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

Mr. Holland P. F. 

dedicated 
Berar India
WE RE BOUND TO TAKE INDIA FOR JESUS.
Tune, "We're marching thro' Georgia."
Adapted from song by Mr. W. C. Macomber, Congo, Africa.

1. We are a band of chosen ones, our Captain's brave and strong;
   There's only yet a score enrolled, but more will come along.
   We are in darkened India where many nations throng;
   We're bound to take India for Jesus.

Chorus:—March on, march on to set the captive free.
   March on, march on to glorious victory;
   And this our song of triumph as we preach the Gospel free,—
   We're bound to take India for Jesus.

2. Tho' hosts of hell may all unite and Satan stalk about,
   We're trusting fully Jesus' power, and He their ranks will rout.
   We'll make old India's valleys ring with a hallelujah shout,—
   We're bound to take India for Jesus.

3. In Christ our needs are all supplied, we ne'er shall lack a thing;
   For life abundant, joy and strength, His praises will we sing.
   He is our Saviour, Sanctifier, Healer, coming King;
   We're bound to take India for Jesus.

4. We've gladly left our earthly all, without a doubt or care,
   For we've His blessed promise of a mansion over there;
   We'll gather many millions for the meeting in the air,—
   We're bound to take India for Jesus.

ITEMS.

A dying woman in Scotland, who was very poor,
heard of the gift of Jennie Simpson to our work, which was mentioned in our last paper, and sent two shillings. How precious such gifts are to God!

The rain which held off for more than a month has come. The days had become hot and close, and the grass was fast drying up, and some of the crops had to be re-sowed, and rain seemed to be staring the poor farmers in the face. How great the anxiety! But the grateful rain has come in abundance, and the grass and fields are beautifully green once more.

We have had much blessing in our meetings of late, and a few times the Spirit's presence has been very marked. Many have been greatly blessed, and we have been able to make some stir in the dry bones about us, and we trust we have some hopeful cases. We have claimed a large harvest before this present year closes.

Among the baptisms lately, were two servants in Mr. Fuller's family. They have been with them for nearly eight years. Several times they were under conviction. Little Robbie Fuller's death was used of God to bring them to a decision. The husband, who is a Mohammedan, seemed very happy for two weeks, and then fell under powerful temptation to deny the Lord. He was afraid of his people, who are often bitter opponents. He ran away, and denied Jesus among all his friends. His case was committed to the Lord and he came back in a month. After a few days, in one of our Marathi meetings where God was wonderfully present, he broke down, and with sobs confessed how he had denied the Lord, and took a stand for God. "After many days."

Most of the world has become acquainted with the serious riots in Bombay, to which the letter in our columns refers. But all is quiet now. Only three such riots have occurred in the history of Bombay, and then on a much smaller scale. But this riot shows what might exist in India, were the English Government withdrawn.

Brothers King and Gutteridge, with their wives, are pressing open our work in Gujrat, with courage and hopefulness.

We hope to revise our list of stations on the back page, by our next issue, as we expect to have taken up several new stations by that time, as our Superintendent is busy arranging for them.

News has reached us of Mr. Simpson's safe arrival in America, after his long and very hard journey. We know blessing will follow in all the fields, and we look forward hopefully to the future.

The last party to India have their first examination in Marathi this month.

These are anniversary days that have made many of us look backward with thankfulness. One year ago, the first two parties landed in India. Let us expect great things of God the coming year.

A returned missionary in America was talking with a father, and inquired if he had consecrated his children to God. "Yes," came the ready reply, "Are you teaching them the need of the world, and are you willing they should go to the foreign field should God call?" "Yes," was hesitatingly said, and then he added, "But I do not agitate the matter." Are we not in danger of remaining in peace with some things, rather than agitate the matter with God?
E have long been convinced that many of the difficulties Christians get into are caused not by any wrongness of heart, but by a lack of wisdom. They must learn to take Jesus as wisdom, "who of God is made unto us wisdom," (1 Cor. i. 36). "And His name shall be called Counsellor," (Is. 9: 6). "Thoroughly and spiritually to know Christ in this relation is undoubtedly a condition of abiding in Him." How shall we know Him thus? By simple faith, just as we renounced our own righteousness, and took Christ as our sanctification, just as we renounced our own strength and took Christ as our Healer, Life and Strength, so must we renounce our own wisdom and take Him as our Wisdom. Not just once, but every moment, every hour, at every emergency. You will not get a stock of wisdom, you will not feel wise, but you will be ever kept in a state of utter dependence from day to day. This is what the natural heart does not like. It likes to assert, direct and manage, and is restless when it does not know. Oh, the preciousness of this utter dependence; to trust; to be often led as the "blind by a way we know not;" to be often foolish in the eyes of men, knowing that "the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men." (1 Cor. i. 23).

