Our dear Mr. Ramsey's death necessitates a new editor for the India Alliance. It is with a deep and very personal regret that I take up my duties in the place of one who was for twenty-six years a warm and loyal friend. Mr. Ramsey was a member of the Society of Friends, and the name Friend seemed to fit him in every way. Any friend of Mr. Ramsey's might always count on his faith and loyalty; and also on real pleasure at every contact with him, for his well-stored mind, his fine memory and his whimsical Irish humour, as well as his faculty for listening attentively to others, made him a delightful companion and letter-writer.

Mr. Ramsey's unselfishness, gentleness, kindness, unfailing cheeriness, patience and courage shone equally with his capacity for friendship. His power of endurance, both in spirit and in body, was unusual. As a young man he underwent the amputation of a toe without chloroform and without flinching, literally without a squirm; and that incident has always seemed to me exceedingly significant of the man's whole temper. There was in him a quiet, dogged grit and strength, a patient purpose to endure, to be downed by nothing, which was truly splendid.

One cannot even imagine Mr. Ramsey fretting and fuming in illness and those small difficulties which so quickly put others to the test. He suffered without complaint and his quiet patience and cheerfulness were incomparably more moving than the groaning and grumbling of less disciplined souls. He had a deep, innate aversion to giving trouble to anyone, and rather than do so he would suffer silently when he might easily have been helped with a little pains most gladly taken by friends for whom he would cheerfully have done much more.

Though an interesting talker and an excellent story-teller, Mr. Ramsey was far from being talkative. He was indeed a quiet man, quiet in voice, movement and gesture, a thoroughly disciplined character. He was exceedingly neat, methodical and painstaking. His clear, strong, graceful hand-writing
always seemed an index to his orderly mind and kindly heart. He was self-collected, a man without loose ends, and yet very patient with others not as strong as himself. He was very appreciative of fine qualities in others, very sympathetic, and in twenty-six years I cannot recall ever hearing him discuss any one unkindly. He was a man with whom one could discuss views other than his own, and he could always keep a confidence.

Mr. Ramsey loved good company, good talk, and good books. He loved children and children loved him, as did animals. From the time he came to India during my own childhood he has always been one of the favourite mission "Uncles" with the mission children. "Uncle Ramsey" always meant fun—and peppermints. He had a sweet tooth himself and never forgot his own childhood. He was essentially young-hearted. Only last year I saw him tease and play with a devoted pup as if he were himself a boy. It seems strange that he was really fifty-six when he left us. With all this he was very able and had excellent judgment, so that his loss is irreparable to the mission as well as to many individuals. How we shall miss him, and in how many ways!

But what of those nearest to him? To lose such a life companion is to suffer dismemberment; to lose such a father is to be hurt at the very roots of the young life itself. And to know that the loss is for this life only, that one will "receive one's own with usury," does not compensate for the present emptiness and aching void. There is no compensation short of reunion, though one may endure as seeing the invisible. So let all tender hearts pray for this sorrowing wife and daughter that they may be strengthened to endure and—yes, comforted, as only God Himself can comfort.

The seasons become increasingly erratic. Years ago the rainy season used to commence fairly regularly during the first half of June, but now one can count on nothing. Last year there was scarcely a month in Western India that did not see at least a little rain. Moreover the rain during the proper monsoon season was so freakish, that in some parts of Berar fields had to be sown three times before the seed had a fair chance. Then came heavy flooding rains which ruined the cotton, on which so much depends. Consequently, though the grain crops were good, we have had famine prices for seven or eight months, and the distress in parts is great. All the poorer classes are eating peva jawari which has been buried in the ground for so many years that it looks like fine, black gravel and smells pestilentially. Last year at this time jawari was four annas (four pence or eight cents) an eight pound measure, and now it is twelve annas!
How the very poor live at all is a mystery, for God knows they never had too much. Clothing too, and bedding, have doubled and trebled in price.

The other day in the bazaar two men were pricing jawari, which has always been the main food of the poor, and one said to the other, in a tone of bewilderment, "Look at this for nine annas!" The older man took the poor stuff in his hand and then said in a voice of quiet conviction that went to one's heart, "Dying time has come." One cannot forget their sad faces.

It means incomputable suffering if any crops fail this year. The rains have commenced early in May this season, which may mean a deficient rainfall later on. One's heart says instinctively, "It simply must not be!" Is there nothing we can do about it?—we who profess to believe the Bible?—who pray to Jesus' Father, Who is our Father? There is surely a great responsibility on us if we believe a tithe of the great promises of the Bible, for "prayer changes things."

Eight years ago there was a well in one of our orphanages which had always gone dry every hot season since it was first dug. As the second well was inadequate to the needs, the large weekly washing had to be done at the river about two miles away. Every Saturday morning during the hot season, the missionary in charge had to take about seventy-five girls to the river at four o'clock in the morning, in order to be able to return at ten and so avoid the cruel heat of noon. Even so the younger girls got sore feet walking home on the blistering, hot roads; several got fever every week, and one girl who had run away from a brutal husband narrowly escaped being kidnapped by him, to her own terror and the missionary's agonized concern. In short, that weekly going to the river became a nightmare, a thing to be dreaded the whole year through.

The missionary was saying so one day to a fellow-worker, who replied: "I don't think you will have all that trouble again, I have been praying for some time that the old well won't fail this year, and I have a feeling it won't." At this the first missionary said a little hastily, "What's the use of praying for a thing like that? It's against nature. That well has always gone dry."

The fellow-worker was nonplussed for a moment, but said nothing. Her courage sat down, as the Marathi would say. Then she girded the loins of her confidence once more and said in her heart, "Then what's the use of praying for anything? I'm going to keep on, and the well isn't going dry this year." After a while the other too began to pray, and the well did not go dry. So far as we know, it has never again been necessary to take the girls to the river.
"That is one small case. There are many true stories of abundant water being found in answer to prayer, in places where experts said it was hopeless to dig: stories too of rain coming in answer to prayer. What of Elijah? Though he was "a man of like passions with us," he prayed for rain, "and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit." What too, of George Müller? To read his life is to be ashamed of the furtive beggarliness of one's faith.

"The supplication of a righteous man availeth much in its working." Some of us may not feel much assurance on the score of our righteousness, but let us forget ourselves and think only of the goodness, love and power of God. Did not the Lord Jesus say that the Father in heaven "makes His sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sends rain on the just and unjust;" that He is "kind to the unthankful and evil?"

