OPEN THE DOOR.

Open the door, let in the sun,
He hath a smile for every one;
He hath made of raindrops gold and gems,
He may change our tears to diadems—
Open the door!

Open the door of the soul; let in
Strong, pure thoughts which will banish sin;
They will grow and bloom with a grace divine,
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine—
Open the door!

Open the door of the heart; let in
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin;
It will make the halls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unaware.—
Open the door!

EDITORIAL NOTES.

In our last month's issue we gave an account of the shipwreck of the “City of Athens” off Capetown, and the loss of our beloved missionary Rev. A. C. Duckworth and his family as given by Miss Helen Bushfield, one of the survivors.

In this issue our readers will find a letter from Rev. Oswald Dinham, another of our missionaries, who with his wife and two children were on the same ill-fated ship.
We cannot give in detail all the various experiences which these dear missionaries passed through, but in leaking, overcrowded boats, with the wind and waves increasing in violence, the shark-infested waters, and the darkness of the night; it will be only through the mercy of God that the memories of those terrible experiences will not prey on their minds and affect their nerves as long as they live.

It is not much that we can do for them, but what we can do should not be neglected, so we would remind our readers that their outfits and other material brought from home to be used on the mission-field were all lost in the first shipwreck, and what little they were able to purchase in Capetown was lost a few hours later, when, for the second time in one voyage they had to take to the boats, when the second vessel went down through striking a shoal.

Anyone wishing to help Mr. and Mrs. Dinham or Miss Helen Bushfield to procure another outfit may either send to them direct at their Indian address or to Mr. David Creer, 690 Eight Ave. New York, who will forward it to them if marked "Special, for personal use," or to the Editor of this paper. All contributions will be gratefully acknowledged.

Through the kindness of Miss Harriet Beardslee who had charge of the Children’s Home at Panchgani when the Duckworth children were there attending school, we are able to give on our Children’s Page, a little memorial of each of the older children, which we trust God may make a blessing to some other little one.

We are sure the interesting accounts of the Worker’s Examination and the sabbha (conference) which followed will be an encouragement to those who have remembered them in prayer, as well as to those entrusted with the work. Both were times of blessing and we may well praise God for them. The seven addresses on the Leper and his cleansing, given by Rev. A. S. Crowe of the Kurku and Central Indian Hill Mission will be
long remembered by some of us as it constituted a very forcible
presentation of the workings of sin, its disastrous consequences
and the efficacy of the Divine Remedy for it.

Owing to a transcriber's error in the article by Miss Helen
Bushfield, in last issue she is made to say that the "City of
Nagpur" was wrecked 20 minutes instead of 20 miles from
Capetown. We regret the error and apologize to Miss Bushfield.

MARATHI CONVENTION.

IMMEDIATELY following the examination came the yearly
Subbha, when a number of Christians besides the workers
met in the Church in Akola for four days in succession, to
hear messages from the Word and to wait on God.

Several missionaries were present and each with keenest
interest and deep longing took part in some way or other. Much
prayer had gone up beforehand that God would meet and bless
and He did not disappoint.

From the opening word by Rev. M. B. Fuller, on through to
the end there was a unity in the Spirit that could not be mis-
taken, a faithful presentation of the whole truth such as is greatly
needed in these awful "last days." Rev. C. Eicher was chair-
man of the Sabbha and gave some thoughts from Isaiah 6th
chapter speaking of the prophet's vision of the holiness of God
as his preparation for service.

Another one spoke of the danger of being spiritually blind
without realizing it, and as one who is blind from birth fails to
discern the real conditions around him, thinking that all must
be like himself, is utterly helpless and a burden upon others, so
the spiritually blind, even though he profess to see, is a hind-
rance, not a help. Of the various messages, the next one was based
on the words "He that cometh to God must believe that He is,
and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him,"
laying stress on the necessity for diligence in the search for God
and the assurance that, of such seekers He would be found.

Some thoughts were given from Jeremiah xlviii. 11 with
the desire to show the need for separation from the world the
flesh and the devil, and how God is, as it were, allowing nations
and also the church, and the individual to be emptied "from,
vessel to vessel" in order to cleanse from the "taste" and
"smell" that is so repulsive to Him and so injuries wherever
found.
A heart searching message was given from Psalm 1. 14, 15, showing that there are conditions to the “call” being heard and the deliverance granted, viz., “offer thanksgiving” and “pay thy vows.” An illustration was given of a lady seeking blessing at the altar being reminded, that her tithe was withheld from God and as soon as she determined to set that right, the blessing sought for came.

Those who heard will not soon forget the forceful words spoken of the two sides of God’s character, “God is Love” and “God is just.” He spares not where chastisement is needed and will never look lightly on sin. This, as all the others, was a most timely discourse, for men would fain presume on the love of God to palliate continuance in their own wickedness.

Very practical thoughts were given on the near approach of our Lord’s Second Coming from 2 Pet. iii. 14 the word “diligent” being very expressive in the Marathi language.

But time would fail to tell of the deeper workings of the Spirit of God so manifestly present from beginning to end and very often in evidence in burdens of prayer with “groanings that cannot be uttered.” As might be expected there was opposition from the enemy of souls, and the battle was very real “not against flesh and blood but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in heavenly places” so that as many as desired to “stand against the wiles of the devil” were caused to realize in a mighty and wonderful way, the absolute necessity of having on the “whole armour of God” in order to “be able to withstand in” this “evil day and having done all, to stand.”

The battle was not without victory and “spoil” as well, for some who were convicted by the Holy Spirit confessed long hidden sin of a very grievous kind, while others hardly knowing what to say showed their penitence by asking prayer that they might understand what the Lord was saying to them. Several of the young men from among the new converts in the Daryapur district having spent a short time in the training school for workers at Bodwad showed a spiritual intelligence which was cause for deep gratitude to God, and this gave inspiration and encouragement for pressing on at all costs.

One boy was soundly converted in one of the evening prayer meetings, when, after it had seemed that no breach could be made in the ranks at that special time, a few in desperate earnest, took hold in strong prevailing prayer and God graciously heard and answered.
A Special Series of Addresses was given by Rev. A. S. Crowe of the Kurku and Central India Hill Mission, a man of whom it may be said that he is "full of the Holy Ghost and power." Taking as his subject that awful disease "Leprosy," he fearlessly, faithfully and lovingly proclaimed, in seven addresses the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the all efficacious God-provided remedy, showing the privilege of the leper (spiritual) in view of the fact of cleansing being made possible, and at such a cost; as also his responsibility to fulfil conditions, in order to avail himself of that cleansing and of the marvelous outcome of it all.

Speaking of the leprous man whom Jesus healed (Matt. viii. 1-4) Mr. Crowe pointed out that the disease as seen, is the outward, visible sign of the inward corruption, and so sin as seen in the life is the sign of spiritual death, and that a living death.

The leper was an outcast, and with lip covered his cry was "Unclean, unclean." Sin is loathsome, so much so that even the earth itself will have to be cleansed by fire, because sinful man has inhabited it and defiled it.

Leprosy is an incurable disease, so sin is incurable by any human effort.

The leper came to Jesus, who actually touched him although that touch would have meant defilement to a Jew—and Jesus was a Jew. It is said that the Rabbis threw stones at lepers not so Jesus—He healed him, in anticipation of the great Sacrifice He was to make by taking our sin upon Himself, and as He was in God's thought "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world."

The cleansed leper was commanded by Him Who cleansed him to "shew" himself. The cleansed sinner likewise is under obligation to shew himself—but first to the priest Who is Jesus Himself. And He "Whose eyes are as a flame of fire" will discern not merely whether the outside is cleansed skin deep, but the inward will, thought and love; and the cleansed sinner needs to hear His decision regarding himself.

Sin like leprosy spreads. It may appear as a "white, bright spot in the skin," or deeper than the skin with one "thin yellow hair," so it is well to let the Priest look at things which may be spots, blemishes and sores.

The leper was "without the camp" so is the sinner and the Priest comes to him where he is. Jesus suffered in the place of the leper. Heb. xiii. 12.

The "things" which Moses commanded to be offered were:—Two birds, one to be killed and the other dipped in its
blood to be “let go.” Type of the death and resurrection of Him Who made atonement for all sin.

Running water, typifying the Word of God. Cedar wood pointing to the incorruptible life as over against the leprous life. Scarlet thread, type of the precious Blood Hyssop—Promises in the Word. The “living bird” ascending, having been dipped in the blood speaks of the Living Christ ascending to the Holy place, entering in once with His own Blood. “And he shall be clean” Lev. xiv. 8-9. Verse 10 “On the eighth day” The day appointed for the rite of Circumcision and also the day of Resurrection was the very day named for offering the Trespass offering as a type of the fulness of cleansing through the Atoning Blood; cleansing of the sinner from all that the outside swellings and breakings out would mean in the leper. The blood applied to ear, thumb and toe and afterward the anointing oil sprinkled on the blood upon the awakened ear for hearing, upon the hand for service, and upon the foot for walking; the oil being in His hand, not just any place. The “remnant” true type of the baptism of the Spirit to be poured on the head of him that was cleansed.

Since sin is not merely outward symptoms but an inward disease, the sin offering was necessary to show that that sin had been judged and put away as was the leprosy in the cleansed leper, then the burnt-offering, signifying the entire surrender to God and acceptance by Him. The old man with his deeds put off and in His stead Christ within, He gave all to get the leper for Himself and in return demands all i.e. the body piece by piece (Rom. xii. 1, 2) and as the “all” is presented to Jesus, He puts it on the altar into flames of love, literally enveloped in the love of God, which is His own manifestation of Himself, as it was to the three Hebrew children in the flames. In order to maintain this life upon the altar food is necessary. His words are food not merely reading of the Bible, but His own words to us through His Spirit.

In the stillness the dew fell and on the dew came the Manna; this the cleansed leper’s food, the cleansed sinner’s life-sustenance, and as he feeds on Christ, he in turn becomes as it were food, and his is a life permeated with the Spirit.

As the fine flour in the meal-offering was ground, bruised, broken and mingled with oil, so may the cleansed sinner be a meal-offering with the fragrance of Christ upon him. Flour is grain from which its own life is gone. The “life also of Jesus” is to be manifested in our mortal flesh.
Only the Spirit outpoured on the Blood gives this life of Jesus and enables the cleansed sinner to become food for others. Such an one is in the fullest sense "clean."

