For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. I Thess. iv. 16 and 17.

And now, little children, abide in Him; that, when He shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming. 1 John ii. 28.

In these days when momentous events are taking place with kaleidoscopic rapidity in the world's history, with unexpected changes on every hand, and the pressure increasing from day to day making this life harder and harder, it is comforting and reassuring to turn our thoughts to the great event mentioned in the text, and believed by many to be near at hand.

Although there are proportionately, perhaps, a greater number of references to this subject than to any other single subject in the New Testament, it is one which is far from being universally believed even among Christians.

That the world will not believe it or receive it need not surprise us. The world which rejected the Patriarchs and Prophets, and showed clearly how far it was willing to go in opposition to God by not only rejecting but crucifying the Lord Jesus, has not in any degree changed in its inmost spirit.
The writer has just received a card containing a notice of church services, on the back of which is the following,—"If it were announced from heaven to-day that Christ would return sometime next Sunday, there would be no empty seats in the churches that day, morning or evening. No announcement will be made, other than has been made. What readest thou?" The pastor may be right in saying that under such circumstances the churches would be full, and yet we must remember that on at least one occasion when an announcement was made from heaven, some "said that it thundered; others said, an angel spake to Him," but the multitude was not greatly or permanently affected by it.

So far as the world goes, those who are not actively engaged in some form of sin or evil may generally be found so absorbed in either business or pleasure, or both, that they have no time or inclination to listen to the voice of God.

The more surprising thing is that this truth does not grip the church as a whole, or ourselves as members of it, as it is intended to. Life is so complex, and presents such many-sided problems to us that we find it impossible to do all that seemingly must be done, and find it hard to choose what to do and what to leave undone; in other words, which are the most important things that we may do them first, and then, not perhaps leave all the others undone, but take them up as we have opportunity, giving them their due order and place.

We shall find, if we look at them in the light of the coming of the Lord, that many of these problems will settle themselves and sink out of sight; things which cause us great trouble and perplexity often seem worthless in the light of His coming.

Being missionaries does not absolve us from this difficulty. Every missionary knows that he is always confronted with much more work than he can do, and perhaps one of his greatest temptations is to attempt too much and so dissipate his forces without adequate results. Perhaps less work, and that of a better quality, might be more acceptable to God and be more
fruitful in some cases. For these things, we need the very wisdom of God, and should have the prayers of His people. To “attempt great things for God” is all right, if we are sure God and His resources are behind the attempt, but the Master is not looking so much for a lot of unfinished works as for fruit, and fruit must attain a certain state of ripeness and perfection before it is fit to be gathered.

How many Christians, and even some missionaries, are making the age in which they live an excuse to lower the standard for themselves, and for their children. They say, —this is an evil age and you cannot expect men and women, boys and girls to be as they were in your young days. How often we hear self-assertion, disobedience, following worldly fashions in dress, pleasures, etc., dismissed with some remark about “the tendency of the age,” instead of advice or rebuke.

Some of us had parents who saw to it that as long as they had any control over us, we did not follow “the tendency of the age” or we would be very different to what we are now; all honour to them for it. Perhaps we did not appreciate it then, but with what a sweet savour it comes back to our memories now. Did not Christ die to redeem us “from this present evil world.” Have not God’s people in every age been “a peculiar people,” “not conformed to this world,” but, “conformed to the image of His Son.”

When Jesus comes for His own, there will be a people ready to meet and welcome Him, men and women, boys and girls in whom His Spirit dwells; it rests with us whether we will be ready or not, and largely with us also whether or not our children shall be in that company.

“Watch ye therefore, and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of Man.”
HERE in India the war has not touched us as it has touched people in England. We have watched the whole tragedy from a distance; some of us, it is true, have lost those dear to us, but none can deny the fact that we have not borne the burden of warfare as those in the home land have. There, the storm and stress of conflict has had some definite results, one of them being the awakened interest in child-life, as touching the future of the nation.

Here, in India, no such awakening has taken place, but it is none the less necessary.

First as regards pre-natal care, there are certainly a number of traditional usages, the woman in various communities often being sent to her mother's house for a short period before her child is born, and remaining there for some time afterwards. This, provided there were no superstitious practices carried on, might be an excellent preventive of various ills, but on examining into the matter one finds that, in almost all cases, the woman in her hour of trial, is so hedged round with revolting and cruel practices, that the wonder is that she ever survives at all!

Moreover doctors testify to the fact that in many cases, in order to carry out this time-honoured custom, the woman is removed from her husband's house in a town or large village, and is taken to some out-of-the-way spot where there is no doctor, and she can only get the assistance of some bigoted old dhai (native nurse) who does everything calculated to endanger the life of both mother and child. One of the leading lady-doctors of India testifies to the disaster thus attending what might otherwise be a good system, and to the impossibility of persuading Indian women to renounce a time-honoured custom in order to obtain proper medical assistance in their confinements.

With regard to the proper care of infant life.—Added to the ignorant customs which surround infant life there are again the pernicious habits indulged in for quieting a child; no one who has heard the wail of a baby who has been given opium regularly, and then deprived of it, can ever forget it, and it will need long patience and reiterated instruction before the mothers of this country forego such practices.

