OPENING OF NEW DOORS.

According to Isaiah 54:2, we, as a Mission, have just lengthened our cords, and we solicit your earnest prayers that not only may our cords be lengthened, and our borders enlarged, but that our stakes may be also strengthened in the Lord, and that we may bring forth fruit abundantly for the Lord, and such fruit as will abide.

Two years ago by an odd chance, or the Lord's guiding, we met the Rev. A. L. Grey of Sheikh Mandah, Baluchistan, while on a visit to Gujarat. He told us that because of lack of finances their Mission was in danger of being closed up. I told him of our own Mission's desire to enter Afghanistan, and that he should keep in touch with me regarding the matter. To make a long story short, negotiations were concluded last June in New York for the purchase of the property in Sheikh Mandah and Chaman, Baluchistan. The writer, with the Rev. E. R. Garner, has been to Quetta to conclude the transfer of the property and to register the deeds in the name of the C. & M. A. Mission. So now we have a Mission with two bungalows, dispensary and property, right on the borders of Afghanistan that reaches from the Sind Desert through the famous Bolan Pass (one of the only two passes into the closed land of Afghanistan) right into Chaman which is on the very border of Afghanistan itself, and where during the fruit
season as many as 1,000 camel loads of fruit come daily from Afghanistan.

The town of Chaman has a resident population of four or five thousand of whom 1,000 to 2,000 are resident Afghans. This gives our workers a real touch with the people of that land.

Just a few words about Baluchistan itself. It has an area of 60,000 square miles, containing a population of about 500,000 who speak several languages: Baluch and the Braheeh being the two main ones. Ninety per cent of this people are Mohammedans. The other 10% are Hindu business men, sprinkled with a good many of the depressed classes. While Missions have been at work in this province for about half a century, the land is yet practically virgin soil. According to the latest Missionary Directory there are only 267 adult Christians in Baluchistan, living in five towns and villages; and 11 men and women doing pastoral or evangelistic work.

The climate is a varied one, there being in some places 12 degrees of frost, while in other places the temperature runs as high as 130 degrees in the shade. Baluchistan is famous for its peaches, grapes, apricots, almonds, pears, apples, etc. On account of Baluchistan being under military administration and because of the physical hardships that have to be endured by those who do missionary work there, the fruit, apart from some Hindus of the depressed classes, has practically been nil. Many of the people are nomads; water is exceedingly scarce and the heat in some parts is terrific. I enquired closely from a missionary who has spent a number of years in this province, and he said, "While a few real nationals have been baptized yet I do now know of a single one who has stood, or is standing to-day." Under these circumstances we need to pray much for our new workers who have come out to this work that they may be especially anointed by the Holy Spirit with strength, tact, and the grace of God to enable them to live, and speak with demonstration of the Spirit and power. No
open-air meetings are allowed in the province. All the work, therefore, must be personal. This new work, not only gives us Baluchistan, but gives us the nearest town to Afghanistan, namely Chaman, which is not more than a mile from the very border which we crossed for a short distance and by faith claimed that country for the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. It was through this town of Chaman that ex-King Amanullah returned to his capital in pomp and much state from his long trip to all the European courts, with bright expectations for coming days of prosperity. But later he fled to the same town as a refugee into the British territory for life and safety.

These few lines were written in Sibi, where I was stranded for six days. On account of heavy rains in Baluchistan and Sind, with waters from the Sheikh Dam the Indus breached her banks and thousands of square miles were inundated. Three miles of the railway track were covered with swiftly flowing water, and the rails were ten feet out of alignment. No one knew when we could get across. The average rainfall in Sind is 5 inches, but this year the rainfall was abnormal. In some places over 40 inches fell in the last ten days, and 52 inches thus far in the season. That is why I did my writing in Sibi! While there I wandered through the town, and noticed the shock-headed, straight, sturdy, virile men, who look you straight in the face with no fear in their eyes. Few married women are seen on the streets, and girls in their teens are scarcely met.

Once again we ask an interest in your earnest prayers for the work and workers in this land. W. MOYSER.

THE DISTURBANCES AND HINDRANCES IN VILLAGE WORK.

The scene of my labours has changed, and instead of speaking in the clean, cozy and comfortable churches of conservative New England as I have been doing from time to time for the past two years, I find myself again telling directly the precious message of Christ's redeeming love to these brown-skinned people of India.
The distractions in village preaching are many and varied and we learn to take them as a matter of fact. Sometimes we are compelled to pause while a donkey, standing before the front door of one of the houses brays. Sometimes we have to move from our "platform" to dodge the cattle and buffaloes as they pass by us. Now and then the dogs of the village unite to disturb our peace and we are forced to keep silence until some one rises and drives them away. Sometimes we turn around to see a mangy, diseased dog coming speedily towards us, and we with alarm and with considerable scurrying try to avoid him. Sometimes a Hindu zealot, who objects to our message, starts an argument or tries to disperse the people.

