THE PLACE.

There is a place where thou canst touch the eyes
Of blinded men to instant, perfect sight;
There is a place where thou canst say, "Arise!"
To dying captives, bound in chains of night;
There is a place where thou canst reach the store
Of hoarded gold and free it for the Lord;
There is a place—upon some distant shore—
Where thou canst send the workers or the Word.
There is a place where Heaven's resistless power
Responsive moves to thine insistent plea;
There is a place—a silent, trusting hour—
Where God Himself descends and fights for thee.
Where is that blessed place—dost thou ask "Where?"
O, Soul, it is the secret place of prayer.

—ADELAIDE A. POLLARD.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine, continue in them for in so doing thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee.

When Lord Kitchener wanted an efficient and well-equipped Indian army, his watchword was "look after the units" and at every little station where there were even one or two men they might be seen almost every morning drilling and marching,
keeping themselves in readiness for the day when they should be called to real warfare.

In the first words of our text do we not see the Holy Spirit taking care of the unit. The first thing each of us has to do is to make sure of his or her own personal salvation. Then comes our personal walk, and we are not to walk just as we please, but our progress has a definite goal or aim, viz., to be like Christ “to be conformed to the image of Christ.” How is it with us? Have we grown more like Him? We may have been very busy and accomplished much, our work on the mission field, in the church, or in the community may be highly spoken of and much appreciated; this is not a question of work, but of becoming more like Him through continuous intercourse and fellowship with Him.

Have we permitted things to creep back into our lives which the Lord once showed us should be put away? It is true perhaps that we pray as much as we did, that is, about as many things, but is it not possible to pray much, and about many things and yet fail to touch God for our own particular needs and the needs of the work committed to us. Shooting at random rarely hits the mark. Are we growing more unselfish day by day, or are we acting as if the words of our text meant the same as the parting injunction we hear so often “now take good care of yourself” or “Look out for number one,” which might be translated “be as selfish as you can,” “be sure and get the best, of everything for yourself no matter who else comes short.” Then there is the man who must have everything done his own way, and such are not unknown even upon the mission field, yet, is this a sign of likeness to Him who said “I came not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me?” Surely the remembrance of how often we have been mistaken should rather lead us to distrust our own wills and make us shrink from always wanting our own way. The man who always gets what he wants has need to be very humble and be certain that what he wants is right, or the consequences may be disastrous to himself as well as to others. Then we are to “take heed to
"the doctrine." Looseness of living gives rise to looseness of thinking, and looseness of teaching, for how can we condemn in another what we allow in ourselves. Our teaching becomes one-sided and dangerous to them that hear. We cannot set another right unless we are right ourselves, nor can we cast the mote out of our brother's eye while the beam is in our own. So let us first take heed to ourselves, and to the doctrine (what we teach) "and continue in them" that we may save both ourselves and them that hear us.

CHAIRMAN'S PAGE.

THE EVANGELISTIC CAMPAIGN.

In many parts of India for many months, there was going on a work of preparation of the India Churches for united and special effort for the preaching of the Gospel to the unsaved not by the regular mission agents only but by the whole Christian community. There was an effort to stir up the whole Christian community and to get each man or woman, boy or girl to enlist in the work as a definite witness for Christ. There has been the same tendency on the mission field as at home, to leave all aggressive work to the comparatively small number of men and women who are paid mission agents, and it is the purpose of all intelligent missionaries to correct the false idea and to raise the new standard with a new watch-cry. "Every Christian a living witness for Christ." One week in Feb. was chosen and from what we read in the accounts God wonderfully blessed, the work of preparation, and in some of the Christian localities 40%, 60% and in one part 78% of the whole Christian community actually took part in the campaign. We are glad to read that during the campaign, over 6,000 people enrolled themselves as inquirers, and 2,722 people were led definitely to accept Christ.
as their Saviour. These inquirers are being followed up and many of the large numbers of Christians who have learned the joy of personal service will go on and develop as efficient but unpaid Christian workers, and this is what missions have been working for so long.

In some missions 35% and in other 50% or 60% of the Christians were led to take an active part and even that was a great increase in the working force and many laymen were found to have a real gift for presenting the Gospel and were able to hold the attention of crowds in the market places and the quieter companies who gathered in the villages.

Women went forth in companies to the women in towns and villages and found much blessing to themselves and were made a great blessing to the women to whom they went. It cannot be expected that all these lay workers can give their time to the work as thousands of them did for the week of the campaign but now that they have learned what they can do and the joy of doing it. We may hope that on Sunday they may keep up various forms of active service, and that these campaigns of a week or more at a time may be more frequent than once a year. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," is true of giving out freely what we have received spiritually, as well as in temporal things. When the whole Indian Church has learned this great truth and rises up to enrich itself by giving the Gospel not by proxy, by helping to pay other pastors and evangelists and Bible women, but by glad personal testimony and service. It will increase the amount of work done by missions manifold and it will not take long to evangelize India.

The preparatory work of Bible study and teaching and special prayer meetings must go on all the time and the special campaigns must be more frequent. It may be in some places where there are many Christians these campaigns could be carried on by relays of volunteer workers so that the inquirers could be better looked after, followed up, and prepared for baptism.

It is a great thing that such a beginning has been made and with such blessed fruit, and now the important thing is to follow
up what has been so well begun. The text needed now is “Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not.”

We can only pray that the spirit of prayer and of testimony may continue, and that those who have broken the ice and have learned to speak to people of Christ and His salvation may go forward. In twos or threes or larger companies they go out for Sunday School and other kinds of work for young and old, and many will develop gifts which they have been quite unconscious of.

We hope our home friends will pray much for the simultaneous evangelistic movement and we long to see in India a standard which has been seen in Corea, viz., that no one be received as a full member of a church who has not brought some other one to Christ. Not by missionaries and not by paid mission agents but by the united work of these and the whole body of Christians, every one doing his share can India be really evangelized.

MANACH.

SOME weeks ago Manah, one of our native preachers, with his wife Manach, was transferred to Sanand, where for nearly four months, I have had the privilege of working during the touring season. I think he is a man respected and loved by most of our missionaries as well as the native Christians. His wife, Manach, is just as good as he is. They had not been here long when Manach told me that her native village was in this taluka, about five miles from the mission station, that she wished very much to go there some time and see if any of her relatives were still living and would I please accompany her.

Let us go back fourteen years, Manah was but a little girl. The great famine came, Manah’s parents died, the brothers and sisters scattered far and wide, some to die in the dreadful famine, others to survive as best they could. Little Manah in God’s Providence was rescued by some of our missionaries, taken to Kaira Orphanage cared for and educated. Ten years ago she was married to Manah who was also of the same caste. Therefore when she told me her native village was in Sanand Taluka
and that she wished to visit it, I at once saw in this a possible opportunity to take the Gospel to that town. Accordingly, one bright morning just after sun-rise the three native preachers, Dai, my Bible-woman, Manach and I set out, each carrying a little bundle in our hands containing our books and a lunch, for the day promised to be very hot and we could not return till evening. About nine a.m. we reached the village to find it empty as all the people had fled because of plague and were living in grass huts in the fields. Manach being of the farmer caste we inquired where their huts were. On being told, we made our way thither. The people knew at once we were "Faith People" come to preach about the One God, and, as is generally their custom, a cot was placed in a shady spot in front of their huts for us to sit on, the people sitting on the ground in front of us.

We sang two hymns, after which one man said, "We don't understand one thing you people have been singing about." We told him to listen and we would explain it all. So one of the preachers explained to them the Words of Life for about a half hour, after which Manach gave a gospel message. Then the writer after a short talk told them that in our midst was one who was of their own village and caste, whom God had saved and taken care of for so many years. Their faces were a study as they gazed first at Manach, then at me. At last their tongues were loosed and they began to ask questions, what was her father's name? her mother's name? her brother's name? Then some one pointing to a young woman hiding her face behind her Sarrie said, that is your brother E...s wife. In a little while the brother's wife arose and went to call her husband who was in his field about a mile away. In a short time he came with caste lock flying in the air, wearing soiled and somewhat ragged clothing. He stood several feet away staring at Manach, but never a word, but his face told much. Just then a woman of middle age made her appearance, she proved to be another sister-in-law, with whom Manach lived more than she did with her parents, on learning who Manach was she embraced her, laying her head on her shoulder saying my sister! my sister! you have been lost all these years, we thought you were dead, then she kissed her with their mouths about a foot apart. It was a regular Joseph and his Brethren scene. Manach cried and her relatives, yes, and I cried too. Poor Dai, always solicitous for the honour of Christianity, felt it her duty in the midst of it all to explain that Manach was not crying because she was unhappy, but because she had returned to her native village.
to find them still in darkness, without the knowledge of the true God.

After a while Manah told them how God had been with them all these years, had not only saved their souls but had supplied all their temporal needs. He said we have not come to you as beggars but as educated men and women wearing decent clothing, and he certainly did look for their superior dressed in his black Fez cap and clean white dotha and black brocade-cloth coat, which was donated to him by a missionary who is now in America on furlough. For about an hour they conversed together. After taking our lunch in the shade of a tree, we bade them farewell, the people following us for some distance all promising to come to the mission house as soon as possible. We have told you this little story because we want you to join us in prayer that in Manach's case Acts xvi. 31 may be fulfilled "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved and thy house." For we do pray that with the renewal of these ties of relationship some of these people will learn the way of salvation and turn from idols to serve the true and living God.

Lillian Pritchard,

JOHN RUNGIAH.

JOHN RUNGIAH, was the son of one of the earliest and most consecrated Telugu preachers, and the first foreign missionary sent out by the Telugu Christians.

In consequence of the dreadful famines which have afflicted that country for so long, multitudes have emigrated from Southern India, in to South Africa. Among those have been hundreds of Telugu Christians, who truly became "sheep without a shepherd," settled in vast compounds, and separated from all outside Christian influences.

