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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ITEMS.

We must apologize for the long delay in the appearance of the paper, and must state again to our friends that we do not get the "India Alliance" out monthly but only occasionally, twelve copies being considered equivalent to a year's subscription. It is impossible in the present state of the work, to get out a monthly paper. It is a greater task than we have time at our disposal. You can tell by the number of the paper whether you have received all.

For some time past we have felt the need of a Home for our work in Bombay, so after much prayer and waiting upon God it became a fact on April 1st. If you will hunt along Grant Road in Bombay, you will find a gate post with the following sign,—

"Berachah Home
I. M. A. Mission."

and turning into the yard you will see over the front door on the glass in large letters: "Berachah Home." Yes, we do trust it will be a "valley of blessing" to many a heart,—a centre of as much blessing as dear Berachah in New York has been. As Bombay is half-way between our Marathi and Gujarati work, Mr. and Mrs. Fuller make their home here; also Miss Anderson and Mrs. Miller. We have opened an English prayer meeting every Friday evening at 7:30. Also from an open air service on the beach every Sunday evening, we have not yet got fully launched into other regular work. But we feel God has a place for us in this great city and will unfold His plan for the work to us and that we will be able to tell our friends more in another number.

Our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Mody, (be a convert from the Parsee religion,) have been much worn and wanted to visit England for a change and rest. So we have consented to take over the charge of their work for six months, or nine. It consists of a School to Jewish children, Zemana visiting in Mohammedan Homes, and some visiting to the Jews, also a Hindoo boys' day school and Sunday School. As much of this work has to be done thro' Hindustanee, and all our workers speak Marathi or Gujarati, God has raised up a worker for us in dear Mrs. Cutler who speaks Hindustanee. It has touched us very much that our very first work in this city should be to the Jews. "To the Jew, first."

The hot season has been upon us for nearly two months. We wish our readers could have the privilege of reading our letters from the different stations and catch the tone of victory: "I do not feel the heat." "Have not had a single day's or night's inconvenience." Truly the Lord has made literal His promise of being a shadow in the heat. It is very keen in some places—the thermometer registering from 110° to 116° in many of the stations in the shade. The winds too are hot and often laden with dust. To some of our dear ones in great weakness it has been proving God in a new way. One of our missionaries tells that one night she was oppressed by the heat, affecting her head and heart. As she lay in bed she sought the Lord without any sense of victory, then getting out of bed on her knees she pleaded the promise that the sun should not smite her, and what rest and victory came in giving her sound sleep all night, and when she awoke in the morning she was as bright as if nothing had happened.

Our Superintendent sailed for Shanghai, China, on April 18th, to be gone two or three months. Though he was well and went on business, we are glad he could have the quiet away from the rush of the work, and trust he will come back with a fresh anointing. We trust he will be able to see some of our dear China I. M. A. workers.

Mrs. Fuller was away at Mahableshwar for a week for some meetings where God gave precious blessing, and since then has visited our Guzarati stations, and brings back word that the heat is not so great there as in Berar.

Mrs. King, of our Kaira Station, has lain in the European Hospital for many weeks with fever, but seems to be gaining now. Dr. Simmons has also been ill for many months. On Saturday, April 27th, Mrs. Gutteridge sailed for England with her three little children, after a seven years' stay in this country. We sympathise with Mr. Gutteridge in his lonely home at Kapadvanj.

This year has witnessed a very malignant form of small-pox in India, gradually spreading from city to city. Calcutta registered one week over 200 deaths from it and another week 135. It was in a very malignant form at Ahmedabad, and we humbly praise God for his protecting care over our band of workers there. The Friend's Mission in Central India have lost a worker thro' this disease; one of the Kurku Mission ladies had a very severe attack but God tenderly spared her life, and this week Mr. Guy Reilly of the Firebrand work, who only landed in India a few months ago, passed away. We sympathise deeply with his young bride of six weeks. We realize these latter days are solemn times, and that we need to walk humbly with our God and hide away in the secret place. Beside Mr. Reilly one or two have died in Bombay. How real the 91st Psalm becomes to us as we move about the streets.
WALKING IN THE LIGHT.

