"OCCUPY TILL I COME."  LUKE 19:15

THE INDIA ALLIANCE

"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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Ye favored nations of the West,
On whom this light now shines,
Come, help us to reflect the flame
To darkened Eastern Climes.
Send on the finest of your flock—
The child that sweetly sings.
And ye who have no child, send gold
For missionary wings.

ITEMS.

Before this number of the India Alliance shall come from the press, we shall have had the joy of welcoming to our work seven young men. With a deepening understanding of India's need of hearts obedient even unto death, we welcome them to the blessed privilege of becoming servants for its people. For if we are to follow our Master, who came to minister, we must indeed become servants of all. Mrs. Fuller with about fourteen missionaries, is expected soon after the first of November.

During the rains, which were late in coming and are apparently not yet over, several of the missionaries have been severely tested with fever, among them our Superintendent, Mr. Fuller, and our Business Manager, Mr. Stanley. But we can declare victory in the name of the Lord, and deliverance from the power of the enemy. "Victory comes while we sing": for Satan is not happy where God's praises are being sung. "Rejoice in the Lord always" means to rejoice even amid the burnings of fever, when one becomes so dulled and weary that it seems almost impossible to pray. Then is the time to drop, and find the everlasting arms solid beneath. If we are too weary to hold Him, He is never weary, and holds us.

Since our last issue, the woman of whom Mr. Bendixen wrote, has been baptised. Her husband came for her and tried, first by force, then by falling at her feet and entreating, to get her to go back home with him. But she persistently refused to go until she had been baptised, telling him that she had waited for him for over two years and now she could wait no longer. He dragged her to the magistrate, who decided that she had a right to do as she pleased in the matter, and sent a policeman to escort her where she wanted to go. So she came to us and in a few hours was baptised. Her baptism caused quite a stir among the people, as she comes from a well to do family. Her husband now wants to marry a young girl, so has sent his son away from home, and he has come to his mother here. The oldest son became a Christian several years ago and was driven from home so that nothing is known of him now. His wife would like to come to her mother-in-law, and become a Christian, but as yet has not courage to face the threats and anger of her own people. This dear old woman gives proof of knowing God, and we can see that she is growing in grace. It is blessed to see her face light up as she speaks of God's love and peace, which keeps her amid her trials. The Gospel is "the power of God unto salvation."

One of the Native workers tells how a woman in a village refused to listen to his preaching, and prejudiced others by telling them about the Englishman's idol, which she affirmed was the railway engine. The one which she had seen had red paint on the side to show off the number of the engine, and as it is a custom among the Hindus to apply red paint to the idols before they become gods, this poor woman thought that the bit of red paint made the engine a god and that was why it had power to draw the train, with the assistance of the other gods which pushed behind, meaning the red spots on the freight cars. She said that the men went into the engine and eat and then threw some of the food into the fire, which was offering it to the god. No amount of talking could convince her that she was wrong, and so she would not listen, since Christians did what they told Hindus not to do. How true it is that we must speak only that which we know and live out. It is that which comes from the life and heart, which reaches others.

One day as I was among the women, I was telling them how I had left mother, home, and all, to come to this country to tell them about Jesus, because I knew that only through Him they could be saved. An old, wrinkled, hard-looking woman left the place where she was sitting and came and sat down close beside me, smiling lovingly. Finally she said as she patted my cheek, "I will be your mother." She followed me all the afternoon, drinking in the message of salvation.

Born.

July 20th, to Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey, a daughter, Sarah Elizabeth.
August 25th, to Mr. and Mrs. Foster, a son, Howard Alvin.
September 25th, to Mr. and Mrs. King a son.

Married.

Oct. 17th, Mr. Stanley and Miss Lindberg.
" " Mr. Franklin and Miss Bickford.
" " Mr. Heron and Miss Walker.
" 23rd Mr. Wood and Miss Holmes.
" " Mr. Bannister and Miss Royle.
ANointing with Oil.

By Mr. Garrison.

God has said to His people, "Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up."

Men often say and do unreasonable things, but no one with his spiritual eyes open would accuse God of doing so. What reason, then, could God have in enjoining upon His people the anointing with oil in all cases of sickness? for there is no discrimination as to the kind of sickness, but simply, "Is any sick?"

In the first place it is clearly not as a "curative." It would indeed be obscure to use "anointing with oil" as a means of cure for every one of the twenty-five hundred different diseases which a French physician says the human race is subject to. Then, too, the passage says, "The prayer of faith" shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up;" no hint of the oil as a curative. We have heard it said, "The reason for the command was that "at that time, the people were ignorant of medical science." But those who know anything of the history of medicine, know that it reaches far back of the time when this book was written. And to those who believe that the book was given by the Spirit of God and not according to the Spirit or mind of man, it is absurd to say that God knew no better than to tell His people to cure by anointing with oil.