This condition of things bore heavily upon the heart of John Rungiah, who was then head master of the girls' school at Nellore, and he began to pray that workers might be forthcoming for this new opening, which had presented itself; and he also began to look around for others to go forth. A whole year was thus spent in casting about after the needful man, without the possibility of reporting any progress in the matter, when one day it was borne in upon Rungiah that he was the man who should go. Prayer followed, and he was ready to go.
His wife at first opposed, but in due time she also was moved to go with him to preach the Gospel to the thousands of Telugus in South Africa, and to shepherd the Christians among them. Rungiah was not at ease until he had said to the Lord: Here am I; send me!

Having been "set apart" for his new work, John Rungiah "went forth, not knowing whither he went." But the way was wonderfully prepared for him.

On arriving at Natal, John was at first received into the homes and hearts of the workers of the South Africa General Mission. He would have been quite content to have been received, just like the "coolies" had been received, without any demonstration of welcome. Referring to the late Mr. F. Spencer Walton, he said: "To my surprise, he received me just in the name of the Lord, with his full love and tender care. Ever since, he is our missionary father, and Mrs. Walton, our missionary mother."

There are now four churches in Natal, with a membership of about 500, the result of Rungiah's ministry under God. It is an interesting fact that whereas John was brought up in a field where self-support has been one of the most difficult problems which the missionaries have had to face, his work in Natal has begun and continued on the basis of self-support. All the churches just referred to as organized by him, are self-supporting, and Rungiah to the time of his death, about two years ago, sought to foster that spirit among all the communities of converts.—Evangelical Christian.

THE CLASSES AND THE MASSES.

Much is said these days of the masses of India, and doubtless not without reason, for by far the great majority of the population is made up of the low-castes. One of the passages used to encourage special effort among these low-castes and out-castes, is that Christ came to preach the Gospel to the poor, and also that the common people heard Him gladly. But as the story goes regarding the English officer in India, who had never seen an Indian Christian but had seen many tigers, while the missionary had found plenty of Christians, but had never seen one tiger; so it is to a great extent true that we find what we seek after. The Holy Spirit is a great Equalizer, and if given liberty, will not permit one-sidedness in the Church of God.
To those who quote the above passages of Scripture and others of similar purport, I would point out that the Lord came to seek and to save that which was lost. We are also commanded to sow beside all waters. We see that the early Church was equalized in her very infancy, by numbers being converted from the high and the low, the rich and the poor, and the cultured and the ignorant. That truly is the blessedness of this Gospel, that it is large enough for all, if they come by the way of the cross.

If the foundation of the early Church was made up largely of fishermen and other poor folks, we must also admit that it was made strong and complete by the addition of men and women of the type of the apostle Paul, the evangelist Luke, Barnabas, Apollo, Phebe (the deaconess of Cenchreae) and Priscilla (the helper of Paul). And surely the Church would have felt a great lack, if they had not been brought in by the grace of Christ.

May it not be that the lack of spiritual power in the Indian Church to-day is due largely to the greatest efforts being confind to reaching the low-castes. In the Church's zeal to get numbers, is she not limiting the Holy One of Israel, and putting the greatest effort upon those, who will have to pay the least to become Christian? Among the pioneer missionaries to India it was not thus. They sought to reach all classes, and put forth great efforts to reach the high castes, and their efforts were crowned to some extent with God's blessing and success. And upon these early converts, who suffered much persecution, the Church in India has been built, with Jesus Christ as the Chief Corner Stone. Much is said these days of the terrible hardships and persecution, which a new convert from the higher castes is sure to receive. But do we not lay too much stress on this side, in our eagerness to popularize the Gospel, and forget Christ's command—"Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you and persecute you for my sake,...rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven," and also the apostle's words—"that through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of God?"

What, then, must we do with the masses of low-castes, who are willing to be baptized? Let us do what we can to lead them to repentance and faith in Christ. But the writer, because of a mistaken idea among many in the homelands regarding the present mass movement in India, wishes to present the following statements for thought and prayer. These conclusions were arrived at by the reports of various missionaries and Indian pastors at a recent meeting of the Standing Committee of the Mass
Movement in North India. There have been some questions and answers left out as unimportant.

**QUESTION 1.**—Do you make breaking caste a condition of baptism?

**ANSWER.**—Eleven were in the affirmative, fifteen in the negative, and five were doubtful. Many of those, who answered in the negative, stated that as soon as you insisted on breaking of caste, you stop the movement. An Indian pastor, in his reply to this question, said—"The caste system is the keystone to the arch of Hinduism, and unless we try to weaken and destroy it, our progress as a Church will be very slow."

God says—"Come ye out from among them, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will be a father to you."

**QUESTION 4.**—Where caste has not been broken, do not baptized Christians obey the old Hindu brotherhood, following the heathen custom rather than the Christian one in the matter of marriages and burials.

**ANSWER.**—There was a perfect unanimity of opinion in answering this question in the affirmative, i.e., that they did follow the heathen customs in these things.

**QUESTION 6.**—Is it not true that where we have such large numbers receiving baptism each year, without requiring them to break caste, that the mass movement would cease, were this condition insisted on?

**ANSWER.**—Most are agreed that it would, and then some add that it would mean less quantity and better quality in our Christians. A missionary writes—"I believe that the Mass Movement would cease for a time, but I also believe that if we are to impress India with the advantage, dignity and purity of Christianity, we must not let our present number of baptized heathen increase." Another missionary writes—"The enforcement of this condition will save the mass
movement; otherwise there will be apostacy on a large scale." One missionary and one Indian pastor said that it would not stop a real Mass Movement, but would stop a fictitious one.

**QUESTION 8.**—From your experience and observation, do you conclude that those Christians, who broke caste before baptism, are more real than those who did not: (a) In spirituality, (b) In their desire for an education, (c) In adopting Christian customs in the place of heathen ones, in marriages, burials, etc.?

**ANSWER.**—Several failed to answer, but of those who did, fifteen replied with an emphatic "yes," while only one answered with a "No," to all three sub-heads.

The writer met a member of this Mass Movement Committee and in answer to the question whether the movement was really the result of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and whether the majority of those, who were baptized, were really Christians, the reply was that it was primarily a social movement, and if the present generation were not saved to the Church, they would get the children and be able to teach and train them. In other words their thought is—"The next generation for Christ." Those of us, who believe that the coming of our Lord is imminent, surely should make as our watch word, "The preaching of the Gospel to this generation."

And again I see no Scripture for encouraging a social movement prior to a movement of the Holy Spirit, in which souls are really saved. Where the low-castes have been taken into the Church in large numbers, it has been our observation that the higher castes have been discouraged from investigating Christianity.

In conclusion of the whole matter, it seems far more consistent with the teaching of the Word of God, that we stick to the pure and high standard, therein set forth, and give forth the truth to all classes alike, trusting the Holy Spirit to move upon the hearts of those who are seeking the truth.

A. A. Blackeney, in Jehovah Jireh.
CHILDREN'S PAGE.
Conducted by Miss B. B. Conger.

KULETA.

LISTEN Children, I am going to tell you a real true story about a dear little brown girl. She is only a baby, with two little white teeth in her mouth, she has curly hair, bright big black eyes and a sweet smiling face. One day her mother got tired of her and said she did not want to keep her any longer and she began to look about, to find a place to leave her. She was not altogether hard and cruel because she did not want her to starve and die, nor to become a bad woman when she grew up, so she brought her to the mission bungalow. When we went out to see her, she was very much afraid, and clung to her mother closely—We had quite a long talk with her mother, and then she said, “Take her, I do not want her.” Oh the poor little thing did cry and looked for her mother to take her back but she did not, she just got up and walked away and left that dear little baby girl in our arms without any dress on; she cried and cried and her little body trembled because she was very much afraid of our new faces. One of our big girls took her, gave her a nice warm bath, put a little dress on her, combed her hair and then she looked sweeter than ever.

Our hearts did ache for her as we saw how she waited and looked for her mother to return for her, but she never came. Now the little girl lives with us. She is just beginning to smile and look happy as if she was making up her small mind to like us.

We are very glad she is with us. When she becomes older, we will teach her to love Jesus and become a Christian. Her name is Kuleta which means noble.

Thank you for listening to this story dear children, and now I must run away and see if this little girl Kuleta has had her breakfast, so good-bye.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.
Alice Backlund.

A FEW days after our party arrived in India, I came to Khamgaon, Berar, to make my home with Miss Rollier and Miss Wyeth, at the Girl's Orphanage. When I came to Khamgaon, I was not only greatly impressed, but my heart rejoiced and praised God for His faithfulness, in fulfilling His Word and promises.
I first heard about missionary work in India, at a Convention, about seven years ago, the speaker being a missionary from the Orphanage here in Khamgaon. God spoke to me about going, as the needs were presented, and I told the Lord I would be willing to go. God promised then that if I would commit my way unto Him, He would give me the desire of my heart. Now that the desire is fully realized do you wonder I am impressed and encouraged to believe God and His Word.

The cordial welcome received from the missionaries on the field, given either orally, or by written message, greatly cheered the new missionary in a strange land. How good it felt to be in a place where I was truly welcome, and where, if Jesus tarries it will be my privilege to be a co-worker with our dear Alliance missionaries, who love the Lord, one another, and put forth every effort for the salvation of precious souls in this needy land. No doubt it is because the older missionaries understand the need, and our human limitations in this tropical climate, that they so gladly welcome new recruits.

The ladies at Khamgaon gave me such a heartfelt welcome, that I have felt as one of the family from the very beginning. The girls of the Orphanage, gathered on the verandah, the evening of my arrival, to sing their song of welcome, it was sung so cheerfully and sweetly, that although I could not understand one word of their song, they sang their way into my heart, I did not have to learn to love them.

I had often wondered what the plains of India would look like. After having stopped at several of the coast cities, where all nature was beautifully green and attractive, this part of the country seemed all the more barren and dusty, with not a blade of green grass. All my life I have had a great dislike for dust. But in the garden and on the verandah, there are some plants and, roses, which are all the more appreciated. There are many large pretty trees around compounds, and along the roadsides, which give both shade and beauty.