E we walk in the light, as He is in the light. If we would all form the habit of walking in the light as fast as He reveals it to us, how much sorrow we would be saved. Some thirteen years ago we had a beautiful illustration of this,—my husband and I were visiting in the North of Scotland, and he was invited one evening to speak in a small kirk. Before he rose to speak the gentleman who had invited him to preach, pointed to a woman in the audience, and said very earnestly, 'there is a woman who has not been in God's house for years, I trust you may be given a word for her.'

This deeply interested my husband, and as soon as the service was over, he made his way down to speak to her.

She met him with a beaming face, which greatly puzzled him, and he said to her with a little embarrassment, 'Sister are you a Christian?' In most joyful tones she responded, 'O yes, sir.' At this reply my husband's embarrassment was increased, and after a little hesitation he said to her, 'How long have you been a Christian?' 'O sir,' came the reply, 'just since you have been talking.' As my husband was preaching, and the light had dawned on her soul, she had closed in with it and received Christ as her Saviour.

Years after we heard that she was still living a consistent Christian life. Dear Brother and Sister, do you obey the light as simply and trustfully as this woman? If you have this soul habit you have learned a precious secret. But if on the other hand you dally with the light and meet God in conflict over it, I know that you have days of much sorrow and darkness. 'If we walk in the light as He is in the light' we have blessed fellowship with all those who are in the light, and the constant witness that the blood cleanses.

In contrast to this, we relate another instance in our experience. At one of our services, my husband spoke with unusual unction, and I noticed a young Sergeant in the room who was deeply moved. At the close of the service, I made my way to his side and after a little conversation I saw that he was convicted of sin but was refusing to walk in the light. I plead with him very earnestly to receive Christ there and then. He trembled with emotion, and over and over refused to do it. It was with a sad heart I saw him leave the meeting unsaved. A few hours later a servant came with a note from him. I found it to contain a five rupee note with the wish that we would use it for our work. My first impulse which I now believe to have been from God, was to return the money to him, saying God did not want his money but him. "I seek not yours but you," was the reply of God to this soul; but a friend suggested that if I returned the money he might get offended and not come out to the evening service. I was but a young worker, and listened to the advice, and kept the money. He did not come out to the evening service, nor in fact did he ever attend another service. He evidently had refused to walk in the light, and sought to bribe God with this gift to His work. It will always be a grief to me that I was not wise enough to return the money.

From that time on, he avoided us. Two years later, when he was lying dangerously ill he refused to allow my husband entrance into his sick room and a few days afterward passed away "without God and without hope." O, the eternal sorrow of that rejected light!

There are Christians, who receive God's light in little things concerning their life, and step up into it; who afterward by a process of reasoning go back to the old things that they have laid down. For such persons there is a very solemn word in Gal. ii. 14, "For if I build again the things which I destroyed, I make myself a transgressor."

When God asks us to walk in a certain path, nothing short of that will please Him. It will be of no use to offer to do anything else. That is the one step He wants us to take. He wants obedience not sacrifice. We were very vividly reminded of this in a gathering last summer, when God was speaking to hearts about the foreign work; a dear young woman, whom the Spirit had been trying to lead to offer herself for the foreign field, after a hard struggle refused to obey the Spirit's call; and to
quiet the conflict, pledged the support of a missionary for one year. After she had made the pledge for the amount, she said to a friend near by,—"I consider that a cheap gift." Our hearts trembled within us as we thought of the eternal loss it might be to her. It is no use to ask God for more light at any point, until we have faithfully walked in what light we have. And dear friends, you who seem so hungry to know the fulness of God, go back in your life, and one by one take up the points where you have rejected the light God has given you in little things, and you will find such blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it." "The Holy Ghost is given to them that obey Him," and we know no other secret for fellowship with God, than to walk humbly in the light as He is in the light, moment by moment, hour by hour. And we know nothing so disastrous to spiritual life and service, and so fatal to eternal reward as to refuse to walk in the light or to make any choice, or have any condition with God.

GOD'S BEAUTIFUL LESSON.

By Rev. M. I. Garrison.

T is now more than twenty years ago that God showed me from His Word that He gave His Son Jesus to save me from my sins and to deliver me out of the hags of my enemies, from which I had long and vainly sought to deliver myself. But for some three or four years I was sometimes brought again under bondage and would fall a snare to the old way of trying to extricate myself. What also puzzled and troubled me much was that I was not always able to see how the enemy had come in, and when failure began.