This report would be incomplete without a word about one poor "leper" who came for cleansing on the last evening of the Subbha. A backslider for years, he had been attending some of the meetings. He looked loathsome, and as he stood with arms across his chest and head bowed one felt at once grief over his sin and joy over his returning.

He wept and prayed and found peace, and then told how he sometimes, because he was a Christian in name, preached to the men employed where he was, but he said "I myself am a leper."

We are trusting that this man may be like the sheep who leads in taking the leap over the stream, and is quickly followed by all the flock.

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A TRAGEDY AND MORE TRAGEDIES.

By Martha Ramsey.

As we returned from the Marathi Convention the other day we said to each other "I wonder what awaits us at home" and well might we wonder and so would the reader if we tried to enumerate the various details as they met us hour after hour.

The plague had gone on making its ravages and coming very near to the bungalow, but God in His mercy had not suffered it to come nigh our dwelling nor that of any of our Christian people.

We heard of a Brahmin woman in a near village who had been murdered for the sake of the Jewellery she wore and of a man who had been "cut to pieces" on the road a few miles out.

They said "patel of Amle" so we enquired further. He was in his cart in broad daylight with the bullock-driver in front, when two men approached with swords and told the driver to escape for his life if he did not want to share the fate his master was about to meet. The frightened servant did as he was bid and the men proceeded to hack the patel on head, face, neck and hands until there were ninety nine sword wounds inflicted, one or two also on his legs. News reached the police some way and
the body, still alive, was taken to the dispensary, a sight so ghastly that the doctor and other strong men weakened before it. When asked for his deposition he begged for a little restorative and relief of his wounds, and on receiving this he was able to tell his story so as to identify his murderers, who had fled; and then passed away. The men have since been caught, but evidence is so hard to substantiate in a land where bribes abound that it remains to be seen what the law will do with them. One more murder; some more murderers; a law-suit in which money will flow and justice may be baffled! Spite and enmity between the murdered and the murderers the cause. When, oh when will the "groaning creation" cease its travail and the sons of God be manifested! Rom. 8. 19, 22.

But why write of this in the India Alliance? Don't get tired of the plea. We need your prayers! "Amle Patel"! Why, yes, he it was who called a few weeks ago with Krishna, the head clerk of Narayan the shop-keeper up in town. He was building a new house and had come to ask to see inside our bungalow, thinking he might get some ideas which would make his house the envy of all who would view it. Yes, he came to see the bungalow, but according to our custom and with the "woe" upon us, we invited them to sit down first, on the verandah, and we remember still the peculiar eagerness with which we explained to them (to him) the awfulness of sin and the greatness of the Sacrifice provided that there might be deliverance from sin in the individual. He listened and he understood and then pressed his request to "see the bungalow." It was the rest hour, but I had not been allowed to rest long, although I knew not why and so was all ready to meet them even as they entered the gate. I think I gave him some reading matter and the two men left. The night we heard of his death he would come before me again and again but he was gone, still he had heard quietly and intelligently. Having business in the cloth shop, I made it an opportunity to see Krishna next a.m. and also Narayan his master, a man who is trying to get rid of the sins of his former birth, and to whom we have often sounded the warning call to repentance and faith in Christ as his Saviour, but so far seemingly in vain. Since plague has been so rife the shops are not in a hurry to open in the mornings and they close long before dark, so that the men can reach their huts in the fields with daylight. It seemed as if Krishna would never come, but he did at last and once again the foolishness of the idolatry he had practised that very morning was shown him. P—who was with me spoke plain words to him, but he only answered. "It is impossible to
A TRAGEDY AND MORE TRAGEDIES

get on without worshipping idols.” By this time Narayan had come and I let him tell the story of the murder and then, taking that case of sudden death as an example, told him that some day the story of his death might be related. He told me that I might be no exception myself, to which I answered that by the grace of God I was ready because of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

His next retort was that if God knew that the patel was to be killed why did He not apprise them of it so they could have been ready for his assailants, and have saved his life.

That same evening I made it the entering wedge to give the Gospel to a company of Brahmin clerks, educated men from the Court-house. One of them laughingly said he was no sinner, while another under a measure of conviction confessed himself a sinner, but preferred the way shown in his own shastras, to the way of salvation through a Substitute. He almost acknowledged what I well knew, that the need of a Substitute, an Atoning Saviour proves not only that there is sin, but that the sinner is guilty before a holy and loving God.

These are educated intelligent men on other lines and one shrinks from the opposition met with in them, but feeling our indebtedness to preach the Gospel to them also, and realizing the privilege of so doing as well as the responsibility that withholding it from such, entails, we go forward day by day seeking to be led of God continually.

“Prayer changes things” and so we pray on and believe on, and work on.

You will surely not forsake us even now when the time seems long. We rejoice in all of God’s working where the break has come and dare not slacken our efforts in this great and needy taluka of Chandur. Brethren, pray for us and share with us the burden of souls, for “God is faithful.”

TEMPLE-WOMEN.

It is late at night, but every man, woman, and child is in the streets of the little town which climbs from the tiny temple of the Mother Goddess by the ford over the wide river, past the shrine of the God of Luck, where the carvings outrage all decency, up to the towered gateway of the temple of Pasupatheswara, “the Lord of Men.”

