The India Alliance.

The Organ of

The Christian and Missionary Alliance

in India.

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Christian & Missionary Alliance.


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The affairs of the Mission in India are administered by the Superintendent and a Council, composed of nine members of the Mission elected at the Annual Convention.

The Alliance is unsectarian and its special object is the evangelization of neglected fields, and it seeks to unite Christians of all evangelical denominations in its work.

The teaching of the Alliance is often spoken of as the Four-Fold Gospel, which means the Gospel or good tidings of Jesus Christ as Saviour, Sanctifier, Healer and Coming King.

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"The Alliance will require of all its laborers a spirit of absolute reliance upon God alone for support, guaranteeing no fixed salary to any missionary after reaching his or her field, but providing them such moderate allowances for their actual expenses and needs as the funds provided from the voluntary gifts of God's people shall enable us to supply from time to time."

"Accepted candidates are required, before leaving for the field, to sign an agreement stating that they cordially approve of the principles and practice of the Mission, and heartily desire to carry out the same."

"Every missionary is committed to a life of faith in God for his personal support, and the Home Board is only pledged to send to the various fields what they receive. No debt is to be incurred."

Donations for the General Fund or for Special Purposes or for the personal use of any missionary can be sent to the Treasurer in New York. Donations from friends in India can be sent to Rev. Wm. Franklin, Berachah Home, Grant Road, Bombay. Unless otherwise designated, donations will be put in the General Fund.

The India Alliance.

A monthly message from the Alliance Missionaries and the friends of their work. It will also deal with the general questions of mission work by original or selected articles, and will seek to deepen the interest and stimulate the prayers of all who may read it, by showing the encouragements as well as difficulties of the work.

EDITOR:—Mrs. Wm. Franklin. BUSINESS MANAGER:—Rev. Wm. Franklin.

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THE INDIA ALLIANCE.

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God Cares.

God cares!
How sweet the strain!
My aching heart and weary brain
Are rested by the sweet refrain,—
He cares, our Father cares!

God cares,
Oh, sing the song
In lonely spot, amid the throng:
'Twill make the way less hard and long,
He cares, our Father cares!

God cares!
The words so sweet
My lips and heart shall e'er repeat,
My burdens all left at His feet,—
God cares, He always cares!

HELEN A. CASTERLINE.

LAUNCH OUT.

MRS. TURNBULL.

He said unto Simon, launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught.”

How much has been said, how much has been written, about launching out for deeper things in God, and shall we say, how little has been realized? As we look at things as they are in ourselves and in Christian circles we are constrained to say, we have not launched out as we should. Perhaps it is because we have lacked a definite idea of what we want as we have tried to launch out; perhaps in our longings for deeper things we have not searched to know our special needs and so our launching out has not been very definite and of course the results have not been so.

Now Peter and the fishermen who were with him knew what they had been toiling for all night long; they were after fish. But they had toiled until they were weary and had decided to wash their nets and stop. What was the use trying to catch fish when there were not any to catch? Oh yes, there were plenty, but they were toiling too near the shore. Then comes the Master's command, “Launch out into the deep, Simon, let down your nets and there will be results. You will have a draught of fishes.” And so it was.

Are we not like those fishermen in many ways? Some of us have struggled more than one night for the things we feel should be in our lives and we have almost come to the conclusion that it is no use, these things are not for us. Something is the trouble, and that trouble is, we are staying too near the shore; it may be we have not cut all the shore lines. The slender line of man's opinion, and another one of self-opinion may be holding our little craft back from the deep waters, for although these cords are slender and sometimes can hardly be seen, they are strong and hold us fast from the deeper things.

But the questions come, “How can I launch, what shall I do?” There is something in our nature that seems to hold us back when we want to give up, but there is something in the power of the blessed Holy Spirit that can enable us to let go and dare to drop down deep, trusting God that the everlasting arms will be there to catch us. If we can simply have that divine relaxation, that letting go of will and desire and ambition, we can easily launch out.

Now what are some of the things that we need? Let us launch out in the first place into deeper surrender where the I will slip out of sight and He will have the pre-eminence in all things; yes even the little things in the daily life, for they are the things that keep our surrender from being a deep one. Then it will be easy to launch into deeper rest. Oh, how much we need it in this rushing world, need it for body, spirit and mind! Just as Peter knew before what it was to catch fish, so we have known what it has meant to have rest, but it was not deep enough to last under all circumstances. As that trial continued we grew restless, our hearts became noisy and we could not hear the Comforter's voice. Let us
dare to launch out, to let down our nets, and the Lord who gives the command will see that we get what we seek.

But let us not stop here. Let us launch out into deeper love and humