EDITORIAL NOTES.

It seems impossible to say anything adequate to the fact of peace after four years of world war. It is simply a matter for infinite and unutterable thankfulness. There remain with us colossal and complex problems, but if the nations who have been at war work as earnestly to solve them as they did to support their armies in the field, these difficulties too can be handled as were those of the war, though some are far subtler.

The signing of the armistice was as unreal to the bulk of the Indian people as, apart from the high prices, the war itself. In provinces like the Panjab which sent large numbers of men for the fighting ranks, public interest must have been keener; but in districts like Berar which have furnished few men comparatively except for the various Labour Corps, the majority of the people have had but the haziest ideas of what it was all about. The remark of a high school boy, when he saw a recruiting poster which praised the fame and prowess of the Mahrattas in the past, that it was all a device to deceive the unwary, was rather typical of the average Brahmin attitude.

There was comparatively little rejoicing among the Brahmins of Western India that victory is to the Allies. This was partly due to the apathy and aloofness bred by the caste system, and partly to the influence of that extremist section of the Home Rule party which is pro-German because it is displeased with British Government. They are ignorant of German colonial rule, and in fact cannot realize any danger to themselves from a German victory. To them the Germans seem very far away, an altogether negligible menace. They would have been glad to see the English trounced, partly to appease their resentment and partly because they thought the trouncing would hasten Home Rule for themselves.

Those who had been prophesying that the Germans would win were chagrined that they did not, and declared the armistice merely a German trick. For about a fortnight one was continually asked in the bazaars and by people coming to the mission house if it were really true that the war was at an end. The low and middle castes are almost entirely illiterate, so must
depend on others for their outside news. They were told that the war was not over, that the armistice was all a fluke, or that it was the English who had lost, or that hard fighting was going on at that very moment, or that the armistice was only for three days.

When one declared with authority that none of these things were true, poor people were always relieved. They would wag their heads with pleasure, or lift their hands in a gesture of blessing, or audibly bless the Government. But very often this was followed by a look of perplexity or sadness. "Then, why is food so dear? Why do not the men come back? Why is there no celebration, no lights, banners, fireworks, trumpets and speeches?"

It was not strange, because for four years profiteers of all sorts had blamed all the fictitious and manipulated prices on the war. The war too was the cause of all epidemics, floods and shortage of rain; it cast its shadow on all private calamities. Logically, therefore, when the war stopped, prosperity should come hand in hand with peace.

One had to explain that peace could not undo bad rains and short crops; and that an army it had taken four years to collect, organize, train and transport could not be redistributed in a few days. As to celebration, that was coming in a few days. And it did.

The celebration in Akola was probably typical of celebrations everywhere, except in places like Bombay where there is a large European population that nearly lost its head with joy. Days beforehand the Mahars, who are the official messengers and criers, went through the city and villages, beating the little drum that always announces a public notice, and cried the celebration, as they had already proclaimed the peace.

On November 27th, the date varied in other places, the people came together on a large green used for sports and the Deputy Commissioner formally announced the signing of the armistice. This was followed by one or two speeches, a review of sepoys and volunteers and music by an excellent sepoy band. All school children had marched to the green with banners and left in an orderly way after the distribution of sweetmeats. Our orphanage boys carried both the British and American colours, the largest flags there as it happened, and a brave show they made. It thrilled one to see Old Glory go fluttering down the road beside the Union Jack. Thank God that silly quarrel is dead at last, though it was buried in blood.

We left the green with the school children and talked with some of the Hindu and Mohammedan boys as they walked along staring and curious. They had enjoyed the sweets, but
had not taken in the speeches. "Who won?" some of them asked, and were only politely attentive when told it was the English. "Allies" would have been Greek to them. To one side walked a sober youngster who looked as if he might be twelve, but was undersized. On being asked if he was glad the war was ended, he said, with a gesture like an old man's, "Bai Sahib, people are dying of hunger. What do we know of the war?" He had been working in the mills for four years and gets five rupees a month, which by the old exchange would have been about $1.60, or six and a half shillings.

During the day free rice was distributed, a pound per head to the poor, and the destitute blind and cripples received a garment each. In the evening all the Government and public buildings, the homes of officials and most Europeans, the railway station and the old fort, and the houses of a few private Hindus and Mohammedans were illuminated. The method of lighting is simple to crudity from the electric point of view of Broadway or the Strand, but the effect is remarkably pretty. It is done with thousands of tiny lamps which consist of small earthen saucers filled with cotton seed or other sweet oil in which are laid crude wicks twisted out of raw cotton or cotton rags.

But through all the celebrating and rejoicing one could not forget the sad conditions which made the little boy so gloomy. As a matter of fact, people are not "dying of hunger" yet; that will come, all, all too soon; but they are dying, and too fast, even for India. Doctors say the appalling death-rate attendant upon the recent epidemic of influenza was due in large degree to under-nourishment caused by the unprecedented high prices of the last year. And the ease with which a large percentage of cases ran into pneumonia was undoubtedly due to the scarcity of clothing and bedding.

Though the rains this year averaged from 25 to 50 per cent, of the normal fall, still the cotton crop, in Berar and many places, was a rupee crop (i.e., a full crop). In some places the farmers even say it is a rupee and a quarter crop. But the grain crop is very short, ranging from four to eight annas (there are sixteen annas in the rupee) so that the price of grain will not be much reduced when the crop is harvested.

In Bengal, where the chief food is rice, the rice crop this year is abundant, and if only the freight trains requisitioned by Government for military transportation could be released to bring the rice here, it would be a great help. As it is, rice which used to be a luxury here is now cheaper than the indigenous jawari and wheat, which are quite beyond the means of the
Children who used to get rice only on feast-days are now so sick of it that they cry for a piece of the coarse jawari bread. One family in our mission got so tired of rice at every meal that once, for variety, they soaked the rice and ate it raw!

As long as the cotton lasts, that is, as long as there is cotton to pick and haul in to the gins and mills, there will be plenty of work; but probably at about the end of February the real pinch will be felt. The Government of Berar is planning to open four large relief works in different parts of the province to meet the need at that time. Doubtless the same thing is being done in the other affected areas.

The rains, such as they were, stopped about the last of August in Western India. There followed weeks of very hot weather. The grass burned up, the green fields yellowed, most of the jawari never came to the head and had to be cut for fodder, even the trees began to wilt and lose their leaves. With all this there was the influenza cutting down hundreds of thousands. It was a sad time.

Then towards the last of November came rain, an inch and a half in a night and several showers. The result was magical: a green film covered the dry earth overnight, hedges which had been bundles of dry sticks burst into green, streams filled, the trees and the poor cattle revived. Some damage was done to the ripe cotton, but far greater good was done to the young plants. There seemed to be hope of a winter crop, a good water supply and fodder for the cattle; but no more rain has followed. Still one can but hope, for a winter crop would save many lives. So let us continue to pray with all our hearts.

The death of Mr. Samuel Auernheimer, following upon that of Mr. Ramsey and Mrs. Moodie, has been a great grief to the whole mission. We miss them all more and more as the fact of their departure grows upon us. Mr. Auernheimer's gentle, unselfish and cheerful spirit made him much loved. His surname was so difficult for the Indian Christians to say, that he came to be called by his given name,—Shamuvel Sahib, smiling, willing and modest always.

Wherever he went he did the simple, practical things, and so unobtrusively that only their helpfulness proclaimed them. Last hot season when Mr. and Mrs. Auernheimer were visiting their little girl at Panchgani, Mr. Auernheimer, who could turn his hand to almost anything, asked Miss Lothian in his thoughtful way to let him do any repairs or odd jobs about the children's home for her. She showed him the many little things that need attention where there is a large family of
children, and he mended them all, so quietly that she never knew they were done until to her great comfort she saw them whole and shipshape. That was thoroughly typical of Mr. Auernheimer. Some men can do a great deal, if half a dozen people stand about and wait on them, but that was never Mr. Auernheimer's way. He was thoroughly capable and not afraid of work.

Another very noticeable trait in him, which was after all only another aspect of his gentleness and kindliness, was his dislike of grieving any one. He would take great pains to avoid "hurting the heart," as we say in Marathi. Some excellent and earnest people seem to forget that the Bible says "Be courteous," as explicitly as it says "Be filled with the Spirit." Indeed, it is impossible to imagine how any one who was full of that Spirit which actuated Christ, who never broke a bruised reed nor quenched smoking flax, could ever be discourteous.

