THE OTHER MAN.

The other man is sometimes meant,
When lessons reach my ear:
The man who is not in the class
Should be the man to hear:
And I must go and search him out
And bring him; this is clear.

The other fellow is the man
The Master says he'll need.
'Twas Andrew brought the "other man"
Like him, then, should I speed
To bring my brother where he'll hear
The Word of Life, indeed.

If Andrew had not gone and brought
His brother, that far day,
Would life have been as sweet to him,
I wonder; can you say?
And would life be so rich for us
Had Peter stayed away?

The other man is never far
For us to reach, and tell
The wondrous news of Jesus' love
Which rescues men from hell.
Oh, let us each go forth and find
The brother loved so well!
Our readers may have noticed that the February issue of this paper containing the Annual Report had four additional pages in it. This was done so that friends of the work might have the Report intact under one cover, instead of having parts of it in two numbers, as was done last year.

May this record of what God has done during the past year encourage the hearts of those in the homeland, as well as the missionaries, to take hold of Him in a new way, for greater things, for He has said "I will be glorified among the heathen."

A few days ago, while some of our missionaries were going about preaching, selling books, and conversing with the people, at one of the large annual fairs where thousands were assembled to worship the Cobra snake; one of the missionaries said she was impressed by the number of earnest, thoughtful people in such a place, upon whose hearts the Lord had evidently been working, and who were seeking better things.

One significant fact is, that the numbers attending many of these annual heathen festivals have been perceptibly decreasing during recent years.

Among the many kindnesses shown to our missionaries by friends in the homeland, we believe the following is worthy of special mention. The editor has been requested to convey, through the medium of the paper, the hearty thanks of all our missionaries to the Misses Inglis of Stockton, Cal. and those who assisted them, for the munificent gift of canned fruit which has just reached us.

Anyone who has lived long in India knows that during the intense heat and sometimes in the rains also, the body occasional-
ly gets so run down that eating becomes a burden, and unless there is something special to tempt the appetite, one will not eat, as the stomach rebels at the ordinary food. Especially is this true in country districts where variety is not obtainable, as it is in the larger cities. At such times nothing appeals to the appetite like the cool, refreshing home fruit.

Until the beginning of the war, or a little later some of us were able to buy a can or two in Bombay at fairly reasonable prices, but now there are so few obtainable that prices have gone up far beyond the reach of our missionaries.

It seems to us therefore, that over and above the kind thoughtfulness of the sisters and their friends, was the good providence of God directing them, so that we might not lack the supply which we were unable to obtain for ourselves.

May we not also consider this as an example of God's gracious way of showing that when the usual sources of supply fail, He is still able to meet the needs of His children, and that abundantly. He knew that the great advance in prices and especially those of imported articles, has put many little things to which we have been accustomed, beyond our reach and He has chosen to make it up to us in this way through the kindness of these friends.

We believe they will appreciate even more highly, the thanks of our missionaries, when they realize that the loving hand of God was upon them directing their gift at this time.

We have just had a sort of kindly preliminary notice from the printers that they expect soon to call upon us for a substantial advance in the price we pay for printing this paper. We cannot but acknowledge the justice of the demand when we consider how prices have advanced on every hand. The printers are Christian men and in full sympathy with missionary work, or we would have been subjected to this advance long ago.
The paper is being sent free to supporters of missionaries, Indian helpers, students in the Training Schools and orphans; this makes a very heavy free-list in proportion to the number of paying subscribers.

There are several ways in which our readers might help us if they would—First, by obtaining new subscribers for the paper. Second, by obtaining names and addresses of probable subscribers, or persons interested in mission work, and forwarding them to the Business Manager, Rev. S. H. Auernheimer, Malkapur, Berar, India, who will gladly send them sample copies.

Third, by keeping a copy of the paper in your pocket and mentioning it in missionary and other meetings. It is a mine of missionary information, enlivened by the relation of many incidents occurring in the work.

The information is so new and up-to-date, that no one who leads or takes prominent part in missionary meetings should be without it, and in each number there is a special page for the children.

Books on mission subjects soon get out of date while this paper comes in fresh every month with new incidents, and helpful suggestions. Books reflect too often the viewpoint of one man, the author, and describe perhaps only a limited field of work; while fifty missionaries labouring in extensive districts, inhabited by various races and classes of people, all unite to make this paper an interesting and effective agent in missionary work.

Send 50 cents for a year's subscription to the Business Manager, beginning with the January number, and so secure the enlarged number published in February, which contains the Annual Report for 1917, with a note from each of our stations.
MASS MOVEMENTS.

The term Mass Movements here in mission work in India is pretty well understood, but like other terms it is somewhat elastic. For the purpose of this article we would say that we use it in the general sense of a religious movement which has taken such a hold upon communities or castes that large numbers are so affected that they are asking to be baptized, and to be admitted into the Christian Church.

