The rainfall has been causing the greatest anxiety throughout Western and Northwestern India. The east and northeast, which always average a heavier fall, have fared well on the whole. After the unseasonable early rains in May, the monsoon weakened on the western sea-board, so that there was almost no rain in June when the monsoon should normally have commenced. Light rains fell rather generally during the first week in July. After that there was no rain to speak of until the end of July, when there were general showers for about a week. Again the skies were dry until after the middle of August when followed another week of rain and cloudy weather which continues at date of writing.


Enough rain has fallen in the Central Provinces, Berar, Khandesh, parts of the Punjab and Bombay Presidency to keep the cotton and food-grains growing; but Kathiawar, Gujarat, Ahmednagar District and other parts have fared so badly that the prices of both food and fodder are higher than they have ever been in the lifetime of the oldest people, not excepting the terrible famine years of 1897 and 1900. Plans are afoot for the importation of grass and grain from more fortunate parts. Already cattle are dying, or being sent away in thousands. Private letters state that even people are emigrating in increasing numbers.

The official report from Rajkot gives the following serious
statement; “Preparations are in progress in many of the Kathia-
war States for bringing the situation under control in the event
of a famine being ultimately declared. Kheduts in Junagadh
State have asked for loans which they propose to utilize in
digging wells, repairing those in ruins, or buying additional
agricultural implements. The situation is thus looked upon
with the gravest apprehensions and may partially be redeemed
if proper measures to prevent distress are adopted betimes.”

In some places cattle are being fed on the leaves of trees and
an Indian letter reports that in Lalitpur (Central India) even
people are eating the leaves of trees. We hope the report will
not be confirmed. In many places the long intervals between
such rains as have fallen have made resowings necessary, while
in others only such seedlings live at all as can be watered from
wells. Here in Berar, in spite of great anxiety, we have been
most fortunate, for after every interval rain has come in time to
save the crops. Sometimes during the dry spells, when day after
day a perverse wind blew away the hopeful clouds, farmers wept in
despair as the grass yellowed and the young cotton and grain
began to dry; but always in good time the wind changed and
our kindly southwester blew the sky gray with a thick curtain
of cloud which drizzled and showered for days till all was green
again.

These gentle, soaking rains have been ideal for the crops,
but we have not yet had our usual cleansing downpours which
wash away foulness and fill the wells and rivers. Consequently
there is an unusual amount of sickness, including cholera and
typhoid, and the water supply is much below normal. But
unless the rains fail entirely, Berar, Khandesh and the Central
Provinces will have excellent crops, for the farmers say the seed
came up unusually thick and hardy this year.

The price of foodstuffs went up one-fourth the last of July,
but the recent rains have lowered them one-sixth in Berar. As
to other parts we cannot say. All we can do is to pray that
sufficient rain may yet come to avert outright famine in the
threatened parts. The possibility of it weighs on one's mind like
a nightmare. Let us pray the more, “for all things are possible
with God.”

"Master, I brought unto Thee my son, which hath a dumb
spirit; ..... and I spake to Thy disciples that they should cast it out;
and they were not able: ..... but if Thou canst do anything, have
compassion on us, and help us.

And Jesus said unto him, If Thou canst! All things are pos-
sible to him that believeth.........

I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.”

"Men ought always to pray and not to faint.”
We sometimes see the expression that India is "in the melting pot," politically, socially and spiritually, and that expresses in a few words the real condition of affairs. There are tremendous processes going on in India, and even those most familiar with them can have no adequate conception of the tremendousness of them. Many influences are at work among the three hundred and twenty-five millions of India's people made up of so many diverse races and religions. The great political and social processes going on are in great measure the result of the greater and deeper spiritual processes which have been at work for the last century, and the incalculable spiritual forces behind those processes.

We do not for a moment forget or underestimate what Government has done, but there are others to tell of the work of Government. However we may say that the best work of Government has been done by those officials who have carried most of the spirit of Christ into all their work. Germany has shown to the world an awful example of politics with Christianity left out. Queen Victoria said that the Bible was the secret of her empire's greatness; and so we too can say that Christianity is both the active and latent cause of whatever good the British Government has done to India, while the failure to carry out the teaching of Christ in practice has been the secret of whatever failure there has been to attain the highest results.

But there is no nation in the world that can be called Christian. If the teachings of Christ had been practised by nominally Christian Europe, this awful war could not have been. There has been no "failure of Christianity," because, as has been remarked before, Christianity has never been seriously tried except by individuals. It is the refusal and the failure to practise the teaching of Christ which has led to all the horrors and "frightfulness" of the last four years. The Kaiser has been a preacher on occasion, but he has never for a moment thought that the teaching of Christ would work in practice in politics.

And so for the solution of the overwhelming political, social and spiritual problems of India we see only one remedy, and that is the practical application of the teaching of Christ at each step. Government cannot compel the confidence of the people of India, and the Home Rule party cannot compel the confidence of Government, or the people of Great Britain, or even of the masses of India. Confidence is something that grows by satisfactory acquaintance. The better we know a good man, the better we trust him; and the better we know a bad man, the less we trust him. Lack of confidence on either side will not be remedied by harsh language and wholesale
accusations of bad faith.

A high official some time ago wrote me that many of the best as well as many of the worst men in India were Brahmins. This is true, and we can but admire the thousands of good ones who are speaking out on all sides on the great questions of the time. We rejoice in the progress made toward fitness for responsible self-government. We rejoice that thousands of India's best men have been educated in mission schools and colleges, while thousands who have been educated in Government institutions have been influenced by Christian ideals and have consciences in a good degree quickened by those ideals.

The work of missions cannot be measured by the number of converts from Hinduism, or Mohammedanism, or Zoroastrianism. We believe emphatically in conversion, the actual regeneration of the individual, as the only means of the growth of the church, which is composed of the living members of the body of Christ. But there is, alongside this work of individual regeneration, a great work of preparation going on which will, we trust, eventuate in mass movements, not only among the outcastes, or the masses, but also among the students and educated men of India.

We cannot now write at any length of the Reform Scheme for the Government of India, of which the papers are full. Two distinct parties are forming, the Extremists and Moderates, and there will be a great deal of intemperate and harmful talk, as well as much of wise, thoughtful speech and writing. India needs prayer and spiritual help at this time, as some one has truly said, "a hundred times more prayer." We believe that prayer will end the war, and that prayer will solve India's great problems. People in the home lands can pray as well as those who are on the field.

If India is "in the melting-pot," we are glad that God is overseeing and overruling the melting process. In due time we shall see great developments politically, socially and spiritually. We have inverted the order, because, for the present, the political questions are to the fore; but only as spiritual progress is made, will social reforms, the education of the outcastes and the masses, the uplift of women of all classes, but especially of widows, and the whole preparation for citizenship in a self-governing part of the British Empire, go forward safely and rapidly; and these social reforms must precede successful self-government on any large scale, where so many diverse and, at present, conflicting interests are to be looked after. If the various missionary forces could be multiplied fourfold, the goal of responsible self-government might be reached in the next twenty years.
IN MEMORIAM.

In the June number of the India Alliance we reported the home call of our dear Brother Ramsey; and again, so soon and so unexpectedly, we are called upon to report the passing of our dear sister and fellow-worker, Mrs. Isa Moodie. She was the daughter of Robert and Christina Lothian and was born in Peebles, Scotland, on April 20, 1874. When she was fourteen she was taken with rheumatic fever, with which she suffered greatly for a year and a half. During the last of this illness she was converted through the hymn, "Just as I am, without one plea," which was from that time a great favourite of hers until she died.

In 1896 she married Mr. Peter C. Moodie, and in 1901 they went to America where Mr. Moodie was in business for some time in Pittsburgh, Pa. They then entered upon Christian work, and while preaching, Mr. Moodie received a call from God to come to India. At about the same time Mrs. Moodie heard her call to India through Mrs. Carrie Rogers, who was then on furlough. They applied to the board of the Christian and Missionary Alliance and were soon sent to India, arriving in November 1904, with two little girls, Ina born in Scotland and Mabel born in America, and Mrs. Moodie's younger sister, Miss Elizabeth Lothian, who has charge of our mission children's home in Panchgani.