At the annual convention Mrs. Auernheimer was appointed to the school work at Bhusawal. In her mission work in England, before coming to India, Mrs. Auernheimer had much to do with young people, especially girls, over whom she had much influence. She will find a much larger scope for this sort of work at Bhusawal than at most of our other stations; but the great change will be very hard at first, for the breaking up of a happy home is a grief that touches the whole life. Mrs. Auernheimer and little Ruth both need loving prayer, and such comforting as one human may be to another.

Mr. and Mrs. Fuller with their eleven-year-old daughter Frances were to have left India for America in November; but when they got to Bombay on their way to Madras, Mrs. Fuller had a bad heart attack and Mr. Fuller was so weary from sleepless nights, that they decided to wait and rest before going on. So they went to our mission rest house in charge of Miss Hilker at Lonavla near by, where they have been ever since. Mrs. Fuller's condition was very serious for a while, as her chronic trouble came back in force. By great good fortune there was an English trained nurse in the house, Mrs. E. L. Claridge, and nothing could have been kinder than the way she took Mrs. Fuller's case in hand. She put Mrs. Fuller on a strict diet of curds and orange juice, with really remarkable results. (No medicines are given with this cure for intestinal disorders. Any one wanting details of the treatment may apply to Miss Fuller, Akola, Berar.) If only this diet had been put into effect ten months ago, it would have saved incalculable suffering. Mrs. Fuller is now so much better that the party expects to sail the last of December, however she is still very weak.
The following is a copy of the letter we have sent to the Christian Herald of New York, asking for help in view of the coming famine.

AKOLA, BERAR, C. P., INDIA.

Nov. 1st, 1918.

To the Editor of the Christian Herald, New York City, U. S. America.

Dear Sir,

We, the undersigned, have been asked by the Christian and Missionary Alliance, sitting in Conference here in Akola (said mission is situated in the provinces of Berar, Khandesh and Gujarat, India), to approach you at this time, and solicit your immediate help for the suffering and starving poor of this country. We cannot forget that in the great famines of 1896 and 1900 a number of missions in India appealed to the readers of your valuable paper for help, and received a most noble response.

The fruits of that generous help are seen to-day in many missions, in the form of bright Christian men and women, who were rescued from a literal death by starvation, and taught the way and plan of Salvation through Jesus Christ. Then too, thousands of helpless orphans were taken into our orphanages and not only fed and clothed, but educated, Christianized and trained in useful trades, so that they became not only self-supporting, but are helping forward the Church of the living God. Hundreds again of these are going out into the work as Christian teachers, evangelists and pastors. Many of them to-day are preaching fearlessly and zealously the message of Salvation to their fellow men. The Lord surely turned the curse into a blessing.

Now we are again face to face with even severer conditions than prevailed then, for the three following reasons:

1. Because of the World War the prices of food stuffs to-day are nearly twice as high as they were in the two terrible famines of 1896 and 1900.

To make this plain to your readers take, for instance, a 180 lb. bag of flour that in 1895 sold for one dollar a bag, and rose in the famines of 1896 and 1900 to five dollars a bag; now that same bag of flour is selling for nine dollars a bag. In 1917 the price was still only two dollars a bag. This should clearly illustrate the point.

With this remember that the average annual income of the people in India is said to be only ten dollars per capita.
2. The epidemic of influenza has swept all over India in a most terrible and malignant form, sweeping off thousands of people and leaving hundreds of helpless orphans on our hands. Just to give you an idea of its dreadful ravages let us say that Bombay City with a population of one million, had a death rate from influenza alone of nearly 800 daily; while Amraoti, in our own province of Berar, with a population of only 30,000, lost as many as 150 in a day.

We have just had to give a great deal of attention to the whole subject of orphans. The expense of our orphanages is greatly increased, not only because of the high prices of foodstuffs and clothing; but also because of the present very low rate of exchange, which makes a dollar worth only eighty-six cents in India to-day.

3. The rains have seen a partial failure everywhere, while in many parts they have been a total failure. For instance our average rainfall in Berar is about thirty inches, but this year Akola has had only nine inches and other places even less. The crops that had started to grow are withering on their stalks, and are now past help; while in oh, so many cases, the fields were not even planted.

What the poor people and cattle will do before next September, God alone knows. We who passed through two great famines, and heard the heartrending cries for bread, and saw the emaciated forms of the helpless and suffering, covered with vermin and sores as a direct result of starvation, will never forget the sights and experiences of those awful years.

Looking these facts in the face, we, as a mission situated in the very midst of these people, appeal to you and to your readers for help before it is too late. Thanking you in advance for the help that we believe you will give now as before, we ask you not to wait, nor to send the money in the ordinary way, but trust that you can cable funds out to this field at once.

Money may be cabled either through our Board, 690, 8th Ave., New York, or direct to us on the field as follows:

CHRISTIAN AND MISSIONARY ALLIANCE,
c/o Thos. Cook and Sons,
BOMBAY, INDIA.

Rev. M. B. Fuller will soon be on his way to America. As you know he has been our Chairman for nearly thirty years, so that he can readily answer any questions you may wish to ask him. He goes via China and will be sailing from Madras this month. His address will be

REV. M. B. FULLER,
690, 8TH AVE.,
NEW YORK CITY.
Yours on behalf of the Christian & Missionary Alliance.

Rev. William Moyser, Convener,
Rev. Sydney Hamilton,
Chairman of Gujarat Committee.

NOTE: Within a few days of the writing of this letter, the price of jawari, the main food of the poor (a grain very like Kaffir corn) rose 30 per cent. The grain merchants say it will rise another 50 or 60 per cent before it stops; that is, it will yet be eight times as much as it was last year!

CHAIRMAN'S PAGE.

A BOOK REVIEW.


This book was sent to us for review, and after reading it, we have no hesitation in saying that it is one of the best books on the subject which we have ever seen. The author has read and studied widely on his subject, so that in addition to his own thoughts, which are rich and very valuable and helpful, he has quoted freely and copiously from scores of eminent writers on the various phases of this profound subject upon which hundreds of books have been written. This makes the book a sort of compendium of the most valuable writings on this theme which is of such vital interest to every earnest Christian.

The table of contents is very complete and shows the careful division of the whole matter into six sections, which in turn are divided into twenty-six chapters. To read the table of contents makes one hungry to read the whole book, and no section or chapter is disappointing. It would take too much space to name all these divisions, but they cover the wide range of the work of the Holy Spirit, in the world in general, in the Old Testament, in the New, in the Incarnation, in the Atonement, in the individual, in the church, in missions and in all social reform.

The bibliography refers to perhaps two hundred books, while the index of subjects, authors, and of Scripture passages quoted in the book all show the great care of the author to bring the reader into touch with the vast amount of material from which he has drawn.

We take pleasure in recommending the book to all who wish to find something, not only full of information, but which will stir the deepest spiritual longings and show how they may be satisfied. We do not remember any other work which covers
so wide a field on the work of the Holy Spirit, and happily the price brings it within the reach of almost all. Besides there is a condensed summary specially prepared by the author for translation into the vernaculars, which may also be obtained from the publishers.

IN LOVING MEMORY!

The sword is laid aside, his course is run;
The shield put by, the Good Fight fought and won;
He kept the Faith.—“That day” he shall be giv’n
A righteous crown the Lord reserves in Heavn.

No more the battle’s din, its carnage cruel,
Encircles him within its humbling school;
No more he toils from dawn, through noon, till dark;
Pressing—all zeal—toward the holy mark.

On all his sowing, breathe O Spirit kind;
Fan into Life, the “Wordfields” left behind;
Then shall his harvest be, a triumph great,
Starr’d, glorious crowns, his King to celebrate.

How he rever’d our God!—to pray when led;
Quiet, humble worship hallow’d all he said;
No “headgilt” phrase burst swift from idle tongue,
But meek heart-pleadings from faith’s yearnings wrung.

And yet peculiar ’tis that noontide’s heat
Should see him called to bow at Jesus’ feet,
Pluck’d green at ear; noon’s heat, not twilight bell
Hath beckon’d him away with Christ to dwell.

Keep, mother Earth, his precious, Christ-lov’d frame
Wrapt in thy breast, till ’tis reviv’d again.
Archangel shout—the Lord soon will appear,
To claim this blood-bought dust, to Him most dear.

