"Jesus only, Jesus ever,
Jesus all in all we sing;
Saviour, Sanctifier, Healer,
Glorious Lord and coming King."
The India Alliance.

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MY COUNTRY.

To me remains nor place nor time; My country is in every clime; I can be calm and free from care On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek or place we shun, The soul finds happiness in none. But with my God to guide my way, 'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

Could I be cast where Thou art not, That were indeed a dreadful lot; But regions none remote I call— Secure of finding God in all.

ITEMS.

As we go to press, we are just closing up a most blessed convention of our workers—the best we have ever had. Wednesday and Thursday were given to the deepening of spiritual life. This subject was opened by a prayer meeting Tuesday evening, and also by a sermon on Wednesday morning, by Mr. Müller of the Bethshan Mission at Ellichpur, on the "Unity of the Spirit" which was the keynote of all that followed. Friday was given to the Lord's Coming, and Saturday to Healing. In the afternoon of each of these last two days, a business meeting was held. Sunday we celebrated the Lord's Supper, a union service of our Native Church and the missionaries. Sunday afternoon three Natives were baptised, making in all for the month, seven baptisms.

The Home at Igatpuri is closed for the present, as the young ladies have all scattered to different stations. Mr. and Mrs. Garrison are in charge of the Young Men's Home at Akola instead.

The Bendixens take charge for the present, of the Boys' School, and Miss Case and Miss La France go to Poona to make a home for the missionaries' children to attend as day pupils, the William Taylor High School, at the same time to study Marathi. There are no English schools in any of our stations, and our parents find it difficult to keep up with their work and teach their children, too.

Mr. and Mrs. Moore, of Elmira, America. To her, it is a well-known通过, having been in the country for fifteen years. Until they can send out workers to take care of their work, our Superintendent has kindly consented to take charge of it. So for a few months, Dr. and Mrs. Simmons, Miss Walker and Miss Brooks will be at Basim.

Miss Goss has received into her girls' school four African girls. These girls were rescued from a slave ship by the Indian Government and were, with others, put in different mission schools. They are now full-grown and far more difficult to manage and govern than Indian girls. It brings us into touch with our brothers and sisters in Africa, and is a link between us and them. They usually despise the natives. If they could return sometime to Africa with the Gospel message, it would repay, a hundred-fold, the care they have been.

The bicycles brought out have proved a success so far. We use the word success in a limited sense. They require no feeding or horse keeper, they are an easy and speedy way of getting to one's work; but they are not an unalloyed bliss; rubber tires are not everlasting, as some of our brethren can testify; nuts and screws drop off and get lost; pedals and wires get broken. In short, a bicycle is not a perfect possession, but a very good thing to have. Mr. Dutton is buying his in Bombay. Being of English manufacture, it can be easily repaired in India, or broken parts replaced; besides saving the cost of transporting it from America, which is considerable.

If friends of out-going Missionaries will take a little pains to find or secure a bicycle for their friends, to many of them it will thus break the monotony of the long sea voyage, be a very pleasant surprise, after steaming into Brindisi, Port Said, Suez or Aden, to have the steward hand you a letter or two that have arrived there before you.

"If all our springs are in the living God, it ceases to be a question of our need, and resolves itself into a question of His Sufficiency."

We learn with sorrow the burning of the I. M. A. Mission and publishing rooms in New York. Out of this baptism of fire will come some blessing.

The Monsoon set in early and thoroughly, and the great heat of the hot season is now only a memory.

This has been an unusual year. The cold season was longer and colder, and the hot season shorter and less severe, while so far, the rainy season has been heavy.

Marathi is the absorbing topic. The first examination has been passed by most of the first two parties. We should heartily advise all candidates for India who dislike English Grammar to read carefully Miss Olin's article on the language.
THE INDIA ALLIANCE.

JULY, 1893.

“OCCUPY TILL I COME.”