Mr. Moodie's service in India was short, but one of much blessing to others. He had a very winning spirit and was much given to prayer. He fell asleep in Akola, December 1906. Mrs. Moodie, who was herself at death's door at the time, rose up bravely in her sorrow and became a faithful and efficient missionary. She loved the women of India and devoted herself to them. She was always most conscientious, earnest and spirituall-minded, and had great strength of character.

In 1905 a third child was born to Mr. and Mrs. Moodie, little Teresa, who died in Chandur in 1914, but was buried near her father in Akola. To Mrs. Moodie, who was already broken in health from too long a term in India, this was a sore blow. In March 1914, she went home on furlough with her sister and Ina and Mabel. On her arrival in Scotland she suffered very much at first with rheumatism, but soon improved with returning health. Before this too, when in America with Mr. Moodie, she was very ill once with inflammatory rheumatism, but was remarkably healed in answer to prayer in Mr. Whiteside's home in Pittsburgh. Another time also she was healed of the same trouble. She had a constitutional tendency to rheumatism which she seemed to have inherited from her mother, who has always suffered much in the same way.

In November, 1916, Mrs. Moodie and her sister returned to
India, where each took up her work and went on faithfully as before. Mabel returned with them and is in school in Panchgani. Ina stayed with her grandmother and other relations in Scotland, where she has just finished her normal training, but has still two years of college before her.

This last April Mrs. Moodie went to Panchgani to be with her sister and Mabel, and to help in the children’s home during the hot weather on the plains. In May she had a very serious attack of rheumatic fever and was quite helpless for about three weeks, when after very great suffering she began to improve and recovered sufficiently to travel. Panchgani has a heavy rainfall and it seemed best for Mrs. Moodie to leave it as soon as possible for the drier climate of the plains; so she came to Akola to attend the quarterly meeting of the Executive Committee of which she was a member, arriving July 2nd. But on the journey she must have taken cold for she reached Akola suffering very much. After six days, passed in great pain, her fever rose suddenly and under the strain her heart failed at nearly one o’clock Monday morning, July 8th.

Mrs. Moodie’s mother, now over eighty years of age, lives in Dunfermline, Scotland; and besides Miss Lothian here in India, Mrs. Moodie has a sister in America and two sisters in Scotland. The husband of one of these was on the West Front in France, but during Mrs. Moodie’s illness she received the sad news that he is missing. Mrs. Moodie’s sudden death coming upon his sudden loss has been a great blow to the whole family. We ask special prayer for them all.

A FRIENDSHIP.

“We’ll catch the broken threads again
And finish what we here began;
Heaven will the mysteries explain
And then, oh then, we’ll understand.”

It seems almost too sacred to commit to paper, for, as the Editor has suggested, it is a bit of the “inner ken” of a very dear friend.

When giving Mrs. Moodie her first examination in the Marathi language, one began to get a glimpse of her character. The progress made in spite of disadvantages was gratifying, but the faithfulness and lack of ostentation impressed one even more.

Mr. and Mrs. Moodie were then to come with us to get introduced to village work, in the cold season of 1906, but before the appointed time came dear Mr. Moodie was in Glory. At our suggestion Mrs. Moodie came to us, later on, for a better oppor-
tunity to study, etc., Miss Lothian taking Mabel and wee Teresa to Poona, where Ina was at school; and then really began a fellowship to be consummated in Eternity.

It was always a joy when the time came to sit down to the Marathi lesson, and as the “nuggets” from Navalkar’s Grammar were unearthed, inspected, placed beside the ungainly sentence or idiom in the lesson, and admired to the full, soul was being knit to soul in no ordinary way. How well I remember her thoughtfulness and appreciation in every lesson!

When we went out in the work together, even before she could say much, she was a real stand-by. She would have scorned to just “practice” Marathi on the people, and she did not need to, for from the very beginning she had a message for each company, wherever we went; and her longing desire was to have words to express the message. She would say to me, “Oh, Mrs. Ramsey, if I could only speak like you!” and I would playfully remind her of the prayer of the Doctor in “The Bonnie Briar Bush” that it had taken him twenty years to bring to perfection. And so we went on.

She was most faithful in attending Marathi services and her reverence in worship was characteristic. God was to her a loving Father, but also a holy and just God. No flippant or insincere word or suggestion would ever pass her lips. She often spoke of getting blessing in the Sunday services.

But there was another side to the “ken” and oh, how one’s heart bounds still at thought of it, and of what she is now enjoying of its fulness. It was in “Revival days,” during 1907, when we wondered if the cloud of blessing would pass over India without bursting; and then when “mercy drops” fell elsewhere, would Chandur be missed?

The Lord was saying, “Make...... trenches” (2 Kings iii. 16), and He was filling them as fast as we could stand it; so that when the three of us returned from the hot season’s rest in 1918 we found that His work was still going on.

One day while dear Miss Krater was on a visit with us, as we were praying for souls, God graciously granted us an outpouring of His Spirit, or at least an earnest of a fuller baptism than we had before known. As we separated we each stole off to a place of quiet; and when we met again at the tea-table, modest, reserved Mrs. Moodie’s face was radiant, but very much tear-stained as she said, “Well, the Lord has been letting me do some watering of the seed.”

Quiet and composed, as always, she went on deeper and deeper into God. Her words were with power, and not without some “signs following,” for we saw God’s touch on soul and body of the people among whom we went. Many heart-breath-
nings of that time come to mind, and the "inner ken" was indeed real, sacred and precious.

Her Marathi speaking expanded and as we two with our Bible-woman, who had also been receiving of the same Spirit, sat before the people in the villages, the message was but one, although each had her own way of giving it out; and as prayer went up for the speaker we sometimes had 1 Cor. xiv. 30 exemplified without the least confusion.

For over two years from 1910 she was sometimes alone in the station for months with just the Indian helpers. She had great wisdom in dealing with them, and always she guarded the work by prayer and vigilance, putting it before herself. She loved the touring season, because it brought her away out among the people.

She was one who never wasted words and so, when we were leaving on furlough, her affectionate Good-bye cemented our friendship. Again when we parted in Pittsburg, Pa., we returning to India and she to follow after another year, our hope and prospect was to continue the work together in Chandur. However when she did return to India, her station was Chalisgaon, 200 miles from us. Still the friendship grew.

None who heard her at the last Convention, singing "Just as I am," as it was being sung at my dear husband's request, will ever forget it: for all unconsciously she became the leader, singing verse after verse in "tongues," her voice sounding like a full choir, sweet, strong and clear.

It was my privilege to meet her at Poona station on her way from Panchgani, on June 29th. We spent Sunday at Lonavla, continuing the journey toward Akola on Monday. We arrived Tuesday, but she was too ill to attend the committee meeting on Wednesday, for which she had come and suffered intensely from inflammatory rheumatism till Sunday, July 7th, receiving tender care and attention day and night.

She had no thought that it was going to prove fatal, nor had others, until Sunday evening, when her temperature began to rise rapidly. She had given me instructions about some matters of business to be attended to on Monday as late as Sunday afternoon, and was looking forward to squaring some little accounts with me.

Another will tell of the song, the prayer, the realization of what was coming, before she lapsed into unconsciousness. As we stood about her bed, after a little doze she looked up at each one, and said, "Did I not go?" "Where?" was asked and she answered, "To Glory," seemingly disappointed. Recognizing me beside her she said, "Are you here, Mrs. Ramsey?" "Yes, I'm here." "Are you living?" she asked, hardly sure whether she
was still on earth or not. Later she stirred again and looking around in a surprised way said, "Am I here?"

The Home-going of my own dear one was too fresh in memory to trust myself to remain while she "crossed over" the river after midnight, for she it was who stood with us up to the last, and she it was on whom we leaned by the open grave in Panchgani cemetery.

Dear faithful Sister Moodie! It was just eleven weeks almost to the moment, from the time when his spirit fled as we watched beside him till her funeral service was beginning at Akola (July 8th), where she had come without knowing it to have her own desire fulfilled in being laid near her husband and little Teresa to await with them the Resurrection Morn.

"God knows the way, He holds the key,
He guides us with unerring hand;
Sometimes with tearless eyes we'll see;
Yes there, up there, we'll understand." — Martha Ramsey.

EARLY Sunday evening, Mrs. Moodie evidently began to feel a change in herself, for she said, "Poor Ina! Poor Mabel!" once or twice to herself. Then during dinner she seemed restless and asked the Indian Christian nurse who always stayed with her at meal-time to bring her handbag. She took some letters from it, saying they were from her girls and sister; glanced over them and said wistfully she wished she were able to answer them herself. It was like her that when she realized she was worse she should have specially thanked the nurse for all her help. "Everybody has been very good to me," she said.

At about eight, after dinner, Mrs. Moyser and Mrs. Cutler returned to Mrs. Moodie and Mrs. Moyser went with them. To him she said, "Do you think the Lord can be going to take me home this time?" Naturally he replied cheerfully that as she was so much better now, he expected soon to see her quite well again. To this she said, "I don't know what to think. I feel discouraged." After this she asked them to sing, "Oh take me as I am." She sang too in a clear, strong voice and then prayed that God's will might be done; that for her children's sake she would choose to live, but that she would be content with His choosing. "May be it was for this, Lord, that I came to Akola," she said, and it was plain what was in her mind.

After the others had prayed, Mrs. Moodie asked Mr. Moyser if he would look after Mabel. He said, "You will care for her, yourself, for many a year yet, Mrs. Moodie." But she would not be satisfied, so to please her he promised. It was now clear to
all that she was worse, so she was asked if she would not like the doctor. (She had until now gone on with the treatment of the Panchgani doctor who had helped her very much.) "For the children's sake," she replied, and the Civil Surgeon was brought with all haste.

When he arrived at 9-30, he said Mrs. Moodie's heart was "murmuring." Her temperature had already jumped up to 106.5° and by eleven it was 110°. The doctor prescribed, but gave no hope. Mrs. Moyser and Mrs. Cutier sponged Mrs. Moodie constantly until she died, but she was conscious only in flashes after the doctor left. At the very last, she suddenly smiled and said, "O-o-oh!" with a lighting of her whole face as she might at suddenly seeing some one she loved. With that she went. There was no struggle of any sort. She was going "home."

The funeral took place at sunset, Mr. Moyser conducted the simple Marathi service which was attended by a large number of Indian Christians, shocked and grieved at our common loss. The missionaries first sang, "There shall be no more crying, there shall be no more pain" in English; and at the last every one joined in dear Hattie Bruce Cooper's sweet and much-loved Marathi translation of "There will be no dark valley when Jesus comes," which re-translated is as follow:

No death-shadow will then remain;
In a trice we shall forget all sorrow,
When Christ comes back again!
Earth-pain and loss will then be done;
New songs will fall upon our ears,
When Christ comes back again!
No dread or loss we then shall feel;
Hail, hail, all hail! On shouts of joy,
When Christ comes back again!
Our dear Beloved we then shall meet,—
Oh rapture, without bounds or end,
When Christ comes back again!

L. B. F.

"The principle cause of my leanness and unfruitfulness is owing to an unaccountable backwardness to pray. I can write, or read, or converse, or hear, with a ready heart; but prayer is more spiritual and inward than any of these, and the more spiritual any duty is, the more my carnal heart is apt to start from it. Prayer and patience and faith are never disappointed. I have long since learned that if ever I was to be a minister, faith and prayer must make me one. When I can find my heart in frame and liberty for prayer, everything else is comparatively easy.

Richard Newton."
WHO CHANGED NARSObA ?

ABOUT the year 1881 a missionary went from Sholapur to visit the Christians near Watvad, in H. H. the Nizam's Dominions. After the Sunday services a large man with a long gray beard came forward and said that he wanted to be married and to be baptized, with all his family! He explained that his wife died some years before, that he had been living with another woman by whom he had several children, and that they wanted to become Christians. The man's name was Narsoba, Narsoba was connected with a gang of robbers in his young manhood. He joined the camp-followers of Col. Meadows Taylor, the Magistrate of that district, with the ostensible object of working, pitching tents and doing odds, but with the real purpose of stealing. After some days a box which contained Col. Taylor's valuable property disappeared. Narsoba waited to see what would happen. The police were searching, and Narsoba learned that they were on the right track. He lay awake one night and considered what he had better do. He decided to go to Col. Taylor, to tell the whole truth and to ask forgiveness. Col. Taylor forgave him.

Narsoba had such a frank open-hearted, good-natured way that he made friends where others could not, as the following shows:—His thatch house was burned down. He went to the village people whom he served as watchman, and told them of his desire to build a more substantial house. Some offered to give him stone, others earth, while the patil told him he could have several trees that stood near the road. These trees belonged to the government of the Nizam, but the patil gave him permission to cut them. While they lay on the ground seasoning, a Government officer sent word that he was coming to the town. It was Narsoba's duty, as village watchman, to meet the officer and conduct him into town. They had to pass those trees. Nothing was then said about them. But when the officer went away Narsoba led the way. When they reached the first tree, the officer stopped his horse. "He looked at the tree, and he looked at me. I made up my mind that I would not be the first to speak. At the next tree he stopped and looked at me, and he looked at the tree. At the last tree he said, 'Narsoba, don't you know something about these trees being cut?' Then I told him the whole story, how I wanted a good house, how the townspeople had kindly offered to help me, and I hoped he also would favour me and let me have the trees." The officers said, "Narsoba, if it had been anybody else, I should have fined him fifty rupees; but you may have the trees and I hope you will have a good house."

Soon after he became a Christian the Patil sent to tell him
that he was not wanted as watchman any more. Therefore he did not go to his work for a few days, but said nothing. The patil sent for him, and said, "You are not doing your work." "You said you did not want me," "We want a watchman, but not a Christian." "Well I cannot give up my religion." "But what will you do? I suppose you will appeal to Government to have your work restored, or to the missionary to help you." "No I shall not trouble them." "But what will you do?" "If I cannot get any work, I will tell the Lord that I am of no use in the world, and ask him to take me out of it." Finally the patil said, "All right, Narsoba, you come back to work, and we will keep you on.'

As a young man Narsoba would go over the wall of a fort or of a town by running up a rope that he had tied to a stone and thrown over the wall. Once he fell and was so much hurt that he was taken to a hospital. The European doctor became his friend and learned his whole story, but promised not to tell!

Narsoba was a relative of Masoba, the pastor of the church, who tried to make him a good man. He promised to become a Christian, but he had killed a man in a town robbery before he fulfilled his promise! He was generous to his last pice. Every year he gave a garment to each widow in the church. When a house was built for religious meeting he brought a carpet to cover the floor. Whenever missionaries went into the district they could not leave without going to his house for a dinner. He was the deacon of the church for many years and a man of great influence with Christians and non-Christians.

When the time came for him to leave this world he rose as usual in the morning, milked his buffalo and ate his morning meal. After eating he asked his wife to call in the Christian neighbours. He told them that his Lord and his pastor (Masoba, who had died some years before) had called him, and he was going away that day. He talked with them for a time and then asked them to sing a hymn. He joined with them in singing the first verse of "There's a wideness in God's mercy," but before they finished the hymn he was gone.—L. S. Gates, American Marathi Mission.

"By all means use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thy self: see what thy soul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy chest; for 'tis thine own:
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.

Who cannot rest till hee good fellows finde,
He breaks up house, turns out of doores his minde."

From The Church Porch,
George Herbert, 1593-1633.
"YOUR YOUNG MEN SHALL SEE VISIONS."

"In a dream, in a vision of the night,
When deep sleep falleth upon men,
In slumberings upon the bed;
Then He openeth the ears of men,
And sealeth their instruction."

—Job. xxxiii. 15, 16.

THE Lord gave us two precious souls a few days ago—a young man and his wife came walking twenty miles to find the people that had the living God among them. I have never seen a couple just like them. They are not so poor as many of their caste people and own their own land and cattle. As far as we could see there was no ulterior motive back of the request to be baptized. They said they wanted only to find God.

The man had had a dream in which he saw all the gods of his father's house helpless to give them any aid in sickness or trouble. He said, "I saw disease of every kind, and our gods were all there, but did not do a thing. Then one appeared among the people and everywhere I saw that he was helping people and curing them of their diseases. He was coming straight toward me,—when I awoke, I got up and said I will not eat bread until I have joined myself to this Guru (religious teacher)."

So he started out with his little wife following him. Our old bookseller, Daduji, met them in the market place and brought them to the house. We kept them two days, teaching them the Gospel, then baptized them and sent them back to their village. They were both so eager to learn, it was a joy to teach them.

The wife's father-in-law came along to see how things progressed. Before they left their village he had tried to persuade the girl-wife to let her husband go alone, but she said: "I must follow him to whose cloth you have tied me;" and the husband said: "What! shall I go alone, to find the Living God and leave her to follow the stones?" So they both came.

Pray for them, will you? They are the firstfruits of Sait, a village at least twenty miles from our bungalow, and their names are Yamabai and Mariba.

Daisy Lapp.

"The Master is so fair,  
His smile so sweet to banished men,  
That they who meet Him anywhere  
Can never rest on earth again."
"A CHILD IS BORN."

A LOVELY thing has happened. The mother who lost her only baby last year has another now. It is a joy to see her with something in her arms again. Her happiness warms one's heart. She radiates content and peace, the more that she says so little. She is as it were crowned, and moves with a gentle elation that is beautiful to see.

When I went to her, on hearing the good news, her contentment after her desolation and emptiness was too deep for words. She could only smile and smile. When I said the baby was unusually large and fine, she said softly, "She is like Babu" (a pet name for the little son who had died), as if that were the last word of praise. Besides, she did not want him eclipsed by this newcomer; who, though lovely, is after all a girl and can never take the place of the firstborn, who is now shrined in memory as a small godling, perfect and incomparable.

However, I am glad to say that this baby is much stronger than Babu, and that she thrives amazingly. She grows so fast, it is clear there is a blessing on her and that she was meant to be a Heartsease.

Last week at the mothers' meeting, when one and another was telling of difficulties met during the week, this mother told of how the baby had had fever one night and of how she and the father had knelt by her in agony. "'Ah God, is Sorrow again to come on me?' I wept and I was afraid. Then we prayed. Again and again we prayed, and after midnight the fever left her. But we watched beside her all night long and thanked God."

Little Heartsease seems quite well now, whatever the cause of her fever, and I think she will win to goal in the handicap race most babies have to run in this country, because she gets beautiful care. Her mother's very handling of her is exquisite in its brooding tenderness and blessing. When she has bathed and dressed the child, she puts on over all a shining little mantle of fond joy, a wonderful thing, warm as the down the eider, plucks from her own breast, soft and glistening as a pearl and shot with heavenly colours; it is woven of all a mother's love and sacrifice and delight. One can actually see it on the baby, and its reflection on the mother's face and in her shining eyes.

I have wondered often lately that I never noticed before what a beautiful woman the mother is. I used to think her almost plain when she was in the orphanage in Khamgaon, but that was before she had "babies sprawling in her eyes," as Barrie says.

As for the mantle, it is a theory of mine that babies who wear that more often thrive than others. I think all orphanage workers, or any who have cared for strays and waifs, will agree that with good care babies, to thrive their best, actually, physic-
ally need love, that atmosphere of fondness and delight, which is the medium of life-giving currents and a non-conductor to what is noxious. Real love, not gushing and fussing, is life and health, as sunlight is, only in a far profounder, completer way. It quickens a child’s whole being and helps the mind and spirit to open and blossom.

And that—despite all the pitiful ignorance which has killed more babies than even the angels can count, and despite all the sorry failures since Eden closed on Eve—is the reason for the world-famous institution of mothers!

A DAY OF PRAYER AT BHUSAWAL.

The need of a day of prayer was felt by many of our missionaries to be necessary and urgent. Several missionaries were sick and others severely tested in health. The Indian workers’ sabha (assembly) and the missionaries’ annual convention were near at hand besides other pressing needs to be prayed for. So the 31st of July was set aside for that purpose. Mrs. Ramsey was hungry for a day of waiting on the Lord and travelled many hours to represent her needy station. A strong praying company from Khamgaon came with the same hunger in their hearts. Some of them came through rain, mud and slush, happy, expectant of blessing and to pray for others. Dear Brother Rogers arrived at 1:30 in the morning to represent Akola. The Malkapur missionaries were hindered from coming by sickness, but our people from Nargaon, Pachora and Jalgaon joined the rest to plead together for the things which lay on all our hearts.

The messages from the Word given by Mr. Rogers, Mr. Dinham and Mrs. Ramsey were good and helpful. No time was wasted, for all realized the importance of the day. We fully believe that God called us together, that He was in our midst, and that undoubtedly we shall see the outward results of our meeting. There were causes for praise too and by praising God we glorified Him, which was what we all wanted to do.

These are dark days and as we realize the day is closing in and night is coming on “when no man can work,” we feel the urgency of coming together sometimes to plead with God for our own sakes, as well as for others. United prayer binds hearts together, and creates love and unity and sympathy for each other as nothing else does. Oh, that we might have many such days!

The fellowship of each other had been so sweet and deep, that our hearts ached and longed after our fellow-labourers in prayer after they departed to their different stations. Thank God for the fellowship of the saints.

Charlotte Rutherford.
YOU girls will have to move out." Thus were three junior missionaries addressed by our beloved superior one sunny afternoon in February, while we drank tea and ate pancakes. Mouths and eyes asked "Why?" "Oh, I'm going to have the bungalow thoroughly cleaned."

You children may say, "But we don't have to move out when we clean house." True, but let me whisper.

For some months before this, several families of pesky rats and squirrels accumulated supplies; camped comfortably under the tiled roof of our bungalow; and furnished, free of charge, nightly entertainments of hop, skip and jump, Marathon races, handicaps, and "go as you please," right over our heads.

To get rid of these destructive and plague-carrying creatures, the tiles must be lifted and the human occupants must move out; for it is extremely dangerous for foreigners in India to live without "a roof over their heads" on account of the scorching sun.

Well, we moved out; and I just wish you could have seen our temporary house erected in three days by a few Indian workmen without stone, brick or mortar. I'm sure builders and contractors in the homeland couldn't beat that, could they? Of course it wasn't built like houses at home; it was just "put up;" but it was real just the same and had four rooms and four doors.

Doubtless you are wondering what building materials were used, and what was the method of erection. Listen: the workmen dug a trench, in which they placed the walls of coarse straw about seven feet high and in thickness resembling the canes used by school teachers on special occasions! This straw was firmly bound together by strips of bamboo, while on the roof of the same material was piled layers of all the available matting. Doors were detachable. During the day they leaned gracefully against the walls of the house; and when bed-time came, these convenient enclosures were simply tied to the bedposts as a protection against the unwelcome visits of stray oxen, dogs or jackals.

Windows there were none, I mean glass windows. We didn't need them. Streams of light and sunshine, gusts of wind and clouds of dust darted through our thin partitions without the least ceremony. Then, when we wanted to visit our neighbours,
steps were unnecessary. By shoving our accommodating walls gently aside, we could chat loud and long with the greatest of ease. Oftentimes, too, we passed books and other things through openings thus made, so you see these “made while you wait” windows were far handier than up-to-date glass ones!

