

was no pain," was her comment, after the extraction.

Since last writing we have had the river crossing repaired so the horse has no difficulty in climbing or descending the bank. During the four weeks since my last visit, the flowers that enlivened the scenery, have vanished and been replaced by others, equally beautiful, that come only in our fall. If our Father so clothes the grass of the field, how much more will He supply all our need for soul and body, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.

And this reminds one of the coming famine. For a summer, almost without rain, has meant what we read so frequently in our newspapers: "Crops doomed." The able-bodied natives of our district must be encouraged to do that which is contrary to their nature, look ahead, and not wait till the last bit of food at home is finished, before they bestir themselves and seek employment. Most of them are well able to buy the food they will need, and yet it does not take a prophet to foresee much suffering or hunger. Then, because food is the first need, there will be much suffering from cold, for little money will be left to buy blankets. What will they do? Get up and build a fire in the night when too cold.

To feed the hungry and clothe the naked, I have set aside a small fund that is used mostly as loans. It saves a lot of real suffering, for the most part caused by not looking ahead and preparing for a coming need.

These natives are beggars by nature and custom. Among themselves they "tekelā." That is, beg from their more fortunate friends. At the same time it is understood that the time may come when the tables may be turned, and the beggar of today become the donor of tomorrow.

So they come to us, not only your church people, but from other denominations as well as largely from the heathen. Hardly a day passes without its quota of beggars, with their variety of requests. To these all we aim to be a "Friend in need." Generally they see no way to supply the present want, but in the near future can repay a small loan given at once.

To lend, therefore, is better for their moral training than to give them outright. Then of course, we can point out the more excellent way of providing against future need, instead of idling for months out of each year, as is the custom among these heathen men, and most of the Christians.

So we are anticipating a long famine season, say six months; during which time our small fund will need to be increased like the "widow's cruise of oil." May our heavenly Father give wisdom and supply all the need.

Your ambassador for Christ,

H. C. SANDERS.

#### IN HIS PRESENCE

I make it my business only to persevere in His holy presence, wherein I keep myself in simple attention, and a general fond regard to God, which I may call an actual presence of God; or, to speak better, an habitual, silent and secret conversation of the soul with God.—Brother Lawrence.

#### FRASER, THE MAN OF PRAYER

Whenever I had occasion to speak of Brother Fraser to one not acquainted with him, I found myself instinctively using that descriptive title. I loved to hear him preach on any topic he might choose, and I was always greatly edified by his exposition of Scripture, especially on the subject of prayer, but I was ever conscious in listening to him, that he was more than a teacher of prayer. The rest of us could on occasion talk more or less fluently on the importance of prayer, and probably all of us in a distant, languid way tried to catch up in practice with our preaching, but we all knew instinctively, as we came into his presence that Fraser prayed. Some of the finest sermons I ever heard on prayer, were by men of whom I could not be sure they, themselves, were in any reasonable degree measuring up to their own light. I say this with greater boldness, for at times I have been astonished to find that I, myself, could preach far beyond my practice. Everybody knew that Fraser really prayed.

The best argument I know for a final judgment day, outside the simple statement of God's book, is that no man's record either of sin or righteousness is complete till the end of time. Abel's testimony for God is still bearing fruit, and so is Cain's for the devil's cause. It is a little easier for a man to live righteously, because Abel was righteous, and it is a little easier for a man to kill his brother, because Cain was a murderer. The account of neither is yet complete. It is very appropriate at this time to pause a little to consider Brother Fraser's life and work, but I warn you, only a little fraction of the fruitage of his life has yet appeared. Many a worker in the vineyard, like myself, can testify that our life and our prayers are more true to the divine pattern than they would have been, had not Brother Fraser come across our path, and that impetus given to our sluggish movements, I trust will go on accelerating. If so, Brother Fraser must be credited with part of that fruitage too. Then too his actual praying has not ceased if I read the Book correctly. If Christ continually makes intercession, I am very sure Brother Fraser will be close beside his Master. I can never forget the emphasis Brother Fraser put upon prayer as a ministry, as a work, as the holiest and mightiest work a Christian could possibly be engaged in. As these dear friends so intimately bound to us in the bonds of love and prayer pass over, the veil seems to grow thinner and thinner, and I realize the two worlds melting into one. Is not that what the great Master of prayer meant when he taught us to say "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven?" And is not John's vision of the heavenly Jerusalem coming down to earth, but the artist's way of saying the same thing? I pray daily for Mrs. Fraser and the girls, but not in any funeral sense. They have a goodly heritage, a great and special heritage over and above that which is the birthright of every believer in Jesus Christ.—Franklin Rhoda.

#### RIPE AND READY

The last week in August there passed away at Coonoor, South India, Rev. John A. Fraser, who was a graduate of the Missionary Institute while it was still in New York, and whose two sisters, Mrs. Jessie Back and Mrs. Agnes Culver, were missionaries of the Christian and Missionary Alliance for a number of years in Gujarat, India. A brother, Mr. T. C. Fraser, is one of the official members of the Brooklyn Tabernacle of the Christian and Missionary Alliance.

Brother Fraser has always been a teacher and a preacher of the full Gospel and has been in sympathy with the Alliance. Most of his years were spent in California. The last years of his life were spent in connection with a Missionary Rest Home at Brooklands, Coonoor, South India. He had not been well for some time, but was not confined to his bed, and unexpectedly and suddenly the end came. In the evening when he retired he was in full consciousness and hopefulness, but about midnight he became unconscious and passed away. He was buried with a simple funeral service, prayer and the reading of the Word, as is customary. Christian people of all classes, coolies, preachers, servants, Sunday School children, sweepers and tradesmen followed the procession to the grave, together with many other friends who loved Brother Fraser and among his life and testimony had been a living and constant blessing. He leaves a widow, Mrs. Grace Fraser, and four daughters who, though sad, rejoice in his life and ministry that has now ceased, knowing that though absent from the body, he is present with the Lord. Mrs. Fraser and her daughter, Dorothy and Ruth, are in the service of the Lord, and Margaret and Faith are in Columbia University, New York City.—A. E. Funk.

#### LITTLE BIRD'S FREEDOM

A friend in Ireland once met a little Irish boy who had caught a sparrow. The poor little bird was trembling in his hand, and seemed very anxious to escape. The gentleman begged the boy to let it go, as the bird could not do him any good; but the boy said he would not, for he had chased it three hours before he could catch it. He tried to reason it out with the boy but in vain. At last he offered to buy the bird; the boy agreed to the price, and it was paid. Then the gentleman took the poor little thing and held it out in his hand. The boy had been holding it very fast, for the boy was stronger than the bird, just as Satan is stronger than we, and there it sat for a time, scarcely able to realize the fact that it had its liberty; but in a little while it flew away chirping as if to say to the gentleman, "Thank you! thank you! you have redeemed me." That is what redemption is—buying back and setting free. So Christ came back to break the fetters of sin, to open the prison doors and set the sinner free. This is the good news, the gospel of Christ—"Ye are not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ."—Selected.