It is with deep sorrow and a great sense of personal loss, that we have to confirm the news published as a cablegram in last month's paper, concerning the loss of the City of Athens near Cape Town, and the drowning of Rev. A. Duckworth and family.

Rev. A. Duckworth was born in Rochdale, England, June 9th 1871, and converted in Denver, Colorado, U. S. A. from whence he came as a missionary of the C. & M. A. to India in March 1901. He was stationed in Dholka, Gujarat where his genial, kindly disposition soon won him many friends, not only among the missionaries but also among the orphan boys.

On Dec. 9th 1902, he was married to Miss Lydia I. Scovill, daughter of Rev. James Scovill, then of Bridgeport, Conn. U. S. A.

Miss Scovill was at that time living at headquarters in Bombay, acting as Assistant Treasurer of the Mission, a position which she still held when she sailed for her last furlough.

Some time after their marriage they were stationed at Viramgam, where they worked faithfully for the spread of the Gospel among the people.

It was while returning from his second and her third furlough that the accident happened in which their lives were lost.

Our grief at the loss of Mr. and Mrs. Duckworth and family was tempered with joy and thanksgiving at the safe arrival of Rev. and Mrs. O. Dinham and family, with Miss Bushfield, who
arrived in Colombo on Sept. 6th, continued their journey by rail to Bombay, then came on to their field up country, Miss Bushfield is at her old station in Khamgaon, Berar.

At our request Miss Bushfield has given the following details of their double shipwreck.

**MISS BUSHFIELD'S STORY**

We spent twenty-nine delightful days on the *City of Athens*. When within twenty minutes from Cape Town, on August 10th at 3-20 p.m., there was a terrific explosion followed by a second one, and the ship was in flames. Having had drill we knew exactly what to do, so with remarkable expedition and absence of panic, the seven life-boats with their freight of human lives, were lowered to the sea, and in less than fifteen minutes all were clear of the ship, which continued to send up a stream of fire until she stood up perpendicular and plunged into the sea just one hour and ten minutes after the accident occurred.

There was bright sunshine and a calm sea to begin with, but soon the wind began to rise and by six o'clock (sunset) it was very choppy. The boats having passed through the tropics were dried out and so leaked badly.

Our officer placed four men at the oars and three others to bale out the water, changing about to rest them; but the boat was so crowded that it was difficult to get room to bale and also to row. The mast and sails were thrown into the sea to lighten the boats. When darkness settled around and no light could be found, the waves growing higher and occasionally washing over the sides of the boat, our case looked serious.

We never could make Cape Town in such a sea with loaded boat, leaking, and wind against us.

Over and over we sang, "Jesus, Lover of my soul," "God will take care of you," "Jesus Saviour, pilot me" and surely we were dependent on Him Whose protection we pleaded.

Occasionally a worldly young woman would sing in praise of the brave officer. "He's a jolly, good fellow" or "Britannia rules the waves" or "It's a long way to Tipperary," but hardly
any one joined her, and the officer himself broke in with "Draw me nearer" which made us glad. All were serious but the one woman. At last a tin of rockets was found and one by one sent off as a signal of distress.

It all seemed hopeless, but God was working. The blazing ship had been sighted from the signalling station, news wired and a Government tug despatched to search for us. Can you imagine our joy when in answer to our rockets a searchlight war turned on us. We praised the Lord and took courage.

All seven boats were signalling so the tug turned away from our boat and the Dinhams' which were far separated and in other directions from the four she first picked up. Their boat was then rescued. We were so far away we could scarcely hope for deliverance, but at last we were along-side and singing "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow." The first face I saw in the darkness was Alice Dinham's and I knew they were saved. "The Duckworths," I said, "where are they?" for they were still in another boat. On hearing that they had not been found my heart sank, for how could they live in such a sea! My thought and prayer in that open boat, all of the four and a half hours, was for darling wee baby Duckworth who would need warm food, and for Brother Dinham, not very robust. Search was made for the seventh boat and it was found, but not until it had been capsized four times; occupants, lights, oars and all equipments thrown into the sea, each time the water claiming new victims, until sixteen were gone besides Mr. Duckworth, baby Violet and Scovill whose bodies were taken aboard the tug, and afterwards buried in the little churchyard in Cape Town with the greatest respect, by the steamship company. Loving hands laid flowers on the caskets and sixteen missionaries attended the funeral.

How we missed them all! How could we set out again without them! Such darling children and such a devoted family! It was kind of God to take Mr. Duckworth, who showed signs of life after being brought on the tug, but did not respond to resuscitation effort.
They were so happy to return to India and Mrs. Duckworth had spoken of the rest the voyage was to her.

We were of course water-soaked and a sight to behold when we reached Cape Town at 1 a.m. We were taken to a P. & O. boat which was in dock; given refreshments and comfortable cabins where we slept till morning.

Next day at 5-30 we were taken on board the City of Nagpur and being the only passengers on a very fine boat everything was conducive to comfort.

Leaving port on the 12th we called at Lourenco Marques, Delagoda Bay to coal, where we made some of the best friends we have ever known. These gave us no little help and sympathy.