In general in the past the work has been individual, one here and another there, or a few here and a few there. But as the people are peculiarly bound by their social relations and especially by the caste system, which makes it exceedingly difficult for the individual to act apart from his caste, it has been the natural convictions that sometime after the Gospel has been thoroughly preached the people would come out in large numbers from their various castes, thus making a mass movement. There have been such movements in various localities and among various castes and some are in progress at the present time. They are what we ought to work for and expect in some measure. Those who believe as we do in the pre-millennial coming of Christ do not expect the masses of India to be converted before He comes, but we believe that there should be great outpourings of the Spirit which will bring much larger numbers than we have yet seen into the Church.

It ought not to stumble the faith of any one who has read of the wonderful revivals conducted by "Billy" Sunday and others in America where literally thousands have confessed Christ in a single day, to hear of similar great movements in India or China or Corea or Africa. A few years ago there was a mighty wave of revival passed over India. The question in each case of a mass-movement is, whether it has come about by
an unusual outpouring of the Holy Spirit in answer to believing prayer, or whether there are ulterior motives influencing the minds of the people. In every great revival there is a spirit of repentance toward God, confession of sins and restitution as far as possible, followed by a strong faith in Jesus Christ and especially in the atonement for sin which he made by His death and which was approved by the Father by raising Him up from the dead. When the Gospel is preached clearly and in the power of the Spirit for a sufficient period in any locality such a revival should follow.

But in a great mass movement or revival there should be no lowering of the standard of admission into the Church. No sin must be countenanced or admitted into the Church. In the present mass movement among the Chamars in north Central India, the question has arisen whether they should be required to break caste before they are baptized, and a resolution has been passed that they should not be required to do so. This has stirred up a good deal of criticism which we feel is just and needful. The two feet upon which Hinduism rests is idolatry and caste and thousands perhaps millions have forsaken idolatry who still cling to caste. Caste is the denial of the brotherhood of the disciples of Christ and can have no place in the Church. It is not a question of eating and drinking with the low or physically unclean. For a Chamar to partake of the Lord’s Supper from the hand of a convert from lower out castes however refined and educated and spiritual he may be is forbidden by caste rules. Caste is not a question of clean and unclean, but wholly of birth. A Brahmin may be repulsively unclean in his personal habits of life but he would not drink water from the hand of the most refined and scrupulously clean missionaries.

There is no doubt but that by allowing people to bring their caste into the Church far larger numbers may be baptized, but we believe as others do that by taking caste into the Church a heritage of woe and disappointment and shame is being laid up for the future. We would say, better one fourth the number fully saved from the bondage and pride and divisive spirit of
caste. The very name of caste and the spirit of it should have no place in the Church. We would say, as well baptize drunkards or thieves with the hope of getting them saved afterward. Some missions have had many years of serious, even heart-breaking trouble with the "Caste Christians" which they took into the Church to make it easier for them. We can but pray that those who have been tempted to take the line of least resistance may see differently and that soon. Years ago the writer baptized one Brahman with his caste-lock on, he promised to cut it off after visiting his father. Under sore persecution he denied that he had been baptized and his caste-lock seemed proof of his denial. Then he began to defend it as only a social custom, and afterward when ill was taken to a hospital by his relatives and registered as a Brahman and died there and his body was removed by his relatives. What is once admitted into the Church it is very difficult to expel afterward, and it is far better to settle the whole matter before admitting people into the Church. The Harvest Field for February had an excellent editorial on this subject to which we acknowledge our indebtedness for much help and inspiration.

PLAGUE IN AKOLA, 1917.

The year 1917 has fought its way through some heavy seas, for Akola as for the world, and for the Christian community as for Akola. As one looks at its wake, it is broad and strewn with rubbish. Yet a wake is always a beautiful thing, for it means passage, achievement and change,—which is life.

The year has been marked by freakish seasons, floods, rains out of season, very bad cotton crop, an excellent grain crop, very high prices, plague and much other sickness. The plague was with us in the beginning of the year, commenced again in September and still continues; but it has not raged as in other years, because at once, the people who could began to move out into the open. Those who could not have stayed behind and accept patiently, or with much dread, whatever fate may be written in their foreheads. All the roads just outside the city are lined with temporary shelters of matting, corrugated iron, canvas,—anything and nothing.
In less conservative parts nearer Bombay, when plague breaks out, whole villages and towns get inoculated and go on in their accustomed ways; but Berar on the whole is still wary of inoculation, though it is coming more to it every year, for there is much worry, expense and some danger in moving out. Those with possessions are especially troubled. Some take everything with them and worry, some leave their valuables buried in the houses—and worry, for at such times thefts are bound to occur both in town and field—merchants going back and forth to their shops from the camps are in a quandary over their cash, for of course they are specially watched.