After we had settled on our name and the cover page, we came to a standstill. What shall we take for a motto? We proposed it at the dinner table at the Ladies’ Home. None of the mottoes which were suggested seemed suitable. We were at this time considering at our morning prayers the “coming of our Lord.” We were dwelling on the words, one day, “Occupy till I come,” when almost simultaneously several of us spoke out: “Here is our motto!” Whatever it may speak to others, the “vision of faith” it stirred in us that morning hour of how God wanted us to “occupy” in India, we can never forget.

During the Convention in March, while Mr. Simpson was with us, he stirred our hearts with his comments from Joshua, on the land to be possessed, and how we must, “Arise, walk through the land, in the length of it, and in the breadth of it, for I will give it unto thee” (Gen. xiii. 17). Then we knelt, and in the hush that followed, he urged us to take from God all that was laid upon our hearts to take. As I knelt before the Lord, I knew there was much land to be possessed, yet my heart was drawn out to take nothing. For a little while I was disappointed, and then with great joy and simplicity, I said: “Dear Lord, take me then, and do what is in thine heart to do through me.” My testimony afterward, that I had taken nothing of the Lord, but simply let Him take me, provoked a smile, but it was very real to me though I understood it imperfectly. The days that followed were days of great sweetness and power. “God had taken me.” During Mr. Simpson’s sermon again in Poona two weeks later, the Lord poured out great blessing upon me. I felt, Oh, so empty! I saw I had in the past both taken and asked great things, as I thought, for myself and the work. Now I saw that even then I may have missed much, and now I was to let go all I had thought and just let God work out His plans through me, which are exceeding abundant above anything that I could ask or even think of.

How often have we seen Christian workers get a glimpse or a part of a “vision of faith” from the Lord of what He wanted them to do,

We spent nearly four weeks during the hot weather at Igatpuri in the Ladies’ Home, studying Marathi grammar and construction with them. It was found so profitable, that all the thirteen young men will remain in the Young Men’s Home at Akola for two months, during the monsoon for a similar course of study before going out to their stations.

TH this we send out the first copy of the “India Alliance.” It has been impossible to meet all the demands upon our workers for letters from our friends. So to many whom we cannot reach by pen, we send our loving greetings through this printed letter. Just as we sat down to write we received a letter from Scotland from an old friend of the work, saying: “I hope soon to see an ‘India Alliance’ issue from Berar for the healing of the nations in English, Marathi and Hindustani. I am sure that God will have a publishing department in connection with the Mission, and thousands of Gospel messages will go forth—reaching far more than will be reached by the human voice. It will also furnish employment for the workers. Have you any idea about this? Invite Lord if this is not an answer. The leaves of the “Tree of Life” growing by the river of the Water of Life. The Lord grant it for His name’s sake.”

For years we have longed to see such a paper in the Marathi language, telling out the four-fold Gospel. Just as this letter was being started to us from Scotland, we were impressed that the time of the Lord had come, to at least start the English one, and we had been into Bombay to make arrangements for publishing and had seated ourselves to write when our friend’s letter came.

We have two workers who know the printing business thoroughly. In our trunk is a bag into which we slip donations now and then, marked “The translation fund;” and so we will follow as fast as the Lord leads. “Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.”

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and they completed it with their own interpretation of what it was, and strove and laboured hard to work it out, instead of waiting for Him to work it out through them. How much of failure this has caused; and in some cases they have so obstructed God with their ideas, that He has at last had to set them aside and to raise up some one else to finish what was in His mind.

Meyer says, God is in a strait, so to speak, for men who will be simply a channel for God to pour His love and power through to a dying world. And beloved, that is what our motto says to us, that we may be so simple and empty that He can occupy in us and through us all His thought toward His possessions in this land “until He come.”

There is no limit to what God would do with the plainest, humblest of His saints, if they would but recognise that God is to do it, and that all He wants to show His power, is a medium, and an empty one. We so often hinder God by a false humility and feel if we were gifted like so and so, we could do much. God says: “Thou worm, Jacob,” and the promises in Isaiah xi: 14-16 are to “worms.” If we will let God, He is able to do exceeding abundant, through even us above our highest thought or plan.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF STUDYING MARATHI.