One simply cannot believe that God directs each day's weather, and the Bible makes no such statement; in fact it more than hints that evil agencies have much to do with the control of this planet and our forces of nature. If this were not so, and every wind and rain were of the Father's sending or withholding, how then could our Master, Who more than all else loved His Father's will, have "rebuked the wind and the raging of the water" that stormy day on the Sea of Galilee? Did He not speak of a "prince of this world," and Paul of a "prince of the powers of the air," who has present power to harm?

Why then should we conclude that the horrible famines which afflict this poor land from time to time are necessarily judgments of God? On the face of them, they seem much more like the work of His enemy, who from the first has sown tares among His good wheat. Is it not apparent that evil powers most prevail where the darkness of ignorance most prevails? And yet people who very strongly assert India to be a stronghold of Satan, often as strongly insist that all the calamities which add to India's wretchedness are direct judgments of God.

Did not our Lord plainly say of "those eighteen upon whom the tower of Siloam fell and killed them, 'Think ye that they were offenders above all men that dwell in Jerusalem? I tell you Nay: but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.'" Perhaps if God were to deal out famines and calamities, we should have no place for complaisance, we who have done so ill in the light we have had. Surely, the present war leaves us small room for boasting.

So instead of judging, when we have neither the right, nor the knowledge to judge fairly, let us unite in "effectual, fervent prayer" that India may have the maximum of good crops
this year; and not India only, but the whole world, not excluding our enemies. The Lord Jesus was moved with com-
passion for the multitude because they had been with Him three
days and had "nothing to eat." He said, "If I send them away
fasting to their home, they will faint in the way; and some of
them are come from far." If He cared like that
about people who were only hungry, can He care
less when people starve? Surely it is the will of Him who
made man a hungry animal, that the people of the earth should
have food to eat. If He marks the death of every sparrow, then
the starvation of millions of humans, as well as animals, must
be a grief to Him. How could He will it?
No,—these things, like the countless oppressions and
cruelties that are practised every day on this earth, are contrary
to God's will, and are only suffered by Him until in His all-
wisdom the time has come when He may take His great
power and reign absolute in every part of His universe. Till
then much devolves on us. We are to pray and to work to the
utmost that the kingdom of heaven may come upon earth.

In some mysterious way prayer enables God to do things
which, under present conditions, cannot be done without the
cooperation of our strong, confident, desire. So we are again
and again enjoined "always to pray and not to faint." "Ahab
went up to eat and to drink. And Elijah went up to the top of
Carmel; and he bowed himself down upon the earth, and
put his face between his knees." But he had to pray seven
times before there arose "a cloud out of the sea, as small as a
man's hand." (1 Kings xviii. 41-46.) If we believe
in prayer, and yet do not care enough for the welfare of
others to pray for them, we are guilty of an apathy incompre-
hensible in one who sincerely calls Christ Master. If we do
pray and, for some hidden reason, the things we desire may not
be achieved now, at least we shall have cared, and yearned, and
striven.

As to work,—the important material side of prayer, there
are things which can be done to prevent famines, but it is for
Government and people with means to build wells, reservoirs
and irrigation systems; and these could not now be done in time
to prevent a failure of crops this year: so that all any of us can
do for the present is to pray. In the future, let us work too, by
propaganda or however, that there may be food for all.

There is to be a time when even "the desert shall rejoice
and blossom as the rose," and when every man shall sit under
his own vine and fig tree. It seems far enough away just now,
but perhaps it is not so far as it seems. May it be soon. "Even
so: come, Lord Jesus," come quickly!
CHAIRMAN'S PAGE.

It is our privilege to write this month from one of the most delightful and wonderful places in India. In looking about for a place to spend a few weeks away from the fierce heat of the plains, we were led to select Landour. We had never spent a hot season here, but only about twelve days in October 1905 when recovering from malarial fever. We received great benefit during the few days' change from the humid heat of Bombay. But the visit was too short to take in much of the real beauty and grandeur of the place. The first few days one was too weak to get about much and the last few went all too rapidly. Mussoorie and Landour are really united at present, and together have a population of over fifteen thousand during the "season," which lasts from April till October. They are situated on the foot-hills of the Himalayas, and are from 6,000 to 7,400 feet above sea level. Quite a number of buildings, a hospital, military barracks and a few private houses are built on the tops of the hills, but hundreds of houses are built on the sloping hillsides where sites have been cut out with great labour and expense. Roads for pedestrians, or for horses, have been made with railings for miles around the various hills and zizagging up and down their sides. Persons who like to go up and down steep roads and paths can do so, and those who have not strength for this can go by easier gradients on longer roads.

From the northern slopes of Landour a snowy range of the Himalayas can be seen in the distance, and peaks from 15,000 to 25,000 ft. can be seen when the atmosphere is clear. We are near the source of the Ganges and Jumna rivers which are considered very sacred by the Hindus. The Ganges has its source at the foot of a vast glacier whose melting snow and ice feed it all the year.

The hospital just above us was commenced in 1827, when a few sick English soldiers were brought up here and lived in tents until buildings could be built. From that time the two places Mussoorie and Landour have grown until they have become really one great hill station, Landour being a few hundred feet higher than the most of Mussoorie and on that account a little cooler. Hundreds of native shops in the bazaar and a few large European establishments supply nearly everything that is needed.

In the hot season hundreds of missionaries and business people come here for a month for two or even longer. There is a language school carried on for several months for young missionaries who are studying the vernaculars so that they can work hard without the discomfort and exhaustion of the heat.
Older missionaries too often bring too much work with them to get much rest, but it is much easier to do the work in the cool and comfort of the hills.

There are about a dozen schools and colleges for European and Anglo-Indian children and young people, carried on by missions, both Protestant and Roman Catholic; railway companies too have schools for their employees' children and there are private schools, so that altogether there are hundreds of children and young people here for nine months of the year and the climate is as fine as could be desired. The schools have their vacations in the cold season for three months, so that children can be with their parents during the pleasant cool season on the plains; and also because the winter is very cold here and the houses are not built for really cold weather. However a good many people live here all the year.

But beside the relief from the intense heat of the plains and the physical rest which missionaries, worn and wearied with a year or two of continuous work in their stations so much need, there is the inspiration and refreshing which they receive from meeting missionaries of other missions from many parts of India, and from fellowship with them. Conventions for the deepening of spiritual life are held and weekly meetings for prayer and Bible study. There are opportunities of learning what others are doing and how they are doing it.

This mental and spiritual refreshing is as real and important as the physical. Missionaries return to their work better able to meet their problems and to deal with their difficulties. God made these wonderful hills and mountains with their marvellous beauty and their wealth of vegetable life for man; they have been fitted up at great expense by Government and by business men and railway companies; missions too have built many houses and schools; and so His children, even those who have small allowances, are able not only to enjoy them, but to spend longer terms of service in India, to do better work and grow in their own spiritual life because of them. Praise God for the hill stations!