However for such as can afford sufficient protection, the fresh air and increased activity are a great boon to men of sedentary occupations who spend most of their lives in confined and unsanitary quarters. While for the women, especially those of the better castes who never work in the fields and rarely walk out, this camping is a picnic. One often meets them in bands, chatting and laughing, as they walk out on the camp roads of an evening—Of course to such as are married to their pots and pans and make a fetish of order, picnics are a trial, but perhaps it is good for them to be shaken up out of old ruts. Some manage to keep their shelters very neat in spite of dust-laden winds; but at the best they are hot when it is hot, very cold when it is cold and very exceedingly wet when it is wet.

At the very end of 1916 plague broke out suddenly and seriously after holding off a long time. It seemed as if the whole city were moving out. The lumbering bullock carts, stacked high with household goods and building materials, passed our house in hundreds upon hundreds day and night. One could hear the wheels creaking and the bullocks' bells tinkling whenever one woke up at night. The air seemed full of fear and gloom. But no sooner were the people settled outside than there came dreadful rains which flooded the fields knee-deep in places. The suffering was pitiful. Colds and fevers bronchitis and pneumonia began to flourish, for it was cold too. There were old people, sick people and newborn babies with their mothers all together in the wet, so in despair the city moved back in again. The carts creaked past in the rain, sodden and heavier than ever with their sick freight. The set, anxious faces made one sad. And of course the plague blazed afresh, as with fresh fuel. But thankfully it was not long drawn out, and died at the approach of hot weather.

This winter the plague has been mild on the whole, though it has come nearer home to us, and there have been no unseason-
able rains to increase the hardships of camping out. However the nights have been very cold, down to 48° sometimes, and one cannot help thinking, as one lies warm in bed, of the very poor with one blanket to a family—or none. How long the nights must seem to them, and how they love the sun all day! Blankets and all clothing are cruelly dear this winter, double what they used to be. It makes one ache.

The plague did not touch the Indian Christians here this year. Most of them live outside the city proper the year round; and as the mission bungalow too is nearly a quarter of a mile from the bazaar, it was a surprise to many that the plague should have invaded the mission compound, but the reason is not for to seek. Some high-caste Hindus in a plague-infected quarter, who wanted to get rid of their rats without the sin of killing them, caught them alive in traps and then turned them loose through the wire fencing into our compound. Our cook saw them, ran with a stick and by his great agility managed to kill three; but the rest got away and a stray dog who had dashed to his aid was bitten by the rat it tackled and ran away yelping.

It is no uncommon thing for Hindus to give away their rats in this way, and the same thing has happened in nearly all our mission stations. Expostulations are useless without recourse to law and one does not want to prosecute. However in the twenty-one years since the bubonic plague came to India, it has become quite common for Brahmins and other high castes to keep cats and so do their sinning by deputy. Still the plague flourishes and probably will until all sects unite as one to exterminate rats and clean up generally. Till then inoculation and evacuation are the best safeguards.

Both rats and squirrels began to die in our verandah roof at about the time of our annual convention, and then dear Baby Ruby (Eicher) got the plague and the convention had to disperse. Her wonderful recovery is still a matter of comment. A Mohammedan peddler of small trinkets always enquires, for her. When I tell him she is well, he says earnestly, “God be blessed! With us she would have died. May she live long” I found he had been talking about her among his own people, dwelling on her sweetness and prettiness, the marvel of her recovery and the equally marvellous cleanliness with which she was cared for.
To the Indian Christian community, both here and at large, tuberculosis is at present a greater danger than plague and is a far more loathsome disease with its long drawn suffering and easy contagion. In educating low-caste children by the thousands as we do, missions sometimes forget that these children come of a stock that for countless generations have been absolutely illiterate “hewers of wood, drawers of water” and workers in the fields. The confinement and inactivity consequent on schoolgoing, combined with the unaccustomed mental concentration and development is too much and too sudden for the good health of many. Only too often a bright boy or girl, who has pushed on in school with much promise, goes into a decline when the blossom is changing to fruit. In the opinion of many doctors we have overeducated the first generation. The second stands schooling much better and the third takes to books like ducks to water. Even so, each child must be watched, for tuberculosis in one form or another is only too common in this country, especially among women of the higher castes and men of sedentary occupations.

During 1917 we lost by tuberculosis two bright, young, married women, who were trained teachers in the Government girls' schools here, and one young married man who worked in the mission workshop. Another young man who commenced the same way was saved by special care and feeding. We shall have to be vigilant for years to come.

One dear old man, Ranoji Rakshe, who was baptised twenty-three years ago was killed suddenly by a falling stone while digging in a well last May. Two children and six babies died during the year, and twenty-eight more were born. My father sometimes says that in most places the Indian Christian women do more year by year to increase the Christian community than all the preachers and missionaries. If women are to be “saved by child-bearing,” some of our little women here who are rearing families of eight and ten may feel rather secure!

The boys' orphanage has had several additions since the last report and the boys are doing well now, though there was a good deal of illness during the rains.

L. B. FULLER.
CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Conducted by Miss B. B. Conger.

AT WORK.

EXAMINATION OVER! And this meant three days spent in trying to convey on paper what one time was pigeon-holed in some corner of the brain. The first year's course being finished, we are now given more real work to do. The first position entrusted to a beginner is "Sanitary Inspector." Here we have an opportunity of trying our smattering of Gujarati on the girls.

In this land most of the houses have only one storey. This consists of one room and serves for all purposes. In the Orphanage, however, there is a large cook-house, bath-house, school-rooms, milk-house and bedrooms for our hundred girls.

In the cook-house you won't find a shining black range, but instead a fire place similar to those used for picnic dinners at home. The bath-house is not furnished with tubs, running water and such furnishings, but it, however, does have stone floors. There are several large earthen jars which are filled with water by certain girls. Some hot water is furnished, but usually a daily, cold, shower bath is sufficient. The school rooms as well as the other rooms have mud floors, no glass windows, no tables or desks. The girls sit in rows on the floor, with a bench in front which serves as a table.

The furnishings of the airy, open bed-rooms are even more simple. A row of cots during the day is seen in front of the rooms, having a sun bath, which is often necessary. After school in the evening they are brought in and placed in rows along the wall. Hooks for clothes are not necessary, for clothes have a habit of not staying on them anyway—so a heavy wire stretched across one end of the room serves this purpose, each girl being allowed a certain amount of space. At the other
end of the room is a large portable closet. On top of it are rows of school books. Behind its locked doors are individual divisions, in which are their Sunday clothes and personal valuables!

The older girls do the heavy work, such as, cooking, washing, grinding and carrying grass for the buffaloes which are needed for the "wee" orphaned babies.

The rooms after school are supposed to be in good order. At this time, the "Inspector" goes into each room, takes a look under the bed, and peeps into the corners. The little girls would rather play, so often Anna or some other girl has to be called to do her work over. Does this ever happen in your home? Their clothes are not always properly hung up. What happens if this offence is committed frequently? The cooking vessels also have to be watched for some girls do not like to wash pots and pans either. They like to leave them for someone else to do.

There are exceptions to this though, for there are a number of girls, who have learned to be neat and tidy, and whatever they do is never left until it is finished.

The temptations of the little Indian and American girl are often similar. Some love Jesus, while others do not, so when you pray for your school friends, remember there are other school boys and girls in India, who also need your prayers.

J. G. Woodward.

HAVE YOU?

HAVE you ever thought of the physical sufferings and discomforts of non-Christian lands? The climates are in the main enervating; and there are few missionaries whose lives are not shortened, and whose days are not burdened by physical suffering, as the outcome. In very truth they are heirs to the cross as well as to the crown.

Little or no heed is paid to sanitation, and the missionaries in many places rub shoulders constantly with yellow fever, small pox, cholera and leprosy. Imagine if you can, a town where the garbage and offal lie about the doorsteps, or rot in the open highway. Imagine travelling with no stopping-places but those swarming with vermin. Imagine awaking in the morning
to find a scorpion in your boots or a centipede in your hat. Imagine opening your bed at night to find a snake coiled in the folds of the sheets. Imagine all this, and add thereto the disgusting smells, the gruesome sights, the enervating climate, and the ever-present contagious filth diseases, and you have a fair idea of the lot of many of the missionaries who have given up the comforts of civilized Christian lands because the love of Christ constraineth them. This is part of the cost to them of the house that is to be built for Jehovah.

To be sure that this is no fancy picture, read what Dr. Mary Pierson Eddy wrote while on a tour to Syria: "The people are all sleeping in booths on stilts over their flat roofs, because the houses are not safe—scorpions, snakes and centipedes are so numerous. I measured a snake brought to me yesterday, and it lacked half an inch of seven feet. We went to take the bandages out of a box of supplies and found a centipede five inches long. No one dare move along our terrace here, even to go to the spring, without a stick. Every kind of crawling insect, bug and beetle abounds."

Or look at this African picture, drawn by E. J. Glave, the English traveller: "Big moths flutter noisily about your lamp or try to commit suicide in your soup, leaving the fluff of their wings floating on the surface. The jigger burrows into your flesh and starts to raise a family in a little bag beneath your skin. The large brown driver ant marches in swarms of millions with giant ants as leaders and officers, devouring everything they meet from a grasshopper to a goat. They will enter your house and no matter how well filled your larder was before the visit, it will contain nothing but bones afterwards.

"The white ant destroys your most valuable property, your best trunks, your favourite shoes. In one night he will so attack a wooden box that when you lift it in the morning the bottom will drop out. He will eat a living eucalyptus tree; and when he is in the district, the poles of your house will, in a few months, crumble into dust. Large beetles come from a long distance to see you, and end their journey by striking you in the face. Many insects of smaller calibre settle on your neck, and, when you try to brush them off, sneak down your back."

