"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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CONSECRATION.

"Lord, I would consecrated be, In word and deed and thought to Thee; I would that all my ransomed power, That every year and day and hour, Might glorify Thy name.

"The fields are white with ripening grain, The lab'rsers still so few remain: O that I could so worthy be, That I might cry, 'Dear Lord, send me To gather in the sheaves.'"

ITEMS.

It seems necessary to state again, as there is still some misunderstanding, that we do not get the "India Alliance" out monthly. It is impossible in the present state of the work to add the burden of a regular paper. Beside we do not want to publish only as we have original matter to fill it.

We thank our friends for their kind words of appreciation. We are constantly touched by the letters that come to us in which our friends write that they pray for us. We do feel the influence of it in our lives and work, and regard you as co-workers with us, knowing that you will share in the reward when Jesus comes.

Will you not unite with us in prayer for an outpouring that you will share in the reward when Jesus comes.

"That she should have a month of rest and change."

We have just had the pleasure of a visit from our Swedish friend, Mr. Francon, who is on his way through India to China. We bad been expecting him but had not heard from him in a long time. We were in Bombay on business. Among the mail forwarded us were two cards, announcing Mr. Francon's arrival by a certain steamer which we found on inquiry had arrived that day! Mr. Fuller soon found him at a hotel, glad of having the privilege of welcoming him to India's coral strand." We attended the weekly meeting held at Miss Richardson's Home that evening where the Lord greatly refreshed us through a talk of Mr. Francon's from the words, "Behold, I come quickly." He went with us to the Lanowli-Camp meeting, and I think many will not forget the sermon he preached the day he left the grounds. He left to visit his Swedish brethren in Central India and then to proceed to Darjeeling to visit their Thibet mission before proceeding to China.

O that I could so worthy be, That I might cry, 'Dear Lord, send me To gather in the sheaves.'"
HEREFORE we ought to give the
more earnest heed to the things which
we have heard, lest at any time we
should let them run out as leaking
vessels." Heb. ii. 1. (marg. reading.)

There are in the church to-day
many, very many leaky Christians.
They are God’s dear children, and
as such, He blesses them all He can, and sometimes
they get full to running over for a little
while at some grand Convention or camp-meet-
ing, and seem to have blessing to give to others.
But they leak, and very soon they are half empty
or three-fourths empty and they feel it and go
to meetings not to carry blessings to others but
to get blessings for themselves. They know
God too well to be happy when so nearly
empty, and when they seek Him, He blesses
them again, but some of them become quite
disheartened and Satan tells them there is no-	hing better and after many sad failures they
give up the Christian life.

An illustration may help. We have in our
Industrial School workshop, a cistern which re-
ceives the rainwater from the roof in the
rainy season and thus keeps a supply in hand
for the use of the engine for the dry months
that follow. Last year it was full to over-flowing
during the rains and we thought that as
the cistern is large, the supply would last a
year.

After a few weeks had passed, as the engine
was running one day, the pump ceased to
bring up water and so, supposing there was
plenty in the cistern, we blamed the pump and
gave it an overhauling. Still no water. We
uncovered the cistern and found it quite empty!
The water had leaked out. “What shall we
do?” “Call the bhisti (water carrier) and
have water brought from the river.” “But
that will leak out too.” We took a lamp and
went down into the cistern to search for the
leak. There was no great breach in the wall,
but after careful search, a little crack in the
cement was found. But what caused it? The
root of a babul tree standing fifteen feet away
outside of the workshop, had made its way
through the earth and quietly pressed against
the cement until it had cracked. We dug back
and cut off the root a distance from the wall
(it may make trouble again but we could not
cut the tree as that did not belong to us) built
it up strong and cemented it carefully. When
dry, the bhisti brought water and poured into
the cistern. The pump did its duty, the engine
was supplied and the work went on. This
illustration suggests many things of which we
have space for only a few:

1. It is useless to tinker the pump or even
to put a new one into an empty cistern. Pumps
do not create water, but only bring up what
is there. So zeal and energy, and eloquence
and fine music, are good, but cannot bring blessing
from an empty heart.