We steamed out of harbour on the 23rd at 7 a.m. and were nearly three hours out at sea, the pilot gone, sailing at full speed, when there was a terrific shock, followed by two more, and we knew it was all over with the beautiful ship as she began to reel.

Breakfast was just over and we fled toward our cabins, but the stairway seemed to throw us backward; however we succeeded in getting our life-belts, and awaited the lowering of the boats, when there was another shock and the pent-up steam began to escape with a deafening roar. The boats were lowered in safety and in less than two hours we were picked up by a freight-boat.

When the Government tug came to take us, the wind had risen and the empty tug rolled from side to side. Our hearts sank as we saw what it would mean to crawl up the side, for some of our number were so weak and limp that it seemed as if they would tumble into the sea. "What time I am afraid I will trust in Thee" had been His Word to us that morning and so He undergirded us for all that day of testing. Mrs. Dinham just barely escaped being thrown into the sea between the two boats as the tug lurched, but they were all calm and brave, realizing the everlasting arms were underneath them.

At 8 p.m. tired and hungry we reached Lourenco Marques again, were met by the agents and our dear friends; taken to a
hotel, had a good dinner and refreshing night's sleep. *The City of Cairo*, which was passing en route to Calcutta via Colombo took us and the two Indian crews on to India, reaching Colombo on Sept. 6th. We finished our journey by train with our hearts filled with praise to God for His goodness and none the worse for the awful experience.

*Note.*—Of course our dear friends have lost all their belongings, which means much to them at the beginning of a new term of service.—*Editor.*

**YOUNG MEN AND BOYS WHO ARE STUDYING THE BIBLE IN HEATHEN VILLAGES.**

*By Jessie C. Fraser.*

ONE of the phases of our work in the villages on which we are led to give special emphasis is systematic Bible study with the young men and boys. We have had secular schools going for over twelve years and the boys who studied in the schools when they were first opened have grown into young manhood and have had to leave school and go to work.

Our main object from the beginning in educating the village boys, was that when they would grow older they would be able to read and understand God's Word. So we are following up the boys in their villages with the Bible study. We have had them subscribe for the Gujarati magazine which is our own mission paper and it contains many spiritual and helpful articles for young people.

At present we have night Bible classes which we frequently visit and it is such a joy to see these young men quietly engaged in the study of the Word of God while all around them is heathenism. I do praise God for some of our native workers who really know how “to rightly divide the word of Truth,” and to get at the hearts of these young people.

On asking the boys questions regarding what they have been studying we are often surprised at their intelligence in the answers they give from God's Word. They also sing the hymns vigorously and join heartily in prayer. We realize how the heart of Jesus must be touched seeing little companies gathered in His name studying His Word in these dark heathen villages who themselves confess that they are in darkness and know nothing of the truth. Usually some outsiders come to listen while the word is being taught.
There are also some signs of fruit as a result of the Bible study. A few incidents I will briefly relate. On one occasion while on our way to a village as we drew near we saw in the distance a large wedding procession about to enter, and as it came nearer, a small company of boys separated themselves from the others and came running to us. They spent the whole morning in the school room singing the hymns and learning more about Jesus, not seeming to care anything about the worldly festival that was going on outside. These same boys are members of one of our Bible classes and are now asking for baptism. A few months ago while visiting a night-school our boys in another village, at once left a wedding party and joined us, taking their turns in reading the scripture lesson and answering questions. They seemed so happy to be with us and to hear more about Jesus.

A few other incidents that prove to us that God is working through His Word. A Brahmin boy who attended our school and is now about sixteen years of age joined the Bible class, but on account of caste prejudice he began gradually to lose interest and did not care to come. We kept on praying for him. About the beginning of the year he was taken very sick and came at once to us for help and prayer which we gladly rendered and God answered so that in a few weeks he was well. Since his recovery he has resumed his Bible studies, and he prays and thanks the Lord Jesus for healing him.

It may be of interest to our readers to know that the Bible class work was started through the prayers and suggestions of my brother in the homeland who is greatly interested in the cause of Christ in this country. He desired that a Bible class might be started in memory of my youngest brother who has gone to be with the Lord and who, had he lived, would have probably come to India. Also about the same time one of our most valuable native evangelists who has had experience in Bible teaching said that he felt it laid on his heart to start a Bible class for these bright boys in the Jetalpur school, to which I at once responded and a Bible class was opened on March 26th 1915 to the great delight of our evangelist. He at once took up the Bible teaching and sold books that were sent him as gifts, using the money to purchase Bibles for the boys of the Bible class. This gift we accepted gratefully as an earnest of what God was going to do in the future. We ask the prayers of the Lord's people that this blessed work may go on and prosper.
A MEMORIAL OF OUR DEPARTED FELLOW MISSIONARIES,
MR. & MRS. DUCKWORTH & CHILDREN.

By F. H. Back.

IN writing a memorial of our departed fellow missionaries Mr. and Mrs. Duckworth, and their precious children, one is at a loss how and where to begin. When the news of their being drowned was received here, it was a great shock to us and to the native workers, who are gathered here for study. Many of the workers wept aloud when they heard it. Those who had lived and worked with them were especially sorrowful. We all feel that their death is a great loss to the Mission.