Many times we meet with obstacles in our endeavour to reach the people. It was only last week that we with our Biblewomen decided to go to a certain village. We found that when we came to the river we either had to ford it or cross by means of a very long railroad trestle, the length of which is nearly a quarter of a mile. Of the two evils we chose to walk the trestle. But as we started we found it was not as easy a thing to do as we had supposed. With each step we grew more dizzy and more afraid lest if we did not hurry we would be caught in the middle of the bridge when the train came. It was with a sigh of relief that we reached the other side. The village that we had planned to visit was on a little hill on the opposite bank of the river. We wended our way up the bank, scaring away the dogs who resented our coming. As we went, and just as we entered though the narrow opening in the cactus hedge, the train thundered by. After being offered a bed to sit upon we started our meeting. The people gathered around us from all sides. They listened intently as we made plain to them the way of salvation, which is not received by works such as going on pilgrimages, the giving of alms, counting the beads of their rosary, religious austerities, bathing in holy rivers and fasting, but that it is the gift of God and can be had freely, without money and without price.
After our meetings with the people there we started for home. The river again lay ahead of us. We didn't have the courage to walk the trestle again and so we made up our minds to ford the river. We paid a boy a half cent to show us the way to the spot where the water in the river was the most shallow and where it would be easiest for us to wade across. With some hesitation and with much fun we gained the other side. It had been a hard morning on us physically, but we were happy that we had been able to tell the people of that village about Jesus who is the answer to all of India's questions and the solution to all her problems.

Myra B. Wing.

"IT IS TRUE, TRUE, BUT SO FEW BELIEVE IT!"

The messengers of Light had taken the good news to a distant village. They trudged through the thick white dust in search of the ones, or perchance the one, who might listen and find God.

"Oh, great king, may I come and talk to the ladies of your home?" asked one of the messengers politely.

"Well no, the women are away, and those women—" pointing to a group peering eagerly out—"are only servants," replied the man of affairs at the door. "And," said he, airily, "in order to receive benefit from what you may have to say, we would have to weigh and accept the truth of your words and it would but waste your time!"

No entrance there! so on they went through the thick dust of a season in which there had been all too little rain. On a mud elevation was a woman who seemed willing to listen. They sat down in the sun. The audience gathered, men, women and children to hear the singing. Beside these, five bullocks, one limp horse, two lean dogs and a calf over-lavish with its affections swelled the number. Indifference in the audience turned to attention. They closed in around the messengers and listened more intently.

One man argued, "It is true we are sinners, and worthy of
punishment, but we shall receive it. There is no remedy for sin!" An anxious inquiry wrote itself on his face in spite of his words. Was it a faint glimmer of light in the darkness of his mind? Oh the darkness, stamped deeply upon the faces, and upon every attitude of life! Where could messengers of Light find places in more need of light than in these many villages of India?

Other messages in other places were given and then they entered a Brahmin's yard. A group of young women with attractive babies were there, and with them sat a widow with a coarse white garment, and shorn head, and hands roughened by household drudgery. A tender talk on the love of the Good Shepherd for his sheep drew her close to the messengers. She raised her large, dark eyes and searched eagerly the face of the speaker. And in that upturned face as if the curtain of her soul had been drawn aside, lay revealed the heart of the whole sisterhood to which she belongs. Hidden away in the hamlets and villages they live, oppressed and repressed, in ignorance and superstition, yet tenderly brooding towards their young with a love of beauty, with unuttered longings, with denied out-reachings and with an unsatisfied capacity for deep religious feeling and devotion. Vainly, vaguely, they tend the sacred tulsi plant at their doors, hoping some time, some where that the round of their existence may end! If only they knew the way to God! The earnest eyes of the little woman filled with tears. Scornfully the face of the young women turned towards her as she said, "My heart tells me that your message is true, true, but so few believe it!"

It is evening now, and one of the messengers sits on the verandah of a little out-station in a white mud village. She looks down upon her clumsy shoes. They had trudged through deep dust, in the glare of an Indian sun,—but they had walked for God to-day! An audience of children and several villagers have 'helped' her write. Flies have perched distractingliy upon her nose. She has come back to India after a furlough. This has been her first day back.
in the villages. “I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance,” He had promised, and now she finds herself back to claim her inheritance among her people.

