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

Twelve numbers per single subscription, 50 cents. India subscription, including postage, one rupee eight annas.

Subscriptions and communications will be received by the Editor, India Alliance, 269 Grant Road, Tardeo, Bombay, or by Miss A. P. Carpenter, North Chili, Monroe Co., N. Y., U. S. A.

ITEMS.

We owe our subscribers an apology for the long delay in the issue of our paper. We trust it may not occur again, and we will try to come out oftener and more promptly.

The hot season was an unusually severe one; and the rainy season came in with a great down pour. But now for weeks there has been no rain; prices of food have risen greatly and much suffering seems inevitable. See account in another column.

The work in Kaira has steadily progressed, until now sixty adults have been baptised. It has not been without its trials. Some of the converts have been beaten; one man's house burned; and into another's field, cattle were turned to eat up the tender new crop. Paul used to exhort his converts, that "Through much tribulation they must enter into the kingdom of God" (Acts 14: 22.) and it is still true in India that "everywhere this sect is much spoken against" (Acts 27: 22.).

Mr. Woodward has baptised a man and his wife, at Ahmedabad.

Miss Smiley has a nice school for boys combined with an orphanage at Kaira. This makes the third orphanage in our field.

The council have taken over the station of Bhosawul from the Methodist Mission. Bhosawul is an important railway junction, almost on the line between Khandesh and Berar. One branch of the railway runs up through Berar, Nagpur on to Calcutta, and the other goes a more circuitous route by Jabalpur, Allahabad and other cities of the North to Calcutta. Mr. Garrison has been stationed at this new place with his family. A Church was included in this transfer for which we must pay Rs. 4,000 or about $1,200.

One of the needs of our Marathi field is a Ladies' Home. We have a nice home at Akola where our young men stay for study of the language; but our young ladies have had to shift here and there without a settled home. For a long time it has been on our heart to open a new station, and put it entirely in the charge of ladies, building a house large enough to receive all the ladies of each new party as they come out from time to time, until they acquire the language and can be appointed to permanent work. Two or three experienced ladies will manage the station permanently, opening work among the people, receiving the new missionaries, and teaching, in every way, in the language. In getting the station over to a new country, &c. We hope soon to open the Ladies' Home at Kaira in Gujarat. A good friend has offered to purchase the house and lot near it of him, and when the rent has expired, the cost of the house, then the Home is ours. We know of no suitable house to even rent in the Marathi field in any unopened field, so that we will be compelled to build.

Our girls' orphanage is out-growing its present quarters and we will be compelled to make provision elsewhere soon. If we receive a large number of children from the famine districts we will not refuse them, and we are sure God will provide a better place for them.

Since our last issue Miss Goss has given up the charge of the girls' school, she has had since she came to the field to Miss Annie Wills. On June 18th she and Mr. William Moyer were married, at Khargaon, by the Rev. M. Garrison, and have opened a station at Mulkapur. They are living in a native house right in the town; but it is a good house and our friends are very busy among the people.

July 7th, Mr. Elmer Dutton and Miss May Miller were married at Berachah Home, by the Superintendent, and returned that evening to Jalgaon his old field. Dear Mrs. Heron who has been so sorely bereaved of both husband and child has gone back with them to her old home. We know that many hearts will uphold her in prayer.

Miss Lottie Mahaffey was transferred from Khargaon to Chandur and Miss Hattie Mallory to Bombay to work with Miss Park in the Marathi work there.

Many of our readers have read the touching little memorial of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin's baby, Judson Gordon, who was translated to glory April 5. And we are sure they have the sympathy of all our readers.

The Annual Convention and yearly meeting begins November 5th, and we are expecting an unusually good time. We believe God will meet us, and fit us better for the great time which seems just ahead of us.

The missionaries in Akola have been making an effort in special evangelistic services in different parts of the town. From all our Marathi stations there is one common prayer to see the Lord's glory in saving souls.
E were trying to explain to an audience of Native Christians that the Holy Spirit was a gift, "And," we added, "a gift is free. You can not buy it or merit it." But a brother insisted that we could.

After a time we saw that he was confusing "a gift" with "a reward," and as we were explaining that the Spirit was not given as a reward for our usefulness, or to our prayers, but was a free gift, another brother broke in impatiently and said: "You can't be worthy of or earn a gift. That beggar at the door doesn't deserve anything; but he gets a gift.

The Spirit illuminated afresh that the beggar at the door was the poor sinner with nothing at all, and that everything we get of Him is sheer grace.

The brother's difficulty is a very common one. It is often very difficult to set the sinner free from all his pride and to make him see his utter bankruptcy. "Salvation is the gift of God. Not of works lest any man should boast." Christ is God's gift to sinners, and the Holy Ghost, His gift to believers. How subtle the temptation in so much of our asking to want in some way to commend ourselves to God, and how slow we are to take all freely of Him and stand on the merits of Jesus alone.

IMPEINDING FAMINE.

SIDE from the plague which affects only the city of Bombay, there is over a large area of India an impending famine.

The monsoon set in with heavy rain which continued for weeks with little abatement. Such heavy rains were disastrous to the crops. Then the rain broke off and we have had but little since. The present crops are so far withered up, that if rain were to come, it is feared that they would avail nothing to save them. Prices of food have every where gone up. In some districts they are almost doubled. In the Hindoo field in Central India, just to the North of our Marathi field, a famine has already prevailed for a year. Thousands have died of starvation. Missionaries in these districts have rescued several hundred children. One friend whose Orphanage is full writes me recently: "This famine has nearly killed me. It seems as if I should never get the cry for bread out of my ears." To-day's mail brought a letter from this same friend saying: "We took in twenty-eight children last week and are taking in twenty-five more this week." Another lady in one of the worst sections of the famine wrote me recently: "I have often thought my own life was gradually going out with the care and anxiety over these sick and dying and homeless children. They come with bones thrust through their skin; with eyes turned inside out; with dysentery, cholera and with everything. Children five and six years old were brought in baskets because they could not walk. Men, women and children came with mouths and cheeks swollen till they looked like horrible monsters and with blood streaming from their mouths to the ground. Beggars looted the bazaar and ravenously ate the raw flour as they ran. Beggars go into a house and will not go out, while their condition is so terrible that one slight blow would kill them. A sheep sells for 12 annas (about 22 cents) and a cow for five or six rupees (about $1.50 or $1.80) most of which is given for her hide. Where we refused to take the children they were hidden on our verandah. I have seen dead children tied hand and foot to a pole as they carry dead animals, and carried off to be buried by the sweepers. I have refused to take children in good health from their parents and have seen them slowly die from starvation. Do you wonder I long to send away every child that I can get hold of?"

This lady and her fellow-workers have taken all they can, and have sent off nearly a hundred children to other mission stations, and in a few weeks will have a large number thrown on their hands. She has hoped we will take as many as we can into our orphanages which we expect to do. It is thought the famine there is broken as rain has come. The shop keepers take this time to run up the
price of food. Government does all it can to meet the need by opening relief works, &c. The distress in all that section of country has been very great, and now unless God interposes it looks as if a great part of the Marathi country would come in for a similar experience, or at least great scarcity and suffering. In Nagpur—a large city on our eastern border—officials gave the shop-keepers warning that unless they fixed the price of grain at a certain rate they would withdraw police protection from them which meant that their shops would be at the mercy of a hungry people. The papers report food riots in different parts of the country where the people have attempted to loot the shops. The following telegram from our mission station, Jalgaon, Khandesh, came in Saturday's paper:—

JALGAON (Khandesh), October 14.

Owing to want of rain the crops have almost failed. The rates for grains have risen high, viz., jowari 6 seers per rupee, wheat 5 1/2 seers, tur pulse 5 1/2. This afternoon thousands of poor people assembled and threatened to loot the shops, which had to be closed. Afterwards a relief committee was formed who came on the spot with all the merchants and resolved to sell jowari at 8 seers per rupee, which pacified the people. A poor fund list was opened and Rs. 3,000 collected on the spot. Thanks are due to the Police for their prompt assistance.

We hear that the Collector of Khandesh intends to declare famine in the District unless rain falls very shortly.

Mr. Franklin, of Akola, writes the following privately to a friend: "We are out in the district for a few weeks and find the condition of the country very sad. The people are making petitions to God in all ways for rain; and the ground, too, seems to be opening her mouth and crying to God for water. Jowari is burning up with the heat, and there is very poor prospect of any kind of crop. It appears that there may be some yield of cotton. People are sowing wheat and grain with the hope of a crop. He is at the helm and none of His promises shall fail. He will cover us in time of storm. October and September heat in Bombay is always great and often more dreaded than April and May. But this year it has been much greater and very oppressive.

At first as we fully faced the possibility of no rain, a feeling of anxiety and care of dread assailed us. But God rested our hearts. He is at the helm and none of His promises shall fail. He will cover us in time of storm. We had for weeks before we knew of this, been drawn out to pray for an outpouring of God's Spirit on the people. And we yet have great access to God for this. Will not our friends join with us that a great spiritual deliverance may come to this field?"

The final examinations of the party that arrived two years ago take place just before the Convention and we extend our hearty congratulations to them beforehand, for a successful issue is not hard to predict. After hearing them all talk, one does not have to be a seer to predict for them.
E are in the midst of solemn, earnest times. The latter part of September a peculiar fever broke out in a certain section of Bombay. At first it was supposed to be caused by some damaged grain that got wet in the rains and then was put out in the sun to dry, but which should have been destroyed. About two weeks before this fever thousands of rats died in this same locality. Finally, after more delay than seems now necessary, this fever was pronounced the Plague that appeared in Hong Kong two or three years ago. It has been in a mild form and about two-thirds of the cases are fatal. It does not seem to be contagious from man to man, and for days it was confined to this particular quarter. The city authorities have taken the most active measures in seeking to prevent its spread to other parts of the city. Though it is not a mild form and said to be abating, yet it does not disappear and fresh cases and deaths occur day by day. It has appeared in other sections of the city. The number that has died has been at least not less than 700 and some say more. One week the death rate run up to 300 more than for the same period during any year for five years preceding.

It has been largely confined to Hindus. Superstition is rife and fear prevails. Between fifty and one hundred thousand Hindus have left the city. Many stories are rife. One was that it was caused by a certain coloured bangle worn by the women, and I suppose thousands of women broke their bangles of this peculiar colour. It is supposed that the bangle dealers circulated this report for purposes of trade.

Precautions are being taken to prevent its spread to Calcutta, Madras and other cities. The missionary conference called for a meeting of prayer at the Wilson College, and other meetings for prayer have been held in various parts of the city. There has been a spirit of solemnity and humility in some of these meetings that has been touching. Surely God has been speaking in loud tones to this city and in the wide spread threatened famine to the whole land. It bids fair to be a year of pressure for which we find no parallel in India for many years. May the result be that many souls may turn to God. The plague does not seem a strange judgment in the face of the flaming idolatry of the late Ganpati festival. May we Christians at home and in India work with God in prayer and thought for this great land.

R. HAMILTON, Kapadvanj, writes: I have had a little experience with India fever during the past few days, and I can assure you that it is not a very welcome visitor. It is the first time I have ever had fever and I could not help thinking of Mr. Simpson's definition of it—"Fever is just the hot breath of the devil." There are a great many now in the town suffering from fever. Many of the poor farmers although suffering severely with fever have to be out in the fields all day to keep the animals and birds from destroying their crops. We have had our examination in the second year's course of study. After the examination was over, Mr. Borup suggested that we sing the doxology, which we heartily did. "Although the course of study is terminated, we do not by any means think of leaving off study. We have enjoyed the study of the Bible very much, and the Lord gave us much assistance all through, for which we praise Him very much. We feel much more free now to devote our whole time to the giving out of the Gospel, I think in about six weeks from now we will be out touring among the villages, and we expect to be able to do much more than we did last year, as we have a better acquaintance with the language and with the people. The people of this town have had the Gospel preached to them faithfully. We feel sure there are many who would openly confess Christ if it was not for the fear they have of being turned out of caste.