The way in which their end came is nothing less than a horrible tragedy, and one of the many results of an unrighteous and brutal war upon innocents. It is terrible enough for belligerents to carry on war against each other in open combat on land or on the sea, but to lay mines for the innocent, and by the use of submarines to sink unprotected steamers, and other craft, and thereby in an instant throw hundreds of unprotected and non-militant subjects into jeopardy, and many to certain death, is more horribly cruel than the human mind can depict. It is difficult to get out of one's mind the thought of the awful position or condition into which our loved ones and their precious children and others were thrown in an instant, and the terrible suspense and at last the cruel death they were compelled to face. One great consolation is that in a minute they were ushered into the presence of the Lord to praise him forever and ever, and to sing the great songs of praise they had begun to sing on earth. When Jesus comes, the sea will give up its dead and among them our departed loved ones will be caught up to meet their Lord in the air.

The writer met Mr. Duckworth in Bombay in the month of March 1901 on his arrival in India, and Mrs. Duckworth (then Miss Scovill) a few years before at Khamgaon, Berar.

From the beginning of our acquaintance the writer was much impressed with Mr. Duckworth's life of victory and with the hymns of praise and joy which he was singing much of the time. Soon after his arrival it was decided that our brother should be a missionary in the province of Gujarat, and that he should be stationed with the writer at Dholka. We were
together at Dholka and at Mahableshwar, (where we spent the summer) for about six months. It was a time of sorrow and of ill health in the writer’s life, therefore Mr. Duckworth’s joyous life and cheery songs and sweet fellowship were a great source of comfort. We had become much attached to each other and when the writer went on his first furlough, Mr. Duckworth was present till the steamer pulled out from the docks at Bombay, and soon there was a wide space of ocean between us.

On returning from furlough over a year later, the writer found that Mr. Duckworth and Miss Scovill had been married. The latter had returned from furlough about a month before my arrival. Mr. Duckworth then had been appointed to take care of the orphanage and the writer to the district work of Dholka, therefore our lives were thrown together again for a few months.

Mrs. Duckworth arrived in India in 1898. She passed over four years of her missionary life in the Berar field, where she was an able and efficient worker. She came to Dholka, Gujarat in Jan. 1903, with her husband, where she began the study of the Gujarati language. After some months at Dholka in the orphanage Mr. and Mrs. Duckworth were transferred to Viramgam, which station they held till March 1916, when they went home on furlough with their children. This was their second furlough together.

Mrs. Duckworth was a wise and loving mother; always ready to sacrifice for the welfare and comfort of her children, who were lovely in obedience and behaviour. One has written regarding Mr. Duckworth, that “he was an ideal father in the home with his children, full of energy in the work of his Master, and most conscientiously upright in all his undertakings for the Lord.”

Brother and Sister Duckworth were faithful and lovely in their lives, together with their children, and in death they were not divided.

Many relatives and friends are mourning the loss of our dear friends and their children, therefore let us pray much that the God of all comfort may comfort them and bind up their broken hearts.
ALL FRIENDS of my father will be glad to know that his health is so much improved that we were able to come back here last month. He is still gaining and, though not yet able to do full work, the change in him is so wonderful that we are profoundly thankful.

It was a great joy to get home again after four months' absence. Everything was green and our hedge had grown eight feet high and more. Some of the orphanage boys too had shot up till they looked all legs. As for the babies, they had grown almost past recognition. But two were missing and a dear little girl of ten. Malaria and typhoid. I cannot bear to see their crossed out names in the Sunday School roll call. You see the babies all come with their mothers, so they are enrolled too, and the mothers, shyly or proudly, answer "Present" for them.

The mother of one of the gone-away babies sits now with empty arms,—he was her only child. One can feel her wince at the gap in the roll-call. The mother of the other jealously holds the chubby younger one of her remaining two instead of sending him to sit with his sister among the other children. The mother of the little girl, whose arms are very full with five younger children, eases her heart by telling over and over again the sweetn esses of her little Ruth. Ah, they are very much like mothers everywhere, these little, brown women with their dark eyes and smoothly oiled hair.

My mother used to say every mother thinks her own chicks the sweetest (it was from her I found out so much about mothers); but I once knew of a white woman who said to a negro mother who had just lost a baby, fondly loved and heart-breakingly mourned, that she must not grieve, for she had the comfort of knowing that when she should see her baby again, it would be white! That has always seemed to me one of the most offensively crass things I ever heard. The bereaved mother, by the way, was a college graduate of fine sensibilities, who had sung before kings and whose rare voice had earned thousands of dollars for negro education. She loved her people, and she loved her baby, just as it was, little and fat, and brown and kinky,—it was a delicious baby.