The blare of long horns, the drone and wail of strange reed instruments, and the rhythmic beating of drums great and small,
in the courts of the temple, cause the crowded street to hush and watch. Three days ago panting multitudes dragged the forty-foot car of the "Lord of Men" round the town. To-night his idol is to be carried in solemn pilgrimage to the banks of the river, there to be bathed, and so close this annual festival in his honour. The music sounds louder as the musicians come forth from the gateway of the temple, heading the procession. Flags and standards are seen dimly in the smoke of many flaring torches and cressets. White-robed, bare-headed priests and the neophytes from the temple monastery chant in ordered cadences ancient hymns of their faith, linking to-night with other nights three thousand years ago.

Royal umbrellas, twelve feet across, scarlet and gold, and fans that only kings and gods may use are borne beside the idol's car by men whose families have had the privilege of this service for centuries. To-night the "Lord of Men," rides in a graceful, boat-like palanquin. His pavilion and all the palanquin is hung with long strings of fragrant jasmine and oleander blossom. His golden image is wreathed in necklaces of precious stones and garlanded with gems. And so, amid lights and chanting and the murmured blessings and prayers of his worshippers, he passes on his way.

The Devadasis.

That procession is typical of all that is ancient, and sacred, and beautiful, and attractive in Hinduism. And yet...

Nearer to the image of the god than the neophytes of the Sanskrit school, nearer than the priests or the torch-bearers in fullest light of the torches, there walks a group much noticed and much admired by the crowd. Only half a dozen women, handsome and keen of face, dressed in richest silks, gay with jewels and fair flowers, courting the looks of men with unveiled faces. They are the dancing-girls of the temple, the devadasis, the "women-servants of the god."

Journeying in South India one may sometimes see in the little village temple by the road-side a pious housewife busy with her grass brush making the humble shrine as tidy for the god or goddess as she makes her own house for her husband. And that may have been how it was in the beginning with the temple-woman. She was a devout woman who rendered necessary service in keeping the temple and its precincts free from dust and dirt and impurity, and so she was called the devadasi, "the woman-servant of the god."
When the idea that the gods had appeared on this earth as saints, or sages, or warriors, or teachers laid hold on the mind of the peoples of the land, there came also that other idea that each god thus incarnate was specially pleased to dwell in some particular shrine. Thus S'iva is worshipped as "The Kingly Dancer." in a sanctuary where there is no image of Chidambaram, because he appeared there in that guise; and is revered in the great fort-temple at Trichinopoly as "God who is loving as a mother," because he is said to have appeared there as a gracious sage showing men the path of salvation.

And so kings began to build and endow great temples for their chosen gods at such specially holy places, and in the inscriptions carved in the walls they tell how they have assigned the revenues of villages to provide in these temples for the support of priests and ministrants of many ranks, and among them for the women who are to-day called "servants of the god." Thus in many places throughout all India women, sometimes many of them, are definitely attached to, and wholly or partly supported by temple funds.

And as the later forms of Hinduism developed, the ceremonial worship of the temple grew more and more elaborate, till the idol came to be treated with the same honours and amused in the same way as any Hindu king. It was awakened with singing, bathed and adorned and feasted, taken out on elephants or in great cars, sometimes even married with great splendour to another idol.

And in all this idolatry the temple-women came to have a privileged part. The right of singing and dancing before the god to amuse him is theirs. If it is thought that he wishes to be soothed in his swing, it is their duty to swing him. When he goes out they must be near him in the procession. In certain temples they take it in turn to provide the painted earthenware lamps (called in Tamil kuda vilakku) that burn before him as he sleeps through the night.

It is because this dancing and singing are so important in her service of the god that the devadasi is generally called a "dancing girl."

**The Ideal and the Real.**

The Hindu scriptures, so far as they refer at all to the duties of temple-women, ordain that those duties shall be rendered by women who are pure in life, righteous in conduct, and faithful to a vow of celibacy. Such women would indeed be worthy of all respect. But the modern temple-woman can claim no such
TEMPLE-WOMEN

respect. No one can deny her wit and cleverness. She is often an accomplished dancer and actress. She is always educated, sometimes well educated, speaking three or four languages. She is terribly learned in the Indian literature of lust. And the position that she holds in the temple, the service that she renders to the god, are skilfully used by her to advertise herself for evil purposes. The dasi-teru, or "street of the dancing-girls," often under the very shadow of the temple in which they minister, is a street of ill-doing. The temple-woman is the plague-spot in the social life of India.—Selected.

SCARING THE EVIL SPIRIT.

The Resident Magistrate at Bandra disposed of on Wednesday last, the case in which Anandrao Bhaguji More was charged with having caused the death of one Parvatibai, who was suffering from plague. She had very high fever and delirium for three days and when she was at the last stage, her female relations called in the accused to scare away the evil spirit who they thought had been troubling her. It was alleged that he recited certain mantras at the bedside of the deceased woman and performed certain ceremonies with rice, wheat, burning camphor, etc., and struck her on the back with shoes and a cane. The prosecution examined five witnesses Raibai, Thaki, Saku and Salu and a postman Dagdu Narayan—who gave evidence as to the ceremonies performed—and the striking of the deceased with shoes and a cane. Pavatibai died a few hours after these ceremonies were alleged to be performed, but she was not buried till the next day as her father who was wired for, did not arrive in Bandra till the next day. The father on some vague suspicion complained to the Police. A post mortem examination was held and the verdict of the jury was that death had been due to natural causes. The Assistant Surgeon, of Bandra, who held the post mortem examination, deposed to certain injuries and patches on the back and the chest of the deceased which, he said, could be possibly due to the prisoners having struck her with shoes and cane and that in his opinion these injuries might have accelerated her death. Mr. M.K. Lalkaka, barrister-at-law instructed by Mr. P. C. Murlekar appeared, on behalf of the defence, and urged that the woman had undoubtedly died of plague and that the prosecution could not be sustained on the evidence.

The learned Magistrate held that no prima facie case had been made out by the prosecution and accordingly discharged the prisoner.—The Times of India.
The Children Lost at Sea by the Sinking of the "City of Athens" off Capetown, 10th August 1917.

HARRIET BEARDSLEE.

When we heard the sad news that Mr. and Mrs. Duckworth and their six dear children had been drowned at sea our hearts were indeed stirred and we felt that not only their loved ones but we missionaries and India's people had sustained a great loss. How we shall miss them! But our loss is their gain for they surely are a happy unbroken family enjoying the presence of our Jesus for Whose return we are longing and praying. I will leave it to others to write of the ministry which God gave Mr. and Mrs. Duckworth in this dark land. It is my purpose to tell you just a little about their dear precious children.

For two years it was my privilege to care for the four older children in the children's home in Panchgani. Ethel, the oldest, was thirteen last July. She was quiet, affectionate, a staunch little Christian and a veritable little mother in caring for her three younger sisters. When occasion demanded she could reprove them but she never appreciated it if any one else tried it. When little Martha fell and hurt her eye Ethel was so distressed that she and Muriel Turnbull went up stairs and crept under the bed to pray for her, while Martha, nothing daunted, cuddled up on my lap and enjoyed the caresses, sweets etc. which the other children lavished upon her. Ethel always said she was going to be a missionary and preach to the Hindoos. She would so often come and ask me to "preach" to some old man who had brought a bundle of wood or an old woman who had come to sell vegetables. Alice Dinham tells us that she and Ethel had such good times "preaching" to the passengers on the boat.

Rosalind, the next in age, considered herself my rosebud. She was a beautiful child. She had light golden curls, expressive blue eyes, pink cheeks and such a loving disposition. She used
to tell me sometimes that God made her only to be loved. She would pray so earnestly, "please, dear Jesus, do scratch all the naughty things out of my heart." One night I heard her sobbing after she had gone to bed. As I knelt down beside her and asked why she cried, she said, "Auntie, I spoke rudely to Fred and I can't go to sleep until I ask him to forgive me." I wrapped a blanket around her and carried her out to the study-room where Fred was preparing his lessons for the next day, that she might make her peace with him. I had scarcely put her back in bed when she was fast asleep. The dear little girlie believed in keeping her accounts up to date.

Little Edith comes next. She was rather reserved and didn't share her confidence with everyone. She was not a strong child, but was a very patient little sufferer. One night I heard an unusual sound coming from the little girls' room and found on investigation that Edith was suffering with a dreadful pain in her ear. She had stuffed the bed clothes into her mouth for fear her crying might waken "Auntie." She was very clever at school and always stood at the head of her classes. She was very appreciative of everything that was done for her. One birthday she was the happy recipient of a "Campbell kid" doll. How she did love that doll! It shared all her joys and sorrows until one sad day it was broken. Edith came crying to me and said, "Auntie, do you think Jesus will send me another dollie if I am a good girl?"

Last but by no means least comes little Martha. One never quite knew whether Martha would stand on her head or her feet, she was such an active little body. She, too, was clever and felt so important when she stood higher in her class than those who were older than she. I have told you before, how after much deliberation she gave her anna—her precious anna which she had earned by coming first in her class—toward the support of a little brown baby.

The little children had been forbidden to play around the tank, but one day Martha yielded to temptation, went too near and tumbled in. The older children pulled her out and brought her into the house. When she had somewhat recovered from her fright she said, "Auntie, God must have been angry with me, but He wasn't angry enough to let me drown."

All the children in the home loved to pray. Elmore and Bertie Eicher had been praying for a baby sister and when the news of little Ruby's arrival reached us the Duckworth children with one accord all began to pray for a baby brother. God answered their prayers and sent them dear little James Scovill,
Later, while in America, He gave them a little baby sister to love and help care for.

I well remember that the last time I saw these dear little girlies, whom I had learned to love so much, was at Kalyan station when I left them in Mrs. Turnbull's care. We had had prayer and said our last good-byes before the train pulled into the station. The children, knowing that they were to go to America within a few months, were wondering if Jesus would come before we should meet again. We did not realize then that they would go to meet Him without ever seeing India again. I am sure the angels in heaven rejoiced to open the gates of pearl to admit these dear children. Although we cannot understand why God allowed this sad accident to happen yet we know that "He doeth all things well."

BLIND LEADERS.

The sound of drums and horns in Viramgam is no unusual thing, because nearly every wedding (and there are many) is preceded by a wedding procession led by one or more drums and horns, seemingly to make as much noise as possible.

We have become so accustomed to this music (?) that we seldom pay any attention to it, but a few days ago the sound of drums and horns became so loud near our bungalow that we went out to see what was going on.