If not as medicine or a means of cure, what then could be God's reason for commanding so unreasonable a thing? It was evidently as an act of separation from the world's ways, and as a committal of the case to Him. It is one of God's "foolish things," with which He confounds the wise "of this world." In 1st Corinthians i. 27-29 it is said, "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, and things which are not, to bring to nought the things that are: That no flesh should glory in His presence."

Look at some of God's "foolish things." The bleeding lamb, instead of beautiful fruits and flowers; circumcision, instead of some imposing ceremony; Moses rod, that figured so prominently in all the "wonders in Egypt" and in the wilderness. May we not reasonably believe that had Moses failed or neglected to "take the rod," as God again and again commanded him, he would not have seen God's power displayed? At one time he used the rod as God had not told him to, and thereby incurred God's displeasure. The display of that "rod" must have seemed very "foolish" to Pharaoh and his people. The ram's horns, and the march about the walls of Jericho were contemptible in the eyes of men, because there was no opportunity to glory in the wisdom of men. We see the "stripling," with a sling and a stone, go forth to meet the mighty warrior, while king and soldier, sword and armour, are set aside! So in the matter of baptism, what good can water, little or much, do towards washing away sins of the soul? How laughable to those who stand on the shore with only the natural eyes opened! Also in the small bit of bread and mere taste of wine in the Lord's supper. How like children's play to those who have the eyes of the soul closed. Naaman's going to the Jordan and dipping seven times for the cure of his leprosy, the blind man with the clay and spittle on his eyes going to the pool of Siloam for his healing, stand out as a few among many of God's ways of "foolishness."

If one runs through the list and draws out the reason for these commands of God, then surely it will not be difficult to find a reason for anointing with oil in cases of sickness. They may each have their special significance, but surely all have a separating and a committing tendency—a separation from the world and its thoughts, and ways, and a committing to God and His ways. The priests of old were anointed with blood and oil, blood for cleansing
and oil for power. Thus they were separated to God, and were no longer to follow the works and ways of other men. The lepers were cleansed by blood, then anointed with oil for service, and were thus separated from their old leprous life and re-restored to service with the people. The oil, all through Scripture, was used as a type of God's Holy Spirit of power.

For several hundred years, the early church followed the command to anoint with oil, until, through unbelief, they lost power to see special manifestations of God's healing, then they perverted the way of the LORD, and instead of anointing for life, changed to anointing for death. This the Roman Catholic Church follows to this day in the "Extreme Unction."

John Wesley said in his comments on this Scripture; "This single conspicuous gift which Christ committed to his apostles—Mark vi. 13—remained in the Church long after the other miraculous gifts were withdrawn. Indeed it seemed to have been designed to remain always.

... This was the whole process of physic in the Church until it was lost through unbelief."

There are tens of thousands now who are coming back to the LORD'S simple way of anointing the sick with oil in the name of the LORD, and seeking to trust alone in the power of His Spirit to heal. There are many failures because we are still in large measure as the disciples were to whom Jesus said, "O fools and slow of heart to believe all that is written," hence we try to mix the way of the Lord and the ways of the world. Many do not distinguish between the trial of faith and calamity or affliction. They take a stand for Divine healing, but when the trial of faith comes, as it is sure to do, they "flee to Egypt for help." However, through all, in the word, God's way for His people stands unchanged and, "If we believe not, nevertheless He abideth faithful, He cannot deny Himself." As the conflict goes on between man's thoughts and God's simple remedy, many are continually saying, "but when we are sick we ought to do something." Yet they leave undone the very thing God has said do—"Believe" and "Obey."

There is so little happiness in the world that they who have it ought to advertise it thoroughly. God puts light, not under a bushel, but on a candlestick, that all may see it.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

BERAR.

KOLA. Mr. Franklin writes: As I look back over the work in our Church for the past few months, two passages of Scripture come to mind, which give our experience. "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall put him to flight," (Mar.) and, "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in the heavenly." We, as a Church, were seated in the heavens with Christ Jesus with much spiritual fellowship and blessing, and while thus seated, the enemy came in like a flood. Had it not been for the assurance that the Spirit of the Lord would put the enemy to flight, we would have been helpless. But just like God, He came to our help. All the rents were not healed immediately, but God brought some of our Christians into a deeper place in Him, and we trust for a deeper blessing through the whole Church. We need to stand for them and yet we need to bring each one to know how to take from God for himself.

The Bible work is variable. At times much of interest is shown and a large number attend, then there is no apparent interest and the attendance is small. But we have our expectations from Him. He never fails.