It is exceedingly painful at this time when every effort of the Allies and of all classes of people who live in the allied countries ought to be concentrated on the one purpose of winning the war, to see how much is being done by certain classes here in India to divert attention from the most important work in hand, to seek to attract attention to some minor matters. Those who are pressing the subject of Home Rule at this crisis are seeking to get the attention of Government and the sympathy of the public instead of doing their bit to win the war. It is a
cheap kind of help to pass resolutions of loyalty to the British Government, while at the same time by tongue and pen they are stirring up the feelings of the people against Government.

The real issue at stake in the present crisis is not whether India shall have Home Rule as a part of the British Empire; but whether India shall remain a part of the British Empire, or come under the dominion of Germany. There can be no doubt in the minds of intelligent readers of the revelations of German plans that those plans include the control of India by Germany. It is therefore a question of choosing between the two. The princes of the native states have come forward with men and money to help the allies, because they have no desire for a change to German occupation of India. Nor have the masses of the people of India who are intelligent enough to know the condition of the German possessions in Africa and elsewhere. It is India's opportunity to show her readiness for Home Rule by rising to the occasion which the war has offered.

We hear much against Bureaucracy, while all thoughtful people know that in the present social conditions Home Rule would mean oligarchy, rule by a few for the few. We do not question the sincerity of a few real reformers among the Brahmans of India, but we do not believe that there are hundred thousand Brahmans in India who are ready to follow the reformers. A few of them, possibly a few hundred, are really seeking to lift up the fifty or sixty million "untouchables," but hundreds of missionaries have been doing this work for the last two generations under Brahman opposition.

The simple fact is that if one million Brahmans of India really determined to break down the caste system of India, and not only to make speeches and write articles about it, they could do it in a short time. If the tens of thousands of Brahman school masters would begin to treat the children of the "untouchables" as they ought to, and allow them to sit in Government school houses along with the children of caste people, there would not need to be so much said about compulsory education. It has been hitherto a case of compulsory ignorance on the part of the outcastes. The social condition of the outcastes is what the Brahmans as a class have made it, and what they wanted it to be. They could have changed the whole thing in a generation if they had really wanted it changed. Again we repeat that a few hundred, perhaps a few thousand, Brahmans have during the last generation been working for the uplift of the outcastes, and the masses of the middle classes; but we must insist that the large majority, perhaps ninety per cent of the Brahmans, have not worked to destroy caste, but to maintain it. They been very jealous not only of outcastes, who-
in spite of opposition acquired sufficient education to secure some Government appointment even of low grade, but they have been jealous of all non-Brahmans who have dared to compete with them.

These non-Brahman communities are either opposing Home Rule, or else asking for separate communal representation, because they do not expect the Brahmans to look out for their interests. We long for the day when Home Rule will mean impartial justice and the faithful effort to remove all caste distinctions and allow every man to stand on his own merits, but a stupendous amount of honest work must be done before this ideal can be realized, and the men and women who are clamouring for Home Rule might be better employed in setting themselves to the great task.

The idea of the Home Rule deputation to England appealing to the English working people is as incongruous as it could well be, because the Home Rule leaders among the Hindus correspond to the aristocracy of England who have had little in common with the working classes, as the Brahmans have had little in common with any of the working classes of India. To earn the confidence of the non-Brahman castes and the outcastes will require something more than speeches and editorials. It will require hard work and practical proofs of sincerity.

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IN MEMORIAM.

Beautiful toiler—thy work all done;
Beautiful soul into glory gone;
Beautiful life with its crown now won;
       God giveth thee rest.
Rest from all sorrow and watching and fears;
Rest from all possible sighing and tears;
Rest through God's endless, wonderful years,
       At home with the blest.
Beautiful spirit, free from all stain;
Ours the heartache—the sorrow, the pain;
Thine is the glory and infinite gain—
       Thy slumber is sweet.
Peace on the brow, and the eyelids so calm;
Peace in the heart 'neath the white folded palm;
Peace dropping down, like a wonderful balm,
From the head to the feet.
It was so sudden, our white lips said,
"How we shall miss him our beautiful dead!
Who'll take the place of the precious one fled?"
But God knoweth best.
We know He watches the sparrows that fall,
Hears the sad cry of the grieved hearts that call,
Friends, loved ones—He loveth them all:
We can trust for the rest.—Selected.

IN MEMORIAM.

OUR precious brother, friend and fellow worker, William John Ramsey, has left us. His master called him and he went to be "with Christ; which is far better," from Panchgani, the twenty-second of April, the anniversary of his birthday, having completed the fifty-sixth year of his life and over twenty-five years as a missionary in India, including two furloughs. His home-going makes a large vacancy in our mission, for he was Secretary of the Executive Committee, editor of the India Alliance and a most valued and wise counsellor in mission affairs. We shall miss him very much in all our business meetings, and in our devotional meetings, both in English and in Marathi as well, for he was a careful student of his Bible and a clear and forcible teacher and preacher whose messages had grip and purpose. We had prayed much that he might be raised up and spared to the work, but it was the Master's call to higher service and we know that somehow it is best. We can only say "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Mr. Ramsey was born near Belfast, Ireland, on April 22nd, 1862, of godly parents, who were Quakers or Friends. The whole family, of whom three brothers remain, were unswerving in their devotion to duty regardless of feeling or cost. When as a young child he was sick unto death his mother consecrated him to God for His service; and she was delighted when she heard that God's call had honoured that consecration and was sending him to India as a missionary. Afterwards his younger brother heard the call to Madagascar where he is still labouring as a missionary.

Mr. Ramsey received a good and useful education in the Ulster Provincial school of the Friends at Lisburn, Ireland. His father's health requiring change to the country, he spent some years of his young manhood on a farm; later he followed a
younger brother to New York, where he spent four or five years in business, partly in a linen importer's firm and a little while in a book concern, from which he began to attend lectures at the old Alliance missionary college at 690, Eighth Avenue, New York, in January 1892. He had been married in July 1891.

One day he told Mrs. Ramsey that he would like to preach the Gospel where Christ had not been named, and this thrilled her own soul for God had stirred the same desire in her heart. A little later in a meeting of the New York convention as they were seated a distance apart, the definite call came to both, and in answer to a call for volunteers for foreign fields, without a previous agreement, both of them arose. After the meeting as they were walking along the street he asked, "Do you know what I did to-day?" and she said "Yes, and I did it too."

They thought it might be for China, but a missionary address by Mr. Fuller settled it for India. They were accepted by the Board and on May 21st, 1892 they sailed for India, spending some weeks with friends in Ireland, and reached India on September 3rd with Mrs. Fuller and a party of young ladies. They were the first missionaries accepted for India after Mr. and Mrs. Fuller united with the Alliance in December 1891.