When we stepped out on the verandah we instantly saw that something unusual was taking place, because several hundred men, women and children dressed in clothes of various bright colours had collected in the field beside our bungalow.

We were curious to know what was going on, so we went over to where most of the crowd had assembled. Here we saw a newly dug hole about two feet deep and eighteen inches in diameter, which caused me to think that something was to be buried, but what this something was we could not tell.

While wondering what was to be buried in this hole, a man with long hair and paint—besmeared forehead emerged from the crowd. He seemed to be their leader or priest because the people stepped aside to let him pass as he went toward the hole. A light—weight, red, woollen shawl was tied round his waist with something tied up in one of the ends that hung down in front.

After getting down on his knees for convenience sake he proceeded to untie this queer bundle in the end of the shawl.
Imagine our surprise when we saw that this little bundle of five or six pounds weight contained the charred and white bones of a man that had been cremated.

We were informed that the dead man had made provision in his will for a great feast to be given to all his caste people after his death. In due season the feast was given and hundreds attended.

The crowd enjoyed the feast very much indeed, because they believed he was receiving great reward in the other world for this great kindness to his own caste people down here. One old man told us that the feast cost 300 rupees ($100) which is no small sum for a poor man to spend in giving a feast to his friends, but this amount was not used in this manner till after his death and he could not use it any more for himself.

They believed that he not only had earned a great reward for himself in the other world, but that he had become great down here among the living. Now they were going to give him a great burial and proceeded in the following manner.

Red powder was sprinkled over the bones, then they were put into the hole. A small coin worth four cents was dropped down among them which no doubt was an expression of their great gratitude to him for the good feast.

Friends of the dead man then came forward and picked up a piece of a bone, turned it over and over in their hands for a few seconds and then dropped it back in the hole for some one else to take up and examine. It seemed that they were saying their last farewell to the departed friend, yet all seemed to be happy except a couple of women who were weeping as if they were grief-stricken.

After the bones were all put back in this little grave, a tombstone was set upright on them. Friends brought handfuls of earth and quickly filled the grave. A priest then broke a cocoanut on the newly erected tombstone and sprinkled its contents over the grave, but he kept the cocoanut for himself to eat. A daub of red paint was put on the stone, and after a wick placed on the edge of a little earthen saucer of oil was lit, the crowd went home.

This last ceremony for the dead was now over, but no words of comfort or cheer had been spoken to the mourners. How sad it all was to me! “Blind leaders of the blind” and all because they did not know our blessed Saviour who died that all might have eternal life.

When a true child of God is called to be with the Lord, we know that some day we shall meet where there is no more pain,
death or weeping, but when a heathen life is cut off, it means another soul is forever lost.

"Jesus looked upon the multitude and was moved with compassion."

Surely his heart must be sad to-day to see so many precious souls here in India being lost and it is all because his followers are not obeying his last command to "Go" and tell the world that, "Christ came to seek and to save that which is lost."

If you cannot "Go" as he commanded, then you can pray and give of your means and thus be "free from the blood of all men" according to Ezekiel xxxiii. 7-9. Otherwise, "His blood will be required at thine hand."

J. N. Culver.

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**AS IT IS IN INDIA.**

By Hilda Swan.

TWO little girls, Nobijan and Negjan, were sent to a mission school during hard times when food was scarce. They were quite happy in the school, but as soon as times improved and they went home for the holidays, their mother made all arrangements and at once married them off.

After a few years of starvation and misery, Negjan was left a widow, and Nobijan was almost as badly off, having been deserted by her husband. The girls now remembered the happy days spent at the school and, without letting their mother know, they slipped out one night and found their way back to the mission.

It was some time before their mother found out where they had gone, but when she learned that they were once more in school her indignation knew no bounds, and she declared that if she had known what was in their minds she would have cut their throats. At first the girls refused to see their mother, but after a time the mother became reconciled to their remaining in school and on each visiting day she was a regular caller.

One day word was sent that the mother was very ill and wished her daughters to come home. Investigation proved that this was true and Nobijan and Negjan went home and tenderly cared for their mother. Then they were allowed to return to school.

At length cholera, the scourge of India, which had for weeks
been raging on all sides, suddenly broke out in the school and one little girl died. It seemed best to send all the others away immediately to prevent the spread of the dread disease, and Nobijan and Negjan found themselves once more at home. They had been there but four days when word came that Nobijan had died, and as she was a Christian the Mohammedan villagers refused to bury her. The mission, therefore, sent men to dig a grave and a preacher to give her a Christian burial.

A sorry sight met them when they came to perform their sad duty. Poor little Nobijan, who with her sister had so tenderly nursed the mother back to health, had been rudely dragged out of the house and left to die alone in filth and wretchedness, with hardly a rag for her body. Within lay Negjan, dying of the same dreadful disease, and before long a second pathetic funeral followed the first.

Is there, then, no mother love and no neighbourly kindness in India? Yes, but fear and superstition and ignorance are poisonous weeds that choke and kill the fragrant flowers of love. These little innocent sisters, Nobijan and Negjan, lie in quiet graves, awaiting the bright resurrection morning, because they learned to know the Good Shepherd, who cares for little children. But what of the millions who have never heard of him?

—Woman's Missionary Friend.