We in some emergency, are prone to use the wisdom God has given us on some other occasion, and meet the present emergency with it, instead of simply trusting Him to meet it Himself at the moment through us. There is a precious secret of abandon to Jesus that makes ourselves a channel for Him to meet each soul through us, to be wisdom for each case, to teach us how to behave in each trial and difficulty.

To know that Jesus is abiding in us thus as wisdom, can be told from Jas. iii, 15. "The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy."

"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God." And, beloved, "ask in faith nothing wavering."

UNITY OF THE SPIRIT.

Notes from a sermon preached by the Rev. A. Mueller at the Convention held in Akola, India, June, 1893.

Psalm cxxxvii.
1. Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!
2. It is like the precious oil upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard; that came down upon the skirt of his garments;
3. Like the dew of Hermon, that cometh down upon the mountains of Zion: for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore.

Ephes. iv. 3.
Giving diligence to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

WHEN during the hot season, most missionaries of our Kurku and Central Indian Hill Mission, and two of your Brethren were gathered on our high hill station, Bithron, hidden away from the world in the loneliness of the Sathpura Hills, and their sombre, beautiful jungle, God's holy Word on

The Unity of the Spirit,
became very precious to us, and a powerful means to unite us more together and to draw us nearer to our God.

Yes, we know a little of this, "how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity," and, Hallelujah, we experience it here together in these convention days. We have not come out to India to have a pleasant fellowship with one another, but to do God's will, that there should be "life for evermore," for and through His children: for in Zion He has "commanded the blessing."

Remember, then, dear ones, you are more than only brethren. You have come out to conquer, to evangelize the Berars; you are fellow-combatants, you stand in the front of a fierce battle. Behind you, I suppose, lie those missionary dreams where one hoped to find the heathen run towards the newly arriving "dear missionaries" with open arms, re-
THE INDIA ALLIANCE.

proaching them for not having come long before. Hinduism and Mohammedanism—you know now, at least in part, what formidable bulwarks of Satan's fortress these are. And perhaps you have recognised that there is a still more terrible stronghold, the lightness and worldliness of man's heart, and the lack of a true sense of sin, which are everywhere the same, and which can be overcome through nothing less than the power of Almighty God Himself. Does not this tightness of man's sinful heart in our days threaten us, even with an outward acceptance of Christ by single heathen or by masses, without true conversion, which seems almost the farthest reaching and deepest danger?

So then you have undertaken a warfare, and the battle must be fierce. Now as a German and a Prussian, I can assure you that perfect unity and concord, in obedience to the one sovereign will of the Chief-Commander, is absolutely indispensable to a victorious army: “To march, often at least, in separate ranks; to fight the battles and to conquer unitedly.” Yes, we have not only come out for a pleasant brotherly fellowship and for hallelujah-conventions, much as we like halleluiahs here and there, but for a great and holy, deadly earnest work.

We have not all the same functions: some of us minister at table (during conventions and after them); some labor in mission workshops; some seem to be but fit for work on which never a report may be written—ah! the skirt of his garments. But let the uction from the divine Head be there, and all is right and every work holy. Yes, and let indeed “the silver-bells” at the border of his garments give a good, clear sound, “The Master cometh! He calleth thee!” Here there will be blessings commanded for evermore.

And herein, then, there will be “unity of the Spirit,” through that precious anointing upon all. But, dear friends, let us be and keep very clear about what the inspired Word of God means by this “unity of the Spirit.” Undoubtedly, it is not the “unity of the flesh” which we like so much. Likes and dislikes—“Oh! I like to be with Mr. and Miss So-and-so! I wish I might be put with them. I do not like to be with Mr. and Miss So-and-so; in fact I do not think I could ever work together with them. Of course, they are good, faithful, pious people; but the one is so rough, funny, and uneducated, and the other so polished, learned, and over fine; they have their own ways in prayer, their own ways in work, they cannot see as I see, nor eat as I eat, nor weep as I weep;” and so on; and then one prays, “Dear Lord, let me be with Mr. or Miss So-and-so,” and, thus, “settles the thing with God.” God knows, dear friends, our “flesh” very often acts, longs, and prays like this, and utterly deceives us, as if in outward things—in likings, in educational conformity, in uniformity of method, in oneness of organization, in denominational, nay, in sectarian oneness—were to be sought and ever to be found the “unity of the Spirit.”

But what then? Let Mr. So-and-so, whom you like so much, live, eat, sleep, work with you, perhaps in three weeks you will write to your Superintendent, “Please, Sir, move me!” Yes, it is very easy and nice to live in unity with some one who is separated from us by a wall; to have peace with everyone so long as no one's elbows collide with ours; to be on the best brotherly terms with any mission, if only seas and mountains lie between them and us. In all this, to wit, our old man is not touched nor troubled; but when, perhaps daily, we come in contact with one another; when, perhaps, we do not agree in many of our views and ways; and when we have to deny ourselves things which in themselves are right and good, for our fellow-laborers’ sake, who then will give us power to keep the oneness in the bond of peace?