And so to our mothers here, I don't think a pink and white baby, blue-eyed and golden-haired, however much they might admire it, could ever seem so perfect, so exquisitely right, as a
golden-brown olive-tinted baby with big, dewy black eyes and thick, glossy, or black hair nestling softly on its head. For myself, I cannot tell which I like better, each is so lovely. But why discriminate between babies? All well ones are beautiful. It is only the little, puny, undernourished, opium-fed ones, or those full of itch and dreadful sores, which one cannot delight in, however one may yearn over them.

When we left Akola the boys' orphanage was moved out to "Santa Barbara," the mission farm three miles away. It is still there as the boys' dormitories here will soon be needed for the Indian workers' annual meeting and later for the annual mission convention. The boys are all well. The older ones who attend the Government school in town walk in and out every day, stopping here on their way for a moment's talk. The smaller ones, who are taught at the farm by a trained teacher, a bright, little Christian woman, come in on Sundays for the afternoon service, some walking, some in Mr. Moyser's big bullock cart.

The first Saturday after we returned, they came in to see us, all freshly bathed and shining. After the greetings were over they said, "We have new songs to sing!" and immediately arranged themselves in a row, suddenly very serious and important. The Incorrigible started them and one after the other, scarcely stopping for breath, they sang ten or twelve very pretty action songs about birds, beasts, flowers and various crafts. Each boy plainly showed his own character. The Incorrigible makes all gestures with grace and spirit, keeps beautiful time and enjoys it all from first to last. Some only do it by rote, making those feeble, vague, graceless gestures every teacher knows so well, showing lack of imagination in every move; while others are just languid and bored, or miserably self-conscious and awkward.

When the songs were finished the Incorrigible said, "Now Stories!" All sat down. Then one by one they got up to tell their favourite stories until each had told two. There were Aesop's Fables, fairy stories, animal stories, everyday stories, miracle stories and parables from the Bible. One even told Uncle Remus' tar-baby story. That tickled me very much. Love, who told it, outdid himself. He is something of a prig, always right in his own eyes, rather stiff and very proper—an old, little boy—but he had to laugh at that surprising tar-baby. He also told the story of the Good Shepherd from the angle of the strayed sheep, making much of its willfulness. Another told of the unfailing barrel of meal and cruse of oil of that widow of Zarephath who fed Elijah. The Incorrigible told of a resourceful
crow and of a naughty jackal who tricked an elephant. I am afraid he admires smart tricks, but for all that we heard only a good report of him for the four months.

The newest boy, whose father is doing hard labour—for the first time!—in jail, is a dear, funny scrap with a button of a nose and big eyes, who squirms in shy agony if you question him. During the songs he was so interested in his reflection in a mirror opposite that he made faces and enjoyed himself rarely, but at story time he tied himself into knots and gasped. His second story was this: “There was a little boy. One day he found a pice (penny) on a rubbish heap. He went to his mother and said, “O mother, I found a pice! I found a pice!”

Some of the children cannot get together even all the skeleton of a tale, while others put on the flesh and even some gay clothing. The Incorrigible always gets in something of his own that no one else would think of. Indians on the whole are excellent raconteurs.

I wish fond mothers and sweet children were the whole of my tale. It is easier to tell of them, but there were sad things, too, to meet when we got home. Poison weeds had sprung up and grown till they overtopped our high hedge. They are dreadful. It is heartbreaking when hearts that once seemed sweet and wholesome turn to foulness and dishonour. If you who read this know how to pray availing prayer, then pray with all your hearts for two very attractive young women who have given themselves to the unnameable. Pray for two young men who are brutalizing themselves with licentious living. Pray for all our young men that they may “choose the precious from the vile” and set themselves to follow after truth, honesty, justice, purity, loveliness and honour. Pray for the whole Christian community that there may be more charity and neighbourly kindness among us. A strangely selfish, niggardly, critical spirit seems to be abroad. Pray for all the little children that they may grow straight, strong and sweet.

I must close on a cheerful note, an extract from a letter written us while we were away by Kanwadi Swami, the foreman of the mission workshop, who with his wife had charge and still has charge of the orphanage boys at the farm.

“For May 15 to July 15 forty-five snakes have been killed
at or near Santa Barbara, in the fields and houses, on the paths and thresholds and in the water. Thus:

1 green grass snake (poisonous).
1 young python.
7 pythons 6 to 9 ft. long.
31 cowrie snakes (poisonous, but not fatal).
5 genuine cobras (deadly poisonous).

But by none of these was anyone harmed."

It has been a bad year for snakes. Many people in town they say, including Brahmins, have died of snake bite. But that is a sad note again. Ah, the music of India is always minor. Dear, sad, beautiful India!

A SERIOUS LOT INDEED.

SIR JAMSETJEE JEEJEEBHIOY, 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.

The Times of India.

(The Depressed Classes Mission is not a Christian institution.
—Ed, I. A.)
THE MONSOON IN INDIA.

By Lucia Fuller.

I suppose you know that in India almost all our rain comes at one time of year. (Now get out your atlases and look up the provinces on the back cover of the India Alliance.) In this part of India that time is from about the middle of June until about the end of September. The rain for Western India is brought by the south-west monsoon, a big wind that blows to us across the Indian Ocean. If the wind does not blow right, we get no rain and that means famine except in a few places where they have irrigation. Or if the rain is scant, that means short crops, high prices and great suffering for poor people. Some time I hope there will be enough irrigation so that we shall never have any more famines.