During the visit of Mr. Simpson to the field in March 1893, he and Mr. Fuller visited various places and chose Chandur as a new station to be opened. Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey were then appointed to that field and have occupied it ever since, except when on furloughs from August 1902 to January 1904 and from February 1913 to November 1915, and when in charge of the Bombay Home from 1910 to 1912 while Mr. and Mrs. Fuller were on furlough. Both terms of service were too long and this made it necessary to protract the second furlough beyond the ordinary in order to regain strength, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey were in Chandur during the famine of 1896-7 and again during the greater famine of 1900-01, and proved God's promise,—"As thy days so shall thy strength be."

The little company of workers and their families and other Christians will miss Mr. Ramsey sorely, for he has been a father to them. Hundreds of people who have heard him preach in the town of Chandur and in the villages and weekly markets throughout that great county of nearly 200,000 people will miss him too, for he has dealt personally and faithfully with many of them. The seed has been faithfully sown and the signs of a harvest have appeared, but others will by God's grace reap it.

We ask special prayer for our dear sister, Mrs. Ramsey, and for dear Jean, the only child living. She is in school at Panchgani and hopes to pass her Senior Cambridge Examination this year. Our dear friend's home-
going means much to us all as a mission and very much to the
writer, who has found him one of the truest friends and
saftest counsellors; but it means most of all to the companion
to whom he has been a most loving husband, and to dear Jean
to whom he has been a most loving and devoted father. God
has wonderfully upheld them during his sickness up to the very
end, and in the harder days following. But when the work has
to be taken up again, and our dear sister has to meet it alone,
she will need especial prayer. A cable was sent to the Board
and we believe that the prayers of many have been answered
both for Mrs. Ramsey and Jean. We ask that prayer may
continue for the need will continue.

M. B. F.

A LETTER FROM MRS. RAMSEY.

In lieu of personal letters to our praying friends, regarding the
Home-going of my dear husband, is this task undertaken.
It is hard to realize that he himself, is not here to write,
and that his dear hand will no more take up the pen to address
the India Alliance readers.

We miss him, Jean and I. We try to be brave. We want
to be brave. God help us to be brave, as he would wish us to
be! How often, for the moment, we find ourselves uncon-
sciously planning to “tell it” or “write it” all to him as we
had always done, until he left us!

The year 1916 was one of peculiar pressure and stress, and
as I watched the effects of the strain on his gentle, noble nature,
I could but tremble for the results. Two short, sharp turns of
fever during the rains left him weak, and by the beginning of
1917 it had begun to be serious indeed. Things told on him
physically as never before and while there were intervals of real
improvement, yet he did not regain what he had lost; and one
with less self-control and more of self-concern would have
given up.

Once when asked if he thought he might not get entirely
well, what he would do, he answered that he would do just as he
was doing, and would keep on doing the “next thing” to the
end. This is what he did do, keeping up his work without
sound of alarm or blowing of trumpet.

One can see now how fast he was ripening for the Heavenly
service, and he met the change as quietly and soberly as he had
lived his life. Texts freshly marked in his large type Testament
speak of his faith and perhaps of his struggles. The time spent
on his knees in his office, when the workers would not knock at
the door because "Sahib was praying," was not in vain; and although the answer came not as we hoped, still it did come in God's own way, and there are answers yet "on the way" for the town and taluka of Chandur.

Travelling on the train to Khamgaon in August 1917, to attend an all day of prayer, he got what he thought was a cinder in his right eye, but what proved to be the beginning of a severe attack of ophthalmia. For three weeks he suffered intensely and, as was his wont, with marvellous patience. When the inflammation had subsided, he went to Bombay to have his eye examined and was told by oculists that it was more than ophthalmia, and a thorough examination could be made later on. His sight was much impaired, and according to orders he went to a specialist, who informed him that one of the muscles leading to the eye had been paralyzed. At first it seemed as if the treatment given would be effective, but the last visit (in January) to the specialist, brought him home with the one word for my ears, condemned; still, with a hope that as his system would get built up the injured muscle might be restored. A change of glasses helped some, but it meant much to him to be unable to read books, or to glean information as readily as he had always done; and he appreciated the hour when someone would read to him from book or paper. He could still write without glasses, and often read through a large magnifying glass; and not a fretful or peevish word did he utter.

Meantime his system was losing through frequent attacks of stomach trouble, entritis, the doctor said. During intervals of freedom from these, and periods of seeming improvement, we would hope together. The March Committee meeting was to be held in Gujarat and having gained a good deal, he was ready to go. He returned in the early a.m. of the 27th, having stayed over Sunday to rest and visit. He was in good spirits and seemed better for the change, telling me how very kind everybody had been to him. His eyes too had done fairly well. He began to work on the minutes of the Committee meeting, writing important letters, etc., and before all was finished on the evening of 29th he was very weary.

We had worked together and got nearly all done, for he had, weeks before, planned for me to go to the Sabha at Nardora to report for the India Alliance; while he was to start on Easter Monday for Lonavla, where he could rest in the cooler air until I could join him in a few days, and kind Miss Hilker was to see to his extra nourishment. I proposed to stay with him, but he gently insisted on my going as he would "be all right." So with a heavy heart, I left him looking after me, as I started for the 9 o'clock train on Easter Saturday morning.
A card written on Sunday, after having taken Sunday School and before taking the 4 p.m. service, was not encouraging; and the “Don’t worry” written in the corner went straight to my heart.

Arriving home on Wednesday, April 3rd, I found him still there, meeting me with a tender, cheerful smile and saying he had waited to go with me. We packed and straightened things as fast as we could and got away on the Friday evening mail train, he reaching Lonavla at 11 a.m. on Saturday. Business called me on to Bombay so I did not join him till 6 p.m. The journey had been a hard and hot one and he felt it much. We stayed there ten days, days and nights of intense suffering and weakness, but still no word of complaint. Such hallowed days they were, when he superintended the last things for the India Alliance, but was unable to write the editorial.

Our objective point was Panchgani, where we were to spend our time of rest and be near our daughter, and he still held to it that we would start on Tuesday the 16th. Friends at Lonavla had been so kind, standing with us in prayer and love. So we set out again accompanied by Mr. Raymond Smith who was so helpful on the way. Midnight found us at Wathar where we were to take the phaeton. He was in great pain while there, but the journey, lying down in the phaeton, was made in comparative comfort, and we reached our destination at 8-30 a.m.