Rev. Willis R. Hotchkiss, of British East Africa, modestly tells what he has gone through as a missionary in these words: 'I spent four years alone, having buried three of my companions. I had fever between thirty and forty times! have several times been ambushed by the natives; three times attacked by lions, several times by rhinoceri; for fourteen months never saw a
piece of bread; for two months I had nothing to eat but native beans and sour milk. I had to eat everything from nuts to rhinoceri. Do not misunderstand me—I am not posing as a martyr. But let me say this, I would gladly go through the whole thing again, with my eyes open to it, if I could have the joy that I had one night of bringing the word 'Saviour' out of the darkness of oblivion and flashing it into another tribe of Central Asia."

Then consider their loneliness, which, as David Hill says, "cuts home like a bleak and bitter east wind." They are deprived—often for months and even years at a time—of the fellowship of those of kindred blood and training. Home-keeping Christians, who have their daily intercourse with friends and kindred, their conventions and their religious services, fail from the very fact of their cheapness to value these at their real worth. Man is instinctively gregarious. By nature and by training he is a social being, dependent in no small degree for his pleasure and his buoyancy upon his associates. Few men can reach their best, intellectually or spiritually, when isolated. This is, perhaps, especially true of the spiritual leaders. The men and women sent as spiritual leaders into the dark places of the earth have no helpful environment such as we home-keepers have. Even when they have companionship, it is extremely limited and not of their own choosing. Monotonous and lonely, lonely and monotonous sum up the lives of thousands.

Think, too, of that day which comes into the lives of many when the problem of the education of their children must be settled. To rear them amidst their heathen surroundings and to educate them in the schools for the native children, are experiments too dangerous to be attempted. And so the parents must either send them home to school, or the mother must go with them and leave the husband alone on the firing line.

Stand at the nursery door to-night, Christian mother in the homeland, and look upon the sleeping bairns, and imagine, if you can, what it would cost you to send them away for years, half round the world, to be trained and educated by others. Think how it would trouble you to choose between this sacrifice and that other one, of leaving the work you love and the side of him whose sworn helpmeet you are. Either choice must wrench hard the heart-strings; and yet this goes on amongst the missionaries as a regular part of their inheritance. It is a portion of the price that they pay for their place in the great Temple-building plans of God."

Here am I, send me!—Fishers of Men.
THE PRAYING WALL.

It was a Sunday morning in July. All was quiet and calm around our bungalow and compound, and everything seemed to speak of the Lord's day of rest; yet outside the compound things were going on the same as the regular routine of the week days.

My co-worker was taking the morning service, and the few Christians had gathered around and were listening attentively. Suddenly there was heard the sound of the native band leaving the town with a crowd following. It was a Mohammedan feast day, and hundreds of Mohammedans, mostly men, dressed in gorgeous colours, passed our house on the way to a "praying wall" situated in their cemetery some distance past our compound. Everyone was attired in their best, and what they could not afford to buy they borrowed. Little girls were also present, each laden with jewellery; but they did not take any part in the worship. The sick and the maimed lined the roadside, each with their mat before them displaying their money, showing how small were their possessions, with the hope of inducing some to acquire merit by giving them something in charity. Some hundreds of men were kneeling on their mats in perfect order before the "wall," and the priest, dressed in full white, stood in front of the congregation.

It was indeed an overwhelming sight to see all these men in a praying position, all with their minds centred on God as the Creator.

The priest performed certain religious ceremonies, and each man imitated him. A great deal of the time was taken up by the priest reading their religious rites, and at certain intervals the congregation joined in with one voice, repeating the name of God.

At the commencement of the ceremony each man imitated the priest in putting one finger in each ear and one on each eye, and one over his mouth, and all appeared to be unconscious to outside things. The action signified that nothing came into their minds by way of the ear, eye or mouth, and each worshipper was supposed to have his mind wholly centred on God. Oh, one felt it was all so empty. How like the Pharisees, who prayed in the open that they might be seen and heard by men. What a blessed thing it would be if they were only worshipping our Lord and knew His power to save them from sin.

Soon the ceremonies were over, and the people returned to the town, where I believe they completed the worship by a feast.

Miss Burnett in Darkness and Light.
Dear A——, Such a pitiful thing has just been offered for sale to me! A lad who had been out shooting had killed five poor little sparrows, and had them hung together on a spit. He wanted me to take them for a few pence. I need scarcely say I did not buy them. Each one is but a mouthful when cooked, but they are considered a dainty. Poor little things! What a waste to kill them when they are of so little use as food! That is what I thought; and then all at once the thought thrilled me that the Lord Jesus must have seen the very same thing one day as He walked with His disciples. Somebody had caught them in a trap (Amos 3: 5; Prov. 1: 17,) and perhaps offered them for Him to buy. He looked at the tiny dead birds and turned to His disciples. "One of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father." (Matt. 10: 29; Luke 12: 6.)