All the birds that I have seen are beautiful except the crows. Perhaps it is because they live so near us, and become so familiar, that they are disliked. Through the trees, is seen the clear blue sky and India's gorgeous sunsets, which conceals the "city of gold," where there will be no dust, unless it be gold dust, and that will only add glory and splendour to every thing it covers.

How strange it seemed, at first, to see these throngs and throngs of dark skinned people,—everywhere. Their clothing, often very scant, is soiled and tattered. But underneath, are
hearts that feel the cares and sorrows of life; and that have no hope for eternity, because they are bound in heathen darkness, which gives no balm, comfort or hope.

There is but One, who is enough for these benighted people. It is because Jesus, the Light of the world, has shined into my heart, and given unto me a love for Himself and for these needy people, that I count it a joy to be here, to live among them, and I trust ere long to be able to give out to them the Word of Life and Light.

With this purpose in view, I am putting forth every effort to learn the native language. At first it seemed almost a hopeless task. It was so difficult for the ear to catch these peculiar sounding letters, and for the tongue to utter them. I have felt, surely "the tongue is an unruly member." Gradually the letters and words become intelligible, and are composed into sentences, which sound topsy-turvy from our point of view.

India abounds in life as well as heat and dust. The little creatures of India, are not too small to make impressions, since they leave their imprints on us, as well as our food and clothing, if we are not on our guard. They seem to like us as well as the natives, because they all—flies, mosquitoes, ants, cockroaches, mice, rats, lizards, etc., like to share our bungalow with us, and have all things in common. Even this, is a means of grace, for I notice these little things do not annoy the older missionaries, as much as new a one.

One who loves babies and children, will find Khamgaon Orphanage an interesting place, because there are here the dearest little babies, with shiny, black, curly hair and large brown eyes, that smile just as sweetly, for a little bit of love, as babies do in the home land. The little girls are full of life and fun. They enjoy a good frolic, and some are just as mischievous as little girls of another country. How they do enjoy to pick and bring us flowers, or to catch pretty insects and butterflies for us to see. Oh, that they might grow up to love only that which is good, pure and beautiful.

The older girls are willing workers. All the girls are fervent in prayer, when needs arise for prevailing prayer, within the past few days there have been times of special prayer for sick ones, and God has given victory. This must give joy to those who have been the means of bringing these girls out of heathen darkness, into the place of trust in God who hears and answers prayer.

Not only does the new missionary realize she is a stranger in a strange land, even more, the people are strange, and it will
require wisdom and observation, to understand how to be of help and blessing to them in their trials and difficulties.

I am beginning to understand, at least in a small measure, the words of the Master, "Lo I am with you always," and to appreciate them more fully. Surely, in India, Jesus would say to us again "Apart from me ye can do nothing," but we, with Paul, would say, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

Each day, in our extreme need, we can learn to trust Him more and love Him better. If we will serve the Lord Jesus faithfully, and you will stand with us in prayer, He will manifest His power in behalf of the people of India, and we all will rejoice together, bringing in the sheaves.

REPROACHES.

IN the first village we visited one morning three old women sat grinding castor oil seeds—making oil. They were glad to tell me all about that. Glad to see a white woman: hadn't seen one for a long time. But when we began to tell of Jesus, they advised us to go and talk to the men. The men knew about such things: they had no sense. I got them to admit the fact of sin, and the fact that they could not get rid of it, and assured them of the other great fact that Christ died for their sins. In two other places in that village we got little groups of women and children. The last group centred round an old blind woman. Her daughter-in-law was rude to me, and the old woman wanted me not to feel it too much. She felt grieved at her blindness, and her consequent helplessness. "Don't I constantly pray to the Creator, but He does not hear."

So we told how that the Creator in His great wisdom lets sickness and pain and trouble and even blindness happen to His Children in order to draw them to Himself. Another thing, we cannot approach the Holy God, the Creator; we are full of sin; but He has sent His Son, Who died for us, to set us free from sin, and we must pray in His name—the name of Jesus. She learned, "God be merciful to me, a sinner, for Jesus Christ's sake." Some of the children round found they could learn it too. We left her with a little gift, and she seemed very happy. As there was another village about a mile further on, and it was still early, we went there too. But there we had very little courtesy shown us. As one man said, "If this story is true, and so important, why have you left us so long?"—MARGARET A. HILL, in—Darkness and Light.
NEED OF PRAYER IN KHAMGAON ORPHANAGE.

MISS Wyeth writes:—“We would be glad to have prayer for our girls. We have had twenty-five cases of measles among our children. Some have recovered, but several are still suffering, and one little boy has died. Others were nigh unto death and three little ones seem to have been raised up simply in answer to prayer.”

We trust our readers will take this message upon their hearts and pray earnestly for these little ones and for those in charge. The ladies, Miss Wyeth and Miss Rollier are almost worn out with the constant watching and care of the children day and night. Measles in India is a much more fatal disease than in the home lands, though this is in a measure owing to ignorance and carelessness on the part of the parents. Though this is true, any one who has had to care for two or three children, all sick at one time, will appreciate the burden which press on these dear missionaries who have not only to look after the sick, but keep order among the rest of the girls as well.