Religious custom too is one of the greatest enemies of child-life. Take for example the terrible custom which, in spite of the effort of reformers and the injunctions of Government still prevails, the custom of marrying little girls to the gods.
In her well known book *Lotus Buds* Miss Wilson Carmichael quotes from a well known missionary on the subject of these temple children. The extract says "When I was visiting in S. a woman came to see me and talked to me with her three little children..." "What does your husband do?" I asked; and she answered "I am married to the god." Then I knew who she was, and that her children were in danger. I have tried since to get them, but in vain. Everyone says that temple women never give up their little girls. These women were dedicated at their birth. This is only one instance. We have many temple women reading with us and many of the little children attend our schools."

"There are not scores but hundreds of these children in the villages of this district. Here certain families, living ordinary lives in their own village, dedicate one of their children as a matter of course to the gods. They always choose the prettiest. It is a recognised custom and no one thinks anything of it. The child so dedicated lives with her parents afterwards as if nothing had happened, only she may not be married in the real way."

Miss Carmichael says, "As a rule the temple woman receives little beyond bare sustenance from the Temple itself. In some temples when the little child is formally dedicated she or her guardian receives two pounds and her funeral expenses are promised. But though there is little stated remuneration the Temple woman is not poor. Poverty may come. If she breaks the law of caste or offends against the etiquette of that caste she is immediately excommunicated and then she may become very poor...But we have not found any lack of money among the sisterhood. No offer of compensation for all expenses connected with a child has ever drawn them to part with her."

The horror inflicted upon these innocent victims and the unspeakable wrong done to them, is almost unthinkable.

Take again the case of the child forced into motherhood, when she is not fully developed, a wrong done not only to her, but also to the children she brings into the world. The little old women one sees, who have become mothers before they have properly learned to play, are a blot on India, as great a blot as the girls condemned to perpetual widowhood who, having been married in infancy, became widows before ever setting eyes on their husbands.

If we consider the training of boys and girls we see at once how much needs to be done. At the recent educational conference in Bombay the need of suitable teachers was greatly
felt. We are living in a time of crisis. Western methods often have disastrous effect when applied in the East, and in centres like Bombay where the East and West meet, child-life is almost in greater danger than elsewhere, for, unless there is the most careful overseeing on the part of teachers, the boy or girl is pushed on too fast, and enfeebled constitutions again imperil the coming race.

In a letter recently written to the Times of India by Col. Lloyd Jones, the Chairman of the Managing Committee of the David Sassoon Reformatory, Matunga, he says:—

"I doubt if we in India realize sufficiently the value of child life. Undoubtedly within recent years society in India has become far more awake to the needs of the masses, but this is chiefly applicable to adult rather than to child life. There is need for more voluntary effort with regard to the reformation and the care of children. Such a movement as that of the boy scouts, though but little if at all pushed in Bombay, is a most excellent one; more play centres should be established, even if they are limited as regards size and space; junior clubs for boys, and organized games should be started; in fact boys should have constant occupation.

"These are some of the desiderata to prevent child crime. Healthy physical exercise and games both in and out of doors, are not a luxury, but an absolute necessity for our adolescent population. Boys must have excitement and if they cannot get it in a legitimate way, they will seek it in mischief and in vice."

He also speaks of the difficulties caused here in India by the Cinema, which ought to be an educative means, and which instead becomes here, just as it does in England, a means of incitement to crime and lawlessness, in young people. We remember once hearing a description, given by one who was present, of the effect of a certain film on a little Hindu boy; the film was one which showed the execution by electrocution of a man in America. The tense attitude of the child, his sigh of relief when the horrible thing was over, all showed the unhealthy strain and excitement experienced by the little undeveloped mind. The film we are glad to say, was withdrawn, in consequence of representation on the subject, but we indeed do not realise what children are imbibing as cinemas are multiplied in this city of Bombay, nor do we fully realise the harvest we shall one day have to reap for the careless indifference which has been shown on the subject.

The child is father to the man, and the hope of India lies in her children. This is a time of unrest all the world over.
The effect of allowing children to enter into that unrest has been felt of late, and Government has been forced to make restrictions forbidding the attendance of young people at political meetings. The real causes of difficulty are deeper; were the minds of young people in India rightly trained and well occupied they would not crave the excitement of every new wave of opinion as they do at present, and they would be more healthy and more normal.

We look forward to the day when the teaching-profession here shall truly be "an apostolate." It was of the children of all nations that our Blessed Lord spoke when He said "Suffer the little children to come unto me;" for the children of India there is a place in His heart of love. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and we believe that it will be in the training of children in India by teachers who strive to lead them to the knowledge of Christ that the fullest solution of the many difficulties connected with child-life in this country will be found.—Bombay Guardian.

HOT SEASON NOTES FROM MURTIZAPUR AND DARYAPUR.

By A. Cutler,

Since our note of Praise for abundant answer to prayer for the annual subhā at the close of cold season, no word has been sent in from us for the "India Alliance."

We are therefore quite sure that our readers will welcome further news of the work, and will be thankful to hear that people are still leaving their idols, and seeking salvation through simple faith in Jesus Christ. People continue to come to us from many villages, and many are under preparation, waiting for the time when we shall be able to come to them, and baptize them, should our Lord tarry.