BY MISS M. OLMSTEAD, AKOLA.

MARATHI first strikes the ear as inarticulate sound. You can no more distinguish words and syllables at first than you can in the roar of the sea, or in the hum of a bee-hive. Each consonant is followed by a vowel, and each syllable is pronounced rapidly and without accent. After one begins to talk the language and to read it, this difficulty remains. The very sentence that falls brokenly from your lips, perhaps you do not recognise when used by a Native. He can sympathise with you; he did not understand what you said.

As the ear gradually awakes to the fact of Marathi words, you try to imitate the sounds you hear. You learn the word for want, and after using it for weeks, you see it in print and are somewhat startled to find that what you have been calling pefjy is pahejah. Theory and practice seem a little more difficult to reconcile here than elsewhere. The ear learns one thing, the eye another, and the lesson is not complete until the two are made inseparably one.

Often the tongue is more stubborn than the ear. A Native’s vocal powers do seem sometimes almost wonderful. There is a facility and a smoothness of utterance impossible to vocal organs stiffened in a colder climate. In uttering some Marathi sounds, one has a vague feeling as if the jaw were in danger of dislocation, or as if the tongue needed to be tied into a knot. There is a conscious need of that flexibility which comes with generations of living in a warm climate.

The language has four t’s and four d’s, all unlike the English letters with those names. Upon such slight distinctions of sound, there sometimes hangs a world-wide difference of meaning. By the mistake of one letter a missionary told her bullock-driver that she was seized with the devil,—she meant to say that she was hungry. Another tried to say that there was no trouble in heaven, but by an addition of a single letter to a word, his sentence became that there were no parables in heaven! Mrs. Fuller, by a similar mistake, quoted John xiv. 2, as saying, “In my Father’s house are much butter!”

Nasal sounds are abundant. Some Natives regard them as a beauty rather than a defect of the language. Surely English taste will change slowly here. In the midst of these difficulties, the Lord does enable His trusting ones to speak Marathi. Even the most tried may rest upon the promise, “The tongue of the stammerer shall speak plainly (elegantly).” They can testify, “The Lord hath given me the tongue of the learned that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary.”

The language taxes the memory severely. After you learn sixteen vowels and forty-eight consonants, you may be pardoned for supposing that you have the Marathi alphabet, but this is a vain hope. There are yet twelve vowel abbreviations and one hundred and thirty-one principal compound consonants. It is an encouragement to know that these two hundred and seven characters make Marathi spelling very simple. Surely this abundance of alphabet ought to be for some purpose.

Even to the Greek, Latin, and German student, Marathi inflexions bring surprise. The
The noun has eight cases, the verb has four different methods of agreement, and seventeen, yes, seventeen tenses, besides numerous verbal compounds. Does not such flexibility of the verb seem better suited to American activity than to the placid life of the East? Marathi idioms are not only numerous, but often difficult to understand. The expression, "Having drunk the milk, throw it away," means, "Drink the milk all up." "I sat watching his way" is, "I sat waiting for him." "Making thought comes to my soul," is the Marathi way of saying, "I can think." English thought put into Marathi words is very likely to puzzle a Native audience.

When you have learned to say goose and always think rat, to use mice for female buffalo, and dude for milk, you are making progress, but more than that is required. Your previous notions of grammar must be sacrificed. You must sometimes view the instrument as the subject of the verb, and learn to say "by God made the world," and "God makes love on me." Before you have fathomed the mysteries of the direct and the indirect object, you will feel that your Marathi is growing at the expense of your logic. Amid all these difficulties, it rejoices my heart to know that the needs of a failing memory are abundantly provided for in that great treasury which our Father has opened for our use. "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

Little reliance can you place on the ordinary pundit. He is a sealed book from which you cannot get the information you need, though you "seek it carefully with tears." He knows too little English to understand your question, or to answer you intelligently. After telling you that "Our people say so," he is quite content to see you try in vain to extract from him any other reason. Sometimes you must exert yourself to keep his attention, or even to prevent him from going to sleep. He cannot comprehend your difficulties, nor will he help you in Christian conversation. The subject is distasteful to him. Still, with good dictionaries and the best grammar in any language, you can gain these things yourself. We all have been wonderfully helped by the live teaching of dear Mrs. Fuller. There are, also, some excellent pundits in our Mission.