We’ll leave the grief with Jesus;—should a tear
Bedim hope’s bright assurance whilst down here,
We’ll check i’ts fall, or gild it with a smile;
Rememb’ring, “till He come” ’s a little while.

W.

The above lines were written in memory of Mr. Fred Topper, who died in London in 1916, by a Mr. White of London and sent recently to Mrs. Anernheimer by Mr. Topper’s sister, who is a missionary in Ceylon and an old friend. The tr bute so well suits Mr. Anernheimer that it is here reproduced in his memory.
IN MEMORIAM.

THE writer first met Brother Auernheimer in Southern California in the year 1900 when home on furlough. He had been converted several years prior to that, under the ministry of the Rev. S. S. Chafe, who was a worker belonging to Dr. Charles Cullis of Boston. The writer twelve years before had been converted under the preaching of the same man, so there was very naturally a firm bond of friendship formed between us, that has lasted ever since.

From the time of his conversion Brother Auernheimer was an active worker in the church, and he stood out clear and strong for a full salvation. He was a strong tither and in his early Christian life he used to give two-tithes monthly from his income. He was a staunch worker for total prohibition, and helped to close up some of the liquor joints in and near the place of his labour.

He was first drawn to the work in India through some talks the writer gave in Brother Auernheimer's home town of Cucamonga, S. California, and through personal talks and conversations that we had together in the home of our old Pastor, Rev. S. S. Chafe. He could ask more questions about India and its needs than any other person I have ever met with.

He finally decided that he would take a term in the Missionary Training Institute at Nyack, New York, where he spent two years, after which he was sent out to India as a missionary in the year 1902. In a talk I had with Rev. A. E. Funk who was then the House Father in the Institute, he said that Brother Auernheimer was a steady, plodding and trustworthy young man, and these traits I should say characterised his whole Christian life.

Brother Auernheimer was always true to his convictions and he was not easily moved from them. He learned the Marathi language in our home, and he was a person that we could always depend upon. If he had a work to do he did his best to do it well. He had good business methods, and for a number of years he was the business manager of our India Alliance. The mission learned to trust him and for a while he was our mission secretary for the Marathi Field, which position he filled splendidly.

I think that he was the premier book seller of our mission, especially in selling scripture portions. He used to sell hundreds every month. He had a habit of slipping down to the station when he had a few minutes to spare and meeting the different trains that passed through. In this way he has put thousands of copies of the scriptures into the hands of the travelling
public, and these books were not carelessly given away, but all sold, which is much more likely to insure their being read.

Brother Auernheimer was naturally a large strong well-built man, so that when he was stricken down with typhoid two months before his death, somehow we never thought of his dying, but expected that he would be up and around as usual in a little while. But God saw best and took him to himself.

In all these years we have looked upon him as a son and loved him as such. We were with him when he crossed over to the other side, but it does not seem real yet that we shall not hear his cheery voice again this side of the grave. It all seems so very strange, his going when he was so much needed and when he was at his best; gone when we need him most,—a steady worker, a competent secretary, and an active missionary. But he has just gone on head, laid off the armour and taken up the crown.

He had a large circle of Christian friends who kept in touch with him and his work, and he will be much missed by them. He leaves a widow and a little nine-year-old girl named Ruth, and we ask for both of these your love and sympathy. Place them on your prayer list. They will miss him unutterably as the days go by for he was an ideal husband and father. We thank God for him and his faithful, cheerful life.

W. Moyser.

A TRIBUTE TO SAMUEL AUERNHEIMER.

FOLLOWING so closely the homegoing of Mr. Ramsey and Mrs. Moodie, the word of the decease of Samuel Auernheimer came as a great surprise and shock to our whole mission circle. His departure from the work will be keenly felt and the fellowship of his congenial disposition and disciplined spirit will be greatly missed.

After a remarkable record of about fifteen years of unbroken health, it seemed strange when he wrote to us in the early days of July, "I'm not feeling well these days—tired and good for nothing. Guess I have this Influenza." We too thought it was but a passing trouble. But after some weeks of low fever the Civil Surgeon pronounced it "para-typhoid," which at first seemed to be a very mild case. With all the prayers of many friends, the good care which loving hands administered and his hardy constitution, one naturally thought he would easily pull through. But the Lord's thought and will seemed otherwise and our dear brother left us on September 18th after two months of suffering.

It has been hard to adjust ourselves to this great change at the
Malkapur mission house. Brother and Sister Auernheimer were our nearest missionary neighbours, our homes being about fifteen miles apart. As our districts adjoined we often camped and worked together. Our fellowship, which was never broken, grew deeper as we got to know each other better. We shall always think of Samuel Auernheimer as one of the most obliging and patient men we ever knew. His life was full of those little acts of thoughtfulness which made one feel that he accepted it as a privilege to do a favour. When going to Bombay, or Bhusawal, or even to the weekly bazaar he would often write to ask, "Is there anything I can bring for you?—no trouble, the bigger the order the better."

As a missionary he was capable and could adapt himself to all kinds of work. This coupled with the patient cheerfulness with which he met all perplexities and adverse circumstances endeared him to all who knew him well. In the office of secretary he was most efficient. Order was the habitual state of his books and desk.

When a man was needed to prepare for the Indian Christian sabha (convention), or the annual mission convention, or for any special work of the sort, "Sam" was often the unassuming handyman for the occasion.

Besides preaching, he was particularly gifted in spreading the gospel in the district by the printed page. He had a real gift in selling scripture portions and was always so delighted on returning from a festival, market, or village, when he had accomplished large sales. I often heard him say, holding a bunch of scripture portions in his hand—"This is bound to bear fruit some day."

The Sunday before he fell ill, he ministered to the English congregation at Bhusawal, and many who were present remarked on the unusual fervor and power with which he preached. Referring to the war, the famine, the pestilence, a railway accident, and the recent deaths of friends and fellow missionaries, he solemnly warned and entreated his hearers. "We do not know who may be next. If it should be one of us, are we ready?"

Some of that congregation have since been called into the Lord's presence.

Our dear brother will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends, especially by the Christians and non-Christians at Malkapur. Our deepest sympathies and prayers are for Mrs. Auernheimer and dear little Ruth in their great loss and sorrow. Personally I feel that I have lost one of my dearest friends,—we were so much together in the work. But it is only "till He come."

C. Eicher.
Important Notice.

For nearly twenty-five years we have been sending out our little paper, the India Alliance, to the friends of the Alliance work in all parts of the world; and monthly it has brought its little message, and shown the different needs of the work and the workers, together with what is being accomplished both by ourselves and others.

Although the India Alliance has a circulation of about two thousand, it has from the first been supported almost entirely by the missionaries on the field, who have given a monthly offering from their allowances, and were glad to do so as long as they were able. But the past two or three years of World War have so raised the price of paper in all countries, that we have been unable to keep up with it here. In addition to this burden of an increased cost of printing, every missionary is confronted with the very high cost of the plainest living necessities, and the low rate of exchange which makes a dollar worth only eighty-six cents to-day in India.

We frankly state our immediate need. In spite of our contributions the India Alliance accounts show a deficit of twenty-one hundred rupees, or, at the present rate of exchange, about eight hundred and twenty-five dollars, ($825.00) or about one hundred and seventy-five pounds (£175). For this reason we have decided to suspend the printing of the paper for the present, and to ask your early co-operation in removing this deficit.

We have often heard from our friends in different parts of the world how much they have appreciated the little paper, and we feel sure that they with us would be sorry to see it suspended entirely. So we ask all who can assist, especially those who have been receiving the paper in the past, to help us with this burden at this needy time.

If each reader of this notice could send us a small offering to help us wipe out this debt, and to create a small fund to help with the running expenses; we should soon be on our feet again, and you would receive your monthly paper as usual. We ask your prayerful consideration of this matter and trust that you may see your way clear to help us in this way.

All who have subscribed for the paper and have not received the full number of copies for which they have paid, can have their money refunded, or it can be placed to their account until the paper is started again, or it can be turned over to the present debt. Please let us know what is your desire, and we will do it.

Eight hundred and twenty-five persons giving one dollar or four shillings each;—or, one hundred and seventy-five persons
giving five dollars, or one pound each, would clear off this little debt, and set the paper free.

For the Mission, { William Moyser

F. H. Back.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

This little narrative is being scribbled with a stub of a pencil in the usual tiny third-class compartment of a slow-moving train which will cross the border line of Gujarat province in a few minutes. I am on my way home, in solitary state, to our dear old station, Mehmadabad, where several families of smiling brown faces will greet me with genuine expressions of welcome, as though I really belonged to them all—and I do!

It is profitable to visit other missionaries and compare notes about the work. This last week I had the privilege of seeing for the first time the three mission stations most distant from our own centre, and I have been thinking ever since how grand it is to be a comrade of such noble soldiers in this glorious missionary enterprise.

At the furthermost station, Chandur, I lodged beneath the roof of that plucky, young-hearted, Irish veteran who lost her husband a few months ago. Together we climbed the hill near the bungalow just before sunset and gazed upon the great, undulating plains of Berar. That little woman’s parish consists of three hundred and ninety-four villages and towns. She has left many a day of sorrow and heart-pang behind her, but she is a soldier you understand, and so she does her bit. Wouldn’t it be fine if about a dozen of you capable young folks in the homeland would give this elderly warrior a surprise and come out to share the heat of battle?

At Amraoti an entirely different aspect of the work was presented. Instead of a lone outpost it was a busy household. A missionary family had returned from furlough just a few days before my arrival and had found the resident couple preparing for the touring season. The big, athletic man of the house was repairing the bullock-cart in the yard; and a heavier one in the shed awaited the day when it should start to some village across the plains laden with a tent and simple camping outfit.

But what shall I say of Murtizapur, the last place visited? Here I heard from the beginning the story of the first great break which has occurred in our whole Alliance work in India. Imagine two missionaries trying to preach to six hundred villages, whose people total over a quarter of a million! But God has wonderfully answered prayer and to-day in fifty-six
villages there are converts to be shepherded.

As I sat in the cool of the evening within the little garden plot under the myriad stars which shine so brightly in the Orient, and listened to the account of those thrilling days when men and women began to rush into the light; I wished and longed, and prayed and longed that Christ would be manifest in similar glorious power throughout every county in our three great Alliance fields of Berar, Khandesh and Gujarat. Pray on for Murtizapur and let the harvest of souls there be a token to you and to us of what God will do far and wide.

Last night I journeyed some distance with our honoured chairman, Mr. Fuller, who was on the way to Bombay with Mrs. Fuller and little Frances to commence the trip home to America. At Akola, when they entered the train, several missionaries and a large group of Indian Christians were at the depot to bid them farewell. None said much, but the garlands of flowers, put about their necks in Oriental fashion, were all too few; even if each of the hundreds of flowers meant a loving thought and memories of faithful service.

We have been expecting news daily of the surrender of Germany; and reading about the valour of young men in France has made us young missionaries desirous of quitting ourselves like men in this Indian campaign. In saying goodbye to Mr. Fuller at the junction, I requested that he tell you all the war is not finished in India yet. Remember the lone Irish lady by the grave on the hilltop and the hundreds of villages whose narrow streets await your soldiers' tread, in Berar, in Khandesh, in Gujarat.

By a strange coincidence, just after I saw the train bearing the Fullers on their way disappear, and had entered the waiting room where I was to spend the night on a bench, suddenly a railway inspector came in and told me Germany had signed the armistice. He showed me a telegram from headquarters. The news has not yet appeared in the papers, but will to-morrow. I have that telegram to show the folks along the way.

But oh! the larger war, with Christ as real a leader as the gallant Foch! Our missionary forces are victorious because He was Victor long ago. Potentially, by faith we hold the field. The day of armistice must come when He will be announced as the dictator of terms of peace to every suppliant foe. The telegram from the skies may come any time and be revealed to the expectant few. Will it be to-night? Every day I want to live as though He is just at the door.

Will you pray a bit for the Gujarat Bible School. That is my little corner of the vineyard. This year I am teaching eleven, bright young men, all of whom expect to be Christian
workers. None of them are supported as yet and I am sure when you hear this frank appeal you will be glad to help in this important, direct work of preparing evangelists. Many others want to be trained and we rely on your co-operation in launching the new class next year.

The shadows of eventide are dimming the beauties of a glorious sunset and I leave you to imagine the darkness which will soon enshroud every hamlet along the way. That other darkness you will fancy too and see grim hordes of erring souls floundering in despair. You have the Light.

"O Hope, all Hope surpassing,—
Forevermore to be,
O Christ, the Church's Bridegroom,
In Paradise with Thee!
For soon shall break the day
And shadows flee away."

John R. Turnbull.

**BODWAD NOTES.**

One bright February day nearly three years ago a tall young man, with his wife,—a sweet, smiling-faced, dignified little woman—and their little boy, came to join our Bible class for 1916. Gangaram was one who had only a short time before entered into the joy of salvation through Christ, was not yet baptized and some of the old grave clothes of Hinduism were still clinging to him. One day our little son Bert, who has a horror of heathenish practices, said: "See mamma, that man still has his shendi (caste lock—a long wisp of hair grown on the crown of the head)!

"I explained to Bert that this man had had the light of the Gospel for only a short time, and that we must not be impatient with him, for God Himself would show him the wrong of the things he would have to put away. In a few days the caste lock disappeared and Gangaram had severed another of the ties that had bound him to the old life.

The Bible was an absolutely new book to him and it was interesting and inspiring to see how the precious truths sank into his heart as they came before him day by day in our classes. One could see the working of his mind mirrored on his face, could almost read the reasonings that were going on in his heart. At times one could see traces of a fierce struggle that was being waged in his heart and we knew he was being sorely tempted. At such times it was a privilege to hold him up in prayer and stand on the promises for victory through the precious blood of Jesus; and we proved Him faithful who has promised.

Another fetter to be broken was the cigarette habit. He knew there must be victory over this, and he got it, for God set
him free from all its filthiness, and he went on by leaps and bounds, walking in the light as God revealed it to him.

His little wife Rakhmabai seemed like a flower unfolding to the sun. It was a joy to help and lead her on and to see her try to help other women who were only groping their way to the Saviour. She would tell them in her simple way how dark it all was to her at first, and then how plain the way had now become, and what joy it was to trust Jesus.

Gangaram has finished his course of Bible study with us here and has gone back to the sister mission by whom he was sent here for training. We believe he will be the means of winning many for Jesus in these dark, dark, troublous days, when the dawn must surely be very near.

__Susie Eicher.__

### THE CONVENTION REPORT.

The annual convention of the Mission was held at Akola, Berar, October 25th to November 3. Owing to the epidemic of influenza raging in many parts of India at that time, it was with gratitude that so many of our missionaries found it possible to leave their needy stations and gather for a time of refreshing.

The Chairman, Mr. Fuller, opened the convention Friday evening, October 25th. His message of "Abiding in Christ" became the key-note of the other inspiring sessions that followed.

The Rev. Pengwern Jones, a missionary of the Welsh Presbyterian Mission of Northern India was the special speaker, and those of us who were privileged of the Lord to be there will never forget how deeply our hearts were stirred as we listened to the Old Old Story told in the power of the Holy Ghost. Beginning on Saturday and continuing until Tuesday noon Mr. Jones preached twice a day. At his first meeting he humbly though candidly, stated that he had been sent by God with a message for us, and taking the Book of Ephesians for a text Mr. Jones unfolded to us the beauties of Christ Himself and the triumphant glories of Christ in His Works.

After vividly picturing the depths to which man had fallen through sin, and contrasting it with the heights to which God had lifted him through the merits of our Saviour's shed blood, Mr. Jones in his closing address indescribably portrayed our Lord in His Work as Prophet, Priest and King.

The personal application of this spiritual feast was our privilege as well as our place in our Master's redemptive plan. We can do nothing without Christ, and yet our Lord is often handicapped by us. Special emphasis was laid on being in constant touch with God; a continual communion; possessing His BEST.
An illustration of the possibilities of this union with Christ was given of a lady missionary in India who felt wearied and discouraged in her labours for the Lord. Work! Work!! Work!!! Morning, noon and night,—but no results worth mentioning. One day she read the story of another soldier of the Cross, "Praying Hyde" of the Panjab; who, realizing that prayer and work were inseparable, had given himself first to intercessory prayer and then to work, with marked results in soul-winning. Determining to test this in her own ministry, she gave one half of her time to prayer. At first she said that it was hard to shut her eyes to so much work that seemed absolutely necessary to do AT ONCE and to spend hour after hour in nothing but waiting on God; but at the end of six months hundreds of souls had been converted, and to her amazement the routine work had not suffered a trifle. In fact, she found that in half the time she was able to do more than she formerly did in the whole day. "Prayer changes things," yes; it not only changes circumstances, but it changes us, praise His Name!