ENTERING IN BY THE DOOR.

MISS Burnett writes from Hindupur: “I am sure you will be interested to hear how a lost sheep was found and brought into the fold the other Sunday. When the congregation were dispersing after the service, two or three old Christian women were standing outside with serious expressions on their faces, one poor soul in their midst looking quite distressed. Why? Oh she was a lost sheep outside the fold, while her friends were inside, and were begging her to come in. How could she get in? She did not know the way. But she was willing to come as soon as she saw the Door open. Satan had blinded her eyes that she did not see the Door that was already open. She had heard of a loving Saviour Who was waiting to deliver her from sin. She had heard that same morning that the Saviour was soon coming for His people. We talked to her, and tried to make things clear to her, and then she followed us to the bungalow, where, kneeling in prayer, she received Jesus into her life, and went homeward rejoicing with her companion.”

—Darkness and Light.
IT remains to consider the question of conversions. A cardinal tenet of Hinduism is that no one can become a Hindu unless he is born one. Formal conversions from the ranks of Muhammadanism and Christianity are thus impossible. Nor can persons who have once renounced Hinduism in favour of these religions be taken back. It is this which accounts for the numerous groups of Muhammadans whose ancestors were forcibly converted to the faith of the Prophet. Abbe Dubois mentions a typical instance of a number of Brahmans who were forcibly converted by Tippu Sahib in the course of one of his marauding expeditions. After a long disputation their fellow Brahmans decided to allow them to be taken back into caste on their undergoing a severe ceremony of atonement and purification. But it was then discovered that they had been compelled to eat beef; and this was at once held to make their reinstatement impossible. Forcible conversions are of course a thing of the past, but none the less there is a steady drain going on. Though there is at the present time no organised proselytism by the Mullahs, here and there individuals are constantly attorning to Muhammadanism, some few from real conviction, but more for material reasons, such as the desire to escape from an impossible position when outcasted, or, in the case of widows, the allurement of an offer of marriage. Whenever there is a love affair between a Hindu and a Muhammadan, it can only culminate in an open union if the Hindu goes over to Islam, while the discovery of a secret liaison often has the same sequel. A Brahman of my acquaintance told me that his sister’s husband became a Muhammadan in order to take as his second wife a girl of that religion. His sister thereupon left him and is now supported by her brother.

At the present time, however, the defections from Hinduism are chiefly the result of conversions to Christianity. These will be dealt with when the growth of that religion is examined. These losses to Christianity and Muhammadanism, however, are counterbalanced by gains from the Animists. It is true that individuals cannot ordinarily gain admission to the Hindu fold; for to become a Hindu a man must become a member of a recognized Hindu caste, and that is generally an impossibility. But the case is different where communities are concerned. An aboriginal tribe in an environment where Hindu influences are
strong comes gradually and half unconsciously to adopt Hindu ideas and prejudices, to take part in Hindu festivals, to attend at Hindu temples and to pay a certain amount of homage to the Brahmins. Some degraded member of the priestly caste, or perhaps some Vaishnava Gosain in search of a livelihood, becomes their spiritual guide; and as time goes on, the difference between them and their Hindu neighbours, in respect of their social customs and outward religious observances, becomes less and less marked, until at last they are regarded by themselves and their neighbours as regular Hindus. The change takes place slowly and insidiously that no one is conscious of it. There is no formal abandonment of one ritual or another. Sometimes it happens that a tribe is thus divided into two sections, the one Hinduized and the other still Animistic. In such case open proselytization often takes places amongst the unregenerate. The theory seems to be that the latter have lapsed from a higher state, and the Hinduized section of their community make no difficulty in admitting them after they have performed such ceremonies of purification as may be prescribed by their spiritual preceptors.

In the Goalpara district of Assam the large decline in the number of Animists as compared with 1901 is due to a Sannyasi named Siv Narayan Swami, an up-country Brahman, who has preached a form of Vedic Hinduism in many parts of India. Amongst his disciples are most of the Rajbansi zamindars in the Goalpara district. The movement amongst the Meches started about ten years ago, when a few educated young men became his disciples. It has since then spread rapidly. One of his doctrines is that all men are equal in the sight of God, and that the differences in caste, rank and religion are illusional. The use of beef, pork and liquor is strictly prohibited. The followers of this Sannyasi use the word "Brama" as a title after their names.—Census Report.

MISSIONARY WORK IN INDIAN VILLAGES.

REAL INDIA is village India, for India is a land of villages, of which it possesses upwards of 900,000. We are so accustomed in these days of war to think in millions that this number may at first strike us as not particularly large considering the huge area of the country. But if we try to conceive something of what five villages involve, when we think of them
from the point of view of missionary work, and then multiply that number till we have reached 900,000 we shall perhaps have grasped some dim idea of what it means. In England and Wales half the population live in towns; in India only one-fifteenth.