To learn Marathi easily, one needs to be simple, childlike, teachable. One needs the humility that is willing to learn from any one, the unconsciousness of self that can make blunders and be corrected. This is the spirit so needful in entering the kingdom of God, and receiving the life more abundant. The study of Marathi is an admirable training school for missionary labour.

### A HAPPY DAY AMONG THE NATIVES.

**By Mr. P. Neilson, Shegaon.**

A few months ago our Superintendent received a letter from Natives in a village he used to visit, begging him to come and see them. He had not visited them since his return to India. When I heard it, a burden of prayer came upon me for them, though they were a great distance from my field of labour; and I was very happy when Mr. Fuller invited me to accompany him.

We started from Shegaon by train, at four a.m., after we had had a hot cup of wheat coffee and some chapatties (a kind of unleavened cakes such as Abraham, perhaps, set before the angels), and were strong and happy in the Lord. After a sixteen mile ride on the train, we got out at Nandura at 5:30, and hunted around for a bullock-cart. Dear readers of the Alliance, I wish I could tell you what a Native cart is. They are often rough affairs, four feet or so square, without springs. A rough yoke rests on the bullock's necks, and the rest of the harnessing is completed by a rope through their noses, by which the driver guides them, aided by sundry kicks with his feet and numerous twists of their tails.

After bargaining with a Native to take us to Sulaj and back, a distance of thirty-two miles, for two rupees (about sixty cents), we seated ourselves cross-legged in the cart, facing one another, recalling, as we drove along, the wonderful leadings of God. We got a thorough shaking up as the cart rattled on. We crossed several rivers, and the water of one came into our cart. When we got to the opposite bank, the driver had to stop and oil his cart, as the water had taken all the oil off the axles. While he was busy oiling the wheels, we got out and walked up the hill, and as it was very steep, the driver overtook us at the top. I found that the wind had carried away my small travelling hat. It was the last I had of the American style, but I did not mourn over
it. Refreshed by our walk, we got into the cart. Suddenly our Mussulman driver took a turn to the left, over a still rougher road, which so shook us and the few things we had with us, that we had to hold on to the sides of the cart to keep from being shaken out. We enjoyed it thoroughly. I wondered how Mr. Simpson would enjoy it, but Mr. Fuller replied, "I should like to have him see us, but not get the shaking up."

We reached Sulaj at ten o'clock, and received a very hearty welcome from the people. Men, women, and children gathered around us, and very proudly brought us to a mud hut which was used as a blacksmith's shop. As we went, they kept calling on the other villagers to come and listen. The house was soon filled with precious souls. We sat down on the floor; Mr. Fuller read and explained part of the Word to them, then we sang a few hymns and had prayer. It was wonderful how this seemed to lighten up their faces.

After an hour's service, the blacksmith asked us if we would not have something to eat. As we had eaten nothing since early morning, we were hungry. He placed on the floor before us some native bread (unleavened cakes), raw onions, water, and some native vegetables, hot with pepper. This latter dish they are very fond of, but it brought tears into my eyes. Mr. Fuller seemed to like it very much and said, "Brother, you will have to ask the Lord to keep your stomach." There on the floor, in the presence of many people who looked at us in astonishment, we lifted up our hearts in praise and thanksgiving to God for having supplied our need. As we had no knives or forks, we did the best we could in eating with our fingers, and the rough morning ride had given us such keen appetites that that made up for all defects.

Breakfast over, Mr. Fuller began preaching, and we had a glorious time. The people kept coming and going all day, and it was a joy to us to see how gladly they accepted our message and our books. We sat cross-legged on the floor, preaching, singing, and praying for about eight hours, and when we closed at six o'clock, there rested on the people a quiet, loving spirit that in turn rested us.