Mr. Jones told of another missionary who, when landing at Bombay and seeing for the first time the actual heathen, felt within his heart a loathing for the very people he had come to help. So completely was he overcome with this repulsiveness, that he at once returned to his cabin and, throwing himself upon his face before the Lord, prayed that he might be given a love for this unlovely people. "Give me love, dear Lord," he pleaded, "or I must go back!" God gave it, and without stint; so much so, that this same missionary came to be called the Apostle John. He became the very personification of Love.

God wants us to have His VERY BEST at all times. But often that which seems to be the best in our sight is only a device of the enemy to weaken, or destroy entirely, our capacity for the best. One day Mr. Jones' attention was called to a beautiful vine growing on a tree in his garden. It was blooming with fragrant flowers, and seemed to be an asset to the value as well as the beauty of the entire garden, but upon closer examination it was found that the vine was slowly but surely putting to death the valuable tree upon which it was growing. It was a parasite, a leech, and in spite of its beauty, it was a blighting curse in its final work. Oh! that we might be at all times free from the "things that wither and decay."

The remaining days of the Convention were given to business, winding up on the closing Sunday with a "Say So" meeting. Judging from the joyful testimonies, everyone was returning to the battle-line with new strength and courage.

Mrs. S. Kerr & C. A. Gustafson.
In the June *India Alliance* I told you about the Crawford Market in Bombay and promised some time to tell you about the lively little coolies who work in and near it. All around the Market building are hundreds of little shops where you can buy almost everything you need. Some tiny places that look as if they would only hold needles and pins are stocked with the most astonishing lot of things from fancy cheese to fancy delaine. Every corner is packed, tall cupboards reach to the low ceiling and the ceiling itself is dangling with all manner of bundles tied to hooks. You say to the merchant, “Have you so and so?” wondering wherever in that small place it could be hid, but he nearly always says cheerfully, “Without doubt, Miss Sahib!” and half crawls into some dark cubby-hole at the back or climbs on a short stepladder and rummages overhead, and presently there is just what you asked for!

When you shop in the Market, your merchant does not send your things home in a shining, purring delivery motor; you hire a coolie to carry them for you in a big basket on his head. About half the coolies I suppose are boys, some of them only seven and eight years old, and as the men coolies often crowd them out of jobs, I always make a point of taking the little chaps at grown-up wages, because some of them have families to support as well as the men, and their old, anxious little faces go to one’s heart.

I shall never forget the first little coolie I had when I came back to India fifteen years ago. I had not got out of the horse tram (They have electric trams in Bombay now!) when he came running up. “Take me!” he said. “What for?” I asked. “I will go with you to the shops and carry your things to your house,” he said. “But thou dost not know my house!” “I will find it,” he said confidently, “Only give me a piece of paper. I know all Bombay,—Colaba, Byculla, Mazagaon, Walkeshwar, everything!” and he flourished his arms like a small windmill. He was such a midget, you could not help loving him. “But what if it is a very heavy load?” I asked. “Never mind,” he said, “I will rest on the way.” I asked his wage to Grant Road. “Two annas,” he said, and added importantly, “and one anna for my tame!” “Thy what?” I asked, very puzzled. “My *tame*,” he said anxiously, “one anna for one hour going about the Market. All coolies charge now for *tame*, ask anybody.” I was so pleased, I could have kissed him; for of course, you see, he was trying to use the English word, “time,” and when I had left Bombay six years before to go to school in America, coolies were not charging for their time, because they did not know it was worth anything. I never paid out
any money more cheerfully in my life than that little chap's
two cents an hour for his "tame," as he trotted about with me
from shop to shop, collecting my packages in the big basket on
his head.

How it brings them all back! I can see those little Haris
and Gopals and Ramas as I write,—dewy eyes and wistful
mouths, sparkling eyes and saucy mouths, shrewd eyes and sly
mouths, and what willing, wiry little bodies, and safe, eager
little hands! They never lost a thing for me, and what chatter
boxes they were! I can hear them now.

Once I got a letter from our dear Miss Yoder in the girls'
orphanage in Khamgaon asking me to send her thirty pairs of
shoes for Christmas presents for some of her big girls who had
been working very hard. I went to a funny little bazaar where
the streets were very narrow and the smells very broad, and
where there were so many interesting things and people, it would
take a book to tell about them all. I went to my pet shoemaker,
a dear little old woman who sat in the street on a gunny sack and
sewed beautiful shoes of bright red leather with broad toes that
curled over the top and had no heels at all. They were really a
sort of heavy toe slipper, which is all the shoe thousands of
Hindus wear. The old woman had only two or three pairs
ready, so I got the rest from a shop near by.

A very shy little coolie besought me with his eyes, so I took
him. The shopkeeper, who was very pleased over his big sale,
asked me if I knew the boy. "He will steal all your shoes," he
said, "these coolies are great rogues." I felt very indignant.
"They are very good boys," I said, "and as for this one,
I would trust him anywhere!" So the man kept quiet and
the boy thanked me with his timid eyes. I gave him my address,
plainly written in English and Marathi, so he could ask his way,
and explained to him how to find our house. But he never
turned up. I was sure he had lost his way or my paper; so after
a few hours I went back to the shoe shop. The man crowed.
"No, he did not come back here. I told you these coolies are all
thieves." I knew he was mistaken, so went to the nearest police
station, and there, sure enough were the gay red slippers in a
heap, all thirty pairs. The police said the little chap had
brought them, crying bitterly. He had lost my paper and of
course they had given him a grand scolding. I asked for him,
and begged them, if they saw him again, to give him my address,
tell him I was not angry and that if he would come to me he
should get his wage just the same. Then I went back to the
shop and left the same message there, but I never saw the little
boy again. I did feel sorry. It is a horrible feeling to be afraid,
isn't it?
There were two little hunchbacks in one stuffy shop who used to fan the customers for a small tip. They were Sakya and Shivram. Sakya is now a man and works in a toy shop on regular pay, but poor little Shivram was very frail and died after a year of great suffering. When he could no longer stand and walk, his people would lay him by the road to beg. I wanted to take him, but they would not give him up. I shall never forget his patient, suffering little face.

My special boy when I go to Bombay now is Govind, about ten years old with elephantiasis in his right leg. The leg from his knee to his toes is immense. It is about twenty inches round the calf and the lean little left leg looks sadly thin beside it. The elephant leg looks very heavy, but Govind says it only feels queer and puffy. He was in a free hospital for months, but they could do nothing for him, so he is working as if nothing were wrong. He is very plucky and does not want any pity, only work and his fair pay.

There are some white people in this world, or rather there are some people with white skins, who have the funny notion that no one who has any yellow or brown or black colouring matter in his skin can ever really be quite equal to one who has not, and so they make some very curious and some very unkind mistakes: but if you go about this world with your eyes and ears and heart open, you will find that there are coloured people with better hearts, better heads and better looks than yourself. Anyhow, what has the skin to do with pluck and patience and kindness?

WAKING UP A GOD.

RUM-ba-tum-tum-tum-tum-tum-tumb! Down the dusty road came a motley procession heading for Bhairoba's temple beside the big well with steps. Rum-ba-tum-tum-tum-tum-tumb! The leader was booming the deer-skin drum with vigorous efforts, for was it not his business to arouse the sleeping god to receive their gifts? So he pounded away, and felt much pleased with the racket he made and with the bright yellow puggaree (turban) that swathed his head. Behind him in single file came Munjeebai and Sukkoobai and the other women in their bright lugadies (Hindu women's dress) dandling babies on their hips; and trailing along after them were little Yummy and Bheemy and Ram and Bapu and the rest of the children, clad in anything or nothing.

Almost everybody had something for an offering—cocoanuts, or chappaties (unleavened bread in thin cakes), or sweets, or a little dish of kheer, a thick, sweet gruel of rice, milk, raisins and spices. Munjeebai's latest baby had proved to be a boy, so the
family and friends were paying their vows. Or perhaps, Bhairoba had heard Sukkoobai’s prayers and saved her house from burning up, since that was one of his special duties in this village.