The caste system is without doubt the greatest barrier there is to the people accepting the Gospel. There is a town about ten miles from here where there are three or four waiting for baptism, and we have every reason to believe that they are real, true men. Please pray that when these men receive baptism they may also receive the Holy Spirit to make them true representatives of Christ.

Mr. Woodward, Ahmedabad, writes: It has been several months since the last issue of our paper, and we have experienced many trials and blessings during that time. About two months after the death of Mr. Moss at our home of small-pox, (which was announced in our last paper,) little Julia and
Paul took sick with the same disease, and for two long months, during the heat of the hot season, we were shut in with them. But God most mercifully spared their lives, kept the disease from the rest of us and taught us several precious lessons by it all. God always wins glory to Himself and so He made this deep trial to us the means of saving two souls who are the first here that we have baptised out of heathendom into the church of Christ. A man and his wife, and although he is blind he often accompanies me as I go to preach about the city and gives an earnest and faithful witness for Christ. He says God took his sight in order that he might turn to Christ and be saved.

Another fruit of our sickness is that we do not now dread small-pox and kindred pests as we formerly could hardly help from doing. If God can keep us for two months without small-pox, we are preaching the Gospel means a great deal more of the most highest. Ps. gr: r. It is possible, but it takes a close walk with Christ. We are now laying aside weights, and running with our eyes fixed more closely on Jesus than before. Heb. 12: 1, 2.

It has also led us to a deeper service of prayer, and seeing that we have not, because we ask not, we are beginning to ask more.

And lastly Jesus alone has been our Healer, is our Healer, and will be our Healer.

Mr. Franklin, Akola, writes: During the month of September we held three evangelistic meetings among the people in different parts of Akola, two of which were of especial interest. Many people listened to the Gospel story and testimonies of the Christian people. About thirty Christians, including the missionaries, were present, and after the address, the Christians followed one after another with testimony, first the men, then the women, and then the young men and boys from the church and orphanage. It impressed the people much, for, visiting that part of the town since then, we find the people there are talking and thinking of salvation as never before.

Mrs. Franklin and I with two of the boys from the orphanage and one of the Christian women from the church and my helper, and Christian gadiwalla and his wife, are out six miles from Akola making our headquarters in a Government rest house, preaching the Gospel in this village and others round about. We meet the usual discouragements and see our natural inability to reach or even to speak to these people. The needs seem so great, that naturally our hearts sink.

There are four or five here at Ghusar who are very hopeful. They have before their own people declared their intentions of becoming Christians.

One of the women has already suffered some, and it remains to be seen if she will stand true. Her husband said if she became a Christian he would turn her off. She said, You may, but I'll have the Saviour. He said, I'll get another wife. She said, You may and I'll get the Guru (Saviour). He said, I will take the children and inheritance. She said, You may and I'll have God for my inheritance; then her brother-life. She said, What if you took another husband you accept the Saviour, what thing? This conversation before our Christian women here with us, and as the woman left she turned and said, I am going in the jungle to get grass to provide food for my family and who knows what my husband will do? She and five others declared before all their people they would be Christians. "Who is sufficient for these things?" "But our sufficiency is of God."

Mr. Johnson, Pachora, writes: The first Christian marriage ceremony in Pachora was performed by Mr. Fuller, as he stopped over here a few days ago. It was the marriage of a native couple brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, but having become dissatisfied with some of the rules and practices of that church, they have expressed their desire to become Protestants, and desired to be married by a Protestant minister. Many of our neighbours gathered at the doors and windows to witness the ceremony, which although short and simple was very impressive. The ceremony being over Mr. Fuller and myself received an invitation from the Bridegroom and the Bride to take dinner with them at the Catechist's house, and returning from the street preaching in the evening, we went over there, and found the floor spread with a bountious dinner, nicely prepared by the Bride and Sutwasen's wife, Kondubai. Having partaken of dinner, Sutwasen (the Catechist) spoke to the newly married couple regarding their duty to Christ,
as well as their duty to each other to which they were bound very attentively, after which Mr. Fuller blessed us with prayer.

Mrs. Riden, Jalgaon, writes: The work here is deeply of interest and we do not meet with nearly as great opposition as we used to. Many seem convinced of the truth as it is in Christ, and surely if the Lord tarry there will soon be seen that will reflect His glory in Jalgaon.

We went to a village some miles out from Jalgaon to spend the day. We had been there at two different times so were known by the people. At the morning meeting, almost all the men of the place gathered to hear the truth, and in the evening the crowd was so large that it was almost unmanageable, and was made up of men, women, and children.

But the meeting of greatest interest was that held among the low caste people in the afternoon. They all seemed much moved and unanimously assented that their gods were false, their religious system wrong, and it was the truth that we had presented to them; and many of them witnessed before the whole company that it was their intention to worship Christ hereafter, and so in many of the surrounding villages we are kindly received and we trust that there will soon be many souls living to the glory of our Saviour.

Mr. Moyser, Mulkapur, writes: Arrived in India two years ago to-day, and as we look over the two years that have gone, with all its trials, sicknesses and sorrows, we can truly say that we have victory, health and joy and gladness in our hearts to-day, and we feel like singing a note of praise and victory to Him who loved us and gave Himself for us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood.

And like Paul we want to forget the things that are behind and press forward for the things that are before. We rejoice because God saw fit to call us to India, and because we are in Mulkapur. He has shewed us in many ways that we are in just the place that He wants us to be in.

We want to praise Him for the health that He has given us, and for the way in which He has led us and supplied all our needs.

I must tell you of one very precious incident, just to illustrate how He does take care of His dear ones. We had ordered our gardi (cart) but we had no money in hand to pay for it. So we waited upon God and told Him that He was the supplier of all our needs and that we looked to no one but Him, and therefore we asked Him for money especially for the gardi, and praise the Lord, the next foreign mail brought us a letter from a dear sister in California with a cheque for over one hundred rupees to be used expressly for a gardi and nothing else. The very next day after receiving the money we received a letter from Mr. Rogers asking us if we could give him a little advance on the gardi and we at once sent him Rs. 140. This very practically illustrates the text that says, "And it shall come to pass that before they speak I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear."