The owner of the house then invited us to go with him to his fields about half a mile from the town. As we were tired with sitting all day, we gladly assented. He took us to a grass hut near a large mango tree. We sat down outside the hut and began to talk with him. Then he arose, went into the hut and brought out a parcel in his hands. As he sat down by us again and opened it, dear friends, what do you think he had? A New Testament, a few Gospels, two or three hymn books and a number of tracts. It was a blessing to us to see the love he had for them; he had spent hours in this lonely hut, reading them. Thirteen years before, he had bought just the New Testament from some one, and he and three others in the village had read it, and tried to follow its precepts. The other books he had got of Mr. Fuller some three years ago, when he found them in one of his tours. It was he who had written this time, and urged Mr. Fuller to visit him again.

After more conversation, he invited us to have supper with him at seven o'clock. While he was attending to his cattle, we made cups for ourselves out of a dried gourd to carry water in, on our journey home. We went back to the village, and while our supper was being prepared, Mr. Fuller preached again to a large number of people. After we got through preaching, our supper was still not ready, and we feared that we should miss our train. Finally at nine o'clock all was ready, and as an excuse for the delay, the man said his wife was dead, and his old mother had not been able to work faster. When his wife died, he had not married again, as he thought that Paul forbade it. Again we sat cross-legged on the floor with brass dishes before us, filled with a supper which we greatly enjoyed. We started back immediately, full of praise for a blessed day.

It was about 10-30 when we started, and feeling sleepy, we lay down in the cart with our feet hanging out behind. We were shaken around as before; the water got spilled out of our gourds, but we managed to fall asleep. I was rudely awakened, and found one of the wheels had dumped down into a deep hole with a jolt that threw me over on Mr. Fuller, who calmly said, "Brother, I think we are off our road." And so we were. Our driver had probably fallen asleep, and the bullocks had wandered off the road. We soon got back and reached Nandura at four in the morning. Mr. Fuller took the train for the South, and I went back as far as Khamgaon and helped them in their work in the bazaar that day. After driving twelve miles over a good road, in
the evening I reached our station at Shegaon.

God has given us a good tonga and a pair of bullocks of our own, and I hope soon to take another trip of twenty miles. Pray that I may reach as many souls as possible. I cannot talk but in broken sentences yet, but we have a Christian cook who helps brother Johnson and me in our work, and we hope to have a Christian bullock driver. It is the day of small things with us, but God is with us, and we praise His name. We still study many hours a day. We have sold a great many Gospels. Once we sold fifty in one day. Pray for us and the people.

BEGINNING OF WORK IN KHAMGAON.

By Miss Bates.