Therefore I entreat you, Brethren, let us seek the true unity of the Spirit, and let us give all diligence to keep it, viz., unity in spiritual things; unity in that which is everlasting; unity not in that wherein we excel, or our old man feels pleased, but in that which humbles us all and saves us all, and which is common grace given to us all; unity in that which gives glory to God; unity in God Himself, and in Jesus Christ, though His Holy Spirit. I trust we verily do not like our own “likings,” but how shall we overcome them in ourselves and bear them in others? how shall we forgive our brother's shortcomings and find pardon from him for our own sins, if there is not a mightier Agent amongst us at work than all those earthly ins and outs of selfishness? Selfishness is sin, and engenders sin, quarrelling, murmuring, weakness, fruitlessness, separation. Ah! there is not one
liking, not one theology, not one method of work; but there is one Saviour, one sanctifying Holy Spirit, one God and Father of all, and in them is our "bond of peace." Before them we bow; and in this humble attitude of pardoned sinners and of children of God we find that "lowliness and meekness, longsuffering and forbearing with our brethren," which are the threshold steps to the sanctuary of the "unity of the Spirit" (see Eph. iv. 2, 3). The words in Eph. iv. 1-3, with their "therefore," stand upon chapters i.-iii. We are the "body of Christ," the Church is the fulness of Him that filleth all in all: one Church, one Body, one Head, one Salvation, one Anointing.

Have we, then, Brethren, this anointing to an all victorious unity in the Spirit? Yes, those who will allow Him, the Master, to handle and use us just as He sees good, shall not only have oil, but also give oil, like the "two Sons of Oil," in Zech. iv., which "emptied the golden oil out of themselves." But the olive-tree must give up its olives, and the olives must be willing to be pressed hard, and to be given unto death, that others may be anointed and live (compare 1 Cor. iv. 9-10). For as the Head was in the world, so are we to be. Then the "precious oil" will run down upon the beard (there will be sanctified manly beauty), and will even come down upon the border of his garment, reaching to the remotest, to the perhaps least promising parts of our work and mission fields.

True blessings go with us—let us not be afraid! If we have found here, before God, the "unity of the Spirit," we shall be able to work, to fight, and to conquer, in the "unity of the Spirit." That unity will not only be "good and pleasant" for us; it will mean God's victory in this part of the world. Only let the precious oil from the Head come down even upon the least of us, and let no big ones go empty away, full of themselves. And let us never again seek nor pray for unity in outward, human, fleshly things, through the Spirit; but let us see and accept our unity "of the Spirit," through Jesus Christ our Lord. For "all flesh" is grass. The "grass withereth, the flower fadeth." But the Spirit quickeneth, the Spirit abideth for ever; and this is the anointing which we need, and which is "the promise of the Father" to us this very day. Amen.

**OUR HILL STATION—CHIKALDA.**

CHIKALDA, where our mission has a small house, is on the Satpura Hills, which lie in the northern part of this province. It is used as a hot weather sanitarium by the officials. The Native portion is a mere village, and is about a mile away from where the Europeans have built their bungalows, also a post and telegraph offices, and small court house and hospital. The whole is upon a plateau with drives laid out in many directions by Government, and leading to most beautiful outlooks, into deep valleys and to opposite peaks. In any country but India, this range would be called mountains, but with the lofty Himalayas in the north, and the tall ranges in the south, we speak of them modestly as the Satpura Hills. The different points have been named from time to time, as Monkey Point, Prospect Point, Hurricane Hill, and Point Pleasant. I have never seen anything more beautiful in America than some of the sunset views at these points. From Hurricane Hill, I have seen the great valley below filled with mist till it looked like a vast sea, bounded by high hills on the opposite side. Then the soft shades of an India sunset shimmering all through the thickly wooded valley below, or the tip of a peak just opposite, all ablaze with red and gold, as the sun disappeared, are some of the memories of Chikalda.

The Government garden was always a comfort. Here were some of the home flowers which will not grow on the plains below—fuschias, heliotrope, and roses in great profusion. I remember when I first came, how extravagant whole hedges of Scotch roses seemed to me, and whole borders to the flower beds of heliotrope. The plan of the garden is largely due to the care and skill of one official and his wife. I can remember how one cinnamon tree in it used to transport me to Ceylon, and what a curiosity a camphor tree, and a rubber tree were to me. A few peach trees grew there, but compared with our American fruit, they are a disappointment. At all the hill stations which I know, except Chikalda, strawberries and raspberries are grown. They would grow here, but no one pays any attention to it them.