Then I left the boy, and went on my way to visit a friend. It was near sunset, and I knew that when I reached the house I should find supper nearly ready. Where people have no clocks, supper-time changes with the sunset. And so it was: before I entered, I saw my hostess cooking over a charcoal stove in the courtyard. Her fire looked something like those you see navvies using when they mend the roads in England. You must imagine that sort of stove when you read of fires in such passages as Jer. 36: 22 and John 18: 18. My friend is not a rich man; but he knew I was coming, and he could not bear to give me less than his best. The Syrian never can (Gen. 18: 6, 7,) He offered me so many dishes! There was curdled milk, something like curds and whey, but not so sweet. It is called "butter" in the Bible, and is a most refreshing drink and a good food (Judges 5: 25.) There was lentil pottage. This is the dish that Jacob made and sold to Esau (Gen. 25: 30.) It is like the thick part of lentil soup, and might well be described as "red" in colour. But the special dish made in my honour was "kibby." This is a mixture of pounded wheat and shreds of meat. Sometimes it is boiled, and tastes much like very rich rissoles. Sometimes it is baked in a flat cake, and turns out in shape like a slab of toffee—but its taste! Well, when you have tasted it, you know why the Syrian children are always teasing their mothers to make it. I think it used to be made in Bible times too, for there is a verse (Prov. 27: 22) which seems to speak of the way it is pounded.
You know that all the Bible people ate without any spoons or forks; and you know, too, that they used to have one dish on the table into which all the family dipped. We are told that in the story of the Last Supper. I never used to understand how it was done; but now I know that is a perfectly clean and tidy way of eating. Everyone at the table has a very big, very thin sheet of bread, something like an oatcake, but much larger; and for each mouthful you tear off a piece half as big as the hand. This you fold into the shape of a shovel, and spoon up something from the dish. Fold it again, and it is just a mouthful, which you eat, bread and all. So you eat up your spoon with every piece you take!

By and by my host spooned up something specially nice from the dish, folded the bread over and put it into my mouth. That sounds odd, but it was a compliment; and it is just what Jesus did to Judas. It is called "sop" in the Gospel (John 13:26), but the custom is the same: Jesus used an ordinary courtesy as a sign that John could understand.

I must not forget the olives. They are eaten with every meal. They are mentioned in Genesis and in Revelation, and it is safe to imagine them being used by everyone between. You would think them so nasty at first, oily and bitter; but you would get to like them and to feel that no meal was complete without a big dish of them on the table. They are as big as gooseberries, and either green or black in colour.

When we had finished, my host's little son brought a pitcher and a basin for me to wash. I held my hands over the basin, and he poured water over them. When I needed to rinse them he poured a little more. That is cleaner than our way of rinsing them in the dirty water, isn't it? Elisha is described in 2 Kings 3:11 as the servant of Elijah by saying that he did this for him.

I shall be so glad if you find these notes interesting and useful, and hope to send some more shortly.—Your sincere friend, B.—The Christian.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

It is marvellous how the Lord has carried on His work in the heathen lands, while Satan has been doing all that he could to destroy men in professed Christian lands. The work of evangelizing the heathen has gone steadily on in spite of the
awful war. Those brave missionaries have stood by and pressed the battle for God with as much heroism as the soldiers in the trenches. From every station comes the call for reinforcements. It is surprising to read of the great demand for men and women —especially for men—to meet the needs of these countries, and to enter the many open doors on every hand. There is scarcely a field that is properly worked for lack of workers. Had we the means and the workers we could send forth thousands of missionaries, and every one of them could find an open door of great promise.

These facts bring a responsibility to God’s people of no ordinary character. Now is our opportunity. Who will fall into line with God and volunteer to do all in his power to press the battle to the gates and rescue precious souls? Soon this generation of heathen will be beyond the reach of the gospel. Gone forever! Perished in the dark because the Church of God failed to rally to their rescue. All can do something. Some can go to them with the glad word; others can provide means to send those who can go, and those who cannot go nor send can pray and talk and write and keep the missionary enthusiasm aflame on every occasion.

I call upon the readers of The Vanguard to be awake and look to see wherein they can deny themselves a little closer so as to give more money and economize their time so as to devote more time in prayer for the work and the workers on the field. We must remember that we will meet these souls at the Judgment, and then it will be known if we have done all in our power to bring salvation to them. We must be in one of these three classes if we would stand acquitted before God: viz., those that go, or those that give liberally, or those who can but pray.

No money investment brings better dividends than that given to support faithful missionaries. It will bring double compound interest to all eternity.