He lay down on his bed dressed as he was, undressed at night, and did not again have his clothes on until we prepared him for the last long sleep. Weakness and pain increased, and every symptom took a more serious turn. The doctor said his heart was strong and God kindly spared him from fever. He “fought a good fight” until Sunday morning, when the awfulness of the pain began to benumb his consciousness and, like “a child that is weaned of his mother,” he gave in. He knew us all day till evening and showed by signs, after power of speech was gone, that he could see and hear us. Several times he raised his right hand straight up as if he saw more than was visible to us. Indeed as he forded the river we could almost imagine the company on the other side standing with outstretched hands to welcome him; and as we have seen before in the death-chamber, as some of our fellow workers left us, there was not darkness but light and glory.

We yielded him up to Him Who gave him. Dear Mrs. Moodie, Miss Moore and Mr. P. Eicher, or Mr. Smith stayed with us to the end, our loved one breathing on till 5-15 p.m., April 22nd, his 56th birthday.

Faithful unto death. Faithful servant of God and faithful
friend of fellow-man!

Mrs. Moodie and I prepared him for the burial, while Mr. Eicher and Mr. Smith did other necessary things. How wasted and worn he was! But soon the dear face took on its wonted look of sweet peace and rest, and with the lovely, useful hands folded across his breast one could have thought he was just about to speak. A couple of red roses, put in his hand by Miss Lothian was the finishing touch, and kind friends had sent other flowers. The Sans Souci children too brought flowers and came for a last look at their "Uncle Ramsey."

The funeral was I think, just as he would have liked it. Mr. Smith played and Mr. P. Eicher sang "We are waiting for Thy coming," and spoke to those in the room. Six boys from the Boys' High School came to draw the hearse. Rev. Thomas Rowan (Trinity College, Dublin,) Principal of the Boys' High School, read the beautiful Church of England Service at the cemetery and addressed the large company there. All joined in singing, "Oh God, our help in ages past." Teachers and older girls of the Girls' High School, which Jean attends, were there and all showed the kindest sympathy.

So he was buried as an Alliance Missionary, with the Church Service, so dear to me, and a touch of the Society of Friends, so dear to him. It had not been planned so, excepting as God planned it. His body lies in the pretty little cemetery at Panchgani near to the graves of some veteran missionaries, there to await with them the Resurrection Morning when the dead in Christ shall rise first and we," etc.—I Thess. iv. 13-17.

"When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above;
When their words of love and cheer
Fall no longer on our ear;
Hush! be every murmur dumb,
It is only "Till He come!"

M. Ramsey.

"Oh think! to step ashore, and that shore heaven!
To clasp a hand outstretched, and that Christ's hand!
To breathe new air, and that celestial air!
To feel refreshed, and know its immortality!
Oh think! to pass from storm and stress,
To one unbroken calm: to wake and find it glory!"
CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Conducted by Miss Blanche Conger.

CRAWFORD MARKET.

In Bombay there is a fine, big building with a clock tower called Crawford Market, in which are hundreds of different kinds of things to eat, all neatly arranged in stalls and sections according to their kinds. These are kept by Indian shopkeepers, both Hindu and Mohammedan, and a few Persians.

There are stalls where you can buy all manner of imported tinned and bottled things, soda water and pink and yellow fancy drinks in bottles, English sweets, candied fruits and nuts. There are other stalls where they have rich Indian sweets, which I like better than those little, shiny, coloured candies in bottles which you would be wanting to buy. Then there are stalls and stalls of vegetables with heaps of brown potatoes, purple egg-plant, green okra, red tomatoes, yellow squashes, beans, peas, greens and such things in their season. Then there are stalls with all kinds of grains, flour and spices. There are funny little stalls where you can get Indian medicines; herbs, roots, bark and queer-looking powders. There are horrid butcher and fish stalls that I never go near. But I always like to go and look at the fruit and flower stalls, whether I can buy anything or not. They are close together, as they ought to be, and as pretty as a picture. There are great bunches of green, yellow and red plantains (bananas), pyramids of oranges, green and gold mangoes (if it is the hot season), huge, yellow pomeloes (a sort of grape-fruit), guavas, custard apples, papaiyayas and other fruits according to their season; even apples, brought from Persia, or Italy, or Australia, or from beautiful Kulu in the far North, where the diamond air blows off the snows on the high Himalayas.

Fruit is so dear in Bombay, one looks a great deal more than one buys in this section; but you can always feast with your eyes, and colour and beauty are more satisfying than mere grub, though as things are now we have to have the grub too! However you can console yourself with a penny's worth of flowers at the fragrant stalls close by. Here are wreaths and garlands of white jasmine, pink roses, delicious yellow chapa, and pink and white oleanders. All the flowers are strung for the neck or hair, except some which are tied to bamboo slivers (their stems are too short for bouquets), and so arranged in very stiff, circular bouquets to be placed in the hands of the chief personages at weddings and other great occasions.
Not far from the flowers there is a quaint-looking, bearded Baluchi from the North, sitting on the stone floor with a small, white cloth before him, on which are little, shining, precious stones; odd, old coins; silver ornaments of his own country; yellow amber rosaries, and many other curious and beautiful things. At least this man used to be there when I was in Bombay.

Now let me take you behind the Market. I saved this for the last because I thought you would like it best. Here are all sorts of pet animals and birds for sale. It is a rather noisy and smelly place, but if you are as fond of animals as I am, you won't mind very much. There are as pretty Persian and Maltese cats looking very moopy and tired in their wretched, dirty cages; any number of dear, wistful-eyed terriers and other dogs, barking or whining, pulling at their chains or sitting dull and dejected; hundreds of different birds in cages:—big, gorgeous African parrots; smaller red and gray ones; beautiful, Indian parrots, brilliant green with scarlet and plum coloured heads, yellow beaks and saucy, beady eyes; trim, brown mainas who can be taught to talk; fluffy, tufted bulbuls who sing beautifully, and many beautiful small birds with crests, lovely colours and odd markings.

There are goldfish, too; tiny, ruby-eyed, white mice turning wheels in small cages; guinea pigs and pretty rabbits; but the most interesting of all, I think, are the monkeys, and the wonderful, long, slim, little mongoses who kill the wicked cobras (If you want to know all about it, read about brave, little Rikki-tikki-tavi in "The Jungle Books" by Rudyard Kipling). They are a little like a weasel, with wiry, brown hair about three-quarters of an inch long, a very long, nosy head, and bright, restless, black eyes. They are so bold and inquisitive, that they are easily tamed, and make splendid pets. I never had one, but we had three small monkeys when I was a child, so I have always loved monkeys and am never tired of watching them. If you get little, good-tempered ones, you can dress and feed and play with them like babies. We could do anything with ours and thought them much more fun than dolls, because they were alive, and were always doing such funny, clever things.

And now good bye to Crawford Market. Another time I will tell you about some little boys who work near it, whom I like even better than the fidgetty, chattering, little monkeys, hanging and swinging by their long tails.

Lucia Fuller.
A DAY IN PACHORA.

The days are getting hot, so we must stir ourselves very early in the morning, in order to get out to the villages and back well before noon, as the bullocks have been ill and must not be driven much in the great heat of the day. We soon come to the river, and as the road is dangerous, we get out of the tonga and pick our way across on stones that stand out of the water until we come safely to the other bank. Soon we reach a village and say our “Salaams” to the people.

This day we searched the village to find some one who wanted to hear the gospel, but found none. Still we spoke to different people, and warned them, and pled with them to come to the Saviour, but received this reply: “God has killed our young people and left the old ones alive. We don’t care to have anything to do with Him.” They said other awful things, and it grieved our hearts that they should begrudge life to the poor, old people; for with us old mothers and fathers are dear, and we want them to live.

After we had spoken with all we saw, we returned home and found half a dozen or more people waiting for us. They were poor, low castes, mostly women, who had come from a village about three miles away carrying bundles of firewood on their heads to sell. As usual they asked about three times as much as they expected to get for it. After buying the wood, I told them the story of Jesus. They listened and all agreed that they would like to have the God He told of to be their God,—if their caste people would not cast them off; but they were not willing to give up everything dear to them for something untried. This is the state of mind of many of the people we talk to. They need prayer that they may be convicted in their hearts of sin; and that their eyes may be opened to realize what it means to be lost, when they might have eternal life through Jesus.

In the evening we went into our own town and found things much the same. The women have heard of Jesus before, and they admire the story of His life and death; but they count the cost and are not ready to forsake all and follow Him. Later in the evening we called our dear Christians, few in number, to prayer; and we could not help feeling, as we sat with them, that their hearty singing and earnest prayer, their changed lives and passion for souls far more than makes up for the hardness of the way and all the discouragements which are certain to meet every one who becomes a foreign missionary, at least in this part of the great vineyard.

Pray for a spirit of repentance and a wave of salvation in Pachora District.

Emma Dinham.
A LETTER FROM BODWAD.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless and praise His Holy Name."

When we consider the goodness and lovingkindness of our God, through physical and other tests, our hearts are filled with praise. His presence has been with us in a very definite way and as each problem that has arisen has been turned over to Him for solution and we have seen Him make the difficult places plain, we have thanked God and taken courage. Truly He is the God Who is Enough.

The Training School work has been much blessed of the Lord in many ways during the last few months, and we have had many opportunities of praising God together for what He has done in the hearts and lives of the young men who have come here to prepare for God's work. Satan has tried to trip or side track the unwary, but praise God for His never failing watchfulness. He has defeated the enemy in his designs, has established the tested ones and has caused them to profit by the testing.

The number of Bible students in training at present is the largest we have had at any time since the school was started. We have students in training for two missions other than our own; and if America is called the melting pot of the nations we may be said to have a tiny melting pot too,—the kind where old caste prejudices disappear, and different castes lose their identity, all becoming one in Christ Jesus. The boy who was a Brahman before conversion, takes hold of any kind of work and does it as cheerfully as does the boy from among the out-castes; and the converted Rajput who is our latest arrival fits right in with the routine of work and study as if he had always been accustomed to just that kind of life.

The boys do their cooking in turns, rising at 4 a.m. so that breakfast may be ready by the time morning prayer meeting has ended at 6-30. Then they all sit down together to eat, thanking God for the food. This over, all are ready for any kind of manual work that may be given them to do until the first school bell rings and they assemble for calisthenic drill under the supervision of Mr. Smith, the new missionary who is stationed with us.

By nine o'clock they are ready for Bible study. Most of their lessons are prepared outside of school hours and the time between 9 and 12 a.m. and between 2 and 5 p.m. is devoted chiefly to class work. Part of the time is spent in Bible study and part in secular, because some of the students who come are
very backward in their secular education, having had, while Hindus, very limited opportunities of attending school.

Their chief preparation, however, is that of the heart and it is always placed before them that no matter how well they may have prepared their school work, unless they have fully surrendered to the Lord and have let His Holy Spirit take control of their lives their efforts will be fruitless. God has been putting an intense hunger in some hearts, and burden on others and we believe He will fill some of these young men with His power and send them forth to witness for Jesus, as did the early Christians.

Chris and Susie Eicher.

AKOLA NOTES.

One event of 1917 which was of especial interest to the Christian community here was the going of seven men to the front. Two enlisted in the fighting ranks, one an orphan lad, the other a fellow at odds with nearly everybody; and five joined one of the labour corps which furnish coolies to work in France. One boy went the year before to Mesopotamia, has been back in hospital in Bombay and is now again at the front.

The going of the five labour corps men made quite a stir in our community as four were married men with from one to five children. They had had no special reputation before and in one or two cases had never done very well by their families, but no one would have guessed it from their wives' grief when they went. Nearly everybody went to the station to see them off and, as the women themselves described it afterwards, "they cried like cattle." Both husbands and wives lifted up their voices and wept to repletion. It seemed to comfort them much to remember it afterwards. They felt they had done the right thing by each other, and truly such an abandon of grief must be a great outlet to the real poignancy of sorrow. Still we of the West who hold in our grief until it cuts and rends us sometimes seem cold and hard-hearted to our more emotional Indian cousins.

After the men had left they appeared heroes and repositories of all the domestic virtues. Their wives rarely spoke of them without tears. One of them had been a sorry case in the past, but his wife wept loyally with the rest, though with resignation and the ache of old sorrows and bitterness, for she had forgiven and forborne much. She would tell how the baby was always asking, "Where's Daddy?" and write her husband faithfully.

Frequent letters from the training camp at Poona full of
exemplary advice to the wives (the less exemplary the husband, the more sententious and copious the advice) and affectionate messages to the kiddies, helped to assuage grief; and when the money orders began to arrive, the wives felt *terra firma* under their feet once more.

All but the youngest, a budding Penelope. She and her husband had been very much attached to each other and nothing could comfort her. She cried every day, so much that her health began to suffer seriously, and with her of course her baby's. It troubled me very much to see them growing thin and wan. When the baby got really ill, the little mother was desperate. She knew her husband would never come back and now the baby was going to die and why ever had she been born? She would put her head on my shoulder and cry like a tired child. Nothing could comfort her. I took her to the doctor and every one talked to her, but some were miserable comforters and croaked to her every wild rumour of disaster that ignorance set afloat.