It was during one such season as this that God gave me a beautiful lesson in the secret of a happy life. I was on the train going from Danville to Elizabethtown, where I was engaged to preach for a week. There was a little matter which had been troubling me all the morning. It was a thing over which I seemed to have no control and little responsibility, and yet it was having power to spoil my peace and seemed likely to do so until it would naturally pass out of my mind. I prayed earnestly to the Lord and sought to rest in Him, yet the little matter would still keep up before me. I picked up my Bible, and my eyes fell upon, "In everything give thanks, for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." The words seemed new to me and specially to fit my need. My heart said, "Yes Lord, I will give Thee thanks for this thing, but ---;" and the "but" left me disquieted.

There was a marginal reference, I turned to it and read, "Giving thanks always for all things unto God." This seemed more striking than the other. There was that always for all things. "Always" meant now. "For all things" meant for this little thing that was now robbing me of peace. "But," I reasoned, "could it be possible that the passage meant just that?" So many things were wrong; was it right to give thanks for wrong things? While I thought on this there came to my mind, "and we know that all things work together for good to them that love God." And my heart said, "Yes Lord, it must be so, and this thing must be working for my good though I do not now see it." Then the Lord graciously opened my eyes to see that, however unjust or evil a thing might be in itself, it was certainly working for my good if I really was abiding in His love, and nothing could come to me save that which He knew and permitted, and so far as it touched my own life in any way I must not only praise Him "in" it, but "for" it. It was indeed to me a beautiful lesson, and so simplified my life with Him, and chased away—as the shadow of cloud before the sunshine—the awful responsibility so often taken upon myself of trying to put everybody and everything right, and surrendering to oppression of spirit when I could not do it. My soul exulted before Him in this new lesson.

A friend now got on the train whom I had not met for several years, and we had much to say together of His works and ways. We drew up to the station where I was to get off and still we had much to say until the train was about starting, and I hastily took my satchel and left the train. But before reaching the house where I was to stay, missed my umbrella and at once remembered I had left it on the train. I put in practical use my newly learned lesson and said, "Praise the LORD! Yes, praise the LORD, it was an old one anyhow." The next day it was raining so I went...
and got me one that I thought extra good and serviceable.

One week later I was going to New Albany, Ind., to spend a week and in passing through Louisville, I left my umbrella on a street car, but did not miss it at once, and when I did, could not recall where I had left it. For an instant I was sorely tempted, then remembered my new lesson and said, “Praise the LORD.”

Then came a severe battle, and Satan said, “Yes, but you don’t praise the LORD; you only say so!”

I said, “Yes, I do praise the LORD.”

“But you were careless, and it is not right to praise the Lord for your miserable carelessness. That is wrong, that is nonsense, that is absurd, that is fanaticism!”

I almost staggered under the fierce blow, but I remembered, “We know that all things work together for good to them that love God,” and I said, “Yes Lord, I do love Thee, and I do praise Thee for this thing.”

Satan suggested, “Now you are only making pretence to yourself.” I said, “Lord, I do praise Thee; I am glad I lost the umbrella! I don’t understand it all, but I know Your Word is true, and Your purpose good concerning me.”

The next day it was snowing heavily and I had engaged with some friends to go in a sleigh six miles to Jeffersonville to visit the State Prison. Before starting I thought I would go out and get another umbrella, but somehow the Lord seemed to hold me back from it.

I remained a week, and it rained or snowed almost every day. I was tempted sometimes to explain to the friends who were with me how I was without an umbrella, but it had somehow come to seem like a secret between the LORD and me. I kept happy all the week, yet was several times tempted to feel that it was a foolish fancy that hindered me from getting another umbrella, when the shop windows were full of them. But I had a feeling that God had another lesson in this for me that I had not yet learned.

My time for returning to Elizabethtown came, and while on the train between New Albany and Louisville I felt much drawn to speak to the man who sat beside me. But he was reading a paper, and not wishing to be rude, I asked the Lord if He had anything for me to say to the man, to open the way. He began folding his paper, and in doing so dropped his umbrella, which, in picking up for him, brought to mind my own. At once the thought occurred to me for the first time that I had left it in the street car as I came through Louisville. I remembered it was a Jefferson street car, so asked the gentleman if he was acquainted with the street car system in Louisville. He said he was, and I told him why I asked. He said if I had left it in the car it would, in all probability be at the car office. He was going by there and would show me where it was. The train pulled in. We got out and walked a few squares, found out each other as Christians, and as we came to the office he passed on and I went in and saw at once the lost umbrella. I picked it up with a brief word of explanation, signed my name in a book kept for the purpose and went my way praising the Lord for the umbrella found.