Again I say that we have an unusual opportunity to honour the Lord with our substance in contributing to send the gospel to the heathen. Soon it will be too late! Soon the door of hope for these benighted ones will be closed forever! Soon our work will be done. May each of us so live and so use our money that Jesus can say, “Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

W. S. Sansom, in The Vanguard.
INDIAN VILLAGES SEEKING GOD.

We have been searching for the light for many years and we have heard of other villages that have been taught whilst we are still in darkness. Last year we young men of this village of Parlem gave a man sixteen rupees ($5.00) to teach us to read. We asked him to tell of the true God, but he went away and left us still in darkness. Twelve months ago we threw away our useless idols, and we have never worshipped them again, and since then we have been seeking for some one to guide us into the light. When we heard that you were in camp a few miles away, we came at once to beg you to come to us.

This was the story, says Rev. C. W. Prosnett, of Medak, India, of a band of young men who came to my tent at Kondaram. Their earnestness would have touched the heart of any servant of Christ. I immediately went with them and, sitting down under a big tree in their village, we took a pocket hymn-book and taught them to sing over and over again one of our hymns until they had got the tune. The village was full of young men and women, as bright and intelligent as we could wish. They begged us not to leave them without baptism, and we agreed to baptize the four chief elders who could read, and they promised, with the help of an evangelist, to prepare all the families of the village within a few months. Their evident earnestness to learn, their discarded idols and their fine spirit were sufficient signs that they were fit to receive baptism, and they were overwhelmed with joy at the result of their search. Even as we sat with them another lot of young men from the next village came and nearly dragged us by force to their houses, begging that we should come and bless them and give them also some one to teach them. I heard one whispering to the other, "If we catch hold of his feet tightly enough, he may come to us." In answer to his appeal one of our best evangelists volunteered at once to leave the comfort of his own home and his own country to start work amongst these new converts.

This tour has not been without its humorous incidents. In one village we were taken with drums and pipes and singing to a long high seat of honour covered with a white cloth. The service began with singing, but as I was talking, suddenly from the bowels of the seat beneath me there came a great clucking. I looked everywhere but there was no sign of anything save an attentive congregation. However, the noise went on, and looking down at the side of the pulpit seat I saw a little trap-door and, lifting it up, there marched out the proud hen.
which had done its duty so nobly for our dinners. Imagine this scene in an English service.

The heat had been so great all day that we travelled at night in order to save ourselves and our bulls and camels. It was well past midnight and as we approached a village, about a half a mile away I saw a lot of moving lights and wondered what was going on, for they seemed to be jumping about like huge fireflies in the distance.

As I drew nearer every bush seemed to break into light, a crowd of men leaped out with blazing torches, and a band of twenty drums that I had not seen in the darkness, started, beating a tremendous welcome. At first I could hardly believe this was a welcome; it seemed as if I had fallen into the hands of some strange, wild men; but almost immediately a crowd of children pushed forward and started a Christian lyric and strove their utmost to drown the twenty drums which were also going at full blast. The torches made of old rags soaked in oil and bound to long sticks, smelt vilely as they blazed away giving out volumes of smoke. What with noise, smell, drums, dancing, torches and the singing children my camel sat down in protest. This did not disconcert our welcomers for up rushed some children, who were only waiting for me to come within reach, and hung a lot of wet garlands of flowers. It was a welcome fit for any bishop in the land. Wet garlands round my neck, dancing, smelling torches in front, an ear-splitting band all around, and my camel sitting down and roaring out terrible protests; it was an experience not easily forgotten.

I have just been to visit and to baptize in a new village. We had 101 very promising candidates and they were all well prepared. During the service, however, one little child was continually whining as if with fever or pain. After service I went around from house to house and after creeping into the little grass-thatched house I found the mother of the child sitting on the mud floor trying to feed a little boy of about one year old, who was very emaciated and looking very miserable. I inquired what the matter was and the mother said, "His back is broken." Gradually I learned the whole story.

A year ago when he was born, they, like all heathen parents, inquired of the village Brahmin priest whether he was a fortunate child. The priest replied, after looking in his calendar that the child was most unfortunate, that he was born under most unfortunate stars, pointing to nothing but death and trouble to the family. The parents were most upset, and unfortunately the boy's grandfather died within a few days as if to
prove the truth of the priest's words. The grandmother, full of indignation and anger with the child, came from the very side of the dead husband and, taking up the little baby boy, whom she believed, was the source of all her trouble, threw him down on the ground to kill him. Apparently the back of the baby was broken by the blow, for though a year has passed there has been no sign of power in the legs since that day, and I am afraid that the case is hopeless. The father, fearing that evil would come to him, deserted his wife and child, hoping the child would die of starvation as the result of the injury. He refuses to go back or to give anything for the support of his wife until the child is killed or dies.