Neither Mr. Cutler nor myself felt it best to leave our station and we now record with humble thanksgiving, the fact that not only did God enable us to remain on the plains, but He also, to a large extent, permitted us to realize the object of remaining.

There were urgent building repairs to be done; new houses for our Indian helpers to be erected; trips into the district, securing sites in various villages for the new houses; and some visits to make to the more outlying villages in connection with
the spiritual welfare of the new converts; and also to stand by those who in their temporal concerns, were suffering real persecution for Christ’s sake.

When the rainy season set in, it was a comfort indeed to have repaired buildings for the people on our compound, and a peculiar pleasure to have the new house built, in Nardora village, and our invaluable Indian helper Rugunath, who took the chief share in supervising the building, stationed there to pastor the flock of over fifty Christians, and also those of the surrounding villages. Another item of deep interest was the digging of the well and obtaining sweet, good water. Truly our God is good!

It is easy to write the above few lines, but not so easy in the every day working out of the plan. Only those who live in India, in similar circumstances, can fully appreciate the difficulties to encounter and the obstacles to be overcome, the terrible slowness of the labourers, the toiling in the heat, the procuring of materials from long distances, and in all to study strict economy; these are some of the facts that fill in the programme—not for experienced workmen, No—to them of course these difficulties would be trifles, but to us inexperienced men and women missionaries, and Indian helpers they are more than trifles. While writing on this subject, we would emphasize the need and ask for definite earnest prayer for this part of the work. It is essential that Indian helpers be placed in centres in the district to care for the new converts, but to rent houses is impossible in most places; so plots of ground have to be secured, and simple houses built, and this we are doing as fast as time and means allow, though not by any means as fast as the need demands. The fact that many of the new “babes in Christ” are left for long intervals with no spiritual guide or counsellor adds not a little to the burden of the work.

Will our readers likewise pray for some one to be raised up of God, who could undertake the building work, and thus relieve the missionaries of this additional labour and expenditure of valuable time and strength. With calls from the people these days wanting, as they say, to “become Christians” it is a heavy tax for the missionary to have to cope with the evangelistic part of the work, and undertake as well the erecting and repairing of buildings, and yet both must be done. This is a real need throughout our mission.

Now a few remarks on the “trips” which we had the privilege of making during the hot days.

The season was an exceptional one, being interspersed with unusual rain-storms, as well as the usual wind and dust storms.
The rainfall was sufficient at times to make travelling over the country roads extra difficult, as well as more inconvenient. On the tours above mentioned we travelled as lightly as possible. The conveyance was a small one, the body of cart about the size of a wheel-barrow, fixed upon cart wheels, no springs, and an improvised covering of bamboo matting overhead, just admitting of one's sun topee (hat) as we sat flat on the bottom of the cart. The driver was seated immediately in front on the "tongue," or cart-pole.

Placing therefore the modest roll of bedding as a back support, and sitting on a bundle of fodder which we carried for the animals, and which served to make the cart softer, and with a cushion to use for knees or elbows as we were jolted from side to side (a real luxury after the joints got tender from contact with the wood), we started the trip trying to sit in as dignified a position as possible, but to maintain it was another story. One's Western limbs rebel at the cross-legged Eastern position and would find relief in an occasional change, the only one available just then being, to stretch out either to left or right, with the soles of our shoes gently rubbing the bullocks, this pair not resenting it, while we in turn permitted an occasional switch of their tails!

Arriving at the village for which we set out, the welcome and appreciation shown by the Christians afforded ample compensation for all the discouragements en route.

We found that in Dhanawadi, the women have been especially growing in grace since our encampment there in Dec. last, and they were able to give further testimony of healings in answer to prayer. This little group has suffered much, but it has been a means toward their purification. There was a time when we rather trembled for their spiritual welfare, but very definite and united prayer was offered on their behalf and God graciously answered. At the time of anxiety we felt they ought not to be left to stand alone and so sent Francis to them. He went gladly, ready and willing to endure hardships for Christ's sake and the people's, although it meant sleeping in one corner and eating in another, God graciously used him, and now that he has gone for a few months for further Bible-study to our Training School, the people are anxiously awaiting "our master's" return. Meantime we are trying to get a small plot of ground there, and would love to be able to have a little house ready for him as soon as he is through with his studies. Only a few days since, the writer received a precious letter from these women in which they said—"We are remembering some of the things 'our master' taught us, and we pray to Jesus, but we
are so ignorant, please send him back to us quickly, and get the
ground, so we can begin to build his house.” This touched us
deeply for they are extremely poor.

It would take too long to tell of all the villages thus visited. In
some the real cause for our going to them was that we knew
Satan had entered. This was especially the case in our largest
Christian community at Shingnapur, and it was no easy task to
restore peace and bring reconciliation in some cases. We ask for
definite prayer for this place.

Just think of it, dear friends, one hundred new born babes in
Christ, without a resident evangelist to guide, teach and help
them! Is it any wonder that Satan should enter? We have a faith-
ful and tried man to put there, but again, it is the house question.
A modest building for worker and family can be put up for
one hundred dollars!