Or possibly, it was on Yummy’s account, because she had been bitten by a cobra the night before. Her father had hurried her off to the temple, crying and clapping his mouth as he went, to arouse the sleeping deity. Once there, poor Yummy had a bitter dose of neem leaves from the big sacred tree on the temple grounds, and a drink from the broad well with steps leading down to the water. She was walked round and round to be kept awake for that is very important in treating snake bite, and finally went home with nothing worse than a stomach ache. Neem leaves are medicinal and counteract snake poison, but of course Bhairoba always gets the credit for the cure, and so to-day a thank-offering must be given him.

Anyway, for whatever reason, here was a fine feast for Bhairoba, and he must be roused to enjoy it, so the rum-ba-tumb rolled out louder than ever as the temple came into sight. How the newly whitewashed walls glistened in the hot sun.

To tell the truth, Bhairoba had not had such feasts laid at his feet for years past. At some time or other an evil spirit had taken up its abode around the temple. The people were afraid to go near it to bring offerings, and the carts jolted the long way around to reach the stone road. So from lack of attention the temple began to decay, and poor Bhairoba went hungry.

After that the Padre Sahib (foreign clergyman) had come and had built a mission house not far from the shrine. Now Bhairoba had strenuous objections to such a neighbour, so he rose up in his wrath against the Padre Sahib. In a vision of the night he appeared to the village patel (headman) and set forth his sore displeasure at the Sahib’s defiling proximity and the Christians’ custom of eating meat. Had the god known that a little later a certain Padre Sahib would cause the death of his express image, an immense cobra over seven feet long, he surely would have spoken more strongly.

As it was, the patel was so impressed that he wrote to His Excellency the Governor of Bombay in an attempt to oust the missionary. Whether or not Bhairoba appeared to His Excellency to enforce the plea is not known, but the Governor apparently decided the case against its merits and took no action. However, the god shortly became appeased, for behold! the Sahib’s righteous presence drove away the haunting spirit, the worshippers returned with their offerings, and things even went so far that a yearly festival was held which brought hundreds of visitors.

Thus the spell was broken. The carts once more jogged
past the idol's home, and Bhairoba again began to grow. He was not very big years and years and years ago,—only a small stick of wood. But every day when the people came to worship, they put some daubs of red paint on his head, so that year after year his stature had slightly increased. Then one day after the Padre Sahib and prosperity came, he got top-heavy and tumbled over. Nothing daunted, some pious one carefully set up the pieces, and from that day to this Bhairoba has had two sons.

Rum-ba-tum-tumb! Surely the god must have heard the drum. He of the yellow turban thought so; and no one disagreed with him, since, being a man, he was the most important person there. So Sukkoobai and Yummy and Ram and the others all entered the temple with their offerings and spread the feast for Bhairoba.

The god had been asleep, there was no question about that. It was hot, and he had felt drowsy. It was a good thing the drum had beaten so loudly, for the sound had been ringing in his ears some time before he opened first one eye, then the other, and at last really awoke. He arose, yawned as he stretched himself, and then blinked out into the glare. A little twinkle came into his eyes. Yes, a procession really was coming. He hoped they had brought something good. He thought he could detect the rich odor of fried sweets and well-oiled chap-patties in the lay out. A little patience and the feast would be spread,—and left. So he settled himself comfortably in the shade and dozed as he waited.

There, the procession was leaving now. The rum-ba-tum-tumb began again, but mechanically, an echo only of its previous resounding rat-tat, for its need was past. The last naked youngster waddled off towards the village, leaving the temple grounds deserted. The god moved quickly and stealthily to the shrine. At the temple steps he paused, looked around cautiously, then surreptitiously crept inside.

It was such a good meal! He devoured the last crumb, paused at the door once again to gaze cautiously about, then quietly trotted back, stretched himself out in the shade, licked his chops with twinkling eyes, and resumed his nap. He did enjoy Indian food. The Padre Sahib fed him well, of course; but, being an Indian god,—I mean an Indian dog—he liked Indian cookery best.

Did it make you laugh? The story wasn't told to make you laugh. We want you to hear the drumming. Rum-ba-tum-tumb! can you not catch the rumble? It rolls up from the countless villages and cities of India,—not the tom-tom of a little procession, but the throbbing boom of a Dead March for
heavy feet. May it remind you that in contrast to these people who give much to made gods, you should give all to God. May it be a call to persevering prayer for these deluded, darkened hearts. And may it be the roll of battle, summoning you to warfare in this vast battlefield under the colors of the Lord of Hosts. 

_R. H. Smith._

**THE VACANCIES FILLED.**

In July three of our young women of the Khamgaon Orphanage were claimed by three of our young men from the Bodwad Bible Training School. They were among the best girls we had. From little children they loved the Lord devotedly and longed with intense desire to be faithful witnesses of His to those who know Him not. We were sorry to part with them, because their influence among the girls and women in the school was most helpful and they were a great comfort to us in many ways. But we were also glad to have them go and share among the heathen the knowledge of the love of Christ.

We said in our hearts, Who will fill the vacancies of these girls? Well it was not long to be seen. The day after they were married, a missionary came from the town where one had gone, bringing a beautiful little girl eleven years old, high-caste, pretty and intelligent. She had no parents, her profligate brother had deserted her, her sister had turned her attentions in another direction and she was left altogether to shift for herself. She stayed with a high-caste Hindu family and scoured the brass vessels for the household. She was wholly unprotected and one evening at dusk while outside of the house some wicked men caught her and when she fought them, threatened to throw her into the well. Just then happily, the train came into the station and she made a peculiar noise the Hindus make when in distress, so they loosed her, having made a bargain among themselves in money, that the next day they would send her away and make something out of it. But one of the men implicated in this plot was a policeman, and fearing he might be found out in such foul play he took her to the Indian preacher’s house, and the next day Mrs. Dinham brought her to us.

She adjusted herself nicely and quickly to her new home life, with the exception of one thing: she, being high-caste, could not bring herself to eat with Christian girls (many of whom are low-caste) and would go about the compound as if nauseated. To overcome this obstacle, because she threatened to run away, I gave her different food. Shortly afterwards I said to her one day, “O Karuna how can you sit and eat better food before the girls?” I never heard another complaint about her food.
She is exceedingly happy and grateful for her new home. She loves her school work and is very keen about her books, having begun at the bottom with the small children. Last month she was converted and it is beautiful to watch her expanding in this new-found love of Jesus which was so foreign to her only a few months ago.

The second kiddie Miss Fuller sent to us from Akola. She is just as interesting, but altogether a different type. She was low-caste, homely, about nine years old and an orphan,—a double orphan because even her mother-in-law and father-in-law had a few months previously died with plague and she was left to the mercy of a cruel, degenerate husband who was about three times as old as herself. She could not make bread properly and for punishment and pastime he would beat her, or burn her soft little face with his cigarettes. The round scars are still plainly visible. She made her escape from this wretched man and with an old dog for her companion shifted about the streets, taking what she could get to keep body and soul together, always sharing with her faithful friend and, with him for protector, sleeping where she could find shelter.

It took days to clean her up, even after Miss Fuller’s scourings and combings, and make her a fit associate for the children. But she is a perfect dear,—a more thankful child I have never met. Her little feet are never weary running errands, and her eyes glisten with pleasure when she knows she has been of some use to us. Her gratitude is unbounded, her affection unstinted. When her husband and his friends came for her, she hid her little face in our arms and began to cry, saying, “Do not give me into their hands!” We assured her that she was quite safe and they were persuaded to leave her. Praise God for Khamgaon Orphanage and for the co-workers at home who make it possible to have such a home here for such children!

The third child was the daughter of one of India’s holy men; she was about six years old and since her mother’s death had travelled about the country with her father, sharing his luck and misfortune. He was getting old and when he met Mr. Hagberg in the big bazar, he asked him if he knew of a place where his child would be well treated and cared for, because very soon he would be unable to provide for her.