I asked the LORD for the lesson in all this, and He shewed me that I had at first praised Him for the loss of the former one, saying, “It was an old one anyhow.” And He wished to prove me for the loss of one I valued. This was my first experience when I could practice the truth of my newly learned lesson. But how Heavenly Light has flooded my soul thousands of times since then,—in trials as great as that now seems small,—when I have lifted my heart and said, “Dear Father, I trust,” I praise Thee for this; ‘All things work together for good to them that love,” therefore this is for my good, and I praise Thee ‘for’ it.”

Some years after this, when all that we had was burned up, not having even a change of raiment for either my wife or myself, the LORD had so thoroughly impressed this beautiful secret of victory upon us that we said first and last, “Praise the LORD,” and “took joyfully the spoiling of our goods.”

Moreover the fire was made to us more than any earthly goods could ever be, and has ever been remembered as a time of joy and victory without the shadow of a cloud about it. At another time when knocked down in the darkness by a poor drunken fellow who had been wounded by the truth kindly spoken in public, the first thing I heard was my wife saying, “Praise the LORD,” and my heart and voice responded, “Yes, Praise the LORD.”

If we think of it, it is equivalent to saying with hearty cheer, “Thy will be done.” It is the fruit of a heart and lips saved from murmuring.
Beloved, try it; not as an experiment, for then must be failure, but in obedience to the will and command of our LORD. "Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our LORD Jesus Christ."

It saves from fret and worry over the minor matters of life. It saves from saving and doing things to be repeated or in the times of protracted and severe testing. It saves from being drowned when the flood of great waters comes.

"Praise is comely." Praise is the beautiful garment. "Let every thing that hath breath praise the LORD." "Praise ye the LORD."

OUR RANKS BROKEN.

It is with the deepest sorrow we chronicle the first break in our ranks, Mrs. Lena Bendixen fell asleep in Jesus March 23rd. She and her husband, Mr. Jacob Bendixen, reached India February, 1893. She was born in Bergen, Norway, and at her death was thirty-one years of age. We regret we have no accurate account of her life, but that we must write from memory. At the time of her conversion, she was a saleswoman in a shop in Bergen; she attended one or two meetings held by the evangelist Mr. Fransen, and was soundly convinced. She returned the next morning to her work in the shop. Her employer, as he looked at her radiant face, said: "Why, what is the matter? Have you become engaged?" Thereupon came the glad reply of the blessed secret of her joy which so impressed her employer that he called all the employees together to listen to her. We have forgotten the fruit of the meeting. She also led her husband, then a young lad, to Christ. Soon after he went to America where he lived for twelve years. After some years she joined him and they were united in marriage. Before coming to India they worked in the Catherine Mission in New York City. We have rarely met with a heart so genuine, and simple, so modest and yet so bold for Christ and true, and in their death we not only suffer the loss of a beautiful personal friend, but the work has lost two of its most efficient workers. Immediately upon landing they both began a faithful study of the language, and had made most excellent progress. For a time they had charge of the boys' school. They had an intense love for the people, and were faithful to them. After the day's work of study was over, he could often be seen in the bazaar with a tray of Gospels and tracts offering them for sale. Last year they were released from the school, and in November given charge of the evangelistic work of the Akola districts. They entered the work with great delight and had visited 120 villages. In their last tour, they both sickened with what proved a fatal illness. They left their last tour unfinished, and they with their two servants all came in to Akola ill. At first no danger was apprehended. She was most hopeful, and spoke of other villages they must visit before the hot weather set in. But four days told the story, "and she was not, for God took her." They had a great hold on the hearts of the Christian people and the grief was universal. One woman exclaimed, "Why was not one of us worthless ones taken, and she spared!" Three weeks later we laid her dear husband by her side. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

REV. JAMES FOSTER.