Along the first of June when the plains are baking hot, and the earth so dry it cracks open, and the poor dogs go about with their tongues out, panting, then everybody begins to look for the rain. Oh how we long for it! Everyday we look eagerly in the newspaper to see if the monsoon has broken at Colombo. Colombo is a beautiful green city in that beautiful green island of Ceylon which lies like a big almond just past the tip end of India, and the monsoon strikes or breaks there first. I don't know why they always say it breaks, whether it is because the land breaks the wind, or that sometimes the wind blows so hard it breaks things on the land. Anyhow, the minute it breaks in Colombo, they telegraph the happy news all over India, the price of grain comes down a little, and all the people are glad, except some of the naughty grain merchants.

It takes about ten days for the rain to reach us here. The big monsoon wind comes flying up the coast, gathering the water out of the Arabian Sea in his great wings, puffing out his cheeks and blowing the clouds in white and black flocks before him. They fly in across the land, but the strong mountains that keep watch up and down the west coast of India catch most of the clouds on their tall heads and broad breasts. These mountains
are called the Western Ghats, and the clouds simply pour water over them, but enough clouds get over and past the old giants to make the plains green and to grow our grain, cotton and fruit.

In the hot weather when the sun is like a furnace and the air dead and still except when a scorching dusty wind gets out of an oven somewhere, then we are glad to get away for a few weeks to the big cool hills, but we are just as glad we don't have to stay in them through the rains, for some of them just drip for three months. Do you know, some parts of the Western Ghats get 300 inches of rain every year if the monsoon blows. Just imagine 25 feet of water coming down on one spot in a few months! It's wet!

What always surprises me is that after thousands of years of such pourings there are any hills left at all. But there are,—beautiful ones! They turn as green as emeralds in the rains and are full of flowers and happy birds, green woods and long, swift, foamy, white waterfalls all up and down their steep old sides. It rests one's eyes and heart to go through them on the train.

Not long ago I was in a place where they get about 200 inches. It was the wettest place I was ever in. It rained or misted twenty hours out of twenty-four nearly every day. Everything felt damp and everything mildewed and moulded. If you did not wear a certain pair of shoes one day, the next day they would be covered with a soft, furry coat of light green mould. The only way to keep things dry was to wear them, or to keep them in air tight boxes, or to dry them out every day or two by burning a charcoal brazier in a closed room.

And do you know, even that is nothing to some places in the north. The Cherrapunji Hills get 500 inches of rain—and they are still standing! It is the wettest place in the world outside oceans, seas, lakes and rivers.

I have written all this partly to tell you a little about our winds and rains in India, and why we sometimes have famines. But my special reason for writing about this, instead of about a funny little boy I know, is that I want you to be glad with us that we are not going to have a famine this year. At first people about here were very anxious, because the rains held off and then came so far apart that they had to sow their seed three times before it had a chance to grow. Since then the rains have been good, the crops are saved and every one is glad. In Gujarat, we hear they are having better rains than they have had in several years, but in most places they are having much less. Still there will be no famine, so be very glad with us.

When there was famine, you were sorry with us, and many
of you sent money to help feed the starving people, and many of you are still helping to feed the orphan children who came to us then and are still coming. If you could see those children, you would be glad for every penny and nickle and dime and quarter and dollar that you sent and for every time you went without candy or some other treat to help some one else. I know you are glad any way, for whenever we give anything from our hearts we are always happy.

Most of us can make a big enough fuss when anything goes wrong, but some of us forget to be glad and say thank you when things go right. That is a mean, small, stingy way to do. Nowadays the world is joined together so closely, that if we are going to weep with those who weep and rejoice with those who rejoice, we must weep and rejoice with the whole world. We cannot live in a corner any more.

"FOR THE JOY OF IT ALL."

John R. Turnbull.

On your side of the world just now it will be scarcely time for the sun to rise while in India here the birds are chirping "goodnight." The doves are cooing in the tamarind trees and across the fields near the river you can hear the call of wild-peacocks. Occasionally a group of bright green parrots comes darting over the trees, and their squawks are answered by the cries of many feathered creatures never seen in the homeland.

Goats, water-buffaloes and scraggy little donkeys are leisurely wending their way home, and if you pass through the town a couple of hours from now, you will find the smaller animals ensconced for the night on the front verandah while the buffaloes are tied in the street or courtyard.

Women, with burdens of grain or fuel in flat baskets on their heads, are walking along the soft roads or across the fields made green by the recent rains, to the dirty, little mud-huts they call home. This minute a pair of big white bullocks are passing the door, drawing a clumsy, two-wheeled waggon. The driver, stripped to the waist, is sitting with a prod in his hand, ready to remind his animals when their gait decreases in speed. But across the compound comes a sound that attracts.

In the little church, whose foundation was laid by a dear
missionary now in glory (he spent his last bit of strength rescuing the needy in famine time) the native Christians of the compound are having their own little prayer meeting. And they really pray. The simplicity and fervour of the praying by these brown-skinned brethren in Christ is a benediction and an inspiration to my own life.