Shall I ever forget the old man as he sat there on the ground in front of the bungalow, relinquishing his last treasure into the hands of foreigners and strangers? No, I never shall. We could not persuade her by kind words, smiles or sweetmeats to leave her father, so finally one of the girls picked her up and carried her into the school compound. He sat alone, numb with his grief, but brave. At last when he saw it getting dark, he
For days and days the child would not talk. We began to think she was dumb, and I believe she was, dumb with grief; but with love and patience, she slowly began to revive and now she is happy and contented with the other children.

Let us pray together that Karuna, Krupa and Suniti will develop into the same sweet Christian characters that the three girls who left us had.

_Ethel M. Wyeth._

**THE UNSEARCHABLE RICHES IN CHRIST.**

_The_ world is wild in its search for wealth. Men will go to the ends of the earth, endure heat and cold, cross the burning sands, or brave the malarial swamps, sacrifice home and friends, often life itself, in the pursuit of wealth.

_Gold._ Gold has a strange lure, and what is it? It is often found as fine sand (gold dust); in fact all gold may be reduced to the same state, from the heaviest nuggets to the least. And again, what is it? It can no more sustain life than an equal amount of dust swept from the road.

Gold is representative of wealth. -Riches! What a charm the name holds. What an insane glamour is in the little words,—riches, wealth. For this men will barter their very souls. Nations will plunge themselves and others into seas of blood, as at the present time. What for? To enhance their wealth, although they may call it by another name. Wealth is so often sought where it is not to be found.

Unsearchable riches. There is a statement of something of transcendent value; and where it is to be found,—in Christ. A man may accumulate great wealth: in a few hours he may be laid in the earth to make a dust which can by no means be distinguished from that of the beggar who never had a garment to cover his body. The rich man might be buried in a golden coffin studded with precious gems; but his dust would be the same as that of the beggar in the potter's field.

But there are unsearchable riches, and definite directions where they may be found. In Christ. It is hardly possible to take in that term, unsearchable. It plainly indicates something of great intrinsic value, unbounded value, and only found in a certain place, never to be discovered by dim or unilluminated
eyes. Eyes blinded by the flesh would, or could, never discover this treasure.

The central thought of the New Testament is: There is nothing worth the having apart from Christ. In Him is found the all in all. First, the forgiveness of sin; the consciousness of justification: realization. Moreover, we have in Christ the witness of the Spirit, victory over the world, the hope of heaven; the actual meeting Him with all those who have died in the faith, the Resurrection; these mortal bodies putting on immortality, no more suffering, no more death; the curse removed, no tempting devil, or wicked men.

Are not these unsearchable riches? Who may not well bear the cross of infamy and reproach with Him, of whom it was said that He endured for the joy that was set before Him. Endured. Yes, He endured: and those who would find the unsearchable riches, they too must endure. This is sanctification: holiness: heaven. It is found only in Him, Jesus.

James P. Rogers.

CAST THY BREAD.

Some years ago in the days of scarcity in our part of India, there came to our notice, a young widow of the lower caste of farmers. She had three small girls, little stairsteps. Miss Woodworth had found her in her village and later she came to the bungalow with bundles of wood on her head to sell to help eke out a living for herself and her little ones. Many times she was told the Gospel story and received a little material help.

Well do I remember one day when Miss Woodworth returned from the village and told us the sad story. It is an old story in India, where a young widow is seldom safe. Soon this one was living in the house of a certain man. We had offered her a home with us for herself and her dear little ones, but alas! the caste, even though it is a low caste, would not allow her to take such a rash step, so seemingly she was last to us.—But prayer was made.

About a month ago, one hot evening, one of the young men brought a tiny skeleton to me saying “Mamma, I’ve brought you a baksheesh” (a present). I looked at the tiny thing and said, “Where did she come from?” “From such and such a village.” The child had a glib tongue and knew all about herself, so soon we had the story. It was quite confirmed by her uncle who turned up a day or two later in search of her. She was the only surviving member of the young widow’s family,
"And how did you know about this place?" we asked.
"I used to come with my mother to bring wood to sell."
"What was your mother's name?" "My mother's name was Dhurli, but she is dead, "Dhurli! Dhurli!" We thought and then remembered the young widow.
"But where are your sisters?" "All died of plague and my mother died of plague and I had awful fever, but my aunt did some "pooja" (idol worship) and I got well." Dear child, she did not know that Miss Woodworth had never ceased to pray for her mother and sisters.

As she came into the compound the orphanage girls were seated at their evening meal. "Would you like to sit by yourself or with the girls?" I asked. "With the girls" was the ready reply and down she sat and did ample justice to the plate of khitcherdy (rice and pulse boiled together) set before her. She told us afterwards that the uncle with whom she lived had a family of his own, and that she had to graze the buffaloes. She got "one bread to-day at noon and another to-morrow at noon" and that was all.

One of the Bible women took Kashi, for that was her name, under her wing, cut her hair and made her a skirt and jacket out of her own old ones. The next morning she was at prayers with the other girls.

The next day the uncle appeared. He seemed a decent man and was not angry with us for sheltering her niece, but desired to take her home again. We pled for her, "Do let her stay. She is so happy here. You have your own family to feed and the rain has not come. We will keep her, educate her and..." but he shook his head. "The caste will talk, they will say I sent my brother's child away into the mission," etc.

So we took him to the school-room door where the kindergarteners were having their drill. Here was Kashi in line with about thirty other little people, dumb-bells in hand, enjoying it so intently that she did not see us at all. We let him look a while. Finally he agreed that if I would let her go with him, he would, after satisfying the caste, bring her back to us.

On seeing her uncle Kashi began to cry. He said, "She is afraid I shall beat her because she lost the buffaloes yesterday. That is why she ran away to you." Then he promised not to beat her, so she went with him, but not without tears.

Sure enough after a few days he brought her back. What a delighted child! She simply ran into my arms. So now she is ours to bring up for Jesus, a really rare gem. Dear friends, you pray and we will work; then we shall share His joy when Jesus comes.

Eunice Wells.
THE BOYS' ORPHANAGE AT AKOLA.

JUST five days less than a year since our party consisting of Mr. Smith, Misses Backlund and Moore, Mr. Olsen (bound for China) and our family, left Vancouver for India. I shall never forget with what joy we turned our faces toward India, and how clearly we felt it was the Lord leading us back to our field of labour. Little did we think we would be unable to plunge into the work and help lift some of the heavy burdens that were resting on our dear fellow-missionaries! These months in India have been months of severe testing in my body; but though the fire seemed to grow hotter and hotter, still our loving Heavenly Father was watching over us, and we proved over and over again that His grace was sufficient. Had we not been so conscious of His leading us in coming back to India, we should have felt we had made a mistake; but knowing we were in the center of His will, we could rest in the promise He gave us before leaving home, “Faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it.”

After leaving the hospital at Miraj, Mr. Eicher took me to Miss Dempster and Miss Bristol’s missionary rest home at Poona; then came here to Akola to get the bungalow in shape for us to live in, and to look after the Boys’ Orphanage. It was still too hot for me, in my weak condition, to come with him, so it was thought best for me to stay in Poona a while. When I did come home, I was still very weak, having spent the last two weeks of my stay in Poona in bed again; but we felt it was the Lord’s will for me to come and He graciously met me, so that it was only a few days till I was able to help along a little in the Orphanage. Since then I have been able to look after the boys’ daily needs and hope soon to be able to set Mr. Eicher entirely free for district work.

How I do praise God for undertaking for me! I have learned many precious lessons during this time of waiting, and though I felt it very keenly that I was unable to help in the work, the Lord gave grace and rest in knowing that He never makes a mistake. We are so thankful to the dear friends who so faithfully stood with us in prayer. It means much to one in trial, to know there are faithful ones standing in prayer.

We have at present only twenty-three boys here, but they are real boys, just like our American boys, and it takes patience and wisdom which the Lord alone can give, to train and teach them in the way they should go. Our hearts truly go out to these dear boys, and we long to be a blessing to them and to lead them on to know the Lord.
Quite a number of them have been ill with influenza, an epidemic which seems to have swept over nearly, if not all of India. We had six and seven at a time down with it till over half of the boys had it; but we do praise God they were all spared, though several were very ill for a few days. Now all are out but one, and we are looking to the Lord to keep the rest from taking it.

Mr. Dinham has written, asking us to take in a little boy about five years old. His father died recently and five days later his mother died; leaving this boy in an almost dying state with pneumonia. When Mrs. Dinham found him he was lying beside his dead mother. She nursed him night and day until he was out of danger and he is now doing well.