To understand something of what an Indian village is like it will help us if we compare it with an English one. As we approach the pretty little country place at home nestling at the foot of a hill, surrounded by trees, or straggling in two divisions along either side of the high road, with houses and cottages scattered in the fields and lanes behind, one of the most conspicuous buildings that will first attract our attention will be the little village church. Near it will be the vicarage surrounded by its garden. Here is the doctor's house and dispensary, with its red lamp hanging outside, so that people may not hesitate in a case of emergency as to where the doctor is to be found. There may be the little village hospital too, and the almshouses with the old people sunning themselves outside their doors, living out their last days in peace, with assurance of constant help from friendly neighbours. Then there is the school filled with merry rosy-cheeked, well-kept children. The cottages themselves are quite likely really pretty from an architectural point of view, with their thatched roofs and overhanging eaves. If not, the little gardens in front, with bright flower-beds on either side of the stone-flagged pathway leading up to the front porch, which is covered with sweet-scented honeysuckle and jessamine and brilliant crimson rambler, make up for any deficiency in the building. Almost every little house, however small, can boast of its little flower-path in front or at the back. Inside how bright and picturesque the cottage rooms are! Only one living-room perhaps, but it answers all purposes quite well with its square table in the centre covered with a bright red cloth, and the highly polished stove where the kettle sits merrily singing on the hob above the burning coals. The white curtained windows will almost certainly have pots of scarlet geranium on the sill; and though the big China ornaments on the chest of drawers may strike us as vulgar in colouring and altogether inartistic in taste, they serve to show the family take a pride in their possessions and like to keep their little home nice. The shops down the village street are wonderfully able to supply us with our more immediate needs till we can get into town, and there is sure to be a post-office and a regular delivery of letters and the daily paper.

Compare with this an Indian village with its sun-baked
MISSIONARY WORK IN INDIAN VILLAGES

mud walls, a study in dust-brown shades. In the Aurungabad, Ahmednagar, and Manmad districts the villages are all built of mud. The houses have flat roofs, and as you approach they convey no idea to you beyond that of a series of mud walls, for doors and windows are often not visible. In the Nasik district the roofs are sometimes tiled which makes them more picturesque, and in Bengal the thatched houses, frequently built on great wooden supports to raise them from the ground so that they have the appearance of gigantic mushrooms, are exceedingly pretty at a distance among the feathery bamboos. As you enter a village you realize all that is lacking. Here is no church, no vicarage, no doctor’s house, no dispensary, no hospital, no shops, no post office. Some villages may possess one or all of these but they are quite the exception. The only shops are usually outdoor bazaars. A village may or may not have its weekly bazaar day to which the people will bring the produce of their fields for sale, and set up little outdoor stalls to display their wares. The nearest medical help is probably many many miles away at a far-distant town. There may be a school—quite probably not. There are no attempts at gardens, no flowers to brighten up the scene. One of the most noticeable things about the village is its division into sections, or wadas. The village proper will perhaps be enclosed by a wall. Inside this live the caste people, sometimes in quite decent houses, though not even the wealthiest have our idea of the value of fresh air and the whole family will crowd in one room in company with buffaloes and cattle of all kinds. Outside the city wall live the outcastes, each caste in its separate wada. In Western India these may number three—the Mahar, the Mang, and the Bhil wadas. In these wadas the houses are mere hovels. The entrances are so low you must bend as you go in. Inside you can see nothing till your eyes become accustomed to the darkness. There is no chimney, and the room is full of smoke. The floor is of cow dung and there is in all probability no other entrance for light and air but the door. In such a room lives the whole family, and remember in India a “family” does not merely mean the parents and children, but includes every one, from the grandparents to the newly-arrived little grandchild, with numerous aunts and uncles and cousins included. In the common living room there will always be space found somehow for the buffaloes, pigs, and cocks and hens. And the smells are most noticeable of all. Such evil smells, proving the condition of the people to be one of dirt, and that there is lack of care in sanitation.

—The Bombay Guardian.
WHY INDIA IS POOR?

Below we print an article by Wilber T. Elmore in "Men and Missions." It gives us a new thought of the terrible condition of social life, which is inevitable when God is not known and worshipped.

Why, in a land of coal and iron, should all railway equipment and machinery come from England? Why does India export nearly all her cotton, and then buy back the manufactured cloth at an increase of a thousand per cent, in price? Why is all farming on such a petty scale, and why are the people compelled to live in a hand-to-mouth fashion? Why are all business enterprises and railways run on European capital, thus draining the land by the dividends?

It is not for lack of mechanical ability. The products of the looms of India have been the marvel of the ages, and now Indian men are showing great skill in all mechanical lines. They are as expert in repairing automobiles as Westerners. As to the land, there is plenty of it. An acre of irrigated, well-cultivated land will raise as much as some small farms in the West. Is it lack of capital? By no means. If the money hidden in secret boards in India could be produced, she would be able to finance almost any enterprise.

Why then should not the capital of India seek investment in some productive way? Or why should not enterprising Westerners go to India and open up manufacturing plants in a land where labour and material are cheap and markets are growing prodigiously? Why should not an American farmer put in a big pumping plant and with cheap labour, cheap land and all Asia, Africa and the islands of the sea for his market, make himself rich and help the Indians at the same time?