The audience has left. The softening evening light settles down upon the scene. A gentle stillness softly touches the messenger and enters into her soul.

Is she glad to be back in India? Let the re-awakened compassion for India’s women and the quietness and calm of the closing day be her answer. ADELINE H. GARRISON.

WHEN THE DAY IS OVER.

“When you come to the End of a Perfect Day” is sounding forth on the little portable Victrola in a corner of my room, and I am being lulled into a frail dream that the day’s duties are over, when all of a sudden I find myself disillusioned by whispering voices jostling one another in the dark of the adjoining office room. In reply to my “Kon chhe?” several rows of glistening teeth flash forth as so many fire-flies on a dark summer night, but I am unable to discern the dusky faces against the shadowy background. My “Who’s there?” elicits no response but a sort of school girl snickering, as they linger for the invitation to come in. No sooner have I pronounced the magic word “Avo” than the owners of these enviable pearls quickly but shyly step into the lime-light of my little kerosine lamp. And, behold, I am face to face with the “khaswallas!”

It is only half an hour till bed time. “What might be the occasion for this late deputational visit?” Evidently “The End of a Perfect Day” has found its way down to their abode and captivated their imagination to the extent that they have taken courage to make this informal call. But no such confession is forthcoming. Finally the bravest of the lot steps forward and ventures to inform me that their itch and sores are all healed up, and they want permission to leave the hospital. The ripple of a smile which runs round the circle admits that they hardly expect me to believe the good news, especially since I looked them
over in broad daylight only the day before! What they really are after is the privilege of an extra visit, and they don't mind my guessing their real errand just so I do not embarrass them with any further questions. They look relieved when I ask them to be seated. Down they drop on the cement floor into a perfect half circle of seven—theiritch afflicted lassies—who are none other than Lois, Lakhie, Laza, Dinah, Imogene, Anandi and Phoebe. Yes, they like to hear the “Vaju,” so I play a few records for them. But they are not ready to take their departure when the performance stops. It is now my turn to be entertained. “Miss Saheb, may we sing for you?” “Yes, do.” The seven voices blend into anything but perfect harmony, but nevertheless their audience listens with gladness to their interpretation of “There is a Happy Land” and “O, Happy Day That Fixed My Choice.” They forget their sores and bad spots and sing with all their hearts unto the Lord. They know no jazz, and as I sit and listen I thank God that they do not, and that they love to sing praises unto Him Who has saved them out of heathenism and idolatry and given them “a new song.”

It is now after 9 o'clock, and after a word of prayer with them I am obliged to say, “Now, girls, it is past bed-time and you must go.” And I should have added the polite “Avjo” (Come again), evidently, for as they reluctantly file out they announce in no uncertain tone, “We'll come again to-morrow.”

And thus is completed my perfect day.

CLARA BJOLAND.

THE SEED TAKES ROOT.

“Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days. In the morning sow thy seed and in the evening withhold not thy hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this, or that.”

We are much encouraged in this the first camp of our second term. Crowds of men and women of various castes
have come to the camp at night to hear the Word, and the rapt attention to and the deep interest in the message in the surrounding towns show a work of the Spirit of God.

Yesterday an old man of the farmer caste came from a nearby town to visit me. He said his people used to avoid us, going out of their way rather than pass near our camp, or within hearing of our preaching, but now he says they know we have the Truth and are ready to listen.

Last Sunday a Christian man who came from one of the low castes, and who spends quite a lot of time preaching the Gospel came to me with a list of names of high caste men with whom he had talked and who had expressed a desire to follow Christ.

One day last week in a nearby town a nice looking old man came forward and asked me if I knew him. I said, "No," and he sat down with the others to listen to our message. Afterwards he came forward again and I learned that he was a man whom I had met in another town three years ago, but in the meantime he had grown a beard and so I did not recognize him. The Christian mentioned above, an Indian preacher and myself had, while passing through his town, stopped to visit an inquirer and while someone went to call him a crowd gathered around us and we offered them Gospels for sale. This man, who, we afterwards learned, was a teacher in a private school there and opposed to idolatry, stepped up and addressing the crowd urged them to consider this a precious occasion and to make full use of it by learning from us all they could. We then preached to the company and afterwards talked with him. He asked me if I accepted the Hindu avatars as incarnations of God. I told him I did not find in them the characteristics which I should expect to find in an incarnation of God and therefore could not accept them as such. He said he had come to the same conclusion. "Now," he said, "I am going to search through your Gospels and if I find a single sin in Jesus Christ I shall point it out to you the next time.
I meet you and if I do not find any I will accept Him." Of course I gladly agreed to that proposition.

