The touring season has ended. The last village has had its gospel witness: tents are rolled up and put away; farewell visits are paid to the new Christians and instructions given to the Indian workers; schools are also closed and the boarders are sent home, for the holidays are at hand. But old Sol is not taking any vacation. He is daily growing hotter and fiercer so that by the middle of May the thermometer registers 100°-117° in the shade at Akola. It is not necessary these days with senior Indian workers at the stations, for any Missionary to stay on the plains during the hot season, so, with a few exceptions, we are now scattered from Kashmir in the north to Ootacamund in the south, with the largest number of our Missionary family holidaying in Chikaldra in Central India.

These vacations are necessary (some Missions make them compulsory) for physical and mental reasons and particularly for mothers with little children. In the hills at altitudes of 8000-7000 feet above sea level, we enjoy not only change of air and environment, but have a chance to
throw off the burdens of the daily routine of service, meet
other Missionaries, attend Union meetings for the deepening
of spiritual life, and live for six weeks in an invigorating
atmosphere.

Chikalda, where the writer and twenty-one of our big
and little Missionaries spent this hot season, is noted for
its beautiful trees, birds and game of all kinds. Here,
tigers, deer, wild boar, pheasant and chicken all have the
habitation in the nearby jungle. Twelve tigers and a
number of panthers were shot near our bungalow by the
Government officials, and once in a while they gave us
permission to kill a certain number of these animals.

Very few people frequent this place, only the few
Government representatives and a few Missionaries from
the Kurku Mission—they have an Orphanage in Chikalda.
Weekly we held united prayer meetings with good singing
and good attendance. Our Kurku friends and a few out-
siders also, attended our Sunday services when I gave a
series of addresses on "Historical Fulfilment of Prophecy." All
these meetings were well attended and much appreciated.
Then too, we had a weekly picnic in the forest; went on
long hikes and played Badminton. Miss Backlund attended
well to the commissariat department so the physical man
was always well looked after.

Some of us now have returned to the plains and others
are on the homeward way. All of us thank God for the
good vacation and greatly desire that He may enable us to
gird on our armour with fresh courage as we seek to win
some more souls from heathen darkness into His marvellous
light and liberty. WILLIAM MOYSER.

ANOTHER VICTORY OVER SATAN.

During the Touring Season, it is only possible to
reach a few of the many thousand women that are in our
district, and we might be discouraged were it not for the
fact that we trust God to prepare hearts here and there for
the entrance of His word.

In the case of Mattybai, it was very evident that the Lord led us to her. She was a simple, ignorant village woman, who had never heard the Gospel story before, but when we told her about Jesus, she seemed so eager to know more about this living Saviour. In this meeting, when the women chattered and the babies hollered, Mattybai was the one who sternly reproved them, after which she would turn to us and say, "Hum, these women don't know what a sweet story you are telling." While the story progressed, she would occasionally ejaculate, "This is true." "Is there anything bad about this?" She would not let us go till we promised to come back and even after we had consented, she said sorrowfully, "But you won't come, and then what shall I do?"

* In another month we returned to that same village, wondering what kind of a reception we would have this time. Mattybai was one of the first to greet us, and in answer to our question "Who is the true, living God?" she quickly responded "Jesus." She also said, "I have been calling on His name ever since you left." Oh! how our hearts rejoiced to hear that testimony because Satan is so wily to uproot any Gospel seed which is sown. In this second meeting, about one hundred women came and squatted close around us for over an hour, while a large number of men listened quietly and respectfully in the background.

Before we departed we knelt with Mattybai in prayer, committing her to the watchful care of the Heavenly Father. There were tears in her eyes as she whispered to the women, "She prayed for me."

This little town is about twenty-five miles away from our station so we knew that because of increasing heat and subsequent rains, we would not be able to revisit that little woman soon again, and it was very hard
to say good-bye. However, we were comforted to know that though we could not remain there, still God would not leave her. As it was late when we left, the women gathered around and offered to make a dinner for us. They then urged us to come and camp there, so that we might teach them more about the Jesus Way.

Oh friends, do pray for Mattybai that her name may be found written in the Lamb's Book of Life, and that she may remain true to her convictions. Esther C. Karner.

COME TO HEAR THE KIRTHAN.

It is Sunday night, so we must tune up our drums, light our gas lantern, gather up our other paraphernalia and away to a village for our weekly kirthan. A kirthan is the real Indian way of teaching truth, and since we teach The Truth, we make use of the method too. Songs are sung, and following each one an explanation is given so the meaning is made plain. We adapt it somewhat, and have more of preaching, but use the drums, cymbals, clappers and other Indian instruments, and an organ, so it is truly Oriental. The ensemble might seem to you more like a jazz orchestra at home, but it conveys no such idea here, and we worship the Lord on the high-sounding cymbals and other strange things that can make a joyful noise, and it all helps to get our message across.