A young man who has been converted from Romanism, has taken a firm stand for Jesus and is ready to be baptised. He has given considerable anxiety from the spread of his views of Romanism among our Christian young men. But Jesus is victor; we have come out more than conquerors through Christ, for we have conquered the enemy and taken the spoils for Jesus.

Our most encouraging evangelistic work is among the villages. There are many villages within a circuit of a few miles, and this gives us a good walk after a day's study. Nearly the whole village will sit for an hour or two listening intently, and often follow us for half a mile, inviting us to come again. I have great hopes for some of these villages, and believe God will shortly show His salvation among them. I long for a few whole-hearted, Holy Ghost anointed Native Christians, who would go out in these villages and live among the people, telling them every day about Jesus and showing them the power of God to keep from sin.

Mrs. Bendixen writes:—Praise the Lord!
Jesus is victor. We realise that we are in the enemy's land, and he has lately tried to afflict us in our bodies, but he did not overcome. Mr. Franklin, Mr. Bendixen and I, were taken with fever about the same time, but the dear Lord brought a speedy deliverance, for which we praise Him. Hymn 303 in our hymn book was made a great blessing to me. I received healing by faith and told Satan it was done. It was not realised without fighting: but without fighting no victory, without victory, no crown. Truly those who put their trust in God are made more than conquerors. We have better appetites than before and are better able for hard study. I have been more blessed in the study of the language than ever before. Then the blessed experience of proving our Father's promises true, enables us to go on and trust for greater things. It behooved the Captain of our Salvation to be made perfect through suffering, and we are walking in His footsteps, looking to Him who has promised to supply all our needs.

Miss Case writes from the Boys' School:—
Two very important events have taken place since our last issue, namely, our yearly examination and our school picnic. Most of the boys did well in their examination and were deemed worthy of promotion. They seem to have taken hold of study for the coming year with increased interest and renewed zeal. The picnic was an occasion of no small interest to the little folks and the Native Christians, who were all invited to partake in its festivities. The boys volunteered to assist in preparing refreshments, and such a merry, busy time as they had, mixing, pounding, kneading, rolling, culling, frying. Although their labours extended late into the night, all seemed fresh and bright next morning as we started off for a shady spot by the riverside, where all spent a very happy day in fun, frolic, and feasting on the good things which they had worked so hard to prepare. The day's pleasure closed with a service of praise and prayer and a feast of precious morsels from the Word of God.

The Lord is dealing with us very tenderly in the school, keeping, providing, and blessing, according to His faithfulness. One little fellow has been preciously healed during the past month. He was bitten in the night by a rat, but as the wound seemed very slight and soon healed, I felt no concern about it. After some days, however, he was taken ill, and a large, hard, and very painful swelling appeared where the bite had been, indicating that the flesh had been badly poisoned and that the child was in a serious condition. As he wished to leave all in the hands of the Lord, we used no remedies, but anointed him and left him in the hands of the Great Physician. The suffering and fever continued for a number of days. His mother and other friends who came to see him, were alarmed, and feeling it was quite wrong to use no medicine, wished to remove him from the school until he should recover or die, as the case might be. It was a trying time, but God was faithful. The mother came to take him away, but I said, not now, wait a little and see what God will do. She went away and we got down before God, pleading that His will be done. Victory came. That night the swelling was completely removed and the child healed. We rejoice to say that there is a continued interest in the study of the Word among the boys. With all their shortcomings, they love the Lord and have an earnest desire to be used for the salvation of others.

Our ayah is the old woman who has recently been baptised. She gave a beautiful testimony in prayer-meeting last evening and requested us to sing a hymn some of the words of which are as follows:—

"Jesus is dear, O Jesus is dear to me;
To Him I have given my body, my soul, and all my possessions;
I am happy, very happy;
My soul keeps looking unto Jesus."

Another native woman who helps with the children had formerly a quarrelsome disposition and violent temper. About a year ago, through the faithful labours and prayers of dear Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, God brought her into the light, and now she is indeed a new creature in Christ Jesus. Our one prayer is, Lord, let thy perfect will be done in and through us, that the power of the Holy Spirit may be continually manifested in our midst.

Miss Walker writes:—It has been my privilege to go out some among the women in Akola. They are generally interested and assent quite readily to our message, but only the mighty power of God can pierce through the darkness and superstition that pervades their whole lives and shuts them in on every side. And even if they were to break through these, and decide for Christ, it would mean the loss of husband, home and friends. And so it will be readily understood that to win such a people for God, we must know Him in the power of His might, and be found in Him not having our own righteousness but that "which is of God by faith."

It is all very well for us to say we want nothing that will hinder us from receiving Christ in all His fulness, but we must rise up with a holy, almost fierce, determination, and claim deliverance from everything that could possibly hold us back, and mount into that place of
triumph where we know that nothing shall hinder us from stepping into all God has for us.

We must sell all, and go down into that grave, and place ourselves in that rough rocky niche, and let that great stone be rolled over the mouth and close us in from all we hold dear. Then we shall win Christ and be found in Him and in the power of His might, and shall be able to win the heathen.

Amraoti. Miss Olmstead writes:—Of all the influences of my life, that which sent me to India and gave me an opportunity to sow seed on new soil is most precious. But I am so glad that I did not go until I had learned to know the God “who healeth all thy diseases,” until I had learned “to wait for his Son from heaven.” These two blessed facts of Christ’s present healing, and His speedy coming, double the power of the Gospel among these people.

In Amraoti, the Catholics have distributed medicine very widely. So we are asked for it almost everywhere we go. This opens the way to show God’s better plan for the body. As I tell the people that I do not give medicine, and that I have not taken any for ten years, but that when I am sick I pray to the true God and He makes me well, the faces of the sick kindle with interest; they ask questions about this new way of life, and are sometimes led to ask us to pray for them. A little Marathi girl near the mission house was raised up from fever by the Lord Jesus. Her mother joined us in prayer for the child, but the father came home, and ordered us to leave immediately. As we passed this house, a street in prayer. My words were so weak and halting that it seemed almost as if the Marathi would not come at all. As we came away, we heard some of the men upbraiding the grandmother. “Aha,” they said, “now you will see whether the child will get well! A fine priest she is!!!” The powers of darkness seemed all about us, but I found sweet rest in God after praying with the dear missionaries at home. How I do bless God for their comradeship! It was nine days before we reached the same spot again. I tried to go before, but whenever we went on that street there would be some one to invite us elsewhere. On inquiring after the child a man told us that she was just the same. I made my way into the compound to find the child, but on seeing her, there was such a change that I did not at first recognise her. I asked to see her arm, and there were three great black scabs half an inch thick, but the arm was healed. Bless the Lord!

One day some women called us into a house where they were worshipping the goddess Mahakshmidavi. Two doll-like figures about three feet high stood in the room, a taper was burning dimly, and there were various offerings of cooked food placed on the floor before the images. The sight gave me a sickening feeling that remained with me for days. Because the man of the house was angry at our coming we left speedily. But I brought away a new sermon about the real God who did actually help mothers, and who was the God of prosperity.

I do love this beautiful Indian people with their warm hearts and keen intellects. I do feel that with the Gospel they are capable of becoming a race not a whit inferior to the Englishman or his cousin across the sea. I sit with the women in their little mud huts and feel more kinship with them in their poverty and ignorance than I should in fashionable circles at home. They say, “Your religion must be true, and our people will yet accept it, but how can I leave my husband and children to become an outcast?” Nevertheless here and there a struggling soul is coming to know the power of Christ in the life. Much precious seed is still waiting to be watered with the tears and prayers of God’s people that it may bring forth an abundant harvest.

Last night we went to see a Brahmin woman who has listened eagerly to the Gospel whenever she has had an opportunity. With a joyful smile she told us that she had had fever, but she did not take medicine,—she trusted the true God just as we did, and after two days she was well. Are you reminded of the Saviour’s words, “I have not found so great faith, no not in Israel’s?”
Among the sad sights to be frequently seen here, are the opium babies—little lifeless skeletons, sometimes not much bigger than your hand! They sleep most of the time, and so require little care or food. They sometimes support their parents, who carry them from house to house to excite the sympathy of those who have money. In our village we found a child that looked like an opium baby, but it was not drugged, it was simply starving to death. When I offered the mother money to buy milk for it, she refused, lest her husband should beat her.

Buldana. Miss Holmes writes:—Wanted, notes from the field. At this writing we feel that our note is in a minor key for several reasons. Since the rainy season set in, we have been obliged to stay in the house many days. One day we noticed crowds of people going toward the jungle. On inquiry, we learned that a fakir had come to the outskirts of the village and was being worshipped. Taking our umbrellas, we went out to see for ourselves. There on a hill overlooking a deep, wild ravine, sat the man, half-nude, emaciated, one hand up-lifted, the other upon his breast, his eyes staring, while hundreds of people, from the lowest to the highest caste, were doing him obeisance. We came home sick at heart, praying God to lift the veil from their eyes. We spoke to a little group by a temple and tried to point them to the living God who inhabiths Eternity and liveth in the hearts of those that love and obey Him. In the evening some Brahmins went to see the fakir and found him gone. It is said he fled because the shadow of a woman had fallen on him.