Some days later we returned to that town and preached to the people whom he called together for us. He also made some remarks and put some propositions up to the company which showed him to be a thoughtful and courageous man. Then he brought forth a big Arya Samaj book and read some questions out of it concerning the Bible, which we answered. He said he had not yet had time to search the gospels enough to come to a definite conclusion about Jesus Christ and I never met him again until that day last week.

He said in the meantime he had visited the Indian preacher at our Akot out-station several times and had attended the annual Indian Christian Convention at Akola, and that both he and his wife were convinced of the truth, had accepted Jesus Christ and were praying in His name and now wanted to be baptized. He encouraged us by saying that our work was just beginning as many like himself from among the high caste people (he is a Rajput) were about ready to step out. Let us pray definitely for him. I hope to baptize him soon. L. E. HARTMAN.

"WHERE THERE IS A WILL......"

Mr. and Mrs. Helfers have charge of the Dholka Boys' Boarding School and one evening while I was chatting with Mrs. Helfers a murmur of voices could be heard in the big Saheb's office. I must confess I couldn't help being a little curious. Was it some offense which must be punished or was it just a request to play the drums and sing, what could it be? Shortly the Saheb came out with a perplexed look on his face and said, "There are some boys in the office who want to fast to pay for some Bibles." How happy I was to think these young lads were willing to go without food for the sake of a Bible! Then the Madam Saheb said, "Oh, but we can't let them go without food for they get sick, and it costs more for medicine than for food." Poor boys!
they didn’t have money enough to buy a Bible and were not allowed to fast, so they had to go away disappointed. But, “our disappointments are His appointments” and one day a message came, “I have ordered a dozen Bibles to be sent to you for the boys.” From another source came money for 16 Bibles for the boys. From a little group of children at home came a cheque with the message “to help others to learn about Jesus.” Then the boys said, “We will work and give four annas”—for they too, wanted a part. So one day 43 happy boys could be heard in that same office shouting “Maherbani” (Thank you) so lustily that I am sure it was intended for the children in America who had had a share in the joy of giving, and with Bibles tucked under their arms they marched back to their rooms happy with their new possessions.

BLANCHE B. CONGER.

ASHAPUR—A MISNOMER?

Ding, dong, ding, pealed the sonorous brass bell of the new Ashapur church as men, women and children with real Sunday decorum seated themselves in the sunshine outside the freshly painted church door and awaited the arrival of the Chairman Saheb and the district Missionaries. Silence in the belfry indicated that time for the assembling of ourselves together had come, so Mr. Moyser turned the crude, black key in the cheap lock, the brightly coloured door swung open, and with a somewhat excited reverence the audience filed in.

There was no evidence of any alloy in the joy of the thirty families present, for wasn’t this the day when their little church in the jungle, which represented days and days of labour in field and factory was to be dedicated to the service of God? True, flood, frost and locusts had exacted heavy toll from the products of the soil, so that the farmers’ tithes and offerings were often out of their poverty, yet we believe sheer love for God had stimulated effort and sacrifice which resulted in the materialization of the church
which is 90% their own, and which they to-day humbly present to God—free of debt.

Thirty years ago this little mud village boasted of neither church, school, Mission bungalow nor resident Christian worker, so our hearts truly rejoice as we note the somewhat slow but sure progress of the years, and realize what God hath wrought. Is it any wonder we sang the doxology three times during the service of dedication? Is Ashapur a misnomer? I believe not.  JANE E. KERR.

NEWS ITEMS.

On Mr. Moyser's forty-first spiritual birthday (Nov. 24) he had the joy of installing Rev. Nathalal Makan as pastor of the Ahmedabad Alliance Church. Mr. Nathalal will need much grace and wisdom as he ministers to this large body of people. Pray for him.

In November Rev. K. D. Garrison made a tour of the Alliance stations in Gujarat for the purpose of bringing first hand news as to the means and methods used in the development of the Annamese church.

Miss Rutherford writes:—We want to send a note of praise for the Lord's goodness to us in preventing a serious accident. Our oxen capsized our tonga throwing out Miss Little, the Biblewoman and myself. We all got badly bruised and shaken up and our arms and legs were skinned, but no bones were broken nor was the tonga damaged. We do thank the Lord for His protection.

Mr. Brabazon reports great blessing attending the ministry of Dr. G. W. Ridout in his meetings with our Alliance people in Ahmedabad.

This is touring season and most of our Missionaries are enjoying the great privilege of proclaiming Redemption by the Cross to the thousands of heathen villagers. Our eyes are unto Him for a big ingathering of precious souls. Help us by prayer to win them and thus make glad our Master's heart.

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