SUNDAY ON MISSIONS.

Billy Sunday thinks the devil is just as great a menace in Africa and Asia as in America. He says that people are not born heathen. They become heathen. They become heathen under conditions that could be remedied if the people of Christian lands would do their duty by their less fortunate neighbours. The world is so small now, and we have become so dependent upon the people of these other lands for labour and special materials that enter into our manufactures, that we cannot repudiate our moral responsibility for their welfare.

Somehow the impression prevailed that he did not believe in missions, particularly foreign mission. But to use his own language, "A man would be a fool to suppose that God intended to save Americans only. Jesus Christ came to drive the devil off the globe. If I have been so busy backing up the Lord in this part of the battle line that I have not said much about what is going on in China and Timbuctoo, it hasn't been because I wasn't interested, nor because I did not know that the devil is
not dead till he is dead all around the world. Much of the devil- 
ment we see here in New York comes from other lands, and 
every year we ship enough rum to Africa to send the whole 
continent to hell. Think of it—rum from Boston! Then did 
you know that most of the tin gods used by the heathen in 
India are made in the United States? Germany used to have a 
nmonopoly on that business, but Philadelphia and other cities 
own have the trade. If we can send them brass idols we surely 
ought to be able to send some live men. I believe in the whole 
issionary business from top to bottom. If I didn't, what those 
urks have done to the Armenians and Syrians would fix me. 
Was there ever such a record in all history? Listen!

"More than a million men, women and children have been 
dlain. Two million helpless refugees appeal to us for bread to 
ave them from starvation. Simply to die would have meant 
aven to these people, but before they were permitted to pass 
away there were practiced upon them cruelties that surpass 
human belief. Families torn apart; people driven like cattle; 
ld men slain in cold blood; preachers, professors, some of them 
educated in America, foully murdered, after having their tongues 
ut out, their nails extracted by the roots and other indignities 
aped upon them, that are too obscene to mention; women 
violated, forced into harems, or left by the roadside to die. A 
avourite method of torture was to close all the doors and 
indows in a large house, make a hole in the roof, then throw 
the victims alive through this hole till the house was filled. 
ver this mass of struggling humanity buckets of oil were pour-
ed and the torch applied!

"Orphans by the tens of thousands have been gathered, in 
some parts by kind friends who will care for them, in others by 
urks who will bring them up 'as Turks.'"—The Way of Faith.

STORY OF THE DOUBLE SHIP-WRECK.

E V. O. DINHAM writes:—Dear Brother Ramsey, 
The five hours spent in the life-boat, between the time of 
the ship-wreck and that of being picked up by the tug, 
were filled with trying experiences. The horrors of sea-sickness 
without space to even turn around in, added to other humiliat-
ing things, made the hours seem like weeks. Then darkness began 
to close in upon us, and the water becoming gradually more 
and more rough, left us almost without a hope of being 
picked up.
Looking into the faces of my dear wife and family, and then up to my Redeemer, I committed them to His care, and turning to Alice, I told her to take a good grip of the Lord and let Him get a good grip on her.

Mrs. Dinham's seat was the round handle of a boat-hook her feet not touching anything. My own feet were in a similar position, a heavy seaman who was rowing, resting part of his weight on my knees. Mark had given his place to another and it looked as if he might be trampled down. Others in the boat were having difficulties no less than ours.

Our boat was the fifth to be picked up. Miss Bushfield was in the sixth, while Mr. and Mrs. Duckworth and family were in the last boat, and theirs was not found until 10-30 p.m., after having capsized five times, each time throwing the occupants into the sea; some of whom were able to scramble back when the boat righted itself. As far as could be found out Mrs. Duckworth and two or three of the children were not seen after the first time. Ethel Duckworth (twelve years) was helped in more than once, and at last looking round, she asked if all her family but herself were gone, when another wave swept her off and she was seen no more.

Mr. Duckworth must have wedged himself in the boat somehow, clinging to his babies to the last, otherwise his and their bodies would surely have been swept off with the others.

When the boat came alongside the tug, the sight was most pitiful; some were frantic, foaming at the mouth, while others lay unconscious, almost covered with the water that filled the boat.

Mr. Duckworth was carried to the engine-room of the tug and two strong young men, fellow passengers, made strenuous efforts to restore him to consciousness, while I helped in every possible way, but soon the doctor, after examination, pronounced him beyond hope.

Next day, August 11th, was a busy day after a sleepless night. One hour was spent at the ship's office arranging for the funeral; three hours with police, identifying the bodies and giving a statement to the magistrate. Another hour went in shopping, which meant getting a few absolutely necessary things for all our belongings were lost, save what we wore.

Then a ride of ten or twelve miles to the cemetery with the funeral.

The service in the Church was sweet and simple, and was conducted by the Congregational minister of Cape Town.

The three caskets were a dark brown colour with silver
mountings on the corners, and a dark metal plate on the lid, with names ages and date of deaths in letters of gold.

When the caskets were carried to the grave another brief service was conducted and the hymn "Nearer my God to Thee" was sung.

We watched while the grave was filled in and two of the ladies present laid upon it two bunches of lovely white snow-hops. And so the bodies of father and babies were left, to rest till the Resurrection when Jesus comes.