Miss Royle relates one Sabbath morning's experience. She was preaching to a group of women who, after listening quietly for a while, said that if she would give them thirty rupees (thirty pieces of silver) they would become Christians. It was a significant remark, and called forth another text that apparently deeply impressed them. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Another day, while talking to a different company about the realities of the life to come, Miss Royle touched their hearts by telling of the sweet hope and assurance she had of seeing her dear mother again. Instantly the whole company was alert with interest and an old woman asked, "Shall we see our mothers?" Another time we visited a house and found an old man reading to some women from one of the Hindu Shastra. After listening to him we asked permission to read from our Shastra, and talk about our Saviour. They listened very respectfully and after we had said all we could, one of the women invited us to her house near by. She treated us very cordially and on our departure, urged us to come the next week. Accordingly we did so, but they scarcely looked at us and would talk only enough to refuse us admittance. But they heard enough of salvation the first time to render them inexcusable before God. Such occurrences often cause the minor notes.

Shegaon. Mr. Neilson writes:—We are glad to tell you that we are on the mountain top, victorious in our blessed Savior. We are kept very busy with our studies, and village and town preaching. We now preach freely without any helper and have in a measure won the hearts of the people. Many a home is open to us. The Brahmans have been somewhat stirred and several come to our English meeting. We commenced to give out a few simple remedies to relieve the suffering of the people, and now it seems that every body knows it, and daily from twenty to thirty people come for help. We do not give medicine to any one without first telling them of Jesus and how He can save and heal them. The Lord is preparing us for the coming touring season when we trust to do good work among the villages. Our district contains two hundred and forty villages, of which one hundred and twenty-seven were visited last year. This year we hope to reach the rest and tell them of a Saviour's love.

Murizapur. Mr. Bannister writes: The Lord is still doing great things for us, whereof we are glad. The Gospel is working silently but surely in the hearts of the people around us. Not with much outward manifestation truly, yet the Lord does permit us to see some occasionally. A Mahomedan woman who has been living a bad life, is inquiring after the truth, and desires to leave her sinful life and become a Christian. She often comes to see Anima, (our Christian cook) to talk with her about it. Then there is a Telugu man who has been several times to get Christian books and gospels. He has become an inquirer, and his seems to be an especially hopeful case. Besides, the working of the Lord is seen in the increased desire of the people to hear the Gospel. Two Sunday nights lately, when going to a certain place to preach, we have been called by a well-to-do man, to stop opposite his house and preach. There, sitting on the stump of a tree, with the people sitting on a large pile of wood in front of us, as if on the terraced seats of a theatre, we have had very large and interested audiences, the man who invited us being the most interested of all. So we go forward, taking courage from what we see of the Lord's working with us, and believing for greater things. There are many
around us here who are just in the valley of decision. May the Lord help them to come out on the right side. My heart goes out to God for a real infilling of His Spirit for myself, and the Native Christians about me, and for a real outpouring of His Spirit upon the heathen around, and upon these seeking ones. Oh that He may so come upon them that they shall forget their doubts and fears and step right into the kingdom. May the Lord keep each one of His workers, so imbued with His Spirit, so fully yielded up to Him, that He may use us to gather out a people for His name.

Khundesh.

Chalisgaon. Mr. McGlashen writes:—We wish to report all the members of the little Church here well, happy, and enjoying one dear Father's love and blessing. Though few in number, Jesus is in the midst, cheering us on to fresh efforts. During the past few months, we have visited a number of villages, in many of which the Gospel was preached for the first time. As it was when Jesus was on earth, the common people heard the word gladly. One day we went to a village about four miles from here, and as is our custom, went to the chowdy, the house prepared for strangers. But we found that the Kunibis or farmers, were having a caste dinner there, so we decided to go to the Mahar quarter. A large crowd gathered and listened for several hours. They were so interested that they appointed the day for us to come again. These people were very much laid on our hearts, and we appointed a day for special prayer for the coming meeting. We gathered the members of the little Church together, and when about to commence the service, found that one was missing, a young convert who lives in a village three miles distant. Several of the company expressed a wish that Ramclander would come. The words were hardly out of our lips when Ramclander's form darkened the doorway. As he did not know about the meeting, we asked him how he happened to come at such an opportune time, to which he gave the following answer. "I had been reading my Bible, and about twelve o'clock, placing the open Bible in my chest, I fell asleep. I could not have been asleep long when I heard a voice say distinctly, arise. Thinking some one called me, I arose and asked my wife if she had called. She replied that she had not and that she had heard no one call. I lay down again and slept, but shortly afterward the same call was repeated, I arose and as before could see no one. I said, 'truly the Lord has been speaking to me, so I will go to the mission.' That is why I am here," This incident helped us to take stronger hold of God in prayer and before the meeting closed we felt the assurance of God's answer. So the following day we went early to the village that we might have a long service. Imagine our disappointment when the gate-keeper told us that the Mahars had gone to the jungle, and that nearly all the people in the village had gone to the fields to work. We looked at each other in blank astonishment, for had we not the assurance that the Lord was going to give us a good meeting? Still we knew that God's resources were mighty, and trusted that He would give the desire of our heart before the day closed. To see for ourselves, we took a walk around the village. We met two or three old men who corroborated the gate-keeper's story. We came back to our starting point and had not been standing at the gate more than a minute, when, as if by magic, we saw people coming from all directions. Where they came from we could not tell, but all at once the seemingly deserted village was all bustle and activity. In a few minutes there assembled nearly the largest audience we have had outside of Chalisgaon, Kunibis, Mahars, and a large number of women. Now you will see that God's plan was far better than ours. We arranged to preach to the Mahars, but God arranged for us to preach to all. God gave us a lesson that we shall not soon forget: have faith and do not trust to appearances. We believe many souls were touched and awakened. At this meeting a young convert gave his first testimony. The Lord was with him in power and we believe his words went straight home to the hearts of the people.

Falgaon. Mr. Dutton writes:—We had a precious testimony in our prayer meeting last evening from a little low caste boy who has been in the school ever since it was opened. He and his mother regularly attend these meetings, although they are held specially for the benefit of our Christian helpers and servants. A few nights before, he had been stung by a scorpion and the wound was very painful, but he said he just went and prayed to the Lord Jesus and the pain was all taken away and he had a good night's rest. Who can doubt that God heard his prayer? He has declared to his mother several times that he was going to be a Christian. Her heart has also been touched by the truth. We hope to see her come out soon.

We are sowing the seed daily and expecting an abundant harvest.

Deccan.

Poona. Miss Brooks writes:—Our work in Poona is a very precious one; and although Miss Bates and I both feel called to native work, still at present we are sure that we are in God's way, and are abiding His time to thrust us out
into the whitening harvest fields. This Children's Home, however, is a part of God's great plan and we are happy in caring for the lambs of the flock. Will they not also go forth to open the eyes of the blind? Isa. xiii. 7. Yea verily.

The children are all doing well in their studies. Nearly all have just passed into higher grades and are very much interested in their lessons. Sickness has been almost unknown and when satan has attacked the body the Lord has so quickly and graciously answered prayer that the enemy's power has scarcely been felt.

Mr. Dennis Osborne, General Evangelist of the M. E. Church of this country, has recently held a series of most interesting and profitable meetings here. Sinners were converted, backsliders reclaimed, believers sanctified, and the effects still go on. India needs the best we can give her. God is holding out His best gifts to us. Shall we accept that we may be able, in all the fulness of Jesus, to point her children to a complete Saviour.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

Mr. Neilson.

In a very dark evening we were coming through a jungle, without light and without a guide. We had been told the wrong road, but we thought we would soon reach a village where we could buy food for the bullocks, and could rest for the night. As we stopped for prayer, how real Jesus was to us, and He sweetly whispered trust to us that took away every fear. Can you imagine the picture? We were kneeling in an Indian jungle, surrounded by thick darkness, not knowing the road, without a light, without a guide; but we knew our loving Lord, and that He would guide. Both our bullock driver, an old Hindu, and the bullocks, had become very impatient on account of hunger; but our prayer had made a deep impression on him, so he went on without further complaining. My wife and myself, with our native helper, were also hungry, but we had learned to be content in whatsoever state we were in. I went on ahead to find the best road, the cart followed me, and my wife and Bapu came behind that. We went slowly and carefully over hills and down valleys. I knew from my map that there was a large river somewhere in this direction. At last we came to the top of a large hill, and it did indeed seem impossible to get cart and bullocks down without breaking everything to pieces. But we had committed our way to Jesus, so I told the driver to come on slowly. But as he started down the hill, the weight of the cart came on to the bullocks and they commenced to run, I just had time to step to one side as they rushed by me. My first thought was that everything was broken to pieces and the driver was killed! But as we all hurried on, we found the bullocks and cart in the middle of that large river, while the driver sat on the cart unharmed, and said in great astonishment, God has been good, nothing is broken. We found that the bullocks had left the road and jumped a height of seven or eight feet, and not even a screw in the cart was loosened. After our first astonishment was over, we began to wonder how we were to get out of the river. In the darkness we did not know in which direction to turn to meet the road on the other side. How we longed for light! And our loving Master knew our desire, and sent us light. In front of us were high hills and as we stood talking over the situation, a large fire was started on one of them. sending its beautiful bright light down to us in our need. By means of it, we came out safely on the other side and found the road. Praise God for light in darkness! We soon reached a village, and though the head man of the village forbade the people to help us in any way because we were missionaries, a man brought us some wood, water, and fodder for the oxen. We built our fire under a large tree and soon had our meal of curry and rice, and water from the river. As we asked His blessing upon the food, Jesus was just as near us as He was to the two disciples on their way to Emmaus, and He opened our eyes to see His infinite grace and goodness in caring for us, and above all in giving us Himself, the true Light, to dispel all darkness from our hearts. In the morning, after a good rest in the open air, we went out among the people to tell them of this true Light, with the full confidence that He would soon shine in many a heart, driving away the darkness of sin.