Will you, dear reader, kindly remember these boys; and pray that, as they are being educated and cared for, they may be led to know Jesus in a real way.

A LETTER FROM DHOLKA ORPHANAGE.

Since our last letter to the India Alliance there have been some changes in our orphanage. Some have been brought about by sickness and death, some by ourselves, and some by new boys coming to us.

Last year, or the beginning of this year, the plague came into our midst and took one of our boys. In September the influenza appeared, lasted through October and took two boys from us; but nearly all the boys were down with the dreaded disease. We praise the Lord that such a small per cent of our number was taken.

One of the boys who died had suffered for many years from deafness and from spleen trouble; still for the last few years he had been the orphanage cook, and carried on his work till within few days of his death. When he was taken ill, he would not go to bed, but moved restlessly about the compound for two or three days. One day he said to one of our Christians, “Will not the Lord have mercy on me?” meaning “Will not the Lord take me?” The day he passed away he was sitting on his cot, when the body of one who had died was carried past. He asked who it was and on being told he lay down, asked some one to straighten out his legs, and in less than an hour he went according to his desire.

Our other victim of influenza was a new boy. He suffered with pneumonia for a number of days, and at last passed from our midst. One day a missionary asked him if he believed in the Lord and knew where he was going. His answer was that he was going to “Bethlehem.” His knowledge of the Scriptures was very limited, but we believe he had caught the thought.
though he had the words a little mixed.

We have three other new boys, and because of the famine that is beginning to be felt in some of the villages, we have applications to take in eight more. With these boys and with all the new ones who come in, we want to make the salvation of their souls the first concern; and then, whether they stay with us or are taken from us suddenly, we know that they will be safe with the Lord and dwell with him forever.

We are quite a happy family and almost all our boys have the assurance of salvation. We are endeavouring to lead them on and to keep them in the straight and narrow way, notwithstanding there are many temptations and pitfalls in the way. What we would not think very tempting are temptations to these boys and sometimes their feet slip and they get out of the way for a time, but are generally soon brought back into the fold again.

Orphanage work is not easy, and naturally one would much rather be out in evangelistic work; but who could turn these orphan boys away, and many others who will becoming to us soon, and see them die, or become victims of the devil’s devices in this world and so at last go down to eternal hell?

Reader, do you want a little part in this work? If so, you can spend much time in praying for it, and in interesting others in it, and in getting them to send money out to us. Famine is on, suffering is rife in the villages; and soon, it is likely very soon, our rooms will undoubtedly fill up, and we shall have need of much money to relieve the awful suffering. What will you do?

F. H. Back.

ITEMS.

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Hamilton were to have returned to Canada on furlough about next March, but in consideration of Mrs. Fuller’s weak state and Mr. Fuller’s extreme weariness it seemed best for them to go now with the Fuller party. Mrs. Hamilton is herself in urgent need of furlough.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fletcher returned from furlough in Australia the first of November. They had a very trying journey, so that neither they nor little Gladys and Mack arrived as well as we had hoped. They have been appointed to Malkapur, to carry on Mr. and Mrs. Auernheimer’s work.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Turnbull with their girls Muriel and Margaret, Mr. and Mrs. Earl R. Carner with their boys Lauren and Gerald, and Miss Anna Little all returned from furlough in America and Canada on November 13th. They too had a hard voyage with trying mishaps, and arrived tired, but thankful.

The Turnbulls have gone back to Mehmadabad and the-
Carnes have taken their old place in Khamgaon. Miss Little, who was in the girls' orphanage at Khamgaon, is now at Amraoti and went out touring almost at once with Mr. and Mrs. Lapp.

Mr. and Mrs. Hagberg, who have been at Khamgaon for two years while the Carnes were at home, are now at Bhusawal, where they were during their previous term in India.

Miss Rutherford and Miss Cannon who have held the fort in Bhusawal since Mr. and Mrs. A. I. Garrison went on furlough last year, are expecting to go on furlough to Australia early in 1919. Miss Cannon, who is an associate worker, not a missionary of the Alliance, has had charge of the English congregation and has had marked success in her work. Miss Rutherford has had charge of the Marathi work and the day school, which is far and away the largest day school in our Marathi work. Both ladies have greatly endeared themselves to their people in Bhusawal, but are on the verge of breakdown.

Miss Patten, Mrs. Moodie's co-worker, has been appointed to work with Mrs. Ramsey at Chandur. Miss Edith Moore, who has been in Chandur since she came out a year ago, has been transferred to Khamgaon.

Mrs. Peter Eicher has had several ups and downs since she wrote the article appearing in this number. She still suffers very much a fair share of the time. So does Mrs. Moyser to whom damp and cold weather mean a period of assorted misery. She has had two severe attacks of influenza, which brought on asthma.

Mr. Dinham too is a great sufferer at times and never really well. It is a great trial to him to be unable to give himself to the work as heretofore.

Miss Blanche Conger, who has been our very able treasurer for the last three years is going on furlough early in 1919. She needs it badly. She will be accompanied by Miss Martha Loud, who came to India about five years ago as a trained nurse; and though not an Alliance missionary has been supported by the Alliance people of Los Angeles, California. Miss Loud has put many of our missionaries and others under obligation to her, but her body was not strong enough to keep up with her heart.

Miss Bristol and Miss Dempster, "the Sisters" as they are familiarly called, also of Southern California, who have had a rest home for missionaries for the last nine years in Poona are also going home for a well-earned rest. Their home has been a boon to many and they will be much missed.

The mission is delighted to learn that Mr. and Mrs. A. I. Garrison, with their three little children, Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Andrews with their two younger girls Gladys and Helen, also Miss Krater, are all soon returning and bringing six new missionaries with them.
CAMISSION STATIONS
IN INDIA

Stations
Proposed Stations
List of Alliance Missionaries.

BERAR

AKOLA
Mr. J. P. Rogers
Mr. & Mrs. W. Motsee
Mr. & Mrs. P. Eicher
Miss Lucia B. Fuller

AMRAOTI
Mr. & Mrs. O. Lapp
Miss Anna Little

CHANDUR
Mrs. M. Ramsey
Miss E. M. Patten

KHAMBHAU
Mr. & Mrs. E. R. Carpenter
Miss J. L. Rollier
Miss Ethel Wyeth
Miss Alice Backlund
Miss Edith Moore

MALKAPUR
Mr. & Mrs. W. Fletcher

MURTIZAPUR & DARYAPUR
Mr. & Mrs. L. J. Cutler

GHANDESS

BHUSAVAL
Mr. & Mrs. P. Hagberg
Mrs. E. Auerheimier
Miss C. Rutherford

BODWAD (P. O. Nargam)
Mr. & Mrs. C. Eicher
Mr. Raymond Smith

CHALISGAON

JALAON
Mr. C. W. Schelander

PACHORA
Mr. & Mrs. O. Dinham

GUJARAT

AHMEDABAD
Miss Lillian Pritchard
Miss Clara Bioland

OHOLKA
Mr. F. H. Back
Mr. J. F. Brasazon

KAIRA
Miss Eunice Wells
Miss Carrie Peters
Miss Blanche Conger
Miss Julia Woodward

MATAR (P.O. Kaira)
Miss M. Taylor

BHEMADABAD
Miss Cora Hansen
Mr. J. R. Turnbull
Mr. & Mrs. S. Kerr

SANAND & SABARMATI

SHANIPUR (Jetaipur P.O., Ahmedabad)
Miss Jessie Fraser

VIRAMGAM
Mr. & Mrs. J. N. Culver

LONAVLA (Pansha District)

PANCHGANI (Satara District)

(Children’s Home)
Miss Elizabeth Lothian

ON FURLOUGH:

Mrs. C.W. Schelander
Miss K. Williams
Miss H. Beardslee

Miss M. Woodworth
Mrs. V. Erickson
Mr. & Mrs. H. V. Andrews

Miss Krater
Mr. & Mrs. A. I. Garrison
Mr. & Mrs. K.D. Garrison

BOMBAY:

EDITED BY MISS LUCIA B. FULLER, AKOLA, BERAR
PUBLISHER AND MANAGER MRS. AUERHEIMER, MALKAPUR, BERAR
PRINTED BY M. G. JOSEPH AT THE BOMBAY GUARDIAN PRESS, GIRGAUM.