Our examinations are over, so we are now free for the work altogether. In reality we have been free all the time, for whom the Son makes free he is free indeed, and we have been giving out the word of life to the people almost every night.

We do praise God for the way in which He has opened up the work in this place. Before we came we had a dread of coming here, because we heard that it was a very hard place, but He has given us the victory and we have been received in a very acceptable manner by the people. We have large crowds every evening numbering from 75 to 200, who stand and listen attentively to the preaching of the word of God. My wife generally goes alone to the women and I to the men, although sometimes we both go out together; the women also receive my wife very well indeed.

As we see the responsibility of our large Taluka with between 300 or 400 towns and villages, it makes us wish many times that our hands were doubled or even trebled for the blessed work. We have made one short tour, and had a real blessed time which we take as an earnest of the coming touring season. We are now on our second tour.

I must not forget to tell you about our house. We have a nice native house right in the middle of the town and we like it very well. We have good neighbours. There are six rooms in it. We have all things that we need, except we have not got a place as yet for our bullocks, but we expect to have one in about two weeks from now, and up to the time we get our bullock shed built, our bullocks have to go through our parlour, and dining room, so that we are getting quite native like. Hallelujah. Pray for us.

Mr. McCloudan, Chalisgaon, writes: The thing about which there is so much talk here is the famine. All up this way the crops...
a failure, and the topic uppermost in people's minds is how they will live during the months that must elapse before the next rains. No matter in what direction we go people ask us the question, Why does not the rain come? Why does God not send the rain? In the first place we are glad that at least they recognise that we are the ones most likely to know God's mind; and in the second place it gives us a great opportunity to show them how little we deserve God's goodness and loving kindness. We do trust and pray that this famine may be a means of bringing many souls to the Saviour's feet. We have much reason to praise God for His goodness to us and for very definite answer to prayer; twice recently, I have been delivered from sickness instantly.

I would like to mention a little circumstance that occurred only last night. It showed how dear Lord takes such great interest even in the smallest of things. I was not very much interested in our dearest work, as at this time it was very dull and dry. I was very anxious to help the poor and daughters. We enjoyed Mr. Fuller's visit very much, and were only sorry that he could not stay longer.

Mrs. Simmons, Khamgaon, writes: The Lord has made my stay in Khamgaon very precious. Indeed, we are, in our little home very sweetly bound by the cords of love in the blessed fellowship and unity of the Holy Spirit; whatever touches one, touches all. The work here is very interesting at present, and although we have not seen the souls come out for the Lord that we have been praying for, yet our Faith has not weakened for Our Dear Father has declared, "Whosoever ye shall ask in My name believing, ye shall receive," and we take Him at His Word. Very many are interested and they are Mr. Johnson busy all the time. He is very faithful to the trust that God has given him here, and I am sure God will call all souls for his hire. We have a large school at present and full of interest. The girls in the school have been kept very busy during the rainy season, and many are growing in grace in a marked manner. Miss Willis has just received into the house three little girls from the famine district four more; they were very thin when they came, but good motherly care and food have made quite a change in them already. I have been very much interested in our village school about two miles from the bright faces of some of the children on my heart, and I covet the wish I could carry them to their homes of sin and superstition.

Mr. Bach and Mr. Andrews, of Dholia, write: During the past few months, the Lord has wonderfully blessed us, and we trust has used us for His glory among the people. Through the hot season the Lord strengthened us and taught us more than ever to hide under the shadow of His wing. We praise the Lord that we have proved that, "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." We are thankful that in spite of many hindrances from the Devil and unfavourable surroundings, we have learned to know Him better and to trust Him more fully.

The most of our time has been occupied in study. The Lord has given us a most encouraging work among the Chamar caste, and we trust that not long hence, some of them will come out boldly for the Lord. One old man, the head man of his caste, has shown much interest ever since he met us, which was soon after we came here. We believe he is like the wise builder, that he is counting the cost, and is preparing to make a bold stand for the Lord. Together with this man are some others who are
THE INDIA ALLIANCE.

intending to take the important step; and so we feel that the Holy Spirit is carrying conviction to the hearts of many people, and is showing them the awful darkness in which they have been bound so long.

Truly the field is ripe already to harvest, and we pray that the Lord will soon send more labourers into the field that many precious souls may be gathered in. We are looking forward with much eagerness and prayer to the touring season, when we will get out more among the people in the villages, where we believe there is a great work to be done, and that the Lord is opening the way for the work.

There is much anxiety among the low caste people for schools for their children: and we feel that this is an important thing, and we pray that the Lord will raise up teachers, who can be trusted among the people, and who are able to teach them spiritual things as well as teach them.

Mr. Carroll, Buldana, writes: Buldana is a very pleasant hill station with an elevation of about 2,000 feet above sea level, and has a population of 3,323. We came here last March. In the sixteenth chapter of Mark, He has given the command to go and preach the Gospel; and in the twentieth verse we read, "They went forth and preached the word, the Lord working with them." This has been our experience. We also have a very interesting school for boys, with a Native man for school-master. At present we have about thirty boys in school. These boys with the addition of other boys and sometimes men, who come only on Sundays, make us a good Sunday-school which is growing in interest. On Sunday afternoon we have the bazaar work, i.e., preaching and distributing tracts. And Mrs. Carroll has a Sunday-school for Eurasian children, also a beggars' class. In the evening we have a street Sunday-school which is also very interesting. These children teach to sing hymns and repeat verses of Scripture. On Tuesday evening we have a Marathi prayer-meeting, and on Thursdays, Mrs. Carroll has a Bible class for women and one for men.

Our work is still in embryo but we praise God for His promise in Ps. 115:14, "The Lord will increase you more and more," and we are looking for great things from God. O that we may be broken and emptied vessels—emptied of everything of self that we may constantly be filled with all of the fruits of the Spirit and that we may be able to say with Paul, "Follow me as I follow Christ." I realise more and more that it is a Christ filled life that God is going to use in stamping idolatry out of human hearts and in its place setting up our King Jesus.