We began our Marathi Convention under the shadow of this great sorrow, deepened by the fact that our dear brother Foster and Miss Annie Bush were both near the "valley and shadow." Mr. Foster had been failing for some weeks with kidney trouble which he had had in America; and while the blow was severe, yet it was not unexpected. March 3, he passed away. A few hours before his death he was able to write his last conscious moments, he said: "I am walking in the light;" and soon he was in the city that hath no need of the sun, but the Lamb is the light thereof. He came with his wife in February, 1893, and had been stationed at Khamgaon from the first. The two years had been spent in study and in touring. His testimony was straightforward. He leaves a wife and a beautiful baby boy. She has very bravely taken up the post of mother in the Home for the ladies studying Marathi, and has been so graciously helped that we know it is true that God does give "the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

MISS ANNIE BUSH.

A few days later—March 7th—dear Annie
Bush was our first buried grain in Guzarat.

We met her first in New York where she came from her Canadian home, to join us as we sailed for India. The weeks of the voyage out gave us opportunity to know her.

We found her a beautiful girl. The sweetest memory of her in all that voyage was her spirit of prayer. She was much alone. She contracted a cold on the voyage out, which we fear laid the foundation of her last illness.

She was appointed to Guzarat and was in the Ladies' Home in Kaira. She suffered a good deal from her head, and we fear now, her industrious efforts at the language aggravated her disease. She was ill only a short time with what seemed congestion of the brain.

Her unselfish spirit, in her constant gratitude for all that was done for her, and her shrinking from causing trouble, was very marked. The young ladies gave her the most tender care. We praise God for the victory of that last night. When conscious she was full of praise. Almost from the first of her illness she had spoken of dying, and wanted to be with Jesus. She would ask the young ladies to read about the marriage supper of the Lamb, and the "Bride has made herself ready." She prayed tenderly for her brothers, and almost her last words were, "Now we begin to know." Our hearts go out to the sorrowing parents and friends in Bush Glen, Canada. Her dust was laid away at eleven at night in an old cemetery consecrated by Bishop Heber, in such moon-light as only shines from an Indian sky. She was 28, and we trust that in her death, she may slay more than in her life.

OUR MARATHI CONVENTION.

All over India, large yearly gatherings are held among the Hindus, and are called Mélas; and Christian workers of late years have held Christian mélas for our Native Christians. They correspond to the old fashioned Camp-meeting in some respects, or perhaps to the more modern Convention. For years it has been on our hearts to have such a gathering at Akola.

This year in the beginning of March, this old thought was realised. For months our Native Christians looked forward to this Méla, and in our mission circles it was the occasion of constant prayer.

None looked forward to it more eagerly than dear Mr. and Mrs. Bendixen, and yet God saw best to let it begin overshadowed by the great sorrow of her death.

With humbled tender hearts we gathered in a little grove outside the city, on the banks of the Murna River. It was a beautiful camp, and about one hundred and fifty Native Christians, old and young, gathered in it. We had one large tent for the meetings, where all sat on the ground in the grass. Our Native Christians camped in little grass huts, or small tents. They never spent a happier week than this, in the presence of the Spirit. We had no addresses, but we met three times a day, and taught them out of the Word.

To many of them the Bible became a new Book. There was much heart-searching, and tender confession of sin.

It was a beautiful sight, to see them between the meetings making things right among themselves, and a number came out in very decided victory. Many of them came to know the Holy Spirit for the first time. Some of them could truly have said,—"We have not so much as heard if there be any Holy Ghost." We wish you could have heard the testimonies the last evening. They were spontaneous and natural, as many had never seen a meeting of the kind before. One said, "I came empty, I am going away full;" another said, "It was cloudy in my soul when I came, but I am going away with it all bright." One fine man who had been a catechist for twenty years said he never had been converted before.

There was one couple on the grounds, who had been converted from Hinduism, but it was one of those dreadful unhappy marriages resulting from Hindu Society. They had chafed and fretted each other, and their quarrels, with an occasional beating from him, had often brought the cause of Christ into disrepute; but at this meeting, after a hard struggle and much self-vindication, they broke down, and both confessed their wrong. One evening at the close of the meeting we put their hands in each other's, and asked God to give them the power to live in the love and sweetness of the new life they had found there. God did hear. For three months they walked in love and fellowship and then dear Sarabai was taken home to glory.
If for no other reason than this, we will always thank God that we had this Convention. If we had no other fruit, the Convention was worth this case, but thank God there was other fruit. We did not see all our hearts longed to see, but praises be to God for what our eyes did behold of His salvation.