Living in a chopra, which is the Gujarati name for this sort of a house, provides lots of fun and excitement, and the junior missionaries thoroughly enjoyed it. Of course, we had to get used to seeing our wash basins gilded with dust in the mornings, but this was not nearly so bad as to wake up and find one’s mouth filled with dust.

I should advise all you boys and girls who are thinking of coming out to India to practise sleeping with your mouths tightly closed, for you see house cleaning times will come, and that may mean for you moving out!

J. E. Kerr.

IN THE MIST.

In the mist a little bird*
Makes a song of one glad word,
_Sweet, Sweet!_ he calls, _Sweet, Sweet!_
And once again, _Sweet, Sweet!_

Now he sings to his wee love
Swaying on a branch above,
_Sweet, Sweet!_ he calls, _Sweet, Sweet!_
_O many times_ _Sweet, Sweet!_

Presently she flies away,
Still he flutes his pretty lay,
_Sweet, Sweet!_ he calls, _Sweet, Sweet!_
Naught changes love, _Sweet, Sweet!_

In a wink a shower of rain
Patters down, he lilts again,
_Sweet, Sweet!_ he calls, _Sweet, Sweet!_
Whatever comes, _Sweet, Sweet!_

Sun looks out to see this sprite,
Birdie pipes with mad delight,
_Sweet, Sweet!_ he calls, _Sweet, Sweet!_
The world is **all** _Sweet, Sweet!_

*The Indian tailor-bird,
REMINISCENCES OF A TRIP TO BENARES.

We arrived at Benares, the most sacred city of the Hindus, on the night of November 15th, 1909. We, that is, three missionary friends and myself, slept on the floor of the station's waiting room, woke up before dawn, had our early morning meal called chhoti haziri and were ready "to do the town" by seven o'clock in the morning. By sharing a second-class cab we were able to keep it three hours and had to pay only fifteen cents each for the trip. It saves lots of money to travel in a party of four.

The day was bright and it was not hot and glary yet. The fact of being really and truly in the Benares, so famous in India for its sanctity (!!) and in the whole Christian world for its awful idolatry, was filling us with a kind of awe, which at first was mixed with the pleasure of seeing so many wonderful scenes—but later became more and more awful because of seeing the horrors of Hinduism as we had never seen them before.

First we went to see the Central Hindu College. The sad interest of this institution is that it was started under the auspices of Mrs. Besant. We went through all its halls and spacious courts escorted by a polite Hindu man. It is a huge building perfectly adapted to Indian life. It is indeed sad to think of the harm Mrs. Besant is doing in India. How she can believe in Hinduism when she knows Benares and its terrible idolatry is more than we can understand; I never saw anything more heart-rending than the sights of Benares.

Leaving the Central College, we told our cab-driver to go straight to the main ghat (landing-stairs) of the Ganges, as we had been told that the earlier we went there the better in order to see the crowd of worshippers in the act of bathing religiously. The sight on arriving is one of great confusion: crowds of pilgrims are seen hurrying on, pushing each other in their haste to arrive; crowds of the city people, some going to the ghat, some returning, their garments dripping with the so-called sacred water of the Ganges, and keeping a safe distance from us, for fear of the defilement our shadows would bring to them,—all this, I can see yet by shutting my eyes and living the scene over again.

Down we went, leaving our cab at the head of the ghat. The whole scene was very picturesque. The steps leading to the river were alive with people of all castes, men, women and children in different stages of "deshabille," looking as unconcerned as if they had been surrounded by the privacy of four walls.

On arriving at the foot of the ghat we entered a peculiar...
looking boat, on the flat roof of which four chairs were immediately placed, and there we sat enthroned making the best possible use of our eyes, I assure you, for we tried to see everything in all directions and all at once. The view of Benares from the river is truly wonderful. I wish we could have spared hours instead of minutes to take in its fascinations; but time was frightfully short for all we had planned to see in the city, so we had to give our boatman the signal to return. Each passing scene was taken in afresh as seen from a different point of view. The wonderful Golden Temple dazzling in the morning sun; quaint palaces in ruins sliding down the ghat; fruit and grain merchants under the shelter of huge, wicker umbrellas shouting out their goods to attract the ever changing crowd; boats similar to ours passing us on the way; all this and the general view of the Ganges teeming with life made a scene which can never be forgotten.

Climbing up the broad ghat steps to return to our cab, we glanced at the interesting observatory erected by the famous astronomer, Raja Jai Singh, in the beginning of the eighteenth century; peeped at the Nepalese Temple through the trees that surround it; saw dead bodies being cremated in the open; while relatives watched the slow fire do its work; looked in amazement at the crowds of Hindus we met on the way, so sadly ignorant yet of the way of salvation; and then, reaching our cab, were driven to the Monkey Temple. On the way there we were pretty quiet; each one had plenty of food for solemn thoughts; we realized we were in one of the devil’s strongholds, in a very fortress of idolatry barely touched yet by Christianity.

The Monkey Temple stands in a quadrangle stained red with ochre; the image of the goddess can be seen through the heavy brass doors at the center of the temple; all around are twelve pillars covered with carvings of grotesque figures representing different gods. On the side of the temple is a huge drum which the priest beats three times a day to call the worshippers to the temple. The whole place is alive with monkeys, and visitors are expected to feed them. As we did not feel the slightest desire to gain punyam (merit) by spending money on these “sacred” monkeys, we had to bear the displeasure of our guide who tried in vain to persuade us of our duty! We wandered through the premises and saw the people bringing bleeding goats to the goddess Durga, the wife of Shiva. It was a most repulsive sight. From there we went to see an image of Ganesh. This idol has a man’s body with four arms, an elephant’s head and trunk and is painted red; you can imagine how grotesque it is.

In a wonderful roundabout way we reached the Golden
Temple, the shining domes of which we had seen from the Ganges. This temple is dedicated to Shiva, the destroyer of the Hindu triad. He is represented with a blue throat because his throat was stained when he swallowed the poison produced at the churning of the ocean by gods and demons. This churning was done with the mountain Mandar for a dasher and the great snake Vasuki for a churning rope! One of Shiva's names is Nilakantha or the Blue-throated. "He is often drawn with a third eye in the middle of his forehead, (for which he is called Tryambak, the three-eyed); with a crescent on his forehead, (for which he is called Chandrashekhar, the Moon-crested); the Ganges flowing from his head and a necklace of human skulls. He is represented as irascible, vindictive and altogether terrible, so that his worship is of a more gloomy nature than that of others." (Molesworth).

The temple is in a roofed quadrangle at each corner of which is a gilt dome. We stood for a while facing the entrance gate and saw hurrying crowds devoutly making puja to a little idol at the top of the gate, and then passing through the huge brass door in haste to perform all the rites of their religion. Again we had to pass through a court where the sacrifices were taking place and we felt sick and faint at the awful sight, so we hurried away anxious to leave behind us the oppressive atmosphere of that place.

We had one more famous temple to see named for Annapurna, or the Food-filler, which is one of the names of Parvati the wife of Shiva. Under this name the goddess is supposed to have it as her special mission to feed the inhabitants of Benares. The temple is surrounded on all sides by beggars innumerable, making the most of their deformities and crying pitifully, "Amma, amma! Ayia, ayia!" (Mother, father). The devout Hindus drop a few grains of rice to each beggar as he goes to perform his religious rites. Of course it is an act of merit which helps to buy up salvation for them.

By that time we had seen so much of the horrors of idolatry, not to mention the malodorous filthiness of this sacred city, that we were glad to leave Benares by the noon train. We carried back with us a new sense of the awful need of this country, as well as a fresh sense of our responsibility as Christian missionaries in a heathen land.

Friends who are reading these lines, are you remembering to pray for us, working in this land of perishing multitudes? Oh do ask God that we may ever "see" the vision of the lost without God and be ever "moved with compassion" for the unsaved all around us!