Every one pitied her because she was so young and innocent and comfortless, and had been so merry. Said one old dame with a not too immaculate past, "She is so simple, that if you put her alone with ten men she would never have an evil thought." So she took her in hand, clucked to her, blistered the baby and talked with such complete conviction about its little internal arrangements, that she really cheered the little mother for one whole day and the doctor got no credit for the baby's improvement. "Oh," says Penelope to this day, "How good is that old woman, and how much she knows about babies!"

And then when I was wondering how little Penelope would live till her Ulysses should return, came the wonderful news that all the men were coming home on a week's leave before sailing for France. It was a shining time. The men came back, heads and chests up in their smart khaki, carrying canes and wearing their caps cocked. They were well fed, in high spirits, and full of wide talk of new things. They brought a fresh breeze to us. They were the focus of the whole community. The Sunday service ended in almost a reception for them. From nobodies they had become very fine fellows, and they beamed and basked in public approval.

Their women cooked goodies for them, after the manner of women, and their children trotted patiently after them over many a dusty road as they went about seeing friends. One wee chap, very round and fat, could not be separated from his father's forefinger night or day. It was a gala time, and though it came to a sad, quick end, the second parting was not so stormy as the first, except for poor little Penelope, whose tears seemed bottom-
 However the week had wonderfully helped her and the baby, who is a dainty thing with understanding eyes and a sad, wee mouth.

Then came the news that the corps was sailing for France on November 22 from Bombay. Floods poured afresh, and I was kept busy mopping up the water. I declared with authority that all the men would come back safely and that transports were never, never sunk. An army man had told me so and it must be true.

All the men wrote asking for public prayer and for kindness to their families. Here is a translation of young Ulysses' modest note written the 19th. (His real name means Energy Herdsman and his wife's means Whiteness.)

"Gracious Bai, the salaams of us all. We are well. Let there be no anxiety, but we hope that you will always be praying to God for us. Bai, please go on giving good attention to our wives, and if they fall into money straits, have the kindness to provide them with money (a little). At this time you are mother and father to them all. Please give special attention to Amiable, because she has many children and has to take care of them like a man, and if she should not have enough money, have the kindness to provide it. To-morrow we go to Bombay and when we go to France we will send a telegram or a letter. Give all the women courage, and comfort them, but please give special attention to Whiteness, because Whiteness has so very tender a heart and Amiable has so very many children. Give our salaams to all. Be sure to remind them of us in the service on Sunday. I close. Your brother, Energy Herdsman."

Here is the letter Ulysses wrote for Pearl-energy Swordsman, Amiable's husband and father of five children, who cannot write easily and who with his wife came to Akola as almost strangers a year ago.

"Gracious Bai, the very loving salaams of Pearl-energy, who is as your son. I am well. We came safely to Bombay on the 21st in the morning. On the 22nd date we shall sit in the ship, so please pray for us. And Bai, please give attention to Amiable. You are her mother and father, she has no one else, for we have no relations. And Bai, I have bound my wages on your name, so they will come in your name every month from Government for Amiable. And Bai, after I go to France I will send you letters, so I will close now. Let there be forgiveness of mistakes. Pearl-energy Swordsman."

And here is a sweet letter written by Garland, the wife who has forgiven so much, to her husband. The women sometimes bring me their letters to read.
Dear-as-life lord, the salaams of your Garland and the children. We are very well, and hope through our Lord Jesus that you too are well. Our special request is that you let us know how you are. Do not be anxious about us. No letters have come from you yet. Pray always at the feet of God and never forget Him. He is your helping Father God and a more excellent friend than men. We cannot see you, but He sees you. That He took you safely to France is a great kindness to us all. The baby talks about you very much. He says, "Daddy come, come thoon," All send salaams. Your Garland.

This was written after I had heard officially of the safe arrival of the men in France, but before any letters had come from the men themselves. The weeks of waiting were anxious weeks. Many tears were shed and much comforting was needed. The first postcards to arrive gave great joy, but their exceeding meagerness was unsatisfying. The women have had many trials too, in the way of illness, and prices have been so cruelly high, that of their own accord they have done coolie work to make ends meet and done it bravely. I hated to see them carrying bricks and mortar in the hot sun, but there are so many in even harder case who needed help more, that we had to let them do what they could. It will be a happy day when the men come home, though their coming will not help their families financially, because they are getting better pay now than they had before.

And after all Ulysses never went to France! He was not well when he reached Bombay and so failed to pass the final medical test, to his own huge chagrin, but Penelope's unutterable joy. He saw the transport from end to end, saw his five comrades sail away with colours flying and a band playing, and then came home in the night like a thief, wondering where to hide his face. But Penelope could not understand it. She laughed and cried for joy and went about shining. I would pinch her cheek and say, "O Whiteness, why do your eyes shine? Why do you always smile? Do you not know it is not modest for women to show their teeth so much? What has become of your weeping? Why do you not wet my shoulders now?" And she would laugh a tremulous gurgle of joy and hide her face on my shoulder and protest, "Bai, you are making fun of me!"

What a lovely alchemist is joy! "Weeping may come in to lodge at even, but joy cometh in the morning." It will be a marvellous morning for the world when He reigns who was "anointed to preach good tidings unto the poor;...to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and opening to them that are bound;...to comfort all that mourn; to give:
unto them a garland for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness....And they shall build the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolations, and they shall repair the waste cities, the desolations of many generations....Everlasting joy shall be unto them....For as the earth bringeth forth her bud and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth; so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations.”

L, B. F.

AN IRISH WEDDING IN GUJARAT

THREE hundred miles north of Bombay, just outside the walls of an old Hindu city, sits a little bungalow among the tamarind trees, which has been the home for the last year of a big, redheaded Irishman and his Canadian accomplice. One lazy afternoon, towards the end of March, Sam came into the room, where the studious John was pouring over Gujarati, with an air of rapt fascination; “Say, neighbour, I’ve been compiling a little notice for the interested public; wonder how this will do.” Therewith he puts under the wondering John’s nose the following carefully typewritten declaration:

THE MARRIAGE IS ANNOUNCED

OF

JANE ELIZABETH SKELLY
eldest daughter of
JOHN SKELLY, Esq.,
Dromara, Co. Down, Ireland,

TO

REV. SAMUEL KERR
On Wednesday, April 24th,
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN,
Kaira, India.

AT HOME
after July fifteenth,
Mehmadabad, Kaira Dist.,
Gujarat, B. P.,
India.
Of course, for such an important change in the domestic career of any young man a second party is necessary, and I have reason to believe the above announcement was not constructed without the due sanction of a certain Irish colleen living at the time at the Girls' Orphanage, Kaira, six miles distant along the old military road.