2. It is a waste of labour to pour water in-
to a leaky cistern. First search for the leaks
and stop them. These are a few of them,—
pride, envy, revenge, fleshly lusts, unbelief,
un-confessed sin.

3. The water that leaked out of the cistern
cost us nothing; God gave it in the rain but it
was just as valuable as that which we paid the
bhisti for bringing. So the blessings freely
given us by God must not be thought cheap
nor treated carelessly, for they cost God a great
price, even the blood of His Son, and God
knows the price full well and will not give
blessing to be wasted.

4. The root that caused the trouble was
not inside the cistern but outside. So the
root of bitterness that breaks through your
love or faith may be quite outside of yourself.
For this reason we must be careful of our
surroundings, our associates, our friendships,
and we must make the walls strong against
every enemy.

Glory to God, there is no root of evil strong
enough to break into the heart in which Jesus
rules alone. He will make the weak places
strong and Satan will grow weary with his
wiles against such a heart, but Jesus knows no
weariness in keeping it for Himself.

The secret of backsliding is that reformations are
not carried deep enough. Christians are not set with
all their hearts to aim at a speedy deliverance from
all sins, but on the contrary are left and in many
instances taught to indulge the expectation that they
shall sin as long as they live.
THE WINTER'S WORK.

A NUMBER of our missionaries had enough of the language at the beginning of the cold season to tell the gospel in a simple way to the people. In November a party went out from Akola; Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, Messrs. Smith, Bannister, Bendixen, and Miss Bates and Miss Bickford, and a few native brethren. Our plan was to find a good camping place and besiege a village. We had some most wonderful meetings. At Pulsa, a large place, at the very beginning of our stay we got into trouble. One of the younger native brethren went into a temple with his shoes on and otherwise showed disrespect for the god. This of course stirred up the people against us and there was quite a commotion before we had preached a word. But we preached steadily on until prejudice melted away and the whole town was deeply stirred. I never witnessed anything like it before. One day, many of the people were so moved that they did not go to their daily work in the fields. Some kept coming to our camping-place, which was under a cluster of tamarind trees. The day the work reached its height, the people evidently had decided to reject the truth and boycott us. That evening before we proceeded into the town, a strange kind of depression seized us all. But we kept at prayer until we were enabled to lay hold upon God. When we got into the town, and took our stand at our usual preaching place, not a soul appeared but a few small boys. We had a concertina, four cornets and two tambourines. Our custom was to get a fine open place and sing and play until our crowd gathered. If there was no moonlight, we used lanterns. This night it was dark. No one came. We sang and prayed on. Finally, as if drawn by some irresistible force, they began to drop in one by one, seating themselves in the back ground, so that in the dark we could not tell who they were. So we went on with that large audience in the shadow, whose faces we could not see, until the number got so large that it filled up the whole square. We had a wonderful time, but to our great grief, no break. At the close of the preaching we used to invite all forward, who wished to seek Christ. As we gave the invitation, a leading man rose to come forward but his companions pulled him back. The people usually eat at 8 or 9 in the evening and our meetings usually closed at that hour; sometimes we used to stay until their meal was over and begin a second meeting. This evening the people would not leave to go to eat. We finally had to close the meeting. A number in this place came near the kingdom, but finally drew back. We left the town in much sadness, but feel sure that after such a moral shaking up as that town had had, the people can never be the same and we will believe for fruit still. Many interesting incidents occurred which cannot be told now. "The small boy" exists in India as in all lands. He is often as trying here as elsewhere; but as they sat in our meeting in these villages, often two rows deep, listening so quietly, to every word, I used to be stirred to pray that if the Lord tarried, God would so sink the truth into their hearts that they would lose faith in idols, and be prepared ground.

At one village, we had evidently got a good hold on the audience when a number of men left the crowd, but soon returned with large sticks in their hands and stood on the outskirts of the meeting with the evident intention of resisting any who decided for Christ. They had grown alarmed. At another village several were prayed with and one man received baptism. But the whole village rose against us and him and he was hid the next day. We never saw him again. I presume he was hid till we left and then received back into caste.