Here many officials spend the hot season. The gentlemen can take their various offices
up with them, but their spare time is filled with dinner parties, shooting parties, picnics, etc. In the jungle about Chikalda, there are deer, and wild fowl and peacocks. Here, also, may be found bears, tigers, leopards, hyenas, and numberless jackals. Many a night have I heard a poor deer go bleating through the ravine below the house, knowing well that it was tracked and hunted down by a hyena. A leopard or a tiger has occasionally come to the station at night and killed a cow. Great is the joy among the officials when an untimely visitor comes near enough to give chase. Several of the officials I have known are fine shots, and some years ago, one told me that he had shot and assisted in the killing of over a hundred tigers. I had seen plenty of wild animals in zoological gardens, but in my early days in India, I had a great desire to see them in the wild. This was gratified. I have no more curiosity. One morning, out on one of the roads at Chikalda, I saw two tigers, and one evening several of us were riding in another direction in a cart, when the driver called out, "A tiger—a tiger!" The bullocks were all of a tremble, but I could see nothing. Finally what seemed a great stone, rose, shook itself, and like a great cat, slunk out to the road a few yards in front of us, lay down looking at us while, catlike, it beat the ground with its tail. It was an immense leopardess. We seemed horrorstruck getting the cart turned around and started toward home. It took our hearts a good while to get down out of our throats—we have never had any curiosity since. The brute watched us quietly out of sight.

This is Chikalda. Two kind Christian friends, years ago, gave us a house there consisting of three rooms. Part of the time we have used it, and part of the time we have rented it. The rent barely kept up the repairs at times. The rain-fall here is double what it is in the plains. The climate is beautiful throughout the year, excepting in the rains. And yet may I tell you a secret? I myself do not like Chikalda and have not been there in six years. The official life is so worldly. To them, with their large salaries, horses, and amusements, there is no lack; but to us from Akola, the long journey of sixty miles after leaving the railway, jolting in native carts without springs, and the delays out in the hot sun, are a great drawback. But to a tired, worn missionary, after he once gets there, the five or six weeks of escape from the burning heat of the plains, and the rest from his work are acceptable. But still the repairs that generally need attention, the inconveniences of getting any variety of food, and the worldly social atmosphere, make it not always an unmixed joy.

**OUR TRIP TO THE HILLS.**

**BY MRS. RAMSEY, BUDNERA.**

FTER being restored by Divine power from a long illness, while we were still very weak, it was thought best that my husband and myself should go with the Simmonses to Chikalda for the hot season, which was already upon us. Mr. Fuller was away with Dr. Simpson, so Mrs. Fuller, solicitous for us in our weakness, and knowing the rough journey before us, tried to make arrangements for us to go as far as Ellichpur, at least, in a spring cart drawn by ponies, which would take us through by changes, in five hours. But some colonel was passing through, and the preference was given to him. So there was nothing left for us but the springless bullock cart. She then planned to have bullocks posted along the way at different villages, so that with fresh bullocks, we might make the journey more quickly, and get to Ellichpur before the sun had power to hurt us in our weakness; but alas!

"The best laid plans of mice an' men gang aft agley," and her plans of love for us failed. She accompanied us to the end of the railway journey, and saw us packed into one cart on a mattress, with hay underneath for springs, and Dr. and Mrs. Simmons placed in another cart. She being the only one who could talk Marathi, gave the drivers full directions, and they promised her profusely that they would start off immediately and get us into Ellichpur by seven the next morning. As soon as we were out of sight, they, knowing that we could not talk, and paying no attention to our remonstrances, quietly took us to another part of the village, unyoked the bullocks, and there we had to wait until they got ready to start, two hours afterward. The jolting was so great and we so weak, that we could not have them drive their bullocks out of a walk. There were no bullocks posted for us
at the first stopping place, and there being no alternative, that pair of bullocks dragged us the whole weary length of that thirty miles, when we reached Ellichpur at 8 a.m., the next day, completely exhausted. Here we rested in the hospitable home of the Muellers, of the Kurku Mission, before attempting the remaining thirty miles, most of which was up the mountain. Perhaps some have not experienced what riding in a country bullock-cart for hours together, over rough roads, really does mean. This is especially trying in going up and down hills, where every little while the position in the cart is suddenly reversed, and you feel yourself slipping out towards the front, only to be as suddenly shifted to the rear while you are lying half asleep. Add to this, that the driver has to be stirred up occasionally, or you will find that he, also, is fast asleep and the oxen are left to their own sweet will. This is not always quite safe on the side of a mountain with a high bank on one side, and on the other, a precipice of a hundred feet or more. All this had a special meaning to us as my husband suffered severely all the way, but, praise God, He proved Himself sufficient for us even on such a long, dangerous journey.