We have no richly furnished church or even plain hall with seats for our meeting, but out under the brilliant stars, in the dirty street of an Indian town, often right beside sleepy oxen and mild-eyed cows, we throw down our sacking and start our service. A gas lantern hung on three bamboos gives us good light and helps to draw the crowd, as Indian towns are unlighted at night. The people squat on the ground or sit on carts and porches around us, with usually a ring of noisy children nearest the organ. After some preliminary songs and opening remarks, we sing of the shepherds in the field, the heavenly host, the
Magi with their gifts, and the Christ Child asleep in the manger. All is explained by different speakers as we follow our Lord through His healing ministry, His teachings, His sufferings and death and resurrection, and finally mention the signs of His return, while a closing message urges upon the hearers the need for decision. Then we all stand and sing the Arthi or closing song used at feasts, only we sing of a coming King instead of heathen gods.

Things do not always go smoothly, and we often are conscious of the presence of the enemy. Sometimes the town boys jeer us and make a disturbance until some maturer man with the Indian innate sense of politeness shuts them up. More than once have devoted followers of Hindu gods tried to drown us out with their clashing cymbals and songs of worship. We wonder what some preachers at home who can stand no interruptions would do in this kind of work. There is always some one coming and going. Often the crowd closes the road, and has to rise in a body to let a belated bullock-cart pass. One night a wedding with banging guns and blaring bugles passed around the town and came to a long stop right beside our place, while the boy bridegroom basked in the light of our gas lantern as the pandemonium kept up. Sometimes the gas lantern goes out at a critical moment, just as though possessed, and the crowd dwindles away. But in it all we are conscious of another Presence in the shadows, and that He approves of our efforts to unveil Himself to darkened hearts.

The southern Cross is higher in the heavens as we wend our way homeward, and since God’s word cannot return void, his Cross is more exalted too. The refrain of our closing song echoes in our hearts as we face another week of school,

“At the end of this age our Lord Jesus will come,
Seated on the clouds, to take believers home.”

RAYMOND H. SMITH.
These are days when no glowing or even encouraging report can be given of this place, yet we earnestly request our readers not to strike its name off their prayer list, but rather that they might pray more earnestly and definitely than hitherto for the work here and for us.

Oft of late we have been reminded of Shammah, who stood in the midst of the ground full of lentils and defended it against the enemy, "and the Lord wrought a great victory." In the midst of this province, so precious to God, with its nearly one hundred and forty thousand people, representative of the whole Berar plains, we continue to stand, engaged in the "fight of faith" praying, serving, watching, until here also He will work a "great victory" for His Name. Pray that our faith fail not nor our courage falter.

Pray also for a Lawyer and Theosophist, who has of late been visiting us. Seldom have we met one from this people so concerned about sin and its consequences; yet how difficult it seems for him to make the essential surrender to the Lamb of God Who alone is the propitiation for sin. He places Krishna, Buddha, Zoroaster, Mohammed and the LORD JESUS CHRIST on the same platform, but confesses that his heart is distressed and far from satisfied. Last time he came he was willing for us to pray with him asking help from God, and wishes us to continue to pray for him, so will you not unite your prayers with ours for this one as well as for several other really hungry hearts?

Psal. 65:9  "Thou visitest the earth and watereth it" has a marginal rendering "after thou hadst made it to desire rain." We have watched the earth become more and more dry, parched, and barren, from excessive heat and summer drought, and now our eyes as well as our hearts are rejoicing as we behold the Creator's mercy and goodness in visiting it with copious showers of rain, which have
transformed the scene of barrenness into one of freshness and promise. Turning to the spiritual realm we find there are truly hungry hearts around us. May it not be that God is creating within them a desire which He alone can satisfy? Has He not said, “I will pour water upon him that is thirsty and floods upon the dry ground”? With deep yearning of heart for this needy people one breathes again the longing prayer “O for the showers on a thirsty land! O for a mighty revival!” Pray that He will answer soon.

Mrs. L. J. Cutler.

BRINGING IN THE TITHES.

Just as the thermometer rose to a hundred in the shade, and it became well nigh unbearable to live under canvas any longer, we scurried off to our district conference in the middle of April. This year, we convened at Ashapur, our Christian village situated on a large elbow of land which threatens to impede the course of the Sabarmati river, on the banks of which Mr. Gandhi, the nationalist leader, has founded his anti-government institutions. Here is settled the largest Alliance Christian village in India. It was founded about twenty years ago as a kind of reformatory after the American idea and has had its ups and downs, but is now showing signs of brighter and better days ahead.