They appreciate the efforts of the missionaries to understand their spiritual needs and many are the little tokens of love in word and deed that spring up like sweet flowers in the pathway of our daily routine. For instance, a blind boy came to see us. His heathen relatives had thrust him out from their midst because he became a Christian. My brother, Louis, now in America, took an interest in him and bought him food and clothes. Since my brother's departure we have tried to share some love with him, too. The result? Last week when he came to express his gratitude he bashfully asked if he might do a little work for us. He wanted to speak in loving deeds! With his own hands he pulled the long grass, recently sprung up in the yard at the side verandah, thus making a clear patch which we see constantly as we study the language. As he toiled his blind face was dimpled with smiles—the joy of service. Such is one of the reasons for Livingstone saying, "Who wouldn't be a missionary?" On the field there are experiences innumerable that repay our coming.

An occasion that made me very happy was the Sunday morning when I first attempted to speak for the Master in the native tongue. You can imagine the thrill of anticipation and the sacred sense of entering this long desired ministry, however feeble the first effort might be. The service was hallowed by the consciousness of the Lord's nearness and the audience of about two hundred natives was most remarkably patient. You may be curious to hear a brief account of the service.

The opening hymn, "Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing,—" sounded out clearly as old and young joined heartily in singing the sweet Gujarati words. A senior missionary welcomed a long line of new members into the church. This was followed by the dedication of babies, which I haltingly managed to accomplish. Can you picture eighteen brown little tots held in the arms of their parents who stood in a row while the congregation sat on the floor in native style? My prayer for each child was, like my knowledge of the language, very limited. For instance, one little blessing asked was as follows: "David, this morning we give thee to Jesus and pray that he will greatly bless thee. His desire is that thou wilt be a happy Christian and that thou wilt
FOR THE JOY OF IT ALL

do His service always. Mayest thou always hate sin and mayest thou always be faithful to Jesus. Amen.

You should have heard those people sing, "Tenderly guide us, O Shepherd of love." That was just before the sermon and the Lord must have answered the prayer in the hymn as far as I was concerned, because all natural fear fled and great joy came instead as the simple little sentences of the message were spoken. Perhaps you never heard a sermon in Gujarati. Then get ready! If put in the same order as given in the vernacular, part of it would go after this fashion:

* "This morning, by God's help, I for a little while about serving Jesus to make talk wish. Perhaps my many mistakes will become, but my hope is that you to me pardon will make. We new missionaries very happy are, because you for us daily prayer are making.

Jesus my salvation in what manner did, concerning that talking to me likes. When I of nine years little boy was, then one night I from in sleep woke up and at that time to me great trouble felt. What the reason must have been? The reason this was, that to me such knowledge fell, that I many sins had done."

Odd words these may appear to the Western mind, but hurrah for the joy of it all! What matters it, if the sentences seem backwards and inside out, if only one is allowed to give to "the regions beyond" the same old story of His Power to save and keep.

Won't you continue to pray for the new missionaries that we all may soon be ready for more active service. And, by the way, if the Lord doesn't tell you to stay at home, when are you coming out to help us?

* These sentences may seem broken and uncouth when literally translated into English, but are perfectly smooth and comprehensible in the Gujarati tongue.—Ed. I. A.

A TESTIMONY MEETING

Margaret Taylor.

SUNDAY morning dawned bright and clear. How good it seemed to see the sunshine! However, before time to ring bell for meeting the clouds had gathered, and it was a typical monsoon day. But regardless of the mist and rain a goodly number gathered from villages far and near—it was an unusually large number for the rainy season. From the time we
entered the church we were conscious of the presence of Jesus in the midst. We realized the liberty in giving out God's Word, such as we know only when the Spirit of the Lord is present.

After the message a testimony meeting followed. It seemed we had been anointed with fresh oil, and our cups were running over. One after another from his or her seat on the floor, the people arose to tell what the Lord Jesus was doing for them. The testimonies did not date back to "twenty years ago when I was saved" etc—no, they had an up to date experience and in their simple way, with beaming face, they told of God's dealings with them and His goodness to them. As the testimonies went on so "free and easy" one could almost imagine herself back at Rocky Springs Convention again or some other good Alliance meeting in the homeland. One man told about his bullock which had been very sick. If a bullock dies it is a great loss to these people who have so little of "this world's goods," so they cried earnestly to the Lord to heal it, and of course He did not disappoint their faith.

Another man said they were without money and greatly in need. In the night watches he lifted up his heart to God in prayer, and next morning a man came and gave them even more than he had asked. How like our God who "is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think!"

Next, an old woman stood up in the back of the church. It was hard to catch all she said, for her heart was burdened and she was weeping because some members of her family have not yet turned from their idols, to serve the living and true God.

Another woman, who said she had been one of the most sinful that ever lived, praised God for saving her and her house. "There is not one," she said, "outside the sheepfold."