Some say it is the Government, but this is not true. Others say it is the shiftlessness and laziness of the tropical people. This, too, I do not believe. Where there is an object to work for, I have never seen people work harder nor more faithfully.

I admit that there are many contributing causes, but I believe that the chief one is seldom mentioned. Let one visit the cotton mills of Madras and some of the obstacles will soon appear. Here is a firm giving employment to thousands, that has no strikes, has a co-operative system, conducts night schools, and is really doing a great benevolent work, and paying good dividends, too. But it took the firm twenty years to learn how to succeed, and meanwhile many others in different parts of the land saw disaster.
But visit the plant. As you come near you will think you are approaching a penitentiary. High walls topped with jagged broken glass surround the entire place. There is but one opening. Around this we see a group of armed guards—fierce Sikhs from North India. Not a person passes without being challenged. The noon whistle sounds and hundreds of men, women and children come pouring out of the mills, but every one must stand when he comes to the gate, with hands raised as before a highwayman and be quickly searched from head to foot for possibly stolen goods. And notwithstanding such precautions, I am told that thousands of rupees' worth of goods disappear every month. Recently an engine would not start. Investigation showed that two bolts had been removed. They would sell in the bazaar for a few cents only, and yet the loss in time to the company meant a large sum.

Such are some of the conditions the manufacturer must meet. What about farming? As soon as the grain begins to ripen a guard must be placed over the field, and from that time on until the grain is harvested, stacked, threshed, and finally placed in the dry cistern within the courtyard, a guard must be on duty every minute, day and night. The members of the family are usually the trusted guards. But what about paid guards in a larger enterprise? The guards themselves would have to be guarded. And so the farming scheme breaks down.

But why is money hoarded and not invested? It is the same difficulty; the lack of honesty produces lack of confidence. The Indian has confidence in that secret hoard, but he has no confidence in his fellow-men, and fears stocks, bonds, banks, and all investments. So it comes to pass that money from other lands takes the dividends, manufacturers in other lands reap the profits, Indian people have no money-making occupations and are sitting in idleness and want, while India, exposed to modern competition and the invasion of western trade, is likely to become poorer rather than richer.

Such conditions do not promise much for India's industrial future, for without honesty and a reasonable amount of confidence, no business can be successfully conducted. Are the Indians then worse than other people? I doubt it. It is their religion which is the trouble. This seems a strange statement, that the religion of a people is responsible for their poverty or wealth, but it certainly is true of India.

No people are going to rise much higher than their religious ideals. When the gods are immoral, deceitful, dishonest, tricksters, what may we expect of the people? And this is what
is true of the most of the Indian gods. The gods of the lower classes are evil demons. Those of the higher classes are more refined, but none the less evil. Krishna is a favourite, and he is most commonly worshipped in the act of theft, and his theft is considered a joke.

There is rising in India a community, small as yet, but growing rapidly in numbers and influence, which is showing the way out. It is the Christian community. Coming largely from the lower classes, yet already they have influence far beyond their numbers or position. The outcaste boy of the lowest parentage who becomes a real Christian has prospects better in comparison with his former condition than those of any other boy in the world. The reason is that notwithstanding many defects, on the whole he is trustworthy and people are beginning to find it out, so he is in demand.

Government help, social programmes, trade schools, experiment stations, are all good, and helping some, but there is one thing that is doing more than all else combined to overcome India’s poverty. It is the work of missionaries, which is permeating the whole social structure. Shiploads of corn in famine time are good, but the one who is interested in feeding India’s millions, no matter what his religious belief is, can find no more practical method than that of filling India with the Gospel. And as the people who do send and take the Gospel there, have as their first motive the spiritual uplift of the people, they may also have the great satisfaction of knowing that in addition they are doing the most far-reaching, permanent, and altogether necessary work for relieving India’s poverty. Hunger is abnormal in Christian lands.

If Christ had started on the day of His baptism to preach in the villages of India and had continued since then up to the present, visiting one village each day, he would still have 30,000 villages to visit. India has a population of 315,000,000; most of these live in villages.

BIBLE IS KICKING.

Mr. Ezra, our helper in the work in Bangalore, writes about the Brahmin priest who became interested during the recent tour in the Bangalore district. “He professed to have Jesus in his heart, but we asked him how he could be priest to an idol, and worship Jesus at the same time. He said he had been thinking of giving over this work to a relative, for, he said,
‘The Bible is kicking me every day about idol worship.’ After prayer we left this dear old man; he promised to come to see me in Bangalore when his knee was better, as he had a bad knee at the time.”—Darkness and Light.

One wise in the gospel has said: Science and invention are ever pioneered by the missionaries. It seems that the Lord will not give men understanding until it is needed to facilitate the progress of the gospel. When Martin Luther was able to show that the word of God circulated freely among the people was the best thing that could be done, almost simultaneously three men in Germany invented the art of printing. When William Carey began to carry the gospel to the regions beyond and better means for transportation was needed, He put it into the heart of Robert Fulton to invent the steamboat, and as additional wings for carrying the precious message of salvation was needed, there followed in turn the telegraph, the Atlantic and other cables, etc.

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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