It is to be from this time on, an annual gathering, the first of every March, and we believe out of it shall flow rivers of living water to many parts of our field.

NOTES FROM GUZARAT.

Monday morning, bright and early, we returned to the station in a little more pretentious cart than the one in which we had come down, and went on, for two busy days in Ahmedabad. We found all our workers well, busy, and in victory. The heat was very great, but not as great as we have been accustomed to in Berar. Our dear workers have been much exposed to small-pox, but so far, God has kept them. We went over together, the forty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel, the vision of the water issuing forth from the Temple, first ankle deep, then knee deep, then up to the loins, then a river. When we first opened our work in Guzarat, some two years ago, this vision of Ezekiel was given us, and we saw that from us should flow a stream eastward, down through the desert, (the sandy soil of Guzarat) into the sea, and it was to be for healing wherever it went. Somehow, during this visit, God seemed to confirm this to us again, and we came away with a hope and inspiration over our work in Guzarat that we have never had before. It is indeed the day of small things, but bless the Lord, we do not despise it. We were not able to visit Mr. Gutteridge at Kapadvanj, but we can tell our readers that he is busy having his house re-roofed, in addition to his village work; and we know the slowness of his workmen is ample...
THE INDIA ALLIANCE.

Mr. Hamilton is to be stationed with him during the absence of Mrs. Gutteridge in England.

THE WORK IN BERAR AND KHANDESH.

M. I. GARRISON.

The work in Berar and Khandesh is in a healthful condition.

The fruit of our first Mela for Native Christians, held in March abides.

The mouths of some have been opened and they are daily witnessing to the "Truth as it is in Jesus." Our "Garriwalla," or bullock driver, who last year could not be persuaded to speak in the bazaars is now at it every week. Recently while he was speaking some Brahmins stopped in front of him for a moment and said contemptuously, "Where did you come from?" The Garriwalla answered in substance, "I came from the jungle, but I came to Jesus Christ and He has saved me," and then went on with his preaching of Jesus the Saviour.

In Amraoti, Budnera, Akola, Shegaon, and Ichamgaon, together with the work in Marathi there is kept up weekly preaching in English. We have had in Akola to-day three baptisms under Bro. Franklin's ministry.

I have just visited all the stations in Berar and Khandesh save one, and while it is the special season for study the work is also being pushed in most of the stations, and prayer is already being made for full preparation for much fruit-bearing in the large fields during the next touring season.

In Berar we have some twenty-five missionaries and over three million people. Besides our own missionaries there are four or five others at Basim and Yeotmal. This gives one hundred thousand to the missionarv. And quite a number of these are young missionaries who as yet do not attempt much public preaching.

Praise the LORD that while the fields are large and the labourers are few, that those few are pushing forward, fully purposed in Him to give the Gospel through book and tract, sermon and song to all Berar.

AKOLA BOYS' SCHOOL.

MRS. FRANKLIN.

For the boys' work, I am glad to report more blessing than we have had before. There have been several very sweet experiences in dealing with God. One day one of the boys was very sick, but as we prayed with him, he said, "I cast all my sickness on Jesus," then he arose and went into school as well as ever. I can see a deepening of dependence on God, and most of the boys take their Bible and go apart to read and pray every morning, or take with them some one who cannot read. All this delights me, and yet I am praying for an outpouring of the Spirit among them—such an outpouring that shall straighten out the crooked places.

I have lost my dear little Biram. His brother came here and wanted to take him away, but the boy did not want to go, so I told him to come the next day and we would go before the Deputy. He did not come, but the next Sunday as Biram was going to an outside Sunday-school, with some of the boys, his brother seized him, carried him into the house, bound him hand and foot, beat him, circumcised him, and did every thing cruel he could, and hired others to testify to it, so nothing could be done. The dear boy cries all the time, and says he will come back as soon as he can, but I fear he will never get a chance. I presume by this time he has been taken away. But I am comforted by the thought that he understands about Jesus, and that Jesus is very dear to him. One day he thought he was all alone, and was looking at Jesus' picture, and kissed it so tenderly. When he saw me, he said, "Auntie, I love Jesus very much." I asked him why, and he said, "Because he suffered and died for my sins."