One man was present who has heard the gospel for many years and at one time was a member of the church. Personally, we do not remember of ever having seen him before. He got up and told how he used to be a Christian, but had wandered from the Lord. He said he wanted to come back and live a good life. He is one who needs our prayers. Let us not be too hard on the weak ones. "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." Where would we be today, had not somebody prayed until Christ was formed in us? It costs these dear people more perhaps, than it ever did us, to forsake all and follow Jesus. Some of the stories we hear are most pathetic, and make us feel that we ourselves have known very little of sacrifice for the gospel's sake. May the Good Shepherd give us more of the love which suffers long and is kind. "Love will win them; "love never
faileth." Yea, love will pray until it sees them safe in the fold again.

The meeting continued. There were notes of praise for God's healing touch in the body. Some spoke of the coming of Jesus, the "blessed hope" that is so precious in these dark days. Again, there was the voice of thanksgiving for the peace and quiet we enjoy in India, while so much of the world is suffering because of the war.

Space will not permit us to give the testimonies of all; however, we wish to mention two others whose words gave us much joy. Almost the last to get up were two young men, who the Sunday before came to church for the first time. They are bright looking fellows and one is able to read. How much education he has we do not know, it is enough at present, to know they have hungry hearts and are seeking God. They live in a village where they have had opportunity of hearing the story of the Cross and no doubt possess a portion of the Scriptures.

The one said, "I realize that life is short and I can not afford to live without knowing that my sins are forgiven." O, that more people would awaken to this tremendous fact! Both of them seemed much in earnest about their souls' salvation. As best we, could we pointed them to "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," and are trusting our Heavenly Father to reveal Jesus in all His beauty to them.

Now, why have we told you all this? Just to give you a little idea of God's dealings with His people in India, and that you may be able to pray intelligently for the needy ones. Make them subject for prayer, "and for me that utterance may be given me that I may open my mouth boldly to make known the mystery of the gospel."

The touring season is coming on. Pray!

FALSE SHEPHERDS.

By J. N. Culver.

WHEN we first came to India in 1907 we were astonished to see gods in such great numbers and of every description, size and colour. Some were rough stones smeared with red paint, while others were carved images of men and beasts, and even the deadly cobra had a very prominent place among the gods of India.

Of all the different gods we have seen here in this country, one surprised us as much as one we saw some time ago when we visited a new Hindu temple near our bungalow. There in an
adjoining room seated or rather lying on a native cot with red paint smeared across her fore-head and dressed in native style was a European woman of fair complexion.

Seated on the floor around her cot were educated native men from the city. Just back of the men lined up against the wall were large pictures of India's most noted gods that were supposed to have lived centuries ago.

When we heard that a European woman was staying in this temple we could hardly believe it, because of all places for a woman to live, the worst to our mind is the Hindu temple of India with their wicked priests.

When we went into the room where this woman was lying she refused to talk to us, pretending she could not speak English. She did not seem pleased to have us visit her so after looking at her a few minutes in amazement we departed.

Later upon talking with different natives who had visited her, we learned that she was not only a teacher of Hinduism but claimed to be a goddess and that the gods whose pictures she had there on display were her relatives. One was a brother another a cousin and so on till it seemed that all of India's chief gods were related to her in one way or another.

She taught the people that a sure way of admittance into heaven was to help the Brahmins with their silver and gold and to make feasts for them. Of course this included her with the favoured Brahmins.

She remained here several weeks and during this time Mrs Culver took a neighboring European lady to see her, but they were not allowed admittance unless they removed their shoe from their feet before coming into her holy (?) presence which of course they refused to do.

Hinduism received a great impetus because of her stay here and now crowds pass here daily to worship the horrid idols in the temple where she was.

How terrible it is to see these blind leaders of the blind hastening into eternity with these teeming millions behind them to be destroyed from the presence of the Lord forever.

Since our return to India last October, God has enabled us to give the blessed gospel to over eight thousand people here in Viramgam and to sell nearly eight hundred Scripture portions but our efforts seem so feeble in comparison with the great need before us.

Please, for the glory of God, pray that His Word may take root in the hearts of this people here in this place and that a large number will be ready to meet when he comes.
A TRIBUTE.
Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Culver,

When we came to Viramgam last November we did not look upon it as our station at all, but felt that Brother and Sister Duckworth were the ones to carry on the Lord's work in this great field, because they had spent twelve or more years here praying, planning, preaching and no doubt weeping also for the extension of the Kingdom of God in this place.

When on our furlough in America last year we had the pleasure of calling on Brother Duckworth and family, who had just arrived in Denver, Colorado, on their furlough. We were leaving for India and they, knowing the great difficulties of travelling on the ocean at that time and what it would mean to the children to take them from a good climate to this unhealthy one, were really concerned about us.

As we left he went with us to the car, and as he shook hands with us, we shall never forget the earnestness with which he said, "We will hold you up in prayer." This meant much to us because they knew just what to pray for. Our voyage to India was made in safety and perhaps many a danger was averted because they prayed.

We did not know that they were on their way to India again till the sad news of their drowning at sea near Cape Town, South Africa was received. Indeed we were painfully shocked at receiving such sad news.