This experience finished, we were taken aboard our second ship "City of Nagpur" and thirteen days later, this beautiful vessel ran upon the rocks. When she struck, it sounded like a terrific explosion, and as she bounded forward passing over other rocks it felt as if we were on a whole nest of mines, the oar wedged itself between the rocks and the whole vessel shook and trembled like a leaf in the wind or as a rat in the mouth of a dog.

Again we had to flee to the life-boats and again left everything behind but what was on our backs; later in the day some of the officers and crew returned to the stranded ship, and brought back to us a few of the things we had purchased and that had been given to us by Christian friends in Delagoa Bay. We did praise the Lord for thus meeting our immediate needs.

From this second wreck we were in the life-boats a little less than two hours, when we were picked up by a passing steamer that waited with us until a tug came out from the land to take us in.

It was about 11 a.m. when this steamer took us on board, they gave us a cup of tea and a few biscuits; this was all we had until we reached land about 9 p.m.

When the tug at last came, the sea was too rough for her to come along side the steamer, so again we were compelled to ake to the life-boats. On reaching the tug we found that there were no steps let down for us to go on board, so we had to depend on the rise and fall of the waves and the hands that were held out to receive us, and haul us to a place of safety. Here Mrs. Dinham nearly lost her life, she was just about to take hold of the hands that were waiting for her, when the bumper of the tug caught the life-boat, dragging the boat suddenly out of position. Mrs. Dinham fell; one of the officer's had hold of one hand, and seeing her peril, I grabbed her skirt, but the hold on the one hand, and the sudden grab on the other, caused her to all back into the boat, instead of into the sea, between the two-
boats, where she would have been immediately crushed to death. She was badly bruised by the fall, but God in His love and mercy did not permit that to happen, which would have been more than we were able to bear. Our third ship "City of Cairo" brought us to Colombo, and from thence we came overland to Bombay.

Yours in His Matchless Love,

OSWALD DINHAM

MARATHI WORKERS' EXAMINATION.

THE catechists and Bible-women on the Marathi field met together at Akola on Monday, October 1st, to be examined in their respective courses of study, for this they had been preparing in their stations throughout the year. Some of them had come to their seventh years' course, and there was a representation from that all the way down to the first year's which still has the largest number of students. In all, forty-two workers attended, some few were prevented from being present from various causes. Some were there in the usual fear and trembling and perhaps surpassed their own hopes, while others more confident may not have reached their highest aspirations but it may be taken for granted that all were the better for having tried to pass, because by so doing they were able to locate themselves and so press on for another year. On the whole the results were gratifying and a fair percentage passed into a higher grade. In some few cases the examiners gained interesting information, not to be found in books of study, but gleaned from a combination of facts not in strict order of events either of time or place.

It is a joy to see how some have grasped the Scriptures as a Book, and we can but praise God for the change this has wrought in them and for the grounding that has come to them as Christian workers through the years of study. We trust that much prayer may continue to be offered for these our co-labourers that they may not only have a knowledge of the Word to impart to their countrymen, but also that they may know what it is to be burdened for their souls' salvation and preach the Word in season and out of season because of this burden. We do not ask this lightly, but feel it to be of the utmost importance for the work at this stage and in these days.

R.
SOME THINGS MISSIONS HAVE DONE.

They have made the name of Christ the best-known name in the world.

They are proclaiming the gospel in over ten thousand different places.

They have planted in the leading foreign lands the Church of Christ, with a Protestant membership of over 2,644,170.

They have created a great system of Christian schools and colleges, having a present enrolment of over a million and a half pupils.

They have stimulated the governments of the leading nations of the east to establish educational systems of their own.

They have introduced modern medicine, surgery and sanitation into the darkest quarters of the globe, by means of 675 hospitals and 963 dispensaries.

They have been the principal agents of relief in famines, and have made scientific investigation of the causes which lie at their root.

They have taught people habits of cleanliness and the laws of health, thus lessening the spread of plague and pestilence.

They have upheld the idea of the dignity of labour among those who regard toil as menial.

They have established a multitude of trade schools in which development of Christian character keeps pace with growth in manual skill.

They have helped to abolish human slavery and shown the Christian way of caring for the aged, orphans, blind, deaf mutes, insane and lepers.

They have lifted women from a condition of unspeakable degradation, and trained a new generation of Christian mothers, wives, and daughters, who are making homes and introducing new ideals of social life.

They have translated the entire Bible, or portions of the Scriptures, into 500 languages and dialects, distributing last year alone 4,272,221 copies.

They have reduced many strange tongues to writing and have created a literature for whole races, producing annually a vast amount of good reading in the shape of books, hymnals, and papers for all ages.

They have transformed the people of the Fiji Islands, Melanesia, and other island groups from cannibals to civilized beings.
They have been the main agent in the extraordinary awakening of the people of China by which, turning their backs on the history of 4,000 years, they have adopted western ideas in government, education and commerce, and are showing an amazing readiness to receive the Gospel of Christ.

They have started a movement in Korea which is going forward with such unparalleled rapidity that the nation bids fair to become Christianized within a generation.

The victories of the past and the opportunities of the present constitute a sublime challenge to the Church for the conquest of the remaining strongholds of Islam and paganism. Such considerations as these should convince the people of our churches that we are indeed living in a new era of missionary work.

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- Miss Lucia Fuller

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