DID not fairly begin my work in Khamgaon until November last. Those who were with me could not talk much Marathi; but were able to sing several Marathi hymns. I began work by going out and talking to the people wherever I could get a group together. Sometimes one or more of my associates went with me and sometimes I went alone. I found my way into a few houses, but spoke mostly in the open air. As a general thing, the people listened attentively and there would usually be a few every time who manifested real interest. The larger part said they had never heard of Christ before. From the first, many people came to the house, and we had our most precious times here, they often seeming very eager to listen to the songs and "the old, old story." Some have seemed under deep conviction. One young man has, we hope, become a Christian. Several times when he was not well, he has been relieved very quickly in answer to prayer. A friend of his began to pray, and often they two would rise at four in order to have a quiet time for prayer. The friend was once quite ill and the two asked the Lord to make him well. Both told us that he became well very quickly. The second boy has not kept on as we had hoped, but says he has not stopped praying. He is quite young and his employer has done all he could to keep him away from us. One day when I was visiting a poor woman, she told me of what a terrible pain she had had a few days before, and said, "I prayed to your God and He took it away." In January I bought a pair of bullocks and began going more into the surrounding villages. The Lord sent us a Christian driver who has been a real help in the work; I had also an aged Native Christian woman for a time. We have usually had good audiences in the villages and many ask us to come again. One woman asked, "Why did you not come before! how could we know the true way?" One day Miss Holmes and I went ten miles to a Yatra (native fair) and had a fine time. It was estimated that ten thousand people were present and many hundreds heard the Gospel that day,—the most for the first time, apparently. We also sold a great many books and tracts. Some of the people seemed deeply touched and a few shed tears. Much of the time we have spoken in different parts of the town Sunday mornings, usually from two to three hundred hearing the word in one morning. Thursday is our bazaar day, and some one from Akola usually comes to preach and sell books. We often meet people in the villages who say they have heard about Christ in the bazaar. The first of April our girls' school from Akola was moved here and formed the nucleus of regular Marathi services. We at once began having morning Sunday school and five o'clock meetings, Sunday p.m., also services Wednesday evenings. All have been well attended, and we are particularly hopeful about the Sunday school. A great many children, especially boys, have come and are learning to answer simple questions. We are also teaching them Bible verses, and hymns. As we meet them on the street, they seem to feel that we belong to them in a sense. We hope to see many of them become Christians. Several of the girls teach in the Sunday school. One class is in Hindustani. I carefully teach them the lesson before-hand. Four mornings in the week I give them Bible lessons. There do not as many come to the house as formerly, and we have noticed that when any seem really convinced intellectually, and are uneasy in soul over the story of Salvation, they usually stop coming, for a time, at least. We have many evidences that Christ is working in the hearts of this people. Often after services, different ones say something that reveals this. In the streets frequently some one will stop me to inquire about the matter. We are looking to the Lord to save many souls in this needy field and to raise up earnest labourers amongst the people. We want to be so filled
with the power of the Spirit, that He can have the entire right of way in and through us. Dear readers, will you be co-labourers together with us through the blessed ministry of prayer?

Mr. Simpson's Visit.


Whatever of trial and loneliness, deprivation and isolation, may come to us in India, we believe we can never forget the abundant loving kindness of God to us during these first few months.

God's word to Israel was, "All these blessings shall come on thee and overtake thee, if thou shalt hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God." He has certainly been overtaking us with blessings since we hearkened to His call to this land.

Not the least of these, was the visit of our dear Mr. Simpson, through whom God is so graciously working for all lands. Quite a large party, with trunks marked for Akola, India, bade him farewell in New York harbour, December 14, but before reaching that place some of us were overaken by him and carried on to Akola to attend a "Christian Alliance Convention."

How inexpressibly precious of our Lord to send him out to introduce the old and the new missionaries, and gather them together as a family in such loving fellowship. There for a week God "overtook" us with blessing in leading us altogether to "look up" and "look out;" "up" to Him who has "all power" and "out" over the "land to be possessed" and "occupied" until He comes." During those days, we believe our hearts were knit together in love, and we were more "rooted and grounded" in Him. And we separated to our different places, persuaded that nothing would be able to separate us from the love of God or tear our hearts asunder from loving fellowship to gether in His service. After these days of praise, prayer, and purpose, brother Simpson lingered a few days in the home of our dear superintendents, Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, and then our Caleb and Joshua went through the length and breadth of the land and they brought back no discouraging report. They probably saw the Anakims, but they have "stilled" our hearts in saying "In God we are able," and we believe that nothing is truer than these five words, and nothing is more absurd and false than the last three without the first two.

After a month in India, as dear Mr. Simpson went out to sea at Calcutta, on his way to China and Japan, many earnest hearts uttered in much faith and assurance we believe—the prayer

"Lord make him a blessing to the dear ones there even as to us." Some of us are already praying the Lord to be pleased to send him soon to those precious ones in Africa, that their hands and hearts may be strengthened to stand alone with, and for God. May God make him a Missionary to Missionaries in every land.

Healing.

By Annie La France, Poona.

"E giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength." "Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thy heart."

These words of God were made very precious to me five years ago this July, when in great weakness and pain, I saw in the Atonement of Christ, healing for my body as well as my soul.