In Kallar village, we found that there had been a serious
theft, and it was against our dear Doulatrao that the charge was
made. We felt he was quite innocent of it, as looking across
to the police court, we saw him sitting under a tree with sad
countenance. Having got permission from the Sub-Inspector we
went to him and encouraged him by prayer and the Word, re-
questing at the same time that his case be gone into very care-
fully.

He was allowed to go home to his suffering wife and child
whom he found in need of food, for they were hungry. Notwith-
standing this heavy trial, we rejoiced to find Doulatrao true to
God, with simple faith that He would deliver, and He did deliver.
We hope also to hear that compensation has been made. Since
the heavy rains have come we cannot travel in carts to the
villages. Our helpers go as often as possible on their ponies,
but we are glad that the people are coming to us. During the
last three weeks many have come from far away villages, and
from them we learn that there are many waiting, and we have
cause to believe that if our Lord should tarry, there will be an-
other large ingathering of souls in the coming touring season.
Pray therefore with this in mind.

I will now close with recording a very interesting case. In a
certain village some people have been waiting for baptism, and
we have had to postpone coming to them through pressure of
other work. Their one cry has been “we are looking for you
every day and still you come not.” Their frequent visits to us
have always been opportunities for instruction, and after prayer
they would leave with promise of a visit as soon as possible. On
June 26th one of them, the leader, came again. Handing him
our printed leaflet, I said "Take this and learn it and when I come, which I hope will be soon, I will see how much you know." In three weeks he was back again bringing another man along, and seeing them I sighed, for still we had not been able to come to his village. While talking, I asked him where the leaflet was and how much he had learned of it. He quietly produced it, all crumpled and greasy. First, he repeated the Lord's Prayer, then the Ten Commandments, Apostles' Creed, and Acts xvi. 28, 29. saying, "Although I am not yet baptized I have visited seven villages since you gave me the paper, and have told them, so please do not refuse to baptize me this time. Soon I am coming back with many more who want to be baptized." I gave him a New Testament and the reverent, quietly-glad way he handled it was touching. That evening we had a Bible reading and he read passage after passage after passage, both he and his friend drinking in the Truth with great eagerness. The next morning the howd (tank) was filled with water by glad and willing hands and these two precious ones were "buried with Christ in baptism." To Bhugwania was given the name of Philip (the evangelist) and to Bairam that of Barnabas (son of consolation.) These two brothers returned to their village with great gladness.

LOSSE BY ENEMY ACTION AT SEA.

We are deeply grieved to learn from a short notice in the Times of India, and also in the Bombay Guardian, that Rev. and Mrs. Duckworth of our mission and six children, lost their lives owing to enemy action at sea, on their voyage from America to India, via the Cape.

Altogether fifteen passengers are said to have lost their lives including Miss Helen Robinson, who was also a missionary returning to India. Further particulars will, no doubt, be known when the vessel, which brings the survivors from Capetown, reaches Bombay.

We sympathize deeply with the bereaved families and friends, and pray that the "God of all comfort" may sustain them in this trial and loss. The lives of their dear ones were dedicated to Him for His service, and He has taken them to Himself.
I'm sure all you boys and girls in the homeland would enjoy watching my pets in India. Just now Jimmy Squirrel is walking upside-down along the eaves of the bungalow looking for a place to get in under the tiles, that he may scamper about with his playmates who live in the big tree at my door. The doves are cooing and the wild peacocks are calling to each other in the fields near the neighbouring river.

The cutest little baby lizard stays on my screen door almost day and night, and he is very clever in catching insects, for his meals. A pair of pretty little green-coloured birds are building a cozy nest at my window, and I do hope that our sly, old, white cat won't find their nice home.

Do you hear that heavy, rumbling sound? If you look over the hedge you will see a pair of big, brown bullocks coming down the road, drawing a cart in which two brown-skinned boys are sitting with their legs crossed. A few minutes ago, a boy went past, riding a comical little donkey and driving several other donkeys before him. Sometimes you can see a long line of camels going past, with big loads on their backs; there are many other kinds of strange animals.

Perhaps you think that with such strange and interesting sights to look at, India is a fine place in which to play and be happy. That is true and we are thankful for all the joy we get from what we see, but, we also want to make others happy.

I wish you could visit a brave little boy who lives near here. I will tell you about him, and then you will want to pray for him. His parents are dead, and he helps to support his grandmother by carrying heavy bundles or boxes from the station. He is only about ten years old, but he works willingly every day. Of course he is too poor to go to school. His grandmother is in another town, so he sleeps in a shed at the station, on a box, or, if the night is warm, he lies on a wooden bench outside. The sad part is, he is just a heathen, worshipping idols. Pray that he may be brought to Jesus, and become a worker for Christ.

JOHN R. TURNBULL.
THE GLORIOSA SUPERBA.