Jeanne L. Rollier.
SHANTWAN is a boy about 17 years old, who began his education in our Mission School in Bhusawal at the age of 5 years. He passed successfully through each standard, and finally was admitted into the Anglo-Vernacular School. He is an intelligent and ambitious boy and has won a scholarship in this school entitling him to a free education.

One morning he came to our house to ask us to teach him the Bible with a view to becoming a Christian. He came every day after that, and if other duties did not prevent, he had his lesson from the Gospel of John.

Then for a week he did not come and we were disappointed in him. Again he appeared. "Well Shantwan, where have you been? You have not been coming for your lesson." "No, Madam, please excuse me. I have been with the Assistant Collector to a village 14 miles from Bhusawal. He went out to a jungle place to shoot panthers. While I was there I went to my caste people, the Mahars, and I told them that their way was not a good way; that I had found a better way, and that they should go that way too. I said, 'Ram and Krishna and all your gods and idols cannot take your sin away; but if you will believe on Jesus Christ, He will take your sin away. I told them all these things and they said they would think about them. Madam, no one goes there to tell them about God. I would like David master to go with me some time to teach them. When I become a Christian, I will go and tell people about Jesus Christ as David master does. I like that work.

"May I bring my friend also to read the Bible with us? His father said he may come, if the Miss Sahib is willing to teach him." "Yes, bring him along." "Miss Sahib, the other students in the school take my New Testament from me, and read it. Some of the boys snatch it from the others, because they want to read it. They say it is a very good book and they want me to give it to them."

"But Shantwan, you say you want to become a Christian, let me tell you what it may mean to you to be a Christian. First of all, you may be turned out of your home by your parents and your brothers." "Oh, no, my father will not turn me out, because he too wants to be a Christian, but he is very afraid of his caste people. They will give him trouble. But I have made up my mind to be a Christian."

"Then you may be put out of your school, and suffer great persecution for Christ's sake." "I have made my up mind. We read in the Bible about discipleship and what it costs."

"You surprise me, when you say you are anxious to become
a Christian because you have seen some of our Christian people quarrelling and fighting and saying bad words and behaving like the Hindus.” “Yes, I have seen them, but what they do is not good. They should not do such things.”

“Let us see what the Bible says about such conduct, and if it is becoming to Christians.” So together we read portions of scripture concerning the manner of persons Christians ought to be.

We do hope that the time given to this boy and his friend will not go for naught. Surely the Holy Spirit is working in his heart, and drawing, him to Himself. If he yields, he may become a bright, shining light, and win his father and others.

Charlotte Rutherford.

A WONDERFUL BLIND MAN.

MR. BRUEN of Taiku, says The Record of Christian Work, tells of a blind sorcerer who was convicted of sin on hearing street preaching, renounced his lucrative business and Sunday after Sunday groped his way fifteen li to attend church.

To learn the Bible he cut up Standard Oil tin cans into 5,000 small squares with a hole through each. These he threaded on a string, making indentations in different corners to indicate various letters of the Korean alphabet. The final consonants he indicated by 2,000 pieces of wood of varying shapes. His plan was to have a friend read out John’s gospel while he formed sentence after sentence by threading his tin and wooden squares on a string. Then by running his fingers over the crude types, he committed to memory the first six chapters. Later he heard from church members about Mrs. Samuel Moffat’s school for the blind at Peng Yang and groped his way thither 300 miles on foot. In a month he had learned to read by the New York point system. He thinks that in three years he will have memorized the whole of the New Testament. Now he is at work among the hundreds of blind Korean sorcerers.—The Herald of Light.

LOVE-JOY.

As on a window late I cast mine eye,
I saw a vine drop grapes with J and C
Annealed on every bunch. One standing by
Ask’d what it meant. I (who am never loth
To spend my judgment), said It seem’d to me
To be the body and the letters both
Of Joy and Charitie. Sir, you have not missed,
The man reply’d; It figures JESUS CHRIST.

George Herbert, 1593-1623.
WHILE the British Government has constructed over 37,000 miles of fine stone highways in India, but a very small fraction of the villages are situated on them, and consequently the missionary usually has to take to the humbler byways to reach the needy hearts in his district. These roads are in many places marvels of poorness, and in some sections could scarcely be worse. A two-wheeled bullock or horse tonga is not as easy-riding a vehicle as a limousine; but it is the best thing for this work, for even a Ford would be unable to traverse such "boulevards."

First you slip bumpety-bump into a small stream, and then are dragged up the steep bank on the other side. Next the road runs through a rocky hollow, then it cuts out into the open and sandy fields. Now one side of the tonga slides into a great deep cut, so that the right wheel almost breaks under the added weight; then the left side dips down to an angle of about 35°; and finally the two operations are done in the same breath (your last for a time!), so that in the same moment you are just on the point of being thrown out over the cart on one side, and of being crushed to earth beneath it on the other.

After a few rods of smooth going, for variety's sake an ancient boulder crops out in the way to give your spine a jar. When this is past, a gnarled root sends the wheels off grating, to stop with a sideways jolt against the farther bank; thus limbering up your neck so you can waggle your head sideways and say "yes" as the Indian people do. When through with these perils, a far-reaching thorn tree obstructs the way. You duck your head to keep the spikes out of your face, for by the sensations on your legs, their spears are sharp, and many a glassy eyeball among the people bears witness to their cruelty.

And dust!—there is red dust and black dust, dust brown and dust gray and dust-coloured dust. It lies in heaps in the roads and rises to greet you upon the slightest provocation, especially near the villages. Every bullock cart seems to travel in a cloud of it, and almost always passes you on the windward side. Needless to say, night travel on such roads is anything but safe, and day travel anything but pleasant.

Day after day, year after year, generation upon generation travel these roads and never lift a stone or fill in a rut. "Why should we change things?" they say, "Our fathers used these roads. Are they not good enough for us now?"

But rocky and rutty and thorny as these ways may be, they are not so wretched as the devious paths the people tread in their search for God. They know not, or desire not, the straight and narrow way that leads to the city of the King; but turning
away into the jungle they follow the steps marked out by countless other sin-laden feet, nor heed that "the end thereof are the ways of death." What matter if the rocks are sharp, the thorns cutting, the valleys dismal, disease and terror and cruelty lurking on every side,—"Our fathers used these roads, are they not good enough for us?" And on such roads it is always night!

"Вааа.,"

Note: This article, originally written for the 'June number of the India Alliance, but omitted for lack of space, appeared by error in the Bombay Guardian for June 1st.

TWO KINDS OF MUSIC.

The first magic shades of an Indian daybreak were creeping up from the East, as I stood on the long station platform in a big city of Central India. My train was late and I was alone amid a crowd of brown faces. This afforded abundant opportunity to study the fascinating groups of mortals about me. At the gateway I noticed about fifty men in brilliant, fantastic uniforms gathered about an enormous, richly upholstered sedan-chair shaped like a boat. By practising my very limited vocabulary, which was not even their dialect, and by many gestures, I elicited from the gorgeously liveried gentlemen the news that they were awaiting the arrival of a very holy man, who was due on the next train and was to take charge of a large monastery in the city.

Immediately, I became as curious as a little boy waiting to see a circus procession. To see the reception of a real, Indian, holy man would be a novelty and more interesting than pacing the platform.

In front of the waiting room door I noticed a group of high-caste gentlemen, evidently the reception committee. I spoke to one mild-looking gentleman who, fortunately, could use my mother tongue, and discovered that he was the secretary of the coming pious dignitary. Upon his invitation, when the train arrived I was on hand to be a quiet spectator of the inaugural visit of the new religious magnate.

My highest expectations were most decidedly fulfilled, but my emotions were so mixed that I did not know whether to acknowledge I was being amused, chagrined or grieved. Imagine any reverend pastor at home being greeted at the station with a brass band, while obsequious attendants clustered about him to make all manner of public show! But here the long corridors of the station re-echoed with shrill piping and tom-tomming that announced to all: "The holy man is coming,—make way! Make way!"