Most of the boys go out every Sunday morning to help in the outside Sunday-schools.

NOTES FROM CHANDUR.

BY MRS. RAMSEY.

CHANDUR is a new field, and perhaps it might be expected that the people would be unprejudiced and receive the Gospel heartily. Far from being so, they, as a whole, resist our advances, and although their prejudices are based on falsehood and ignorance, the opposition is none the less
real. The women, except some among the low castes, on seeing us approach their houses, call out to us both by gesture and word, "Don't come here! Don't come here!" This conduct we understand comes from strange stories which have been circulated, such as, that by casting a shadow upon them, spitting in their faces or kidnapping the children, we make Christians of them.

Some nights ago we saw a house on fire in the direction of the town, and, on going there, we found that a poor widow's house was destroyed by fire, only the walls being left. We gave her sufficient money to tide her over a day or two, and asked her to come and see us. Next day she came bringing her two children with her, and with great tears rolling down her cheeks, told her story. We told her we would have a roof put on her house, and she went away comforted. In the evening we went up to see about it, and made arrangements with a man to do the work at once, telling him to come to the bungalow for the necessary materials. He failed to come, and on inquiry we found that someone had frightened the woman, telling her that we wanted to put her under obligation to us, in order to be able to claim her children. The woman was not to be seen, but a few days after we found her very ill with fever, her child beside her stupefied with opium.

On seeing us she became fairly frantic, and looked ready to spring at us as with glaring eyes and clenched teeth, she pushed the little one towards us and said, "Take him and kill him if that is what you want." She even refused to take a little money until some of the neighbours persuaded her. Meantime a large crowd had gathered in the yard, and we tried to show them the absurdity of her delusion. They assented to all we said while in our presence, at least.

The school-boys have not been behind in showing their contempt. Several times they have pelted us with cow-dung, and for some weeks it seemed to be their pastime to dog our steps and do all they could to annoy us. They have mocked and jested us, used abusive and indecent language, taken the tracts given to the people and torn them up as close to our faces as they dared. As this state of things continued, we began to consider that as they were only boys, perhaps we ought to speak to their parents or school-masters, but after making it a matter of special prayer, we were led to leave the working of it entirely into the hands of God, and for a considerable time afterwards their pranks ceased. A week ago in the bazaar they came on us with increased hostility. We were deeply humbled and again took it to the Lord, praying for the masters as well as the boys, and yesterday one of the masters stood listening to the Gospel as we, one after another, talked in the bazaar.

"Our sufficiency is of Him." So often in the work I come face to face with the fact. "We are not sufficient of ourselves," and at such times it is good to know One who is sufficient for everything, for the heat, for testings in soul and body, for testings in the work and among the people within the pale of our little Church and without. He is sufficient, and has proved Himself so every time we have gone to Him with our need, and has been so much better to us than all our fear and even our hopes.

In the past few months God has been in our presence, in deepening of Christian life. First in my own heart, I know God better, for strength of body and spiritual refreshing than three months ago, and the result has been a deeper revelation of the Word to be given out with more freshness to the people, to be fresh food for them, which has been the means of a closer walk with God on their part, and with all the imperfections I do see a march heavenward.

For the past two months we have been holding six Sunday-schools on Sunday morning, before our own Sunday-school; dividing our forces; each one of the brethren who is here studying, going out with some of the boys in the school and young men in the Industrial school, and then the Christian women going out by themselves; this has proved a real refreshing to our Marathi brethren and sisters in Jesus, and there has been an attendance at these suburban Sunday-schools of from 300 to 500 each week. We call for the attendance of the different schools in our Sunday-school at the close of the exercises, we endeavour aside from the work with the Church to get out in village work at least twice per week. My helper has been going out in the villages nearly every morning, and very often the people would invite us to come to their village, this has kept us supplied with places to go where the people were at least willing to listen to the Gospel, and it has been very refreshing to speak to the people of late, God's presence has been with us.
I had my first baptism last week, baptising three, a man, his wife and daughter, may God make this an earnest of many which are to follow, we find many in the villages who are on the verge of accepting Christ, but it is hard to break the last thread which holds them to their friends and Hinduism. In other words, it is hard to die to self, and risk all for Jesus.