THE Gloriosa Superba is native to South India. During the autumn rains you find it shooting in the lane bordered thickly by huge cactus and aloe. Here and there you see it in the open field. In the field it will chance, you think; but in the lane, crowded down by cactus and aloe, great strong assertive things with most fierce thorn and spike, what can a poor lily do but give in and disappear? A few weeks afterwards you see a patch of colour on the field, you go and gather handfuls of lovely lilies, and you revel in the tangle of colour, a little bewilderment of delight. But the lane, go to the lane. There you see something far more satisfying, not entangled colour, but all the grace of form, God’s full thought grown to perfection. Eight feet up in the clear air, bright against the luminous blue, unfurling its fire-flowers like banners of triumph, there is the lily victorious. Each little delicate bud and leaf seems as if filled with a separate keen little joy: the joy of just being beautiful and free.

The Gloriosa will exist in the field, as it will exist in the English hothouse, because it must. But it is not happy there. There is no proper development. Give it life, not just existence. Give it something to conquer. Give it the thorn and the spike.

Sometimes it may seem to us that our prayer-life would develop more easily under easier conditions. The open field with no obstacle near—there the lily will surely thrive. Look at the plant again. In itself it is very frail, but each leaf tapers tendrilwise, and asks for something, however sharp, if only it may curl round it and climb. The cactus and aloe are not hindrances. The smooth straight stick stuck into the pot in the hothouse will doubtless serve the same purpose. But something is lost. There is not the charm that springs from the sense of contrast. The easy and the ordinary carries no exhilaration.

God’s flowers grow best in places where only an angel would have thought of planting them. Not pot-bound, tidily, properly trained, is the lily at its fairest. It wants to be where wild rough things crowd it round with ruthless feet. It will not shrink: back at fear of their trample. It will touch them lightly, and laugh the while? and at its touch the cactus and aloe show purpose hidden within them. Ruthless feet are helping hands, lifting the lily up into the light. Perhaps if we could shut our eyes on the world’s way of looking at things, and go to sleep with our head on a stone, we should see all the obstructing, all the impossible, changed as it were to a ladder beside us, set on earth, the top reaching heaven.
We need the flower's brave, faith and dauntless resolution
when we set ourselves to pray. The battle is not mimic war. The evolution, intrigue, impact, are most tremendous realities.
And yet, looking not at some little picked regiment, but widely
over the army of God, does it not appear that a spirit foreign
to the soldier has now infected us? and so dealt with us that
what the first soldier-missionary meant by conflict, whether in
service or prayer, is something we hardly understand, and the
battle-cries of God's elder warriors sound harshly in our ears.
Is there not something lacking in nerve, and sinew, and
muscle, and bone? Do we not see some things through a
mist and a glamour, knowing not, yea refusing to know it—that
it is but a mist and a glamour? If we give that influence its
way we shall find before long that the foe behind the trenches
looks like a friend in an interesting disguise. And the sword
in our hand will shimmer away, like a sword-blade in a fairy
tale, and the soldier-spirit will vanish:

"Brave souls for truth may bleed
Ask us not of noble deed!
Small our share in Christ's redemption—
   From His war we claim exemption.
Not for us the cup was drained;
   Not for us the crown of thorn
On His bleeding brow was borne:
Not for us the spear was stained
   With the blood from out His side
Not for us the Crucified
Let His hands and feet be torn!
   On the list we come but low;
Not for us the cross was taken,
Us no bugle call can waken
To the combat, soldier fashion."

We would not say it. We consider it bad taste. But do
we never live it? Consider; let us view ourselves in the light
of that most awful Sacrifice. Do we believe in Calvary? What
difference does it make that we believe? How does this belief
affect the spending of our one possession-life? Are we playing
it away? Does it strike us as fanatical to do anything more
serious? Are we too refined to be in earnest? Too polite to be
strenuous? Too loose in our hold upon eternal verities to feel
with real intensity? Too cool to burn? God open our eyes,
and touch our hearts, and break us down with the thought of
the Love that redeemed us, and a sight of souls as He sees them,
and of ourselves as we are, and not as people suppose we are, lest we sail in some pleasure boat of our own devising over the gliding waters that glide to the river of death.—Amy Wilson-Carmichael in "Overweights of Joy."

AHMEDABAD.

We continue to be encouraged in the work, and we realize more than ever that the Word of God is the weapon of God to accomplish His work and will; and that we are only channels through which God is spreading His gospel message of love amongst the living multitudes of earth.

Who can tell what He is accomplishing through his word which we are leaving behind us day by day, for it is a living seed which cannot remain fruitless; He from whom it has come said, "So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." The Word of God has been sounded forth in this city from its centre to its circumference and at all points between. It has transformed and enlightened a multitude of people, amongst whom are very many secret believers; also many who have manifested their belief, and have taken up their cross and are following Him. May it not be said now as it was said when Balaam prophesied regarding the possibilities of Israel. Saying, "What hath God wrought." Num. xxiii. 23.

Yes! I trust that ere long God shall stretch forth His mighty arm over India's multitudes of down-trodden and helpless ones and He shall make of them a mighty host of saints, of whom it shall be said, "These are they which have been saved by His grace; and have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb."

This morning a man who is Potidar (farmer) by caste, came into our compound. And during our conversation he said, "Although I am still living with my own caste people, I am a secret believer in Jesus Christ that he is the Son of God, and that He died to take away the sin of the world; also that there is no other name given among men whereby we may be saved, but His. I pray in His name, I am trying daily to follow in His footsteps and hope at last to be saved through His abundant grace, for I have proved Him to be, in times of sorrow and of joy, an ever present friend, and I am sure He will not fail me at the last."

May I ask your prayers that this man may soon become a real, living testimony in the midst of his people.

DAVID McKee,
AN OLD BATTLEFIELD.

Samuel Kerr,

We hear so much of new battlefields being created nowadays that we forget about places where brave men fought and died in ancient times. The immensity of the new battle-lines and the vast numbers of men arrayed against each other stagger our best imaginations. History cannot give us a parallel for the colossal struggle which grips the world at present. It would seem that the past six thousand years' history and their wars are only like the playthings of boyhood compared with the real things of manhood. Each hour in which we live makes history which probably will not be known as such in the sense that we view events of a few hundred years ago. Many people take the same view of mission fields. New fields generally are more popular than fields where men are silently meeting the foe. When the present conflict was kindled, other lands where real war was raging were entirely forgotten.

It was my privilege a few months ago to pass through the Capital of India. There is no city in India of more importance than Delhi. The city has been re-built many times. It is again the Capital and the most coveted of all our cities by the various religious sects of the land. Even Benares, their holy city, does not claim as much attention from them. During my stay there, I visited a few of the city's historic places. I stood upon the famous ridge where Nicholson and his men made their headquarters. He with three thousand men stormed the forts and beat back the hordes of rebels. I passed under the archway of the famous Kashmir gate where this brave man fell mortally wounded. I saw the holes in the walls made by the soldiers. Passing on I went to a Mohammedan mosque, the highest in the city. While standing on the top of one of its towers, I saw before me the plains which had been soaked about a dozen times by the blood of men who fought in cruel jealousy for this much coveted prize. Here at my feet lay a city, the possession of which was the symbol of the ruling power. As I looked from a distance, at the ruins here and there of many an ancient Delhi, I saw also in my mind's eye clouds of darkness in the distant past. I saw a ray of hope as I turned myself around and here on my right a new imposing city was rising in beauty under a Christian government. This is truly an old battlefield where the fury of heathen kings in ancient times raged for centuries. Each one seeking the prize and bringing with him his religion and forcing the victims to accept it or die.
These days have long since ended and all India as well as Delhi is enjoying rest from her political enemies at least. The city will soon take its place among those of its kind in the Orient as an official centre.

India's enemies are still eating out her heart and soul. Not only has this fair garden been the prey of jealous heathen kings; but the great enemy of mankind has laid his paw upon it in a way unknown to any other clime. A war is raging silently underneath the guise of political peace. Only those who are responsible for the transmission of the message of life and true peace, have any sense of its horrors. Every true soldier of the Cross here knows that he is face to face with a foe hidden from the gaze of historians. He is a foe that has waged war on this field a long time. His towers and strongholds stand around everywhere as landmarks of Glorious history. In those days he was "monarch of all he surveyed." The offensive was his. Thank God, the tables are turning and the nature of the conflict is changing. We are fighting on an old battlefield. The enemy knows the country, but our sword has fought and won many battles. Satan has degraded the land. Jesus is reclaiming it. We fight not only flesh and blood; but "against the rulers of the darkness of this world," Eph vi. 12. It is not carnal warfare we are engaged in.

The opposition to the preaching of the Gospel is not direct in India. At least not so in the Gujerati district. Many reasons might be given for this. Perhaps the best one is because of the "powers that be." The opposition seems to be changing its tactics. Those of the church being followed very closely. Just lately there has been a great movement on the part of two notable religious sects in India to get their adherents to pray. Evangelists or heralds go out through the districts and compel the people to come to prayers. I saw one of these men making his pastoral trip. He had a large thong of leather about eighteen inches long and two inches wide. It resembled the old-time "Cat with nine tails." He used it pretty freely. Seeing these things enables us to realize the gravity of our situation. Our work is cut out for us. The fight is becoming thicker and more bitter as the enemy realises that he has already lost ground. The dilapidated condition of heathen shrines shows that the frequenters of them are lacking the zeal and enthusiasm of their early founders. How much it would mean throughout the world if these formidable foes in this land would succumb to Christianity. This land seems to be the base and rallying place for Hinduism and Mohammedanism. It is an old battlefield, because it has been a strong-
AN OLD BATTLEFIELD

hold and a strong tower. If the church of Christ would only rally its faith, I believe God would give us this citadel of darkness. Kill the forces arrayed against Christianity in India and you will have shaken their foundations throughout the world.

India is an old battlefield.

A MISSIONARY’S MORNING.