One of the young workers said to me, "If this trip has done nothing more, it has showed me the fearful strength of caste." We were forced to the conviction over and over, after some wonderful meetings, that the faith that will bring certain results in the homeland, will not bring the same results here. Where the secret of our failure was we are not quite sure, but to win the strongholds of Satan out of the heart of his own territory, we need deep preparation. We will trust God. He will lead us on to victory. We will not be discouraged. Hallelujah.

After a week's rest in Akola, we re-organised. Instead of Mr. Bannister and Miss Bickford, we took out Mrs. Bendixen and Mr. Dutton. In our first village one night, through the efforts of a few, our whole audience left us. Kneeling down on the ground we prayed until eight or nine returned. How soon the 
\textit{couleur de rose} vanishes from touring. Sometimes our camping places were poor and without sufficient
shades, and many things were not aesthetic; the dust in some of our preaching places would have been a joy to a microbe hunter. But the souls in these surroundings grew very precious to us, and we are deeply stirred as we recount these days, like an old war horse to get back to the battle.

We can only speak of one more village. It was dear Keli Veli—a village of many prayers. Brothers Wood and Franklin lived here for a while. Here we have had the love and confidence of the people for years. Once a little company of twenty-five were all but Christians, defying caste in many ways and praying to God. Oh, the "almost persuaded" ones! The ones in the "valley of decision"! We found at this visit that they had grown very indifferent. We followed the usual plan, holding meetings twice a day until the town was once more deeply moved. One night, the feeling ran so high we could not dismiss the crowd, nor could we get any one to decide. The next night as we took up our stand for work (we were near a temple), we saw intense opposition was intended. All the small boys were gathered into the temple and such a racket one does not often hear. There was a leader in the movement, but we could not see who it was. Mr. Fuller's lungs were the strongest in the party and we undertook to carry the meeting on as usual, praying his voice might not give out. The noise deepened. We then quietly sent one of our party up to see who was there. To our astonishment, he said a schoolmaster who had always been friendly, was the instigator. Mr. Fuller went on quietly preaching and then paused said calmly, "Oh Master, salaam, I had no idea you were up there in that racket; I supposed it was the low fellows of the town."—then he went right on with his preaching. The effect was magical. It was the neatest thing I ever saw. The noise ceased, and they quietly went out one by one while we were left in peace, and full possession.

Both here and at Pulsa we were camped under a large cluster of tamarind trees. In each grove there were idol temples. It was the first time these trees ever resounded with praise and prayer. We saw what grand places they would be for native melas (or camp meetings). When we left Pulsa we marched round the grove singing and then came and knelt before the idol temple and claimed by faith, the place for God.

At K. the people told us over and over, "We accept and believe all you say but will not do two things, i.e., take the name of Jesus and be baptised." A leading man broke down in our tent and prayed. One sentence I do not forget. He said: "Oh God, Thou knowest my difficulties and they are true ones." When he closed his prayer he hesitated a moment and then he said "Amen." He would not say "For Jesus' sake." By this he closed his prayer without the very name that would have brought an answer. We have since heard that the small boys in the place at their play, or as they follow the cattle in the fields, can be heard singing the hymns we sang. The parents have tried to stop it but cannot. We returned to Akola the day after Christmas and just the day before

Our Convention.

All our people came. It was a great joy to welcome our fellow workers from the Guzerat field. The first two days were given to the deepening of spiritual life. Saturday was devoted to the Lord's Coming and Sunday morning we had a communion service. The afternoon we devoted to Divine Healing and at night we had a watch night service. Monday we had intended devoting to business, but Mr. Fuller, after opening the meeting, had not liberty to go on with the business and by common consent all went to prayer. It was a day of much heart searching and the evening witnessed a precious outpouring of the Spirit. This was followed on Wednesday by one of the most wonderful business meetings some said they ever had witnessed. The baptism had wrought us all into precious unity of the Spirit. All the business was transacted with the greatest harmony and every one returned to his field feeling it was the best Convention we had ever had. The greatest work our people have yet is study. Getting a language is very hard work, taking great patience and perseverance. We have to praise God for special help. This part of mission life soon dissipates romance. One of our missionaries recently said to me, "It means far more to be a missionary than I ever dreamed of in America." Those who meet the difficulties with the sense of a call and with faith in the God of difficulties, overcome and are used of God.

After the Convention another touring party was formed of which Mr. Ramsey writes as follows:
"We went to Bhiltek a week too soon for the fair, so we went through nearly all the market towns in the southern part of our district. In one place, after speaking in the bazaar, several of the leading Hindus and Mahomedans came down to the tent in the evening to see why we could say there was no salvation out of Christ. They were splendid fellows, about twenty of them. Some of them could talk English fairly well. We each gave them a personal testimony of what God had done for us. When we returned to Bhiltek we found the fair in progress and we stayed a week. One man, a malee (of the gardener caste) was baptized in the river. He seemed a clear case. He had had some friends who had been baptized and Brother Erickson gave him a letter to the M. E. Church in Nagpur where he was going to live. Our whole trip was a time of great blessing and joy to us all."

NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

BERAR.

MRAOTI.—Mr. Garrison writes: Our Sunday-school has been in progress about four months. We have had from fifteen to forty in attendance. Until the warm days came we had an average of twenty-five, but now we have about fifteen in regular attendance. Quite a number who were in our school have gone away from the city for a time. The school is almost entirely composed of Brahmin children.

Among the parents we have some, to us, most interesting cases, and one caste man who is fully convinced of the truthfulness of the Christian religion and is praying to our God in the name of Jesus Christ, but has not yet the courage to come out boldly. A few days ago he sent for our Native helper, and told him that he had been praying much and was in great distress of mind. We are trusting for him. He desires to have his wife and daughter "taught the Christian religion" as he expresses it, but they are as yet shy of us.

We believe in God and have courage. Praise the Lord.

Budnera. Mrs. Ramsey writes: We have tried a Sunday-school, but as yet we cannot get them to come regularly. Until lately we have been going out to near villages on Sunday morning, now we go to one place in the town here. A number are willing to listen, beside about 20 children. We get the children on the inside of the circle and give them as much as they can bear, and then finish up with the older ones. Our class of beggars is perhaps the most interesting. We baptized one of them in October. Another old man we believe is ready for baptism. We do not give them their cup of grain until after the service. We have an English service at 9:30 p.m. at the Railway Institute. We also visit the weekly bazaar on Monday. The rest of the time we are busy with our studies. He keeps us well in soul and body. Hallelujah.

Akola. The usual routine of work has gone on. Mr. and Mrs. Bendixen after a full year's hard work, had a month of well earned vacation, which they spent at Igatpuri and Lanowli Camp Meeting. Miss Walker took the boys' school. Mr. Stanley, the faithful agent of the Mission, is ever on hand. We often wonder how we could get on without him. The Industrial Shop did wonderfully during the month. The working force is small but it earned one hundred and fifty rupees through the month. One of the boys left the school, to go to an out-station as helper, and a very small bit of humanity was added to the boys' orphanage in the shape of a cast off baby.

Muriasapur. Mr. Bannister writes: Many thanks for the umbrella for the heat (121st Psalm) which you sent. We will need it, as the tiles keep going off our roof. We have not moved out of our old house but hope to do so this week. The order for building has not yet come. I fear we will not get our house up now before next cold season. The new house we are going into is anything but fine, so that we shall have rather a trying time till our new house is built. As brother Heron attempts to go upstairs, he has to hold his head very low while the walls on both sides scrape his shoulders. Still we are not so keen about it as this letter would make it appear. There is grace sufficient, Hallelujah. We find it good to read Andrew Murray's book, "With Christ in the School of Prayer." Jesus is indeed taking us in His school and teaching us how to pray. May we be apt scholars.

Shegaon. Mr. Neilson writes: Since we returned from touring, we have turned to our studies with fresh zeal. We have been kept from sickness during these trying days with
smallpox all around. Praise the Lord. How different it is with the people as we hear them cry to their dumb idols for help. Our God is not as their gods, our enemies themselves being judges.

Our dear helper, Bapu, is still with us and grows in grace. We are out preaching in some village nearly every evening. We have tried to start a Sunday-school but have not succeeded; the parents say we will make Christians of them. Our Bazaar preaching is well attended. Praise the Lord! Our English service is still blessed. We have started a Wednesday evening Bible reading.

Buldana. Miss Royle writes: Our chief work this hot season is study, as on account of the heat we go out less. We have a Sunday-school and an English service Sunday evenings. We visit the weekly market on Sunday afternoon and do a little work. We are welcomed in several homes, and in some villages, but our great work is still the language.

Khamban. Mrs. Foster writes: We have had much trial since the beginning of the year through sickness and the work much broken in upon: but we know that “the peaceable fruits” do come in the “afterward” and so we rejoice in the Lord. Miss Bates has recovered from her severe illness, and the smallpox which was in the school is gone. God “preciously covered the rest of us in the time of the plague.” It is wonderful how God kept and sustained dear Miss Goss through that trying time. Our faith has been greatly strengthened and we knew of a truth that “God is a very present help in time of trouble.” My husband and I greatly enjoyed the refreshing we had at the Camp Meeting.

Khandesh.

Jalgaon. Brother Wood writes: The name of the Lord be praised for safely leading us through the month. I have great reason to praise Him for health this year. We have had our little trials of the days and weeks, but we have kept on the glory side of the cross and have victory. Hallelujah! One day-school goes on nicely. Have a beautiful Sunday-school out of it. I want souls from this plant. My soul was never so hungry for power for service as now. We are reading Acts at family prayer and it moves us deeply.

Brother Dutton writes: We have visited ten villages in the vicinity of Jalgaon, besides work-

ing here and having two Sunday-schools. We had the first move in a village last night when seven or eight men came forward for prayer. As we knelt down they all drew back.

Chalisgaon. Brother McGlashen writes: We have started a Sunday-school with some boys. It has been hard work for they are frightened by being told awful stories of missionaries. However, we find we are gaining in getting the confidence of the people.

Brother Johnson writes: I’ve been much blessed in presenting the Gospel as best I could to the villagers around Chalisgaon. Arrived home from the Camp meeting and Brother Godshall stopped off with us two days. He seemed to enjoy his stay in spite of the dust which was so bad at times we could hardly see each other across the room. I feel quite fresh after the meetings and ready for work. We would have stepped off to see you a few hours but were so weary we were anxious to get home. “Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home.”

Guzerat.

Mr. Gutteridge writes: My time has been taken up between going back and forwards between here and Ahmedabad. We have got our repairs begun and will soon have a home. Kapadvang is a fine little walled city with a population of 14,800. We are twenty miles away from the R. R. Station, the nearest being Dakor, the great Hindu place of pilgrimage. At the next R. R. Station, Nadiad, it is proposed to start a steam tramway from there to here which we shall much appreciate. I have made three trips on my camel from Ahmedabad to here covering over a distance of 250 miles, doing forty miles in under six hours. In crossing a deep wide river with myself and servant seated on the camel, beside our bedding, a large portmanteau of clothing, provisions and a set of cooking utensils all ingeniously packed together, as we were wondering how much deeper the water was going to get, our camel composedly began to lie down, rolling me off into the water. My servant in trying to save himself clutched me and held me under water. We could not change our clothes as those in the portmanteau were wet too. There was no help but to go on and let the sun dry our clothes on our back. We were a sorry sight.

Justification brings us peace with God. Sanctification the peace of God.
MY HEALING—A PILLAR SET UP.
By "Mr. Garrison.

I HAVE been thinking to-day of pillars. My Scripture reading has run along that line of thought.

I saw how pillars were things of support, and how they were sometimes set up as memorial stones, to support one's mind as to certain facts and truths, and thus to influence, or sustain the whole after life.

I saw how God first gave the example when He in the plain of Sodom placed a pillar of salt as a warning to people through all remaining time not to "look back" after having started in a good way.

I saw how Jacob followed the example and at Luz set up a pillar because of God's dealing with him, and made the place a Bethel to him ever afterwards, and how he frequently erected stones of remembrance of marked visitations of God. Also at the commandment of the Lord, Joshua set twelve stones at Gilgal as way-marks of God's wonderful opening up of the waters of the Jordan and rolling away from them the reproach of Egypt.

I saw in all such cases that however little significance the stones might have to a passer by, or to one who looked on, they were deeply significant pillars of remembrance, and memorials of prayers to those who entered into the spirit of the occasion.