From my childhood, I had been a sufferer from chronic heart disease, inherited from my mother. I was barred from all play such as healthy children love to indulge in, and so I grew up year after year, to all appearances, a quiet, reserved girl, resigned to invalidism, but how I longed to be well and strong. I was left a great deal to myself, and spent most of my time reading books and thinking of the people in them. I was given a book, written on the lives of illustrious women, that I believe greatly changed my life and thoughts. From that time, (I believe I was about twelve years of age) I often planned a life for myself, full of usefulness to others, and would think for hours of the love all people would give me in return and how they would speak of me as they did the women of my favourite book. I had not been able to attend school before this, but from that time, I commenced to study and begged to be sent to school. I studied hard when I could attend school, but often it was amid great pain. I longed to be large and strong, and so came to greatly resent being told I was small and frail. I have often affirmed even in suffering, when asked how I was, that I was well and strong; but continual fainting spells and often my inability to stand, from sheer weakness, for several days after one, did not confirm my statements. I tried in every way, to hide my suffering so as not to worry my parents, and they were often unconscious of the intense pain I had constantly.

On the 2nd of March, 1883, a new era opened in my life. For several weeks before this, I was in great distress about my soul. For the first
time in my life, I realized my need of forgiveness, and salvation and the everlasting love of God in giving His Son to die for me. I struggled against my convictions, not because I did not want Jesus, but because I thought I could not stand for Him in my home, as none of my people were professing Christians. But at last I could not endure the struggle longer, and so made a complete surrender to God, telling Him, He must keep me. I dropped my burden at the foot of the Cross, and took in the place of it, such peace, joy and happiness as I had never dreamed of before. I had no Christian sympathy from my home and my natural reserve kept my lips sealed from the friends who might have encouraged me; but Oh, how I learned to love to pour out my heart to God in prayer; in my room, in the street or the school-room, my thoughts when released from duty, turned involuntarily to Him whom I had learned to love so much and who so thoroughly satisfied the longing of my heart for love and communion. A short time after my conversion, when in prayer one night, Jesus told me very plainly that He wanted my life for service for Him. I said "Yes Jesus, but it is such a poor life, so full of suffering that I can do little for Thee." I had a vision of usefulness for Jesus. It filled my soul with joy, but soon came the consciousness of infirmities that I could not endure the struggle longer, and so went to one who made a specialty of heart disease. I asked him to tell me frankly what he thought of my case, and after a lengthy and thorough examination, he told me I had valvular heart disease, and that my life was not of much value to me. He warned me as all heart disease patients are warned, against all excitement. I can never tell any one what a feeling of despair came over me as I listened to him and realized that I could not be helped, and I thought of all I longed to do for Jesus. As I

sat back in my chair, these words came to me with much force, "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses." I repeated them over and over and then came the thought, "Why will He not take mine?" Then I realized I had never asked Him to, and never believed He would do it. But a sweet whisper came to me, "I will heal you." I went home and went to my Bible and read the words, "That in the dispensation of the fulness of times He might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth; even in Him."
ANOTHER OF THE LORD'S HEALINGS.

By Carrie B. Bates.

Last September I found myself much exhausted physically. I did not realize how thoroughly worn-out I was, and kept expecting to be stronger, but did not seem able to take the Lord for healing at once, as I had done so many times before. Finally one morning, I so completely broke down, that my friends packed my satchel and sent me away for a rest and change. I was obliged to lie down during the most of the journey, and after arriving at the home of the kind friend who had invited me, I walked the distance, and in a special thanksgiving to come and rest, I grew weaker and weaker for a few days. Never, since my healing from life-long invalidism more than nine years ago, had I been so thoroughly prostrated except by some acute attack of disease which the Lord had always quickly healed. Thanks to His dear name. I was so weak that to sit upright for ten minutes at a time, would make me tremble from head to foot. Every part of my being, mental as well as spiritual, seemed to collapse. I well remember one Tuesday evening, it was an exertion for me to lift my feet over the threshold. I had realized that while there was nothing separating me from the Lord, still He had lessons to teach me in the waiting time. That evening, as I was lying down, the impression came to me that the Lord wished me to take Him anew for present healing. I prayed that this impression might deepen into a real conviction, if it were His time for raising me up. My prayer was answered.