We were not the only ones to be shocked by this sad news, for all the native people around here felt it keenly. Lawyers, magistrates, merchants, farmers, tailors, school teachers have all expressed their sorrow to us, when told of the way these dear ones lost their lives.

Brother and Sister Duckworth were highly esteemed by the native people around Viramgam and many a note of appreciation of them have we heard from the lips of the native people. Indeed we all feel that we have lost a beloved brother and sister and fellow-labourer in the sad death of these two dear ones with their six lovely children.

The lone grave of their little Florence here in the corner of the Mission compound marks all that remains here of this large and precious family, but they are all united up yonder where there is no more parting, death, pain or sorrow.

Words fail us in expressing our heart-felt sympathy to their loved ones in the home land, but we know the God of all Comfort will not fail them at this time of sore bereavement.

When He comes, O, what rejoicing there will be before the Throne, Jesus, King, Creator, Saviour, gathering his loved ones Home, Loved ones parted, re-united, weeping ever more shall cease, Hallelujah! He is coming, Coming soon the Prince of Peace.
SOME OF THE HARD THINGS OF ORPHANAGE LIFE.

By F. H. Back.

If I should attempt to write a story of all the hard things we encounter in orphanage work I should likely exhaust the readers of the India Alliance and exhaust myself also, so will endeavour to write only a few things that have occurred and are occurring in my present term here.

The first trying thing encountered on my return to the orphanage was the lack of spiritual stability noticeable in the boys. No doubt this characteristic had been noticed before, but it came to me at that time with apparently double force. Many of the boys had been born into the Kingdom of Christ, had been baptised, and had prayed with a surprising amount of power, but from some cause or other they were growing cold and indifferent to spiritual things. The reason undoubtedly was the lack of prayer and of reading God's holy word, which are the chief sources from which a child of God gets spiritual life and food for the soul. Truly "man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God," When the channels are cut off or choked through which this food is obtained, there is little hope of spiritual life remaining. Some of the boys were revived for a time, and still show signs of spiritual life, and we hope it will not be long till they are glowing again with the fire of God.

Another trying thing is a slinking, deceptive disobedience to orders given. It is very seldom that a boy flatly refuses to do what is required of him, but he will shirk his duty, or leave his task unfinished, or in some other way get out of fully obeying.

A third trying thing is their neglect to care for their clothing etc.

A fourth thing is the lack of gratitude on the part, not only of the boys, but on the part of grownups who have had much done for them. They seem to think that it is one of the duties of the missionary to provide for them, and that nothing is required of them in the way of thankfulness and gratitude. It has been said that if the missionary works for thanks he will be sadly disappointed.

The last thing that I will mention, though not the last that I could mention, is the sorrow that comes to us at times through the loss of children by death. Just last Saturday, August 25th, we laid a little body away. He was a sweet, quiet and patient child, but frail. He had in his babyhood acquired the habit of eating clay. This had so deranged his stomach and bowels that food did him very little good, and he withered
to a little skeleton before he passed away.

From these trials and things hard to endure perhaps some may ask, "Does it pay to keep up such work?" For an answer to this question one has only to look at the bright faces and promising lives of our more than fifty native preachers and their families, and at our Training Class, the members of which are first getting ready for the active service of the Master, and at many others who by testimony of word and life tell of the power of Jesus to save. Considering the value of one soul, even, it pays abundantly to suffer the hard things that come in such a work.

I pray and trust that nothing of what has been written may discourage those who have helped by prayer and in other ways, but that a knowledge of some of the trials may lead to more prayer and more effort to push the work forward. Pray that all the boys now here may soon become faithful followers of the meek and lowly Jesus.

PRAISE AND PRAYER.

CHANDUR.

PRAISE.—A visit from our Chairman caused great thankfulness for his recovery.

We are glad to know that he went to Bombay to meet Mr. and Mrs. Dinham and family and Miss Bushfield, who arrived safely last week after their shipwreck.

—For God's keeping power over ourselves and the native Christians while the town has been swept by the awful plague.

PRAYER.—For the convicting power of the Holy Spirit on the people of this town and district.

VIRAMGAM.

PRAYER.—For Viramgam, that God may speedily re-open the way for us to sell Gospels here on the Railway Station, where thousands pass through daily. We long to place God's Word in the hands of those who may never have opportunity of receiving the good news in any other way.

Also that support of a Christian school teacher in a high caste village may speedily be forthcoming, otherwise this promising school will have to be closed and we will lose our hold on these bright boys that we are endeavoring to win for Christ.
ORPHANAGE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

During the last two or three years, many of the girls at Kaira orphange have been married, and many of the patrons have also ceased to send money; hence we find it necessary to revise the patrons' list.

In doing so we think it advisable to drop the names of those who have not contributed for two or three years.

May we ask those who wish to continue the support of an orphan kindly to correspond with Miss Wells at once. A foreign post-card is sufficient.

Will the friends sending money through the Board as "specials," please mention the name of the Orphanage for which it is intended; or in the case of money for a worker give the worker's name. If this is done the missionary in charge is notified, and there will not be the mistake made of thinking the patron has ceased to send money.

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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