To-night, while full of these thoughts, a request was repeated that I would write of the Lord's dealing with me in the healing of my body. Then came to mind the three different times when God had given back my life in answer to the prayer of faith. I thought also of very many whom I had seen God heal, and some cases more marked perhaps than those in my own life. But at this time, as always, my mind fastens upon one time, which has been to me like a Bethel, or a Gilgal pillar of remembrance as to God's dealings with my body. It was in 1892 when He healed me of pulmonary consumption.

It is true, that I had a pillar of remembrance of healing, all through my boyhood, and young man-hood, of which I was often reminded by my mother, and at which I always looked with something of fear and trembling, but it was set up by my parents before the time of my own responsibility before God. However, it often saved me from going back on God and His Word.

But in 1891 in midsummer, just after I had nurses my brother through the last months of the fearful disease which took him from the Theological Seminary and terminated his life, I was taken just as he had been one year before.

I was consecrated to the Lord, and all my time was given to His service, but now disease had taken hold upon me. Nothing had helped my brother, and I had naturally nothing to hope for but a few months of dying, and then Heaven, with Jesus, and the loved ones there. I was rested, and happy, and rather enjoyed the thought of soon having it all over, and being forever with the Lord; though, at first, I had prayed very earnestly that I might recover, and I did so long to still live, to glorify Him in my body.

The disease made progress until I lost my appetite, and coughed night and day. Some of our friends, seeking to deal gently with my dear wife, finally said to her, "You may as well prepare yourself for it, he is going just as his brother did, and it must come."

The fall, and first part of the winter was passed in great weakness, full of weary days and sleepless nights of suffering. In February, of 1892, the Lord graciously encouraged me in His promises of healing, and impressed upon me more fully than ever before the truth, that Jesus "Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses," Matt. viii: 17.

There was an Evangelist—a man of God—near, preaching the Gospel of a Saviour who was risen, to meet man's needs of body, soul and spirit.

I was enabled to trust Jesus definitely, and was anointed with oil according to the Word in James, 5th chapter. Then came into my soul the indescribable rest, and assurance that the thing was done. My appetite returned at once, my cough ceased, the pain was gone, and I realised what I had trusted for, and was pushed out to preach and practice a full Salvation. A few times after I had gone out, I was tried by a re-occurrence of pain in my lungs; but I was always enabled to say, "I thank You dear Lord for this. I know that it is a test of my faith, and I 'count it all joy.' You have spoken to me and it is done." I looked, dear friends, at the pillar set up, and anointed with oil, and went forward rejoicing.

God gave my dear wife and myself to see
hundreds of souls brought to the light of Salvation and health of body and mind. During these years, I have realised that I have, graciously given me of God, a new lease of life.

However much, or little, it meant to friends at the time, or to those to whom the testimony has in the past, or does now come, to me it has ever been the pillar of remembrance of the Lord’s grace and power, which has saved me from the world’s thought and ways concerning the body. I do not forget that I am in a tabernacle of clay, and therefore liable to attacks of sickness and disease; and that unless Jesus comes soon I shall in God’s good time go the way of all the earth; but I do joyfully praise Him that He has revealed His power and grace in me, and given to me the word of promise that it shall ever be to me “according to my faith.”

Since the time of my healing I have never used any of the usual world’s remedies for sickness either for myself or my family. We have five children, the eldest is near nine years of age, and none of them have ever had even one dose of medicine of any kind.

I do not judge others in this, but I have heard again and again—“I cannot trust without medicines,” which practically means, “I cannot trust God to do it.” If God clearly leads to the taking of medicines of course it should be done, but I do protest against trying things and trusting in men and the ways of men instead of taking God’s way as laid down in His Word. The third pillar of remembrance of which I have written was a healing from pneumonia which as a fight of faith was one of the most blessed experiences of my life.

Poona. The work of the Home has gone on steadily. They have just shifted into a more commodious house. It has been a happy home, and the children have grown in grace. The last term there were seven children in the home. Vacation begins April 18th, and lasts till June 12th.

Igatpuri. Again this quiet place at the top of the Ghauts has become our resting place for the hot season. The two youngest boys both came in a terrible condition, covered with sores. The older one of the two several times asked for baptism and was baptised. I asked him if he understood what baptism meant. He said, “It is God’s bath to show the people I have become His child.”