After we got there, a tabernacle of bamboos and long grass was erected. Having had no rain for nine months, the ground required no carpeting, so the audiences sat crosslegged as usual on the sandy floor. Several of our people came from a distance of forty miles. Some came by train and motor bus and others by the more ancient bullock cart. The convention lasted five days and all the services were in the hands of our Indian Pastors and Evangelists. Each day was fully occupied with three meetings and it seemed as if every day was an all day meeting. The Lord spoke through our Indian brethren and each
message seemed to whet our spiritual appetites and make us hungry for the next feast of fat things.

The Holy Spirit manifested Himself throughout, and men and women whom we had never heard speak in a spiritual meeting, prayed and testified. The first service on Sunday was a well-attended Sunrise prayer-meeting, and the day finished after midnight with outbursts of praise and testimony.

On Sunday afternoon the people showed the fruit of the Spirit's blessing, for an offering of straw, grain of all kinds, eggs, chicken, wood, bricks and money laid at the Master's feet totalled well over four hundred Rupees. This unique offering was the response to a signed agreement on the part of thirty-seven householders to give God a tenth of all their income in money or kind. To many of them, who gave their tithes in pounds of grain only, it was a real sacrifice and meant a food shortage in several homes, but God had spoken and they realized their responsibility. They are only poor farmers, dependent upon the uncertain monsoon, so pray that our Heavenly Father may make a difference in the field returns of these His children and those of their heathen neighbours, so that they might continue in the grace of giving.

SAMUEL KERR.

ITEMS.

Miss Marthena Ransom, of the Los Angeles Tabernacle, has recently joined the Alliance ranks in India and is now studying the Marathi language preparatory to taking her share of the work in Berar. Physical and mental abilities are greatly taxed during these days of confining language study in this enervating climate, so will you not remember Miss Ransom and our other five language students in prayer?
Prayer is requested for a stirring up amongst the young men of our Indian church that will impel them to enlist in the Master's service. More trained workers are needed for the large districts of Berar and Khandesh.

Our hearts are full of praise to God for His mercy in raising up our dear brother, Rev. A. I. Garrison, after a prolonged, distressing illness of several months. Early in May an X-ray picture revealed the shadow of a stone in the gall-bladder, and by many an operation was deemed imperative, but God had spoken the word of promise and assurance to our brother's heart, so faith and fortitude penetrated the clouds of suffering, and in His time relief came. Surely this sickness was 'for the glory of God."

The annual monsoon is upon us and newspapers report a pretty general rainfall all over India. While we rejoice in God's mindfulness of the temporal needs of 'the just and the unjust' our hearts continue to repeat the prayer, "O for the showers on a thirsty land, O for a mighty revival."

Mrs. C W. Schelander, one of our senior missionaries, in response to an urgent call from her recently widowed daughter, sailed for the homeland last month. We know Mrs. Schelander will be a true India Missionary no matter where located and we pray for her God's continued guidance and blessing.

The Marathi Bible Training School for men reopened in the latter part of June with a good attendance. Revs. Smith and Schelander jun. are the teachers and we would ask an interest in your prayers for them and the students,
most of whom, we hope, will in time form part of our Indian ministry.

Mr. Ringenberg writes from Mehmmedabad—"Our storm-torn buildings have all been repaired again. God is faithful! They were a bit of a worry to us, for another rainy season would have finished some of them, and then too, we desired that God's buildings be fixed up better and before those of the heathen. Before we left for the hills the work was nicely started, then it was carried on and completed under the oversight of the resident Indian preacher. Labour and material cost double the usual rate, and, during the rush, workmen came from other Provinces to get in on the haul. Now our Mehmmedabad church remains to be re-built. It stands within twenty yards of our house. The two side walls and the floor will be preserved. Already we have procured thirty-thousand new bricks and within a few weeks hope to have the work begun. It is 48 by 90 feet in size, an exceptionally large building, for use as a District and Regional meeting place."

Further acquaintance with Brecks Memorial School, Ootacamund, South India, the staff of consecrated teachers and up-to-date system of education, verifies the fact that for our school-going children, "The lines are fallen in pleasant places." The school motto, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths," hangs in a conspicuous place in the entrance hall; school prayers are conducted every morning and the Bible is taught as part of the daily curriculum. Then, added to all the privileges of school life in a good climate, the children are comfortably housed in a bungalow purchased by our Mission about six years ago, and tenderly 'mothered' by Miss Lothian, so Alliance parents in India would repeat their heartfelt gratitude to the Father of all mercies.

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