Later, in the waiting room, amusement turned to disgust, as
I saw apparently refined gentlemen stoop to kiss the feet of this spiritually loathsome man, whose species is often the personification of greed, self-love, prejudice and immorality.

Just a look at this so-called holy man’s face would assure anyone of the veracity of the old proverb, “As a man thinketh, so is he.” But my train came shortly after and I had to hurry away just as his grace, ensconced in his pompous sedan-chair, was borne off upon the shoulders of the gaily attired carriers.

The paid band again started its uproarious discord of clashing brass and tinkling cymbals. Then, very quietly, down inside my heart, the still, small voice spoke to me of the simple, grand appeal of the personal Christ who has told us, “I receive not honour from men.” (See Mathew xx. 25-28.)

That morning, how I appreciated Him—the pure, true Teacher and Saviour! The joy of His presence in my heart was stirring up music within me that could not be drowned by the noise of the brass band which was disappearing around the corner. And now that I have seen a real specimen of this country’s holy men, I feel justified in being exuberantly zealous that the people of India may see Jesus.

John R. Turnbull.

THE VISIT OF THE POLICE INSPECTOR.

The story of the persecution of the Chamars in Ballia District came to the ears of the government and an Indian police inspector, a Brahmin, was deputized to investigate the matter and see if the Chamars were actuated by a worldly or a spiritual motive in becoming Christians.

At the suggestion of the missionary, the inspector and two other officers visited a meeting of the chaudhris (village leaders), where at their request one after another told of the oppression and persecution that they had suffered at the hands of the landlords and the police. The Indian officers were greatly impressed with the accounts of what it had cost these people to be Christians; two of them exhorted them to be patient, promising to help them as far as possible, but warning them that long-suffering and good behaviour on their part would hasten the day of their deliverance.

Then the Brahmin inspector, in true Methodistic fashion, referred to the sufferings of Jesus; and told how, in his greatest agonies, he uttered no complaint, but prayed for his enemies. He added, “He is your guru. Learn of him. Do as He did and you will win as He is winning. Now all of you cry out, ‘Victory to the Lord Jesus Christ!’” And the rafters rang as again and again the cry went up, “Yisu Masih ki Jai! Yisu Masih ki Jai!”—The Indian Witness.
SOME VILLAGER WOMEN.

A village about ten miles from Akola there are a group of families of the low caste known as Mahar, who want to become Christians. The Akola catechists and the one Biblewoman have made them a number of visits, staying with them for several days at a time to teach them. Then Mr. Moyser, too, after his return to India, spent a few days with them to their great delight, for they are insatiable. The men of this group had often come in to Akola for short visits, but none of the women had been in until the last of March, when four came accompanied by three men, a boy and five children.

They came in a tiny, springless, two-wheeled cart drawn by small, trotting bullocks, and I could not help smiling when they jolted and jingled past my window, near which I lay in bed with malaria-fever; for two women and five children were all crowded into that ridiculous, toy cart, whose floor (with a six-inch railing round it) measured not more than two and a half by three feet. The boy who drove sat out on the tongue. How they all held on, I don't know, for all I saw was a bunch of bobbing heads, but I felt like giving a cheer for them and the plucky, little bullocks.

The rest soon followed on foot and the whole company went over to see Mr. and Mrs. Moyser, who with Mr. Rogers live in the smaller mission house in the same compound. After a visit there, the Biblewoman brought them in to see me. She had told them I had fever and ought to be quiet, but the women said it was their first visit, and that they would not return without seeing every one. As the rest of my family were away at the quarterly Mission Committee meeting in Gujarat, I was alone in our bungalow, and there was no one else to do the honours.

The women were delightful, tall and big for this part of India, with the free, easy walk of villagers who think nothing of ten miles. The two younger women had babies astride their hips and older children clutching them. The leader was an attractive woman of about forty, with bright, intelligent eyes, a wide, smiling mouth, wide, frank nostrils, and a very kindly, humourous expression. She captured my heart on the spot. The two younger women were her sister's daughters-in-law, so she called them hers, until I questioned her; for our Indian women count a sister's children as their own, especially if they have none of their own, or have lost them, as this woman had.

They were delighted to explain it, for the Marathi-speaking people love to discuss exact degrees and fine points of relationship. They count as bona fide relations numerous in-laws and others whom we speak of as distant connections. The Marathi
language simply riots in specific names for every sort of relation; and the Indian student of English is always confused, astonished, and sometimes shocked, at our poverty in these words.

For instance, the Marathi calls a maternal aunt *maushi*, a paternal aunt *atyabai*, the wife of a paternal uncle *chulti* or *kaki*, and the wife of a maternal uncle *mami*; whereas the English impartially calls all these four persons aunt, unless there is some special need to differentiate. In the same way with uncle, cousin, sister-in-law, brother-in-law, and other relationships, the English is general, and the Marathi very specific.

The fourth woman was, I think, the leader’s mother-in-law’s paternal avuncular cousin’s husband’s sister, or something even more remote. She was an “old” woman, about fifty, I should judge, with a gentle, soft, old face, and very quiet. She had not fully decided to become a Christian, but was in sympathy with the others and very friendly.

The men soon left, the women sat down on the floor by my bed, and the children stared or ran about; while the women as usual futilely scolded them once in a while, neither expecting, nor getting obedience. After a little chat they said they would spend the rest of the afternoon going about, seeing what and whom they could, and then return in the evening.

I had given them up when they appeared a little before nine, full of contentment and talk. They had spent a pleasant afternoon and had then fed to repletion in the Biblewoman’s house. She, good soul, had given herself to them. After telling of their troubles, of how their village authorities and their caste people had persistently persecuted them since their decision to become Christians, but that nothing now could make them turn back, they said they wanted to sing. The Biblewoman had taught them about fifteen hymns and they wanted to sing them all.

The Indian people are very fond of music and singing; and though the genius of their music is very different from ours, and though the untrained singing and playing of the more ignorant classes may sometimes seem harsh and discordant to foreigners, and especially to newcomers, nevertheless there is something very appealing in the minor melodies, the odd modes and intervals, the quaint quavers and the marked rhythm of Indian music. Much of it is plaintive and sometimes it is very sad; but many airs are lively and even spirited, in spite of their minor quality, while the rhythm is always a delight. There is power too in such melodies, for they get into the heart and touch something that is seldom moved by our own more cheerful major-keyed singing.

As for science, let no one imagine that Indian music is primitive. It is a highly complicated and scientific system with
quarter-tones and intricacies of minor modes, even though it deals almost entirely with melody and not only ignores the intricate counterpoint and rich harmonies of Western music, but rather dislikes them as clouding the melody and confusing the motive.

It is very rarely that Indians care at all for our music at first hearing, or that they ever become really enthusiastic about it. Their music is individual rather than collective. Singing in concert is not common, at least in this part of the country, except at certain festivals, and even then singing in parts is quite unknown. Every one sings the air, and as—without special training—each one is likely to ornament it with his own preferred furbelows in the way of slurs and quavers, the united effect is apt to lack that unity and exactness of time and tone which we consider so important. But then every one enjoys himself very much, so what does it matter? If you have not been brought up to cherish a hysterical sensitiveness to discord, you can warble with pleasure, even though your neighbour warble variously.

To illustrate the individual spirit of Indian music, it is enough to say that gawaiyas (singers) of any fame mostly think it infra dig. to sing anything but solo parts; while some who are composers as well as singers take pride in singing only their own compositions, because that they are not reduced through lack of invention to other men's works, however beautiful. To show their further fertility, they claim never to sing the same song twice alike. However, I suppose no singer who sings with love and inspiration ever can sing any song exactly the same twice together. Little changes in time and expression must come with the emotion of the moment.