Right there and then, I took the blessing of healing by faith, and the Lord gave me the positive assurance of present healing. Oh how the Lord did pour into my whole body His own strength! The next Saturday I rode five miles in a tonga, walked that evening a mile and a half and back again. Returning to my work on Monday, I was stronger than when I started on Saturday, and was given all needed strength for my work. When I attended the General Conference in Bombay, several missionary friends who had not seen me since I first landed, four years before, remarked that I was looking better physically than I did when they last saw me, and I was well at that time. Oh! I do praise the Lord from a full heart, for His healing, strengthening power. Without it, I never should have been able to come to India. Our bungalow (house) consists of three rooms, besides two bath-rooms and a front and back verandah; the walls are of stone, eighteen inches thick, no glass in the windows, no place for stove or hearth. It is situated on the edge of the town, within easy access of the mass of the people, and rarely a day passes without one, and sometimes one or two dozen coming in to hear about the wonderful story of Jesus and to get tracts. More men than women come in; the latter, being of a more devotional character, cling to their old religions and are not easily reached, and strange to say, do not let curiosity overcome prejudice. Miss Bates recently visited some of the villages, finding the women on her first approach to be frightened, but finally seemed pleased, inquired why she had not told them about this Jesus before, and asked her to come again. The majority of the people live in mud huts, the entrance often so low that a person of ordinary height is obliged to stoop on entering. Their living and dress is extremely simple, many of them never knowing what it is to have a comfortable meal; but they do not wear jewels regardless of anything else. The women wear huge bracelets, armlets, anklets, toe and finger rings, also ear and nose
to step out boldly, especially those that are poor.
One young man gives good evidence of being genuinely converted since the opening of this station. Pray the drop may be the assurance of a bountiful harvest of souls speedily reaped before His Coming.

ONE OF GOD'S SHUT IN ONES.

A few months ago a letter came to me, from a friend in Scotland who sent a small sum, telling the following story of one of the shillings in it. In his visit to a Hospital, he found one of God's saints, a helpless rheumatic cripple, whom he told about the work here. She became greatly interested and longed to do something for it. How with her crippled form, she did it, is the surprise, but she knit and earned a shilling. And this was the shilling. It has seemed so sacred, we have not known where to put it, but have longed that in some way it may be the seed for some special plant for the Lord. To this story we add an extract from a recent letter. We had been asked to pray for her healing. This touched dear Carrie Bates' heart, who owes so much to the Lord's healing touch, and she wrote her. "Jennie Simpson," (mark the name) was more grateful than I can tell you for your kindness. She could scarcely believe that she had got a letter from a real missionary in India. It brought a new interest in her life in the corner of that great ward where her life seemed so circumscribed, never out of her bed in that far corner. She has been taking opiates for her severe pain for a long time, but she is seeking deliverance, and is encountering much opposition from both nurses and patients because she even thinks of the Lord's healing. It is impossible to keep letters or papers from being seen, so the whole ward has read your testimony. I am encouraged to pray that God may reveal Himself to Jenny as her Healer and raise her up for His glory, and am rejoiced that you have been led to pray for this afflicted sister.

Will our readers unite with us?

"I have long been convinced that it is in vain so far as any spiritual benefit is concerned, to attempt to convince Mahomedans of the proper divinity of Christ. The Scriptures are as plain as can be on this subject. And it is true that no one can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost." 1 Cor. 12: 3.

We sympathize deeply with our brethren on the Congo and the Soudan in the losses they have met.

Fallen Asleep.

At Akola, May 15th, Marcus Roberts, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Fuller.

"He shall gather the lambs with His arm and carry them in His bosom." Is. 40: 11.

"Them which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with Him."