Last Sunday we observed the Lord’s Supper with very much blessing and refreshing, each one having testified before we partook of the feast, truly Jesus was with us.

KAIRA.

MISS V. CASE.

We are launching out more in work. At present we go out several times during the week among the women, usually have two services at the bungalow on Sabbath, and have started an evening service which we intend to keep up every day for the servants and any one else who wishes to come in.

Our command of Guzerathi is still imperfect but in response to the word “Bring them hither to Me” we take our scanty loaves and little fishes to the Master, trusting Him to bless and multiply and feed at least some among the 8,000 souls who are perishing for want of the Bread of Life in Kaira.

We believe God has given us the first-fruits in the conversion of a dear soul who is a great sufferer and formerly was the personification of misery and despair. We went to see her the other evening and when asked how she was she replied that she was well. We asked “Have you no pain?” With face all aglow she assured us that she had pain in her body but peace in her mind. She delights to hear us talk and pray with her. We praise God for this little token of His blessing on the work.

One day while I was speaking to quite a crowd of the immortality of the soul and its condition after death, one of the listeners turned to the others and said: “Heaven is for them and Hell for us.” Of course I hastened to say Heaven is for every one who will accept God’s offer of salvation.

But those words touched my heart and have been ringing in my mind ever since. Poor souls; there was more truth in them than they realised. Eternal misery is their doom if God’s people fail to bear faithful witness among them of the truth.

Surely faithful witnessing does not consist in simply telling the story of salvation. God has so impressed upon my soul the fact that I am responsible for all the souls with whom He calls me to labour; I have given them His Message— that since the gift of the Father is so free He will not only hold me responsible for what I do, but for all that might have been accomplished had I been filled continually with the Holy Ghost.

HEALING AND EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

DEAR MRS. FULLER.—Praise the Lord! I understand now for some little time past, what you meant by “Life,” I can now write in big letters because I have had a new experience of Him; life, to me, is no more an intangible something, but a glorious, living person who seems to live in and surround me that at times I am hardly myself; (you know what I mean.) And some of the old, seemingly worn-out passages of Scripture just fairly beam with new light and meaning; truly that “life is the light of men.” This change has of course built up and renewed my bodily strength, so that the weakness and fever are all gone and in their stead is Life, abundant Life.

I hardly know how it all came about, but I know that I had simply to face the question of death or life. The Lord was with me, and shewed me how to choose life. I am now waiting on the Lord that He may make the effects apparent to more than myself, so that my experience may become a help and a blessing to others.

Chandur, 30th April 1895.
LIST OF
ALLIANCE MISSIONARIES.

Berar.

Akola.
Mr. and Mrs. Garrison.
" " " STANLEY.
" " LENTH. Mr. MOYER.
" " MCDONALD. " CUTLER.
INDUSTRIAL WORKSHOP.
Mr. Rodgers.
BOYS' SCHOOL.
Mr. and Mrs. Franklin.

Shahrugan.
Mrs. Foster. Carrie Bates. Miss La France.
GIRLS' SCHOOL.
Miss Goss.

Shegaon.
Mr. and Mrs. Neilson.

Chikhli.
Mr. and Mrs. Wood.

Amraoti.
Mr. and Mrs. Simmons.
Miss Oldstead.
Mr. Erickson.

Murudaspur.
Mr. and Mrs. Bankister.
Miss Brooks.

Chandur.
Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey.
Miss Miller.

Khandesh.

Jalgaon.
Mr. and Mrs. Herson.
" " Dutton.

Chalisgaon.
Mr. McGLASHEN.
" " CARROLL.

Vachora.
Mr. A. Johnson.

Jagatpuri.
Miss Holmes.
Miss Park. Miss Mallory.
Miss Mahaffey. Miss Grover.

Guzerat.

Ahmedabad.
Mr. and Mrs. Woodward.
Mr. Hamilton. Mr. Andrews.
Mr. Borup. Mr. Back.

Bhara.
Mr. and Mrs. King. Miss Case.
Miss Smiley. Miss Montgomery.
" " Seasholtz.
" " Petrie.

Bapadvani.
Mr. and Mrs. Gutteridge.

Bombay.

Mr. and Mrs. Fuller.
Mrs. Miller. Miss Anderson.
Mr. Godshall.

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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