THE WORK AT KAIRA.

BY MR. THOMAS KING.

The church at Kaira lives. The proof of this is the persecution that is going on in many of the villages. But the devil has a busy job on hand to put a stop to the work of the Holy Spirit. He has tried it in every young rising church since the days of the Apostles, and no doubt he will have a good try at Kaira; but God has always been victorious and God is giving us the victory here. Bless His name. Some of our converts are being well tried. One has had his house burnt down; others some of their property stolen; several have been beaten, etc., and only last night one poor fellow came with his head cut down, Mr. Borup and I went to his village to see what could be done. The villagers confessed to the whole thing and asked my pardon. I told them they had not beaten me, so must ask pardon for the Moohi (head man of the village) to take his turban off to a poor low caste man and ask pardon. Thus we had heathen and Christians settling a quarrel on Gospel lines, and Mr. Borup had the privilege of noting some good colloquial Gujerati which he says is not found in the "Touch-stone of truth" nor in Karon Ghelo. A few days ago in the village at Damri, we had a grand line. Four men in this village have been in pickle for the last four months. They have not come right out, and yet on account of it, the other caste people are threatening them. On that day after the meeting was over, they would have me stop for a meal of khichadi and ghee (a mixture of rice, pulse and clarified butter) with them. While sitting in the mud hut eating, I glanced across the room and saw Ganesh (their idol) in a niche in the wall. I drew their attention to it, and told them what God has said about idols, and that He could not dwell in them, nor in their houses while they had idols about them, that they must come out from among them and be separate, then God would bless them and dwell with them. They then all came out from among them in a practical way, by bringing all their idols out of their houses and handing them over to me. I asked them if I should destroy them. They answered in the affirmative, and then I returned them to the dust from whence they came. I felt for these poor villagers, whose minds were full of superstitious fears that some calamity would come upon them as they were beholding the destruc-
tion of a few of their gods; but nothing happened. I saw them again the next day. The gods had not brought any calamity upon them according to their superstition and fears. They are all well, and I trust with less faith in their idols and more in Jesus in whom is life.

The Lord has truly blessed us through the year. He is calling out and building up a Church unto Himself for which we all praise Him much. In about twenty villages we have about thirty converts, and many inquirers who are under instruction in the essential truths of the Gospel. The work is among the low caste people who have been oppressed for generations by the high caste people, and to thoroughly understand the amount of oppression they have to endure before and after becoming Christians, one needs to live, eat, and have daily intercourse with them. But, blessed be God, the light begins to shine in the darkness and the blessed light of the Gospel has set them free, and now most of them are studying just enough to be able to understand the Scriptures. Here and there in the villages I can read a little, several have taken the Bible or some other tract to a heathen man who can read, and have got him to read to them in order that they might better understand the way to trust and live. Such work is of the Spirit, for it is the Spirit that works in the soul, to quicken, to guide and to reveal. He is revealing Himself to us and to these poor despised people, but, hallelujah, loved by Jesus who is according to His promise going to have them for His inheritance. Pray for us and them.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

By Mrs. Fuller.

The Lord of the Harvest has called four of our precious missionaries this last year to Himself. The first to go was our brother

Mr. Donald Heron.

He was born in Ashburn, Ontario, Canada, Aug. 21, 1870, and was at his death Jan. 30, 1896, still a very young man. He had some training at Moody's school in Chicago and also at the New York Missionary Training Institute. He came out with the third missionary party, reaching India Feb. 26, 1893.

He had a sun stroke on the way out from which he suffered much the first year after he landed, and which also affected his study for that year. He was the youngest in the party but was so tall and manly in his bearing that he seemed much older than he was. His manner was as sweet and gentle as a woman's, and was in strange contrast to his large and seemingly vigorous appearance. In 1895 he was married to Miss Emma Walker, and they were sent to Jalgaon where he laboured till called up higher one year later. When the news came of his illness, we apprehended no serious results. He had spent a winter of constant touring with his wife and Mr. Dutton and was expecting to return to the district soon when taken with this fever. We were given no special spirit of prayer for him, and so felt perhaps he would soon be well. Mr. Garrison and Mr. Dutton went to him and soon the letters made our heart falter; with our longing for him to get well, we were for a time baffled by no power to grasp for his recovery. In the early part of his illness he suffered much, but was unconscious toward the last and quietly passed away. How our hearts were saddened, not only for his loss which was very great, but for his young wife so soon widowed. Several of our missionaries reached Jalgaon in time to help lay away the precious dust. On his death bed one beautiful incident occurred. He was much interested in a young sweeper lad and often spoke while he was ill of his plan that this boy should attend the Native Christian mela near at hand. After Mr. Heron's death this wish was complied with and the young boy was sent, but on the day of his arrival at the mela he was thrown from a cart by some runaway bullocks and badly injured. He was carried to the hospital and tenderly cared for by our people. Here he was converted, and on his death was buried by our people with his mother's consent as a Christian. Before he died he cried out: "I see Heron Sahib." And one day before Mr. Heron died he said: "This boy is to be wherever I am." And so within a few weeks they were both together with Jesus.

All this year the opposition to the Gospel had been great in and around Jalgaon, and the people often threw stones at the missionaries. In an unusually severe stoning, Mr. Heron received a severe blow on the back from which
he suffered a good deal at the time. Khandesh is much affected by the threatened famine. Perhaps some of these very opposers of the Gospel may be the first garnered sheaves of that district. May the Lord grant that some of the hands that threw the stones be ready to crown Him Lord and King.

MRS. BANNISTER.

Many of our readers will remember dear Emma Royle who came out to India in the first party four years ago.