The cold season is nearly upon us, the season to which we look forward as a time for especial work among the people. Nearly all who are in stations, are preparing for touring among the villages of their taluks, many of which may never have had the Gospel presented in them. In many ways God has been preparing us for this work, and may we not expect that it shall be a time of reaping? We need to go to the work with all past methods, experiences and plans laid aside, and a complete dependence upon the Holy Spirit every moment for new methods applicable to the moment's needs. We must continually step up into new things which God has ready for us as we abandon ourselves to be taught.
MY HEALING.

By Mrs. Stanley.

AM happy to give my testimony to the healing power of Jesus Christ, and I trust that the dear Lord will bless it, simple as it is, to some suffering one.

Eleven years ago, I received an injury by the careless lifting of a heavy box. I at once began to suffer severe pain, but did not think it anything serious. At this time I was not saved and did not know about leaving everything in God's hand. I did not want to go to a doctor for help so took some simple home remedy. But as the pain increased every day, I soon told my mother that she might call a doctor. He examined me and told me I must go to a hospital, as my case could not be treated at home. After going through very painful treatment at the hospital, I was quite well for a year and a half. But four years ago the old difficulty returned, and for seven weeks I suffered intensely. At this time I was saved, but did not think of taking the Lord for my body. One morning as I went to the elevated station to take the train to go to my work as usual, the pain came with such violence that I had to return home. In spite of my dread of doctors, I felt that I must go to one, and after an examination I was told that I must go to a hospital for an operation. In an instant all the dreadfulness of the former treatment passed through my mind, and I felt that I could not go through an operation. But the doctor assured me there was no other help for me. As I was waiting to my home, the Lord spoke so tenderly to me, asking me if I could not trust Him for my body as well as I did for my soul. I realised the Lord's presence beside me and a sweet assurance crept into my heart that I could fully trust Him, and I said, "Yes Lord, I can trust Thee, but Thou must tell me how." He directed my thoughts to Mrs. Simpson of New York for instruction. She did not say much to me, but gave me a copy of "The Fourfold Gospel" and told me I would find there the key to all I needed to know. As I studied the book with many prayers to the Lord for light, I became convinced that Jesus Christ was the same yesterday to-day and forever, and that His power to heal was just the same that day as in the days of old when He was on earth. So I gave myself anew to Him, but this time both soul and body, telling Him that I could fully trust Him for my health as well as for all my other needs. From that very moment the pain gradually ceased and after a week it was all gone. Glory to Jesus, it has never returned. Neither have I had any other sickness. In this country where the climate is so trying to foreigners, the Lord has kept me as healthy as He alone can keep those who fully trust Him. Last hot season, a feeling of great weariness came over me. I attributed it to the heat and for some weeks did not pay much attention to it. But at last it became a burden to me, and I felt that the Father wanted to renew my strength, and that the time for victory had come. I went alone before the Lord and asked for deliverance from the weariness and for new strength. Praise God, He was right there to bless and in a moment I realised a stream of new life flowing through my whole being. I arose from my knees better acquainted with Him that never faileth, and went to my studies refreshed in soul and body. As I write these lines I can feel His arms around me and hear His sweet voice whispering in my ear, "Child, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," and Hallelujah, I know it is true.

METHODS OF WORK.

By Mr. Erickson.

A FEW words concerning the methods of reaching the people may not be out of place at this time.

In our desire to help the people, the question often comes to one's mind, which is the best plan to accomplish the most good, with the least expense? Shall we become interested in educational lines or endeavour to draw the people by the quack medicine chest?

The cry in this land, as elsewhere is for education. Mission schools have become very popular among the Brahmins, as a means of educating their children without expense and little fear of a troubled conscience. It is the boast among many of the graduates, that they do not fear the mission schools. Many of these Brahmins, educated in mission schools, have become enemies of the cause of Christ. Conversions in some of the mission schools, is the
The India Alliance.

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into the whitening harvest fields. This Children's Home, however, is a part of God's great plan and we are happy in caring for the lambs of the flock. Will they not also go forth to open the eyes of the blind? Isa. xlii. 7. Yea verily.

The children are all doing well in their studies. Nearly all have just passed into higher grades and are very much interested in their lessons. Sickness has been almost unknown and when satan has attacked the body the Lord has so quickly and graciously answered prayer that the child's power has scarcely been felt.

Mr. Dennis Osborne, General Evangelist of the M. E. Church of this country, has recently held a series of most interesting and profitable meetings here. Sinners were converted, backsliders reclaimed, believers sanctified, and the effects still go on. India needs the best we can give her. God is holding out His best gifts to us. Shall we accept that we may be able, in all the fulness of Jesus, to point her children to a complete Saviour.

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Mr. Neilson.

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exception rather than the rule. The hard-

earned money of many a person too poor to give
his own children a good education, goes to
educate the well to do Brahmins. Consecrated
money used for such purposes, does not appear
to be the Lord's highest plan.

I have no criticism to make against good
mission schools, but if the coming of Christ is
speedily drawing nearer, it behoves us as mis-

sionaries of the lowly Nazarene, to look for a
more speedy way of reaching the people.

If Paul, single handed, turned the world
upsie down, what may not we accomplish by
the power of the Holy Ghost, with the prayers
of many to encourage us?

Instead of establishing small school centres
here and there or becoming interested in other
plans, all good in themselves, let us wait on the
Lord for the power of speech and a great
outpouring of the Holy Ghost upon the people,
during the coming cold season.

As we have a definite call to preach in this land,
so we may have the Lord's mind as to the work.
This will save us from the snare of the enemy
many times. If the Lord blessed us in the home-
land, either in personal work or in preaching to
the crowds, it may be well to use the same tried
sling, rather than walk in the steel armour, how-
ever pleasant it might appear.

May the Lord help us to come up to His
highest thought in these days of opportunities
and power.

A NOTE OF PRAISE.

MRS. SIMMONS.

It is with heartfelt gratitude and praise
to God that I thank Him for the way
He has been leading my dear husband
and me the last few months. Although
we have been walking through the deep waters
and very dark ones at that, and it seemed some-
times as if the flood was going to overflow us;
yet amid all, above the angry roar, we could
hear the still small voice assuring us that we
had a safe Pilot, one that never failed to guide
into the harbour of peace and calm. Our sick
room really seemed to be filled with the stillness
and brightness of His dear presence, and often
we heard, "Lo, I am with you; be of good
courage; wait." It seemed at times that I could
almost touch Him. His presence was so real.
I can never tell what these months of testing
have been to me. How much better I under-
stand the love of Father, the grace of Jesus and
the comfort of the Holy Spirit!

It is now four months since we came back to
Akola, filled with joy at the expectation of having
five or six months good study with a pundit who
knows our needs. But Father willed it other-
wise. He wanted to show us more of His tender
love and His power to save even to the utter-
most, that His name might be glorified among
the heathen and those who do not know Him in
His fulness. On our way to Akola, my dear
husband took a severe cold which resulted in a
bad form of La Grippe. It took such a hold
that for several days he was on the border of our
home land. But praise the Lord, there is
nothing too hard for Him. The hem of His
garment was touched and the healing began to
flow. It was a gradual healing, the Lord knows
best why. But very soon he was well enough,
though weak, to administer to the needs of many
poor sufferers, until about six weeks ago, he
came in contact with one whom he was visiting
in such a way as to poison his blood, and he was
taken down very suddenly. It was dreadful to
see what a hold the disease had upon him. It
attacked every organ, and his heart was so bad
that he had fainting spells, one after another,
that naturally he could not have recovered from.
More than all, the bowels seemed to give way
and continued so for three weeks, until he was
so low that we could not move him at all. Glory
be to God, what a wonderful Saviour we have!
For three weeks it seemed as if he was hovering
between life and death, and still he could hear
Jesus say, "Not yet, My son; I have more work
for you in this dark land." It was wonderful
the assurance which God gave me and all our
dear ones, that Satan was not going to conquer,
but that my husband should be raised up again
for God's honour and Glory. Special prayer
for his speedy recovery was held by our loved
missionaries in all the stations. So now I am
happy to report that every day brings added
strength from the precious, healing fountain of
life. It was most touching to see the Christian
natives come to our bungalow and prostrate
themselves before the door in prayer that God
might restore my dear one for continued service.
Even the heathen would come to comfort me,
saying they were sure our God would make dear
papa well. Our Parsee and Brahman friends,
too, have been watching attentively. Praise
God, they see that we have a wonder-working
Jesus. My husband was shouting praises to God
this morning because he broke down with the
harness on, and he says he is soon going to have
it on again and expects greater results than ever.
I praise God for sustaining strength and for His
care of the dear ones who so faithfully watched
and nursed through weary nights.
## List of Alliance Missionaries

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<th>Area</th>
<th>Missionaries</th>
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<td>Industrial Workshop</td>
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<td>Mr. and Mrs. Gutteridge</td>
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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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THE
INDIA
ALLIANCE

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