On my way home from a village one morning I was sitting by the river (which I had just waded) putting on my shoes, when two young girls crossed. I smiled and they came to me and asked the usual questions as to where I had been, what I had been doing and where I was going. As we were going the same way they asked if they could walk with me, and would I sing to them? They said, “We will walk slowly and you can sing to us as we go, for we must get on to the bazaar.” After a talk I sang a hymn and taught them a verse. They were such bright, happy girls; one had been educated and sang a song she learnt at school, and she explained to her companion that “these missionaries come to this country because they love us and they don’t get any salary from Government.” At last we came to the place where we had to part. Some whispering went on, then one held out a pice (one furthing) and asked me to take it. “What for?” I asked. “For yourself,” she replied. I thanked her, but refused, telling her we never took money from them. “But,” she said, “haven’t you walked with us and talked so pleasantly that the way has seemed so short and we have been so happy; and don’t you come to this country just because you love us and want to teach us? We want you to take this pice.” As I still refused she dropped it into my bag. Taking it out I tried to make her take it back, but one held my hands while the other dropped the pice again into my bag and they ran off laughing. To you it may seem a small incident, but to us who are continually besieged to give, give, give, it was quite touching to meet with those who wanted to give instead of receive.

At a little chupper (grass-hut) was a woman I had not met before, but she seemed friendly and after a talk she asked me to sing. I first explained the hymn and then began to sing thinking she was listening very well, when, in the middle of the third verse, she asked, “Will it come off?” gazing at my topi; so with a shock I realised that all her attention had been on my
topi, which certainly is a big one. Raising it up from my head I let her see it could come off and was not part of myself. After satisfying her about that I began once more to explain what I had been singing, but she exclaimed, "It's enough; Krishna is my god and I want no other."

On my way to another chupper which was standing alone I met a man who said, "You need not go there, for there is no one." "But," I said, "I see some one." "No, there is no one," he replied. "I see some children." I said. "Oh! yes, one or two children," he replied. "And isn't that a woman I see?" "Yes, there is a bai and two or three children, but no one else, so you need not go." Of course not, as he, the only man of the house, had come away; the wife and children, did not count! I told him he could go on his way as I did not want him, but I did want to see the woman and the children. He laughed and said, "I only wanted to save you the trouble of walking over the field to find no one there."

At another little chupper one is always sure of a warm welcome. It is such a tiny place, and the two big sons having fever had to sleep in it while the mother and four girls slept outside, and it was bitterly cold at nights. It is a pleasure to teach this family; they are always ready to leave their work and come and sit for their lesson.

So the seed falls, some by the wayside, some on rocky ground, some among thorns, but some also falls into good ground and is beginning to spring up, and the harvest will come in due time if we faint not.

K. D. BURNSIDE, in White Already to Harvest.

(Abridged)

REMINISCENCES.

By J. P. Rogers.

A POST card from beyond the seas, saying,—"I attended service on Sunday, the 66th anniversary of my baptism." How much of history has been crowded into these years? This "some one" was appointed as a missionary to India by the Free Baptist Board just before the breaking out of the American Civil War in 1861. The war ran its course, and the mission field was not reached.

At its close, in response to a call for teachers, work was taken up among the freed slaves. These were eager to learn,
but there was another element whose hatred was so bitter that it was as much as a man's life was worth to do anything for the improvement of the despised race.

She was not of the stuff which yields when in the line of duty, but has lived to see a prosperous college established; from which young men and women have graduated, and gone out to bless the world. Her life has been a benediction to many and she is still bright and cheerful. Her messages go to all the mission fields of the world, and many whom she has never seen get Christmas cards with messages of love and greeting from her. She is awaiting joyfully the coming of the Lord, her life being made bright by faith in Him and obedience to His will, and she is still "bringing forth fruit in old age."

In these days many are professing to receive messages from the unseen world, but let us consider for a few minutes the one given us in the New Testament as a contrast to the life of which we have been speaking. "Son remember," and he has been remembering all through the intervening centuries. Remembering the teaching of Moses and the Prophets whereby he might have been saved; remembering the days and nights of careless revelry; the neglected Passover feasts; the neglected tithe; and the poor sick and neglected beggar, whom, even afar off, he could yet recognize, though changed, no doubt, by that fresh, new life; the loathsome sores having all disappeared as he rested in "Abraham's bosom."

Will not this be perhaps the most bitter of the undying worms? To remember, how again and again the Spirit spoke. How often He warned us with the words "Prepare to meet thy God." There may not have been much out-breaking sin in our lives, but only neglect of the great salvation.

On the other hand, will we not also remember all the grace and patience with which He followed us throughout the years? All our half-hearted service; all the means and ways He used to draw us to himself, and gain, first our attention, and then our hearts' love. How sweet, or how sad must the memory be.

THE CALL FROM INDIA.

From their earliest years the children of India are taken by their mothers to the temple to present their offerings and to bow before the images of wood and stone. They are taught that bathing in the river is an act of worship, and that merit is to be gained by pilgrimages. At home they are instructed concerning
the names and doings of the many gods that are commonly worshiped and concerning their caste and its requirements. It is surprising how much a child of four or five is conscious of caste difference.

In the name of religion, however, these children are deeply sinned against. The girls are married before they are ten years of age. According to the last census child wives under ten years numbered 2,200,000; under five years, 243,502; under one year, 16,507. If a little girl's husband dies, even though she has never seen him, she is a widow for life. Little innocent girlies, who in America would be loved and sheltered from all that would stain, are also married to the gods—in other words, they become servants and slaves of the priests and live lives of sin and profligacy.

