making such speeches, so he stood up to try. He just stared, for he was not used to address an audience; at least that was something of the way the Indian worker who led him to Christ explained it, but a bit of ingenuity and out came his testimony, the Lord Jesus had forgiven his sins. He barely knew how much he had overcome by his stammering confession of Christ.

We were happy as we walked back to the bungalow, the two women — the men of the station had been detained to talk to some more men.

And so the day was ended, to merge into another, with just such experiences, or something else quite different, of joy or sorrow. We go on sowing or reaping as fits to our hand, dealing with material things in one sense, but in another with the deeper, more real than that which our eyes can see or our hands can handle, and we need your prayers continually.

The Guest.
PRAYER AND PRAISE.

PRAISE.—Humble and grateful praise is offered for restored health of the Editor of the India Alliance, after a steady going down for months, and a break at the end that seemed like a fatal disease, the Lord delivered and is building up the physical in a very gracious way.

PRAYER.—That the renewed health may be used in the service of the Lord to the full, and in His own way.

The India Alliance.

This is intended as a monthly message from the Alliance Missionaries to the friends of their work. It will also deal with the general questions of mission work by original or selected articles, and will seek to deepen the interest and stimulate the prayers of all who may read it, by showing the encouragements as well as difficulties of the work.

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C&MA MISSION STATIONS IN INDIA

- Stations
- Proposed Stations

The shaded rectangle on the small map in the corner shows the portion of India in which our mission is located.

Map showing stations in India, including Gujarat, Khandesh, Berar, and Hyderabad.
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