This occasion of a lifetime was a transcendant blending of Irish and Indian ceremony. The bride did not forget to furnish white neckties to "Brabby" and "John," who upheld the groom at the critical moment. On the other hand, with a loving appreciation of the Miss Sahib whom they were about to lose, every smiling, brown-faced girl in the compound bedecked herself with every available touch of green for Ireland.

About eight o'clock on the morning of the festal day, a line of pony carts containing the groom, his henchmen and other attendant dignitaries passed under the archway of Mahabad mission compound, bound for the cluster of orphanage buildings where dwelt the maiden fair.

The two ladies' bungalows had been tastefully decorated under the loving supervision of the four resident missionaries. In one, the bride-to-be was daintily arrayed by her maids in a gown of simple beauty, the gift of her father. Even missionaries feel the better for a few home associations transplanted to foreign soil.

In the other bungalow the groom and his sympathizing companions each thrust a white rose-bud in his button hole and stood within the doorway, waiting for the signal to start across the compound towards the open auditorium where they were scheduled to arrive simultaneously with the ladies' procession. The little evangelistic organ did noble service in its new capacity as marshal of the wedding march. When its strains ceased, the bridal party were assembled at the altar under the evergreen decorations.

In the middle front seats—the places of honour—sat the senior lady missionaries, who acted in the role of parents. On their right, at an angle to the altar, was a group comprising almost all the Gujarati missionaries. The remainder of the meeting-house was occupied by the expectant Indian Christians, who sat on the floor in long lines.

The ceremony proper had in it an element of missionary consecration which lifted it far above the most decorous wedding at home. This new life of united zeal and devotion to the Master is not unto the worldly end of pleasant home, congenial environment and the fruition of personal plans. "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

This Irish couple do not want the best of your allurements.
Through hardships, deprivations and all human pains that will beset the earnest missionary, they possess that overweight of joy, which is the peculiar heritage of those who obey "unto the uttermost parts of the earth."

No newly married pair ever received congratulations of more import than those showered upon these young people in far India. They were wished God's richest blessing by veterans in the scanty overseas force, by new recruits from lone outposts, and by Indian Christians who had flocked in from hamlets far and near.

Two wedding breakfasts were enjoyed at the same time. The Indian contingent assembled with hilarious good cheer around enormous pots of meat and rice in the compound, while indoors the missionary folk partook of wild peacock (a common dish) accompanied by a delicious variety of delectables, assuredly far from the regular missionary menu.

Service for the King abroad is a life of warfare characterized by sudden changes—great joys and sorrows; too. This meal, the scene of peculiar joy and fellowship, was nearly over when all were suddenly reminded again that this soldier life requires fortitude, long marches and readiness to "break camp" immediately, upon the summons of the King. The bride read a letter stating that Mr. Ramsey, a fellow-country man and a missionary warrior in India for twenty-five years, had left the trenches to receive his V. C. above. He has joined the group of heroes specially honoured by the King.

"They climbed the steep ascent of Heaven,  
Through peril, toil and pain,  
Oh God, to us may grace be given,  
To follow in their train."

John.

Business Manager's Notice.

We wish to call the attention of all our subscribers to the date on the label of your paper. If you are in arrears please remit at once, as we need all unpaid subscriptions. Quite a number of our subscribers are far in arrears, are you?

Send money by International Money Order. Do not send postage stamps, nor dollar bills, nor cheques.

S. H. Auernheimer,
Malkapur, Berar, India.
Bhagwan! Bhagwan!! Bhagwan!!! The last time the word seemed to be uttered with a note of impatience mingled with despair. We had spent the morning—in a village several miles from the mission station. It was long past the noon-hour, the heat almost over-powering and we were trudging along the railway track, when an elderly man, a farmer, passed us uttering the above cry. One of the native preachers with me said to him, "Call on God; it does you no good to call on Bhagwan."

"What" said he, "should I not call on Bhagwan?" "No, who was Bhagwan? His greatest virtue seemed to be that he multiplied unto himself many wives, but if he ever did exist how could such an one save you from your sins? Do you think he could?" asked the preacher. After a moment's thought the man replied that he did not think he could and then said, "But do tell me how to pray and to whom I should pray." Stopping on the track we tried in a few words to tell him how to call on the living and true God in the Name of His Son Jesus, our Saviour.

As we proceeded, he said, "Come and sit in the shade of yonder tree and tell me all about it. Oh, Bhagwan! Bhagwan!" he again repeated. A man who was with him told us that he had called all night on this same Bhagwan.

We yielded to his pleading and for nearly an hour we sat on the ground in the shade of a tree, showing him the way of salvation, and we left him saying over and over the new Name he had learnt, "Lord Jesus! Lord Jesus!" We shall not soon forget the changed expression of his face.

After this we had not gone far when several boys seemed to spring out of the ground; they proved to be boys from a Sunday School I had started under a tree two weeks previous. Each had in his hand a picture card we had given them the Sunday before. On one side of the card was a hymn in Gujerati, "Victory, Victory to the Name of Jesus!" "I know it," they exclaimed one after another, "and we want you to hear us sing it." Again we sat on the railway track while we sang the hymn through with them. Two of them said proudly that they knew the other verses too, so with hands behind them and heads erect, they repeated such verses as "Though your sins be as 'scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," John iii. 16, etc. As we started on our way the white turbaned heads disappeared in the jungle as suddenly as they had appeared, and we could hear the sound in the distance as they sang, "Victory, Victory to the Name of Jesus!" A prayer
arose from our hearts that they may some day sing it not only with their lips, but believing all it means. God save the boys!

Lillian Pritchard.

An Important Request.

Earnest prayer is specially requested for Mrs. Peter Eicher, who has been ill ever since her return to India last December. Severe sea-sickness on the voyage started serious troubles which have resulted in increasing weakness and great nerve exhaustion. Mr. Eicher has just taken her to the famous Presbyterian Mission Hospital at Miraj where so many tired and tortured bodies win back to life and health. It was there that Mr. Fuller began to mend after his severe nervous prostration last year. Pray for Mr. Eicher, too, for he is weary and cannot but sometimes be very sad.

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.

EDITOR:—Lucia Bierce Fuller, Akola, Berar, India.
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Any one supporting an orphan, student, worker, or missionary is entitled to a free copy of the paper; if you are not receiving it, please inform the Business Manager who will put your name on the free list.

NOTICE: Because of the greatly increased cost of paper, the "India Alliance" cannot, for the present, be issued monthly as heretofore. Until the end of 1918 it will be brought out only quarterly. We hope that next year we can recontinue its monthly publication.
List of Alliance Missionaries.

BERAR

AKOLA
Mr. & Mrs. M. B. Fuller
Mr. J. P. Rogers
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