As to instruments, there are a great many, but they are for the most part much simpler than ours. Of the drums, the little tabala, cleverly tapped and thumped with the fingers and heel of the hand, is a favourite accompaniment for singing and marks the rhythm admirably. There is also a jingly kind of "bones," clapped rhythmically in the right hand, which makes a fascinating accompaniment. Very small, brass cymbals are also in common use. All these can be used effectively by novices, as well as a one-stringed instrument made of a gourd and a bamboo, which is much used by religious beggars and accords well with their repetitional chants.

For the wind instruments one cannot say much. There is a rather crude, but sweet-toned flute, used by herdsmen and shepherds, which is charming, though very limited in range. There is a pipe which somewhat resembles a bagpipe in tone, though it is very much simpler in structure, and the high, nasal tone of the snake-charmer's gourd-pipe is not unpleasant; but
the rest of the wind instruments are shrill, squeaky, or blaring, especially an immense horn which is as weirdly startling in its way as a fog siren. They are used in wedding processions and in street bands, which are often a triumph of blaring, squealing, clanging, thumping discord!

Of the stringed instruments the most musical are the satar, a sort of guitar with from three to six strings; the tambura, a Turkish guitar with four strings; the beloved vina, of which the commonest form has seven strings and a large gourd at each end of the finger-board, and the quaint sarangi, which has seven strings and is played with a bow; but which, for all its charm, lacks to Western ears the power and magic of the violin. These all require skill and training.

But my love of Indian music has taken me far from the simple singing of my village visitors. They at least were innocent of any training, and sang with the high, shrill voices usually heard among village women. The ideal for a feminine voice, in this part of India anyhow, is that it should be very high,—what they call “fine.” I have heard voices about as fine and piercing as a needle. Girls and women, and even men, often eat cloves and rock-sugar before singing in order to attain an elegant, fine, high tone. Many men sung falsetto.

These women were used to singing only very simple meters, and those the Biblewoman had taught them were more elaborate; so that, although both meters and airs were all Indian, they made some rather odd changes in them,—clipped short beautiful, long notes, shortened the range whenever it inconvenienced them and added quavers in season and out of season. The effect was rather clippy and sing-songy, still the various tunes were quite recognizable, so that in spite of all the liberties they took with some of my favourite airs, I really enjoyed their quaint singing. They were as artless as children and very much enjoyed their own performance.

What seemed to me really remarkable was their memorizing of the words of all these songs. Verse after verse, and verse after verse, they sang correctly and in proper order. I listened and marvelled, used as I am to the feats of memory for which the Indian people have long been famous. Of course these women, perfectly illiterate as they are, were bound to mispronounce many words, for they speak a dialect which habitually slurs and blurs the clearcut syllabification of classical Marathi; but for all that, I felt a great respect for their dear heads when they had at last finished all their songs. I realized too the splendid, hard work the Biblewoman must have put in to have accomplished such results. She is not only faithful, but loves her work; and the women seemed very fond of her, as she of them.
I should have said that these songs were written by Indian Christians. They are composed in favourite Marathi meters and some are exceedingly sweet. The writer of the most finished among them, Narayan Waman Tilak, is a really great poet, and is considered by some Marathi litterateurs to be the best of living Marathi verse-writers. There is an ardent, devotional spirit in his lyrics, and a personal adoration of our Master Christ, which are truly lovely. Mr. Tilak has suffered many things for the sake of the Name he is always singing, and that accounts for the sincerity and beautiful passion of his love. Some of his little songs bring the tears to one’s eyes and fill one’s heart with wistful longing to know better, and to love more worthily Him who is Love and “altogether Lovely.”

When the singing was finished, the three younger women (the old lady had joined in but little) then repeated the Ten Commandments, the Lord’s Prayer, the twenty-third Psalm and something else, I think. I was dumbfounded and delighted at their mental alertness. Then the Biblewoman asked them to pray. The two youngest protested that they did not know enough to pray before people, but the leader said simply, “I am not learned, but I will say the words I say in my heart,” and with that she folded her hands and said, “O my Father in heaven, I thank Thee for all Thou hast done for us. Take me in Thy lap and keep me. I ask in the Name of Jesus. Amen.”

After that the Biblewoman and I prayed short goodnight prayers and by that time it was eleven. The Biblewoman then tried to take the company away to bed, but the women all declared they would not leave me. I was their sister and they were going to sleep by me. My fever and headache were considerably worse by now, but I could not help laughing at the dear absurdity of them. So I got up and found rugs, mats and covering.

That was a funny night. We got settled after a good deal of laughing and chattering, and some outcries from the children, who had been asleep and resented being disturbed. The two young mothers and the four little children slept by my bed (the eldest had gone to his father); the two older women and the Biblewoman slept near the foot. In two winks they were all fast asleep, but not so I! The babies whimpered occasionally, the women’s bangles clinked every time they moved and the room got rather stuffy before morning; still I managed to sleep a good deal in spite of it all, and dreamed curious dreams.

The only thing that really troubled me was a poor, starveling puppy, which had staggered to my door earlier in the day, crying weakly. As it could not eat and was evidently dying, I had made it a bed under my table where it slept exhaustedly
till nearly midnight, after which it cried a few times and died. I was deeply thankful when the wee thing escaped from its suffering, little skeleton of a prison-house.

In the morning our visitors left with many invitations for us all to come out and see them soon. I had a racking head all day after they left, but the pleasure of their visit far outweighed it. I hoped very much that I could go out to them before my departure for the hills in May, but recurring fever and the great heat made it inexpedient, so I have another great pleasure before me on my return to Akola in June.

L. B. F.

Note: This article was originally written for the June number of the India Alliance, but was omitted for lack of space.

ITEMS.

The following items come from Khamgaon: "Praise God for very definite answers to prayer in the orphanage; for strength, 'as thy day' for two tired missionaries; for His joy day by day and for perfect trust in Him for the days to come—until Christ return.

"Pray for three Hindu girls who came to the orphanage in July that they may soon be convicted of sin and turn from idols to serve the living God and to wait for His Son from heaven.

"Pray also for three of our dear orphanage girls, who were married in July, that they may be bright and shining lights in the three different stations to which they have gone to preach the Gospel with their husbands, who have recently become catechists in our mission."

The Mission cannot sufficiently thank God for Mrs. Peter Eicher's improvement. Though far from robust yet, she has made great progress toward normal health. The fact that she is at last almost free from pain is in itself large matter for thankfulness. Mr. Eicher took her from the Presbyterian Mission Hospital at Miraj to Poona, where she will probably spend September in the restful rest home of Miss Dempster and Miss Bristow. He is now back at Akola where all the mission circle looks forward to Mrs. Eicher's return.

Prayer is asked for Mr. Auernheimer who has just passed the crisis in typhoid fever and is naturally very weak. Mrs. Auernheimer, who for over a month has been nursing not only her husband, but helping sick ones among the Indian Christians as well, is very tired and beginning to feel a reaction.

Prayer is urgently asked for Mrs. Fuller, whose condition is very serious. For over three months she has suffered with a chronic malady of the bowels, which, though in itself better, has left her so devitalised that a speedy return to America is advised by her physician.
Mr. Dinham is also in need of prayer, for he has never recovered from the shock and strain of the double shipwreck he and his family underwent on their return to India last year. He has as well a very troublesome and stubborn nervous cough.

Miss Patten also specially needs to be remembered by all her friends, for she is suffering from nervous prostration. She went to Simla at the beginning of the hot weather, but after five months in that fine mountain air is so little improved that she has been ordered home to America.

Mr. and Mrs. McKee are soon to leave India on furlough after a term of eight years. They are both tired. We wish them a safe and pleasant voyage.

Mr. John Norton of Dhond sends a request for prayer for his father, Mr. Albert Norton, who is resting at Belgaum after a nervous breakdown. Mr. Norton came to India in 1876 and has taken little rest during those forty-two years. He has suffered many hardships as a good soldier and has never spared himself. We hope he may soon be able to return to the work he loves and to which he has given himself so long.

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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, Arola, Berar, India.
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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

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