Only one per cent. of the women in India can read and write, and for many years it was almost impossible to do anything among the higher classes, as it was thought that only dancing girls should be taught to read and sing. Entrance into some of the zenanas is still most difficult. After much persuasion a lawyer, on a Government holiday, allowed Miss Linker only five minutes to see the women of the house. When she played at their piano and sang, the women had such a good time that they begged their husbands to allow her to come again. Now the zenana is wide open, the women have learned to read, the children attend school, and the Gospel message is gladly received.—Missionary Review.

mesSRS Batten and Stanyon, Additional Judicial commissioners, heard to-day a sensational criminal appeal preferred by one Vithoda and eight other accused who were convicted and sentenced to death by the Sessions Judge of Nagpur on the charge of burying one Goma alive, on the testimony of two approvers, his relations and caste-fellows. One Labhanya died of cholera. Labhanya's dead body was removed to the burial ground by all the nine accused and Goma. It is alleged that Goma who used to claim to be able to cure diseases by means of charms was considered at the burial ground to be the root of a cholera epidemic, and all the accused agreed to put an end to Goma's life with a view to arrest cholera and carried out their object by burying Goma alive in the same grave prepared for Labhanya.—The Times of India.
ARE YOU EASY TO LIVE WITH?

The fact that a man or woman is easy to live with does not indicate without question that he or she is in possession of all the virtues in the calendar, but it is pretty safe wagering that the one who is hard to live with has a few vices, and rather serious ones too. Of course we know there are some people who are very hard to get along with who claim that the reason is that they are uncompromising in their principles. Folks do not get along with them because those same folk are too easy-going and slipshod. But that explanation has very seldom seemed convincing. Not always, perhaps, but certainly as a rule, it is an attempt to whitewash over a contemptible vice into the semblance of a respectable virtue. Unless you are a great exception to the rule, and the chances are that you are not, you are hard to get along with, because you insist on having your own way, and give too little consideration to other people. And that attitude toward life in general is not a virtuous one by any means. Of course everyone should be unyielding when it comes to a matter of principle, but there is a vast difference between standing up for principle and just standing up for having your own way. We are told of a certain woman who made it the sum of all her praying for herself that she might be made easy to live with. Perhaps she didn’t go far enough in her praying, but just the same if that prayer was answered for everyone there would be a great many cranks made over into something useful, and this world would be a vastly pleasanter place to live in.—Selected.

A Lady missionary in India in one of her tours came upon a distant village of natives, who were unusually mild in their treatment of her. She explained the life of Christ to them, telling them he was the poor man’s friend, that he used to eat with common people, and heal their sick, that little children ran after him and climbed upon his knees as he sat in their houses. Suddenly she was interrupted by a native who said: “Miss Sahib, we know him well. He lived here for years.” It turned out that an old man belonging to another mission had once lived in that far-away village. Oh, my dear friends, if only our villagers could recognize Jesus in your life and mine!—Exchange.
NOTES OF PRAISE, AND PRAYER.

MISS TAYLOR, writing from Matar, says "Praise God for the abundance of rain He is sending on dry and thirsty Gujerat. Early in the season, people everywhere prophesied famine this year, and apparently with reason; but God, in His loving kindness, is meeting the need.

I am not going to the villages much, the roads are so full of water, but am spending much time in prayer and intercession. It is a blessed ministry, and I am so glad for the opportunity. Oh, that God would pour out a spirit of conviction upon the people. I see, even now, signs of a revival, for which I do praise God. Some of the hard hearts are melting. God does work when we pray.

Our hearts cry out for the refreshing so much needed in the church. Pray that there may be a breaking up of the fallow ground, and then we know God will water with the dew from heaven or with the showers, just as it pleases Him. Pray that the heathen may be convicted of sin."

CHANDUR.

This town is almost deserted, owing to an outbreak of plague. Our bullock-driver and his family with many others left on the train Thursday morning. Some of the people have fled to distant villages, while others are living in the fields in hastily erected huts built of grass and bamboo. The man we tried to get in place of our bullock-driver sent us word that five of his family were ill, four of them have since died, so he could not come.

Mr. Lapp kindly gave us one of his newly baptized Christians who is now doing the work.

It may be interesting to some to hear a remark made about him by one who spoke to him soon after his arrival here, the remark was "He don't know anything but that his sins are forgiven and that Jesus has saved him, but he does know that." We think this is a good thing to know, and we wish many who seem to know a lot more, knew this. Pray for him.

Pray also for the stricken people of Chandur that God will use this sorrow and loss to their eternal profit, making it the means of bringing home to them their lost condition. One of the first things they did was to take up a collection of about $100. to be spent in propitiating their idols. God may have to let them see the uselessness and folly, as well as the sin of their idolatry, but He wants to see many of them saved. Pray for them.
THE MOSLEM'S LOGIC.

A CONVERTED Mohammedan was called before the authorities for reading Christian books; but before judgment was passed he begged to be allowed to ask a question. "I am travelling," he said; "I look around for some direction and discover two men; one is dead, the other alive, which of the two am I to ask for advice—the dead or the living?" "Oh, the living, of course," all cried out. "Well," he added, "why require me to go to Mahomet who is dead, instead of to Christ, who is alive?" "Go about your business," were the words with which he was dismissed.—Herald and Presbyter.

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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