Unless I had actually seen this case with my own eyes, and inquired carefully into it and actually seen the little broken back I could not have believed such cruelty possible. People sometimes ask us why we wish to disturb the people who are happy in their own religion. Why exchange one religion for another? They talk of the beauty of Hinduism. Unfortunately this is not an isolated case. Any of us who have been a long time in India could point out hundreds of cases of the most brutal and horrible cruelty practiced on women and children in the name of Hinduism. There are things that I can neither write nor venture to tell, but this is a case which I can speak of and it is only an illustration out of many. This is the kind and gentle gospel of Hinduism. Has not Christ something better to teach than this? I have baptized the whole of this family, and I have now got this little mite in our hospital and the lady doctor gives some remote hopes. At any rate she is determined to spare no pains though it takes many months to effect a cure. I should rejoice with all my heart if our Mission of Healing here could be the means of undoing all the cruel harm that has been done to this little child.—Pentecostal Herald.

A BAPTISMAL SERVICE IN INDIA.

"I SAY unto you that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, that need no repentance."

Since Christ and the angels in heaven count the return of one sinner of such great importance we feel to ask the dear ones in
the homeland to join the jubilee which is in session. We rejoice exceedingly over the repentance of two from among our dark-skinned people. Many of you have, perhaps, wearied of waiting for this very message. You have, perhaps, said to yourselves that you really doubt if it will pay, because so many years have passed already with no results.

But all these weeks and months and years have not passed without the scattering of precious seed; and, dear ones, if the waiting time for the harvest has seemed long to you; it has indeed seemed no less lengthy to us. However, there was rooted, steadfast, in our hearts that faith that the harvest time would surely come. And now may we not be glad for the first fruits!

The site chosen for the baptism was in a little tank which was caused by the flood water, and formed a convenient place quite near the bungalow. As we proceeded thither a number of high school boys and ordinary village people joined our party to look for the first time upon the ceremonial of Christian baptism.

The services, tho' only a few were present, were very inspiring and the presence of the Lord was felt. We were very glad to have present with us our native brethren, Bro. Singh and Bro. Chuthur and family. One enjoyable feature of the meeting was the Hindi testimony meeting when they all related their experience. After Bro. Smith had read the scripture two earnest testimonies were given by our dark-skinned brethren, Samuel and Sito, and they answered the questions which were asked, with great earnestness.

We must not forget to mention the two Hindu boys who took in the meeting with great eagerness. One of these boys is from a high caste home and is educated, the other is from the very lowest caste and has no education whatever. Both of these boys are eagerly devouring every word of truth and have requested the privilege of joining the little 'Jesus' band, also.

O, how our hearts bounded with joy as we heard the words resounding from the waters which meant so much to both us and the ones who were showing to the world that they belong to Jesus Christ. It was remarkable to see the soul who was just out from heathendom go under the water in Bro. Smith's hands without a struggle, as if the act were entirely voluntary.

We feel sure that there were very deep impressions made upon the hearts of the heathen on-lookers. Both before and after the service there were many inquiries made on the part of the people as to the meaning of the baptism and a number from among them expressed themselves that they will also come later on.
Bro. Singh did much to answer the inquiries as he gathered them all about himself after the service and talked to them until dark.

As night-fall settled round all who desired were invited to eat a native meal with us. A very remarkable scene followed and one which will not soon be forgotten. As we seated ourselves (native fashion) on the floor in a circle, there were in the circle the two Hindu boys, previously mentioned, as also one other Hindu of the lower castes, also two Mohammedan boys; and these all mingled freely in the conversation and eating with the five native Christians, Bro. Smith, Bro. Rohrer and myself.

Let me tell you that Hindus break their caste rules and out caste themselves from family rank by eating with Christian people or Hindus of lower caste. Yet here sat a high caste school boy dipping his hand into the dish with a Christian and sitting in the company of a low caste Hindu who is ordinarily considered lower than a dog. Here also sat a proud Mohammedan sharing a dish with our Sito who was one of his own clan in name but for the baptism which had taken place two hours before.

Do you wonder that our hearts were encouraged and went out in praises to God as we saw the old iron-bound rules of Indian falsehood melt away before our very eyes that night!

We don't know how many of the dear ones at home may have been earnestly holding onto God with daily tears and prayers for the salvation of souls in India, but we believe there are some who have and there may be more than we know.

However, we feel sure that from now on there will be multitudes of prayers ascending on behalf of your dark-skinned brethren so they may be kept true to God, as also that many other dear souls may come and fall at Jesus' feet.—(in Evangelical Visitor.)

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PRAISE AND PRAYER.

CHANDUR.—Praise for God's upholding and sustaining grace in times of testing and trial.

Prayer that some of those who heard the gospel this touring season may soon step out and be saved.
MALKAPUR.—Praise for good times during the month of January, mostly on tour. We sold 1,055 gospels and over 200 other books. Distributed hundreds of tracts and also about 1,000 Salvation leaflets, given us by the Scripture Gift Mission.

Prayer that these gospels and tracts may be read and enlighten those in darkness, to their need of Jesus.

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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