She was born in England, April 3, 1863, and went to America, 1883. She was trained for Christian work in Bethany Institute in 1890 in New York city, and was in Christian work for two years before coming to India. In those last months of rush in New York before sailing in 1892, a young man appeared at the door one morning and quietly said: "You and the India party were advertised in the churches in Paterson, N. J., to speak there to-night." I did not know how I could do, but there was no help for it. So I dropped all work, and the India party that was scheduled to meet me at a certain hour. I then spent the time in a committee meeting. Rushing from that, we hurried to the ferry and before we could all get on board the boat began pushing off. But by the rest leaping on the boat after she had started, we managed to make connection and get to the meeting. Then a gentleman who met us kindly predicted failure for the meeting. But we were there, not by our own choosing, and we met together in prayer for victory. In spite of the gentleman's predictions we had a fine meeting, and claimed fruit out of it. It seems that Miss Royle, not at all interested in missions, came into the church to meet some one. But she grew so interested in the addresses that she afterward applied to be sent to India. She was accepted and spent the rest of her time in the New York Summer Training School and came out with the first party. She was a beautiful singer and none of us could forget her singing on the way out, or on the field. She immediately began the study of the language in the most faithful, painstaking manner, and though slow, yet she acquired a very good use of the language and spoke well. She was stationed at Buldana till her marriage to Mr. Robert Bannister, from England. They were stationed at Murtazapur. She was exceeding eager over the work and was always longing for souls. Two weeks before her death she attended the meetings held by Mr. Gregson at Akola just before our Marathi Convention. She seemed in perfect health. I visited her about the same time and we talked of the future, little dreaming that only two weeks of the future were left to her. Her little boy was born and a week later, on March 17 the words throbbed over the telegraph wire to me "Babe doing well but the mother gone." It was a heavy blow. God wonderfully sustained the young husband, but after five months of weary, weary suffering the little babe "Robert" followed his mother and thus the father was doubly bereaved. He has gone on bravely alone at Murtazapur in a lonely house with a lonely, sore heart, but God has given him fruit in his work, and we trust will make this great sorrow the greatest blessing of his life.

Mr. MAcKINTOCH, MAcKINTOCH, MAcKINTOCH, MAcKINTOCH, MAcKINTOCH.
taken ill and after a few days small-pox developed. He died Feb. 28th after an illness of five days. The physician who attended him said he never saw a severer case. He was very prayerful and while he lived in Bombay, he spent much time in prayer that there might be a revival in the city. He looked forward to years of work. When the day comes when we shall know clearly what we cannot understand now, we will see that his life and his prayers fitted into God's purpose, and will have their reward.

MISS MONTGOMERY.

Miss Sarah Montgomery was born in Centre Augusta, Canada, August 3, 1863. She was trained at the Missionary Training School under the Alliance in New York, and arrived in India, November 19, 1894. At the yearly meeting of the Mission that year, which took place just before her arrival, she, in company with eleven of the new missionaries, was

"...the chaplain. He was made over Miss Montgomery. She made but very progress in the language and at her death was able to talk but little; but as a House keeper she had been invaluable. She had such good judgment and was very practical. We have rarely seen a new missionary adapt herself better to her circumstances than she did. And then she was very bright and cheerful.

The life at the Home went on without break after Miss Bush's death till last July. On Sunday morning, July 5, I stepped into the drawing-room for something, and saw a telegraph peep standing in the door with a telegram in a bright yellow envelope. My heart sank at the colour, for only urgent telegrams are delivered in such envelopes. Looking up to God for help, I broke the seal and read: "Miss Montgomery and Petrie very ill—pray." The next day a letter came with details, and we saw that both of the ladies were stricken with cholera. Miss Park and I went up to Kaira soon afterward. When we reached the railway station, it was joyful news to hear the man say who had come for us that the "Miss Sahibs were better." We found Sarah very ill, still; but seemingly better. It was beautiful to see dear Miss Petrie launch out. The next day in the Lord's name she arose and she said that though all turned black, yet as she pressed on life came to her. She added: "I can never forget that feeling of life. I believe when all turned black, if I had gone back to bed, I would have missed His healing touch." By Sunday she walked down to the river to the baptisms, and the next day when I went into her room to tell her of Sarah's home-going she said to me: "I feel as well as ever." Praise God, It was a precious token to us in the midst of sorrow that God was with us. But to dear Sarah came no spring to rise. She faithfully tried to, but it would only be temporary.

Sabbath, July 12, morning, her last day of life, she seemed so much brighter that we hoped she would soon be well. She was overheard to say early in the morning, "Yes, Lord, I yield it all to Thee. I not only say it, but I have done it." It was some secret committal between her and God, but it left its impress on her all day. She sat out at prayers for a time, and went to bed. Our hearts were busy with anxiety about the fatal day and we saw but the evening five men were to go down to the river in Park and Miss Petrie. It was a blessed scene, as one after another the men were buried in the water before us. One of them was an influential man, the head man of his caste. After all was over, we three stood by the river with the soft evening light flooding all around us and sang softly, "Moment by moment," little dreaming in our joy what was yet before us ere the day's record would be completed. On our return we saw that Sarah was very weak and talked a little incoherently, but we thought it was perhaps from weakness. I went out for a bit of quiet, and in a half hour Miss Park followed me and said: "Sarah is delirious." It struck me like a chill, and kneeling in the grass for prayer we went in. It was too true. And in addition she was exceedingly restless. Miss Park who was caring for her said: "Sarah, dear, can you not trust Jesus to hold you in His arms and keep you from being so restless?" then seeing she was still so restless added: "Can you not say,

"Arms of Jesus! fold me closer?"

and without thinking which verse it was Miss Park sang softly:

"Arms of Jesus! fold me closer
To Thy strong and loving breast
Till my spirit on Thy bosom
Finds its everlasting rest."
Sarah joined in a clear and distinct voice and sang with her. A sort of awe came over Miss Park as she saw that she had chosen the verse unwittingly about death, and then she stopped. But Sarah carried the verse clearly to the end as well as the chorus. Then in reply to something that was said to her she said heartily, “Amen!” I do not know how to express it, but it was like the going out of a lamp. She never spoke or gave any sign of consciousness again. How thankful we were for that last hymn and “Amen” from her lips, and we knew “underneath were the everlasting arms.”

She was buried the next day by the side of dear Annie Bush. A great crowd of women filled the yard, and they said to me, “Are you her mother?” I was just going to say no, when I remembered that every letter Sarah had written me was addressed “Dear mother,” and I said to the women, “She was as a daughter to me.” Then Miss Petrie and I did just what we believe Sarah would have wished—we talked to the women of Jesus and not of her. As her body was lowered into the grave, the setting sun flooded the earth with a lovely light and it seemed like a rift into glory. Such peace came to our sore, sad hearts saying, “It is well,” that the light almost seemed divine. A man whom Sarah had helped nurse separately what they felt had been her greatest work in India. And the answer always came: “Her spirit of prayer.” One said: “It was hard to go into her room and not find her on her knees.” Another said: “I feel the ingathering of souls at Kaira may be in part through her prayers. She prayed constantly for the Christians, the field and the different missionaries and in this way Sarah though “absent with the Lord,” will yet live on in India.

“She was not for God took her.”

WENTY years ago when I first came to India for three years great scarcity and famine prevailed in the Deccan. A friend in that section sent me six little girls who became the foundation for present girls’ school. But the Benjarees stole some children from sections and brought them to got w’an of it and took the children. This occurred in Basim and six little girls were handed over to Miss Jane Sisson and Miss Wheeler. One of the older of these girls was named Anandibai (Joy). She grew up into a beautiful Christian girl, and on Miss Sisson’s return to America she was married about six years ago to Mr. James Rogers of our Mission. As the years went by she grew in grace and her heart was in the work. As much time as she could spare, she gave freely the last two years to the work, going out with the missionary ladies among the women. Her growth in grace was much more marked this last year and she developed a sweetness that we all marked as if God was speedily ripening her to be garnered Home. She had too bright a heart’s treasure was her heart, remarkably winning child epidemic of malarial fever. When settled upon his Anandibai took seriously ill, but it was not about her that her heart had little John and was not here. Soon after this she gave birth to another little boy but took no interest in him. Just at this time a peculiar virulent form of fever was in Akola. The highest official in the place died within two days. The second time his temperature rose to 107° in two hours. When Anandibai’s baby was a week old she had fever one day but no
one was alarmed. Her husband left her at noon
apparently very comfortable. In a half hour
he was called home hastily and found her in a
raging fever. She barely recognized him and
said: "I am going to leave you. Take good care
of the children." Her temperature rose to a
fearful height and by 4 o'clock she was with
Jesus and her beloved John. It was so sudden,
so unexpected, that our heart found expression
only in the words "She was not for God took
her." Her death was a great loss to the Native
Christians. Her little baby survived her 43
months and then passed away with convulsions
in the great heat.

THE GANPATI FESTIVAL.

GANPATI (pro. Gunputtee,) is in
reality one of the minor deities in
this land, but among the Mahbarata
people he is regarded as important
and is very popular. In the last
two years the Ganpati festival in Western India
has become the occasion of what might be called
a revival in Hinduism. This has arisen since
the riot with the Mahommedans two years
ago. At the next Ganpati festival after the riot,
the Hindus urged the people on to greater display
in all the ceremonies, expenditure and in the
processions. The scene at the beach when
thousands of processions came to cast the idols
into the sea, was the most hilarious, wildly
idolatrous scene that we had ever witnessed.
This year the display and din were even
greater. Larger sums of money were expended.
One of the vernacular papers urged that the
festival be celebrated with great pomp. The
city was in an uproar and the very air felt as
if it had been given over to the devil. It
makes one understand better what is meant by
"The powers of the air."
The Bombay Guardian of September 19th,
says:-
"The Ganpati festival is upon us, and Bombay
is given up to processions, noise, and idolatry.
It grows upon one that a distinct Hindu revival
is in progress in the increased attention given to
this festival. One new feature of its outward
manifestation is the processions of growing lads
evidently carefully drilled and wearing uniforms.
On Sunday one such passed through Khetwadi in
a uniform of green plush coats and knee breeches
with a modification of a Scotch cap, made of
black velvet piped with gold and white feather.
On another occasion a larger procession was
clad in khip cotton jackets and dhotars, but all
composed of growing boys and tall lads. What
these processions may lead to we do not pretend
to say. Another feature of the Ganpati festival,
which is not a new one, is the fact that on a
certain day during the holiday every woman
is supposed to fast the whole day. From early
morning till after she has had her bath on the
following morning, food or drink must not pass
her lips. This fact is most rigidly enforced in
orthodox Hindu homes, and is looked upon as
a vicarious suffering on behalf of their husbands,
that the lords of creation may enjoy health and
prosperity. Child-wives and widows are not
exempt, and while to the healthy and strong,
this may not be injurious, yet much suffering is
inflicted on those who are out of health. Cases
are not unknown where it has even caused
death."

The origin of Ganpati is as follows: Parbuttie,
the wife of Mahadeo made Ganpati out of some
dirt, and put him in the front door as a watch-
man with orders that no one was to be allowed
to enter till her bath was finished. In the
meantime Mahadeo came home and essayed to
enter. But Ganpati on no considerations
would let him in. Thereupon Mahadeo cut off
Ganpati's head and went in. When Parbuttie
saw him she asked him how he got in, and he
told her the facts. Hearing this she set up a
wail that he had killed her son, and Mahadeo
to pacify her went out saying to himself that he
would cut off the head of the first person he
saw and put it on Ganpati whose head he had
thrown away. The first thing that he saw was
an elephant, and cutting his head off, put it on
Ganpati, and thus presented him alive to his
birthday. Thousands of earthen images of
all sizes are made and sold. The buyer carries
into the sea with shoutings. It is borne on a chair, or
on the shoulder or in a small palan-keen. As we
watched the processions, the truth of the
Scriptures came to us: "They deck it with silver
and gold... they must needs be borne because they cannot go." Jer. 10: 5.
THE INDIA ALLIANCE.