The two youngest boys both came in a terrible condition, covered with sores. The older one of the two several times asked for baptism and was baptised. I asked him if he understood what baptism meant. He said, “It is God’s bath to show the people I have become His child.”

The other little one has been here about seven months. I can never forget the sight of that boy when he came. His nose had been broken, his arms were in sores, some of his teeth knocked out and he had been treated cruelly. But now I can only praise the Lord as I look at him. He is well, and though not a beauty, yet
he is to me the dearest of boys. He used to lie, and had been given opium so that he had a constant craving for food, and he used to steal, and knew not how to obey. To-day he is a new creature. I delight to hear his testimony, prayer and hearty singing. At present we have a little infant about 3 months old. After a little it is to be sent to the Girl's School so that the large girls can help care for him.

The work among the boys has not only its bright side, but its dark side. Some of the boys have tremendous wills and want their own way. For example, a boy did not have his hair cut when he thought he ought to, he would not have it cut at all. Another time because I corrected him for a little thing he went without food for two days and got sick. But the Lord humbled him, healed him and blessed him with great spiritual blessing. Here I want to praise God, for most of the boys trust Him for their bodies and we have had many precious healings in the school. The older boys often have a complaining spirit. As far as it touches me, I will praise the Lord at all times, for everything works together for good. We have two houses for the boys—one for the older and one for the younger. We have room for fifty boys. We receive all whom He sends. I expect great things from God through this work. Eph. iii. 20-21.

A DAY'S VISITING.

By Edith Brooks.

We had the pleasure yesterday of accompanying Sunderbai, a well-known Christian worker, on her round of visits. At 11-30 a.m. her carriage stops at our door, and now while we ride along allow me to introduce you to one of India's noble daughters.

Sunderbai's father was converted from Hinduism. She has worked in Bombay, but at present is laboring in Poona. Twice she has visited England in the interests of the opium question, but both times in the winter. She expresses herself as becoming weary in seeing none but white faces, in eating nothing but English food, and always answering one question—the opium question: never any bullocks nor buffaloes, nor camels, nor dark faces on the street!

But our carriage has stopped and we follow her up a flight of steps—be careful, or you will hit your head against that pole at the top. On entering the room a chorus of voices greet us, giving us the salutation of the country, "Salaam." About thirty boys of various ages sit in the usual posture on the floor. This is a boys' school recently opened. The master, willing to show his pupils off to the best advantage, was anxious to have us share in his pleasure. One chair and bench constitute the furniture of the room. These they offer to their guests while they, with a few neighbouring women, sit on the ground floor before us. A more attentive audience I never saw as Sunderbai expounds the Scriptures, sings, and prays. As we left the house we asked her, "Do you never sing the Marathi words to English tunes to the people?"

"I tried it once," she replied, but noticing their look of wonder, I asked: 'Did you understand what I sang?' "How can we when you were howling like a jackal?" they replied."
We fear Sunderbai in her love and devotion to India and India music was a little hard on English music.

Our conversation must again cease for we are now at a Jewish residence. Gently pushing the door open, we are inside and facing about forty bright little girls in school, who likewise sound their greeting. We are taken into an inner room, a wonge was thrown on the floor, and we sit down, native fashion, on it. One of the three women who sits with us is assigned a lesson in the Gospel of Matthew which she reads with apparent ease. She is evidently a pupil and, although of the Jewish faith, the barriers seem to be melting away as she and her companions listen attentively to the story of the rejected Jesus. This is also true of the next Jewish family upon whom we call. Here, also, a portion of the New Testament was read and explained and great interest manifested. Their little boy has been attending Pundita Ramabai's kindergarten. The morning of the second day, his father called; "Get up, it is time to go to school." "Oh, father," he said, "my feet are so tired, you go!"

This is called "zenana visiting," but the real zenana we were not in. We hope, however, to visit one soon and be able to give our friends a sketch of it, imperfect though it may be, for rather a work among the busy throng than describing what our eyes have seen; but if in writing about the work we will stimulate God's people to greater activity and more earnest prayer, we shall not feel our time spent in vain.