Arriving at Chikalda at midnight on Saturday, we found to our dismay, that our principal box of provisions was missing. This was the occasion of considerable inconvenience, as it contained all our canned goods, milk, etc. In the middle of the night before, one of the bullocks belonging to our baggage cart fell off the road. The yoke which held the oxen together and the weight of the loaded cart added to that of the other bullock, kept him hanging for a few moments, until the drivers hauled him up on the road again. Here our provision box must have fallen off the cart. The milkman persisted in diluting the milk with dirty water, and to this Dr. Simmons made strong objection. As all our condensed milk was gone, there was nothing left but to do without, so for two weeks we had neither milk nor butter, and most of that time we had only the native bread. The condition of the house caused us great discomfort. One night, in a wind storm, part of the roof went. The next day the whole roof would, in its loosened condition, have been carried off, had not my husband, as weak as he was, clambered up on top and held it on by sitting across the ridge pole. Two workmen joined him and they secured the roof, but it took the thatchers in their slow way, three weeks to repair it.

As soon as we were able, we visited the four or five villages near us, and found the work among the people very precious. God wonderfully quickened our memories and opened our mouths so that we began to give the people His own message, brokenly, in their own language.

In the latter part of May we were joined by brothers Erickson, Dutton, and Wood, and as one family we enjoyed much of our Master's presence. We also appreciated a day's visit from our beloved Superintendent, Mr. Fuller, who had come to marry a couple living near us. God became more and more precious day by day as Jehovah-Rophi (The Lord that healeth thee), and how precisely He kept our souls, having given us the privilege of being much alone with Himself. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits, one of these being our stay at Chikalda.

“I'd rather be the least of them
Who are the Lord's alone,
Than wear a royal diadem
And sit upon a throne.”

A TWO-DAYS' TOUR.

BY ELMER DUTTON, AKOLA.

HOUGH we have not really yet begun our work of touring, still a few of us have had just a little foretaste of it. And I should like to tell you about this short trip, to try to give you a little idea of what we look forward to during the next cold season.

After the Friday evening prayer-meeting, Bro's. Wood, Carrol, Godshall and myself, having hired a native cart, started off toward the villages lying east of Akola; taking with us Galesline, one of the boys from the school. For the first three miles we had a good road; then we had to follow, as best we could in the darkness, the country road, which is a mere track across the level plain. After having gone about six miles, it began to rain and grew very dark; then in crossing a stream, we lost the road. But after a diligent search, we found it again, and reached a village sooner than we expected.
It was now past two o'clock and raining hard. We called a man up and asked him how far it was to the village for which we had started; but learning it was six miles further, concluded to stop here till morning. The next thing to be done was to find the chowdy or native rest-house. This was not easy to find, and no one would come out to show us, but one woman gave us a terrible scolding for waking her up. At last we persuaded a man to come and show us the way. So we spread our blankets on the dry mud floor and slept as best we could until morning. At daybreak, native fashion, we went to the river to make our simple toilet. The rain had ceased, and my cornet soon drew a number of the people together; then we had the blessed privilege of telling them the sweet story of Jesus. We found only two men who could read, and each of these bought a Gospel.

After breakfasting, we prepared to move on, but a number of the men gathered around us and asked us who this Jesus was whom we had been talking about. We gladly stopped and told them again; but when they saw what it would involve to become His followers, they gradually dispersed and went off to their work, and we went to another village.

In this one we were not received so well as in the first, but before leaving, we sold a dozen Gospels to the boys of the school. May God use His own Word to enlighten some hearts there!

We then went to another village, and so to a fourth, which we reached just at dark. Here we had a meeting and stayed all night, sleeping in the chowdy, as we did the night before, and holding another meeting early in the morning, the people having assembled before we were up.

By the time we reached the next village, most of the people had gone out to the fields; but being determined to get all who remained, we marched around through the crooked lanes with cornet, and tambourine, singing. Of course everybody came out to see what was going on, and followed us. We sat down by the stream just outside the village, under a tree, and taught them about Jesus. Our limited knowledge of Marathi was soon exhausted, but Galeston talked and translated for us until he was quite tired out. And we felt that God was in our midst. Brother Wood afterward read the boys several short stories about Christ, and also had some of them read who could. We then rested during the heat of the day, and started for home in the afternoon. We reached Akola at half-past eight, tired in body but refreshed in soul, feeling we had done what we could, and that God was pleased with the feeble effort we had made in His name.

Although we saw no definite results, yet for ourselves we feel we have gained some experiences that will be useful to us in the future. We were really surprised to see how little we could get along with, while away from the home conveniences. We had managed to eat our meals from a brass plate without bothering with knives and forks; and drink from a lotal, or native drinking vessel. And we were just as happy as kings. Though it was in the midst of the rainy season, still we did not suffer from the rain; we did not get fast in the mud but once.

You who have not the experience, cannot know the joy we feel in this blessed work for the Master till He comes. But you all may have the ministry of prayer, and we ask you to pray with us that the Holy Ghost will convict of sin, these men who hear the Word of the Lord.

THE GIRLS' ORPHANAGE.

By Miss Goss, Khangaon.

In response to the many inquiries about the school, I will write this general letter, hoping in this way that you, too, may learn to know and love our dear girls. We have at present nineteen girls and one little boy of three, named Chintu. He was received by Miss Bates when he was four months old, and is a beautiful child and a general favourite. When I first came into the school, he had just taken whooping cough and he had fever. It did not seem to me that he could live, but Miss Bates anointed him, and we asked the Lord to heal him. The Lord did raise him up from the verge of the grave in answer to prayer, and now he is in perfect health. A few days ago he fell and cracked his collar bone; again the Lord very sweetly healed him, so that soon after the accident he was fast asleep, and by noon of the next day he was playing about as usual.

Besides their cook-house and two broad verandas, the girls have one large airy room, where they all sleep on the floor, native fashion. Getting up at five in the morning, they complete their toilet in the centre of the front yard, about a water pipe, whose friendly fount gives abundant-
ly without labor. Could you peep through the shrubbery, you would find it an interesting sight. Here also they wash their own clothes, whipping them on the stones. A visit to their cook-house, where you could see them "grinding at the mill," and preparing their own food, would reward those unfamiliar with the sight. The front verandah, enclosed by a lattice and shaded by trees, is used as a school room. There are five standards in the school. The eldest girl of seventeen teaches the beginning class to read, and then passes them on to the master for the work of the higher grades. We received, last April, four African girls who were rescued from a slave ship by the English Government. These girls were a great curiosity to the people here, but they did not relish being stared at. One of the girls went out one day and made up faces at the people. She so frightened them that they ran away screaming. At first they were quite unmanageable, not wanting to come into the school. One day, their teacher told me that they would not learn their lessons. I went into the school and found one fast asleep, one with her book upside down, a third lying lazily on the floor, and the fourth in a defiant attitude, with her back to the teacher. With some difficulty I succeeded in inducing them to return to their studies, although they did so with reluctance. For four weeks they were a constant care, but I feel that prayer has been answered for them. They have become obedient and studious, and have given their hearts to the Lord and have asked for baptism. In the same class with these four large girls, are three little Native girls. In the second standard are four little girls, three of whom are bright and quick to learn. The fourth, although not so fine a student, takes good care of the little ones, and gives promise of making an excellent Christian girl. In the next class there is one Eurasian and one Marathi child, while the highest standard has my three eldest girls. Morning school hours are from seven until eleven. Their sewing class is from 1-30 to 2-30. This is followed by the Bible classes and then there are two more hours of school. After the girls complete this course, they are taught English.

Managing an orphanage has its difficulties, and these are not all comprehended under the heads of laziness, carelessness, disobedience, falsehood and the like. A short time since, a girl came into the school and brought a multitude with her. As soon as this was discovered, a crusade began which lasted two days. There was a vigorous use of sulphur, but I felt that the speedy deliverance was in answer to prayer.

The girl who entered the school only a few days ago, has a sad history. Although now only about twelve years old, she has been married to a man who has another wife. Upon her arms there are cruel scars, showing how he beat her, and she has had her four upper front teeth knocked out. After running away from her husband she came to Mrs. Fuller, and asked to be taken into the school. She had learned how to grind, and to take care of cattle, and that is about all. After a wild life of that sort, the restraint of the school is naturally irksome to one of her age. We watched her carefully, and cried to God to save her. After trying to run away once or twice, we coaxed her back and let her see how we loved her. Already she seems quite happy and content, and has made an effort in her ignorance to accept Christ. We do believe that the Good Shepherd has this poor stray lamb in His tender keeping, and we are determined that Satan shall not have her, but that she shall be educated to know Jesus and honour Him.

It is not an easy thing to get heathen girls to come into a Christian school. Then it is a rare thing to find a girl eight years old, who is not married. I used to think that I could bring widows to Jesus very easily; that as soon as they heard of Him they would accept Him gladly; but I am more and more impressed every day that they are in rebellion against God, and they would rather sin and suffer than to come to Him. The Lord has called me to work among the children, and I am definitely asking Him to send us the ones He wants us to have. I love every one of the dear girls in the school, and pray that many of them may be called to tell the good news of salvation.

THE STORY OF MY HEALING.

BY MRS. NEILSEN, SHEGAON.

It is with a heart overflowing with joy and gratitude to my Lord that I add these words to the many testimonies to the Lord's healing power.

When about six years old, I had a very severe illness which confined me to my bed for three and a-half years. At this time I passed through three very dangerous operations, but the Lord spared my life for His use. From the time I was ten years of age until I was twenty-nine, I never passed a day without pain. At the age of sixteen, kidney trouble set in which lasted fourteen years. At eighteen I had nervous prostration, being confined to my bed for six weeks. At the age of twenty-four I had rheumatic fever for four months. At twenty-five I had typhus fever for five months. Hardly recovering from the fever,
I was taken with inflammation of the lining of the lungs. At twenty-seven, a tumour came in my stomach, and at the end of seven months the physicians said that I must have an operation performed. This I refused to have done, having already employed the best doctors in the land and having spent all my means for their bills and medicines.

About this time, I left my home in Denmark and went to America. The doctor had said that I could not live until I was thirty, and I thought an ocean voyage would do me good, and so I went. But my hopes were without foundation, as I was told on the steamer, and the ship doctor said that it was a wonder that I landed in New York alive. At this time I was still unsaved, but the Holy Spirit was striving with me about my soul. The Lord led me into the Gospel Tabernacle, where Mr. Simpson was preaching. I went there a week, and then I gave my heart to Jesus, and how sweet it was to find rest in Him!

On the following New Year's night, I was taken sick with influenza, and was sick for ten days. I told the Lord that if He would heal me, I would trust Him for my body, but after getting up, my promise to the Lord was forgotten, and till the ninth of the next May I was sick. Then I felt that unless Jesus undertook for me, there was no help. After taking my Bible and studying the fifth chapter of James, I felt that the Lord spoke to me about being anointed, so I went to the Friday meeting of the Gospel Tabernacle, and believing that Jesus was the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, I was taken sick on the steamer, and the ship doctor said that it was a wonder that I landed in New York alive. At this time I was still unsaved, but the Holy Spirit was striving with me about my soul. The Lord led me into the Gospel Tabernacle, where Mr. Simpson was preaching. I went there a week, and then I gave my heart to Jesus, and how sweet it was to find rest in Him!

From that moment I felt the very life of Jesus in my body, and from that time on I was sick no more. I felt that unless Jesus undertook for me, there was no help. After taking my Bible and studying the fifth chapter of James, I felt that the Lord spoke to me about being anointed, so I went to the Friday meeting of the Gospel Tabernacle, and believing that Jesus was the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, I was taken sick on the steamer, and the ship doctor said that it was a wonder that I landed in New York alive. At this time I was still unsaved, but the Holy Spirit was striving with me about my soul. The Lord led me into the Gospel Tabernacle, where Mr. Simpson was preaching. I went there a week, and then I gave my heart to Jesus, and how sweet it was to find rest in Him!

The vision rose, I did, too, in His name, and stood during days of extreme suffering, feeling as if every nerve was unstrung. The old ailment from which I had been blessedly healed, returned with added vigor. But I remembered, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." I was living in "to-day," took His Word that had been sent forth instead of doing as Asia did. At this writing, am perfectly well, soul and body, nerves as peaceful as "the days of heaven.

"O how sweet the glorious message, simple faith may claim. Yesterday, to-day, forever Jesus is the same."

A LETTER FROM BOMBAY.

BY MR. VERNON GUTTERIDGE, GUZARAT.

Y DEAR S——, You will have heard already of the very serious riots now going on in Bombay. I should have written yesterday, but it was an impossibility. We got out at the Byculla station, but we soon found out what was going on. As we could not get a gharry (conveyance) or a coolie to take us from the station, I left my wife and children in the ladies' waiting room, and took the next train back up the line to one of our friends, and borrowed his carriage; it was with great risk of life that I managed to get to the station. In my absence the mob had made an attack on the station, and my wife, who had come outside, was hurried back and fastened in the waiting room for safety, while the authorities kept the rioters at bay.

We got into the carriage with our luggage, and drove off, but were met at every corner by large mobs. We then drove out of the city to a friend's, only to find them all out in the street ready to fly to some place of shelter. The mob had just murdered one man, who was lying by the side of the road. Where to go, we hardly knew. At last we got to Bellsia road and put up for a few hours. They could not keep us long, as the quarter was a most dangerous one, and there was no kind of food procurable.

I ventured out to find the Bombay Guardian office, and was forced to take shelter in the Salvation Army home. There I found that one of the women had been attacked while coming home by tram, with her infant in her arms. The tram was pitched upon with sticks, stones, and other missiles; the poor thing, in protecting her little one, got badly cut about the face. After some time I managed to get away where a most terrific mob of Hindus were pulling and battering down a large Mahomedan mansion. Being driven off from there, they made a fresh attack on another place, when the police fired upon them, and not before five Hindus were shot down close by my side, did they give in. Aided by a friend, we got a perambulator and put the children in and made a daring start. Praise God, we managed to get to the Guardian office in perfect safety.

Late in the day we went out to see how things were going on, and keeping close to a patrol of soldiers, we
were able to go all over the place. Firing blank cartridges kept up more or less all day. Cannon moved
poor occupants sitting down crying over their losses,
the Hindu Bunder mosque. Troops were seen everywhere. In one street the Mahommadesans had looted a
Hindu Temple. The gods and all the equipage of the
temple were put into the road, the god was racked to
to everything burned to a cinder. Of course
temples were put into the road, the gods ri,ad hicked to
where. In one street the Mahomme'dans had looted a
part of the city.

At every few steps, dead, dying, and wounded are
being dragged along by soldiers and police. We went
out again a little while ago. I will let you know as
soon as we are able to move on to our field. I am
in some fear that this may spread up country if the two
parties do not come to some terms.

I am writing on this day that we are
August 13th, 1893.

"LABORERS TOGETHER WITH GOD."

There are passages which we love and think
so beautiful, yet there are times in our lives
when they come lighted into the soul and we
know them.

In the early part of my missionary life, for
several years there were heavy famines in
some parts of India, and hundreds of children
were orphaned and were gathered into orphan-
ages by different missionaries. A friend
in one of these districts sent me six of such
little waifs, all girls. Three of them were in a
deplorable condition physically, and had to have
the most constant care to save them. There
was no romance in taking the little Arabs, I
assure you. They were a constant care every
way, and particularly morally. The Sunday
school was an institution they had no heart in,
and the evident glee with which they kicked
up their heels and ran out when it was over,
was often depressing to my faith. After they
had been with me six months with some
outward change, but no apparent inward
change, I, myself, was greatly quickened
spiritually. The following Sunday there was
a change in the Sunday school. As I taught,
the oldest girl seemed very quiet, and the tears
rolled down her cheeks. Thinking one of the
others may have pinched her, I inquired:
"What is the matter?" Instantly she replied
"O, mother, I am such a sinner." I have
often thought of it since. To me, they were the
sweetest words I had heard in India, for I knew
what would follow. I sought there and then,
to lead her to Christ, but she did not get peace.
I let her go, assured that He who had begun
the work would finish it. The next day while
I was seated in my room, she came in softly,
hid her face in my lap, and poured out such
a confession of sin that I soon understood why
she had not found peace the day before. When
her story was finished, I said: "Let us pray
now." And she did so sweetly give herself to
God and went out with a beaming face. She
immediately witnessed to the others, and it bore
its fruit. One after the other professed to find
peace, until only one—a child of five, remained.

How great the change that came! It was
touching to see how the Spirit worked. I
found one of the older girls weeping one day,
and on inquiry, found it was the memory of un-
kindness to a baby brother who was now dead.
These girls are all grown and married but
one. One is in glory. But this is only half
my story. Shortly after this change in them,
I received a letter from America, from a dear
Christian man in Northern Ohio, who wrote
as follows: "I have had such a burden of
prayer for you that your work might be bless-
ed, and that those little girls might be con-
verted, that I have taken note of the date."
I compared dates and found them identical.
Dear friends, are you fellow-workers together
with God and us? When Jesus comes "then
shall every man have praise of God," and what
records of fellowship in work there will be then
that are hidden and unknown now! Are you,
beloved, ready for such fellowship of work now,
and willing to wait for your reward and praise?

It is not the amount of light we have, but the
attitude of our heart toward what light we have, that
God regards. It is useless to plead for more light
unless we are walking in all we have. It is only as we
walk in the light that our testimony can be that the
"blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."
The consciousness that we are not walking in the
least thing about which we have light, breaks the wit-
ness of the cleansing.

Do you ask, what are the prospects of the Salvation
of the heathen? We reply, "Bright, bright as the promises of God."

"So shall My word be that goeth forth out of My
mouth; it shall not return unto Me void, but it shall
accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper
in the thing whereto I send it."
LIST OF ALLIANCE MISSIONARIES.

Akola.
Mr. and Mrs. Fuller.
Miss Olmstead.
TRAINING HOME.
Mr. and Mrs. Garrison.
" Bannister.
" Carroll.
" Dutton.
" Erickson.
" Franklin.
" Godshall.
" Heron.
" Jensen.
" A. Johnson.
" McGlashen.
" Stanley.
" Wood.

INDUSTRIAL WORKSHOP.
Mr. and Mrs. Rodgers.
BOYS' SCHOOL.
Mr. and Mrs. Bendixen.

Khamgaon.
Mr. and Mrs. Foster.
Miss Bates.
" Miller.
GIRLS' SCHOOL.
Miss Goss.

Shegaon.
Mr. and Mrs. Neilson.
" J. W. Johnson.

Budnera.
Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey.
Miss Lindberg.

Buldana.
Miss Bickford.
" Holmes.
" Royle.

Poona.
MISSIONARY CHILDREN'S HOME.
Miss Case.
" La France.

Basim.
(Temporarily in care of Dr. Collis' work until re-inforcements arrive).
DR. AND MRS. SIMMONS.
Miss Walker.
" Brooks.

There is held in all our stations every Friday evening a workers' meeting whose object is to pray for the work and the workers. Allowing for the difference of time between Akola and New York, this meeting comes five hours before the three o'clock Friday meeting in the Gospel Tabernacle.

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