The increased display in the worship of Ganpati has not been done by the poor and ignorant classes; but by the wealthier, the better informed, and by some of the educated classes. Combined with the bitter attitude of the vernacular papers toward missionaries and Christianity, all this vaunted display of idolatry in the face of much light has seemed to us an open insult to God that would not go unrebuked. The present plague in Bombay has not seemed a strange judgment. May many learn righteousness while His judgments are abroad in the land. Pray, dear friends, that many may turn to God.

PERSECUTION.

Two or three years ago a great sensation was made in Bombay by the baptism of a high caste gentleman who was a Professor in Wilson College, a Free Church Institution. He was baptized openly in their church amidst a great crowd of Hindus. Also the windows of the church were filled with spectators, and throngs crowded outside. When the baptism was over, and he had bravely given his testimony in face of all, he walked quietly through the throng to his home. The opposition he met before and after his baptism was very great. More than two years have rolled by, but it seems the Hindus have never forgiven him. He made some remarks in a recent lecture that called forth the censure of the Native press. A few days afterwards, two Brahman began to call late at night pretending to be inquirers wishing baptism. On the third or fourth visit very late one night as they were leaving they turned and felled him to the ground striking two or three heavy blows. He lay for an hour unconscious, and then covered with blood crawled up stairs and wakened his friends. For days he lay in a critical condition, and many and frequent were the prayers offered that his life might be spared by the whole Christian community. The affair created a great sensation and revealed the fact afresh that a Hindu does not know the meaning of religious liberty. It had evidently been an attempt to kill, and our brother will carry till he dies the mark of Jesus come. "The brands of the Lord Jesus in his body." The spirit of the missionaries and workers was proven by the fervent prayers for the conversion of the assailants. The police got hold of the affair and detectives labored hard to bring the offenders to light. They were given false names and addresses to the professor, and so far nothing has been discovered. It is an instance to you, dear friends, of what becoming a Christian means in this land. We are often struck with the thought of how little preachers dwell upon our suffering for Jesus. Yet God chose Paul and told him how great things he should suffer for His name's sake. He was on his first missionary tour, and after being stoned in Lystra and cast out of nearly every town, he could have gone down a short cut through the Taurus mountains, to his home in Tarsus and back to Antioch. But he chose to go back through all the cities where he had been to strengthen his converts and to exhort them that they "must through much tribulation enter the kingdom of God." (Acts 14:22.) For it is true, that if we mean to live earnest godly lives we will realize that this "seet is every where spoken against " (Acts 28:22).

We are glad to add that Professor Velinker is slowly taking up his school duties again.

A MISSIONARY TO AMERICA!

FEW weeks ago we went down to the bunder to see a missionary friend off to America on the mail steamer. We found the bunder crowded with people of the "banya" caste gaily dressed, a band playing, and the whole wearing a festive air. We immediately thought that perhaps some native prince was embarking for travel in Europe or America. After we had boarded the tug to go out to the steamer we found a native gentleman, and his wife with a few friends on the deck watching the crowd on the bunder above. They were heavy and fragrant garlands around their necks and had bouquets in their hands. Finally I asked a native gentleman standing by me who this party was and the cause of all this demonstration on the shore. He informed me that the gentleman was his brother and that he was going as a missionary to America! He did not use the word "missionary" but that was what he meant.

It seems that his brother, Mr. Virchand Gandhi, had visited America to attend the Chicago Exhibition. I think he remained for two years in America and then returned here; and that he was now returning to America with his wife under an engagement of five years to lecture on Jain philosophy. For fifteen days his friends in Bombay had been feasting and having a round of gaieties, giving him "pan suparees" and "man puttras." The latter are letters of eulogy and appreciation gotten up by English to translate "pan suparees?" They are a sort of love at which guests whom you wish to honor are present; garlands are hung about the neck, bouquets given, perfume sprinkled over the guests, sandal wood oil rubbed upon the hand, and speeches are made, while the betul nut is partly wrapped in the green betul leaf in the shape of a triangle covered with gold foil is presented to each guest. The latter is what gives the name to the gathering—"pan suparee." And now the whirl of the fifteen days was over, and they were ready to push off into an untired life at least for the little Hindu woman and her child who were to accompany him. She could not speak a word of English. The brother informed me also that they had made special arrangements for a vegetable diet on board ship.

How I wish they both might get converted in America! As I sat sadly watching it all, I wished his pupils and auditors at home would only let me take them around to show them the practical workings of his philosophy in India. I am afraid his teaching would lose its couleur de rose.
LIST OF
ALLIANCE MISSIONARIES.

BERAR.

AKOLA.
Mr. and Mrs. R. S. M. Stanley.
Mr. P. E. Haggard.
Mrs. E. J. Cutler.
Miss L. J. Holmes.

INDUSTRIAL WORKSHOP.
Mr. J. P. Rogers.

BOYS' SCHOOL.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Franklin.

SHEGAON.
Mr. and Mrs. Peter Neilson.

BULDANA.
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Carroll.

AMRAOTI.
Mr. and Mrs. Carl Erickson.
Miss Mary Olmstead.

MURTIZAPUR.
Messrs. R. D. Bannister and Schelander.

CHANDUR.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ramsey.
Miss Lottie Mahaffey.

MULKAPUR.
Mr. and Mrs. Moyser.

KHANDESH.

BHUSAWAL.
Mr. and Mrs. M. i. Garrison.

JALGAON.
Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Dutton.
Mrs. Heron.

CHALISGAON.
Messrs. J. D. McGlashan and C. C. Lenth.

PACHORA.
Mr. A. Johnson.

GUZERAT.

AHMEDABAD.
Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Woodward.
Miss Blanch Petrie.

KAIRA.
Mr. and Mrs. T. F. King.
Miss Annie Seasholtz.
Miss E. Smiley.
Miss Armstrong.

KAPADYANJ.
Mr. & Mrs. V. T. Guttridge.

DHALKA.

MEHMADABAD.
Messrs. S. Hamilton & C. Borup.

BOMBAY.

BOMBAY.
Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Foster.
Mrs. James Miller.
Misses M. Anderson, K. G. Park.
Miss Alice Yoder.
Miss H. Mallory.

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.

Printed at the Anglo-Vernacular Press, Khetwadi, Bombay.