THE LANOULI CAMP MEETING.

For a number of years our Methodist brethren have held a Camp meeting at Lanowli, on the Ghauts half way between Poona and Bombay. It was then abandoned on account of the expense. It was renewed again last year. This year about a dozen of our missionaries attended it: Mr. Garrison, Mr. and Mrs. Foster, A. Johnson; Mr. Godshall, Mr. and Mrs. Bendixen, Miss Case, Miss La France, Miss Brooks and Mr. and Mrs. Fuller. They brought the children from the Poona Home. The grove is very beautiful. In the centre was the large preaching tent, and the other tents were grouped around it. Beside the English brethren there were about 200 Native Christians; and in addition to the four English services a day were three Marathi meetings. God gave our Indian brethren great blessing and it was a time long to be remembered. It seems to us a better plan to hold the Native camp meeting separate, as few of them speak English, and it was hard on the workers who wished to attend both English and Marathi services. The meetings were of unusual blessing, and were a great up-lift and refreshing to us all.

AN EXPERIENCE.

BY MRS. GARRISON.

Was that the breakfast bell? It surely was, yet I could scarcely rub the sleep from my heavy eye-lids, or rouse myself from the sound slumber into which I had fallen.

"For God speaketh, once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed." (Job. xxxiii. 14, 15.)

I was wide enough awake now. This Scripture came to me with such distinctness that it could not have been plainer had an audible voice spoken it.

Dreams! God speaks! When deep sleep falleth! What did it mean? Then I remembered I had dreamed, but like Pharaoh, could not recall it. As I thoughtfully considered these words of the Lord, I asked Him if He had been speaking to me, to enable me to get His lesson.

"The thief cometh not but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy." (John x. 10.)

Why yes, that was my dream: I had been wrestling with thieves. Then immediately the word of the Lord came the third time:

"Be vigilant; because your adversary the devil as a roaring lion walketh about seeking whom he may devour.

This was all so much more real than I can tell you, that all the day long these Scriptures rang in my mind, and I could not but give much time to prayer, for I realised an enemy must be lurking near, of whom my Dear Lord had lovingly given me warning.

Before twenty-four hours had passed, I recognised the "thief" in the form of physical distress that touched several of our little household. Then with God's Word open before me, I told the Lord that while the thief came to destroy He had also said, "But I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly."

O blessed words of promise and comfort! Though thieves come, if the "Strong Man of the House" bind them, why should we fear?

And so rest and quiet and victory dispelled the clouds.

"The Word of God, which effectually worketh also in you that believe." (2 Thess. ii. 11.)

We were reconciled to God by the death of his son, much more being reconciled we shall be saved by his life. Rom. 5: 10.
### List of Alliance Missionaries

**Berar.**

**Akola.**
- Mr. and Mrs. Fuller.
  - Training Home.
- Mr. Stanley.
- Dr. Simmons.
- Mrs. Simmons.
- Miss Olmstead.
- Miss Bickford.
- *Industrial Workshop.*
- Mr. and Mrs. Rodgers.
- *Boy's School.*
- Mr. and Mrs. Bendixen.

**Khamgaon.**
- Mr. and Mrs. Foster.
  - Miss Bates.
  - Miller.
- *Girls' School.*
  - Miss Goss.

**Shegaon.**
- Mr. and Mrs. Neilson.
  - Carroll.

**Budnera.**
- Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey.
- Miss Lindberg.
- Miss Walker.

**Buldana.**
- Mr. and Mrs. Smith.
  - Royle.
  - Holmes.

**Amraoti.**
- Mr. and Mrs. Garrison.
  - Erickson.

**Murtiapur.**
- Mr. Bannister.
  - D. Heron.

**Akot.**
- Mr. Franklin.
  - J. Johnson.

**Poona.**
- Missionary Children's Home.
  - Miss Case.
  - La France.
  - Brooks.

**Khandesh.**

**Jalgaon.**
- Mr. Dutton.
  - Godshall.
  - Wood.

**Chalisgaon.**
- Mr. McGlashen.
  - A. Johnson.

**Gujarat.**

**Ahmedabad.**
- Mr. and Mrs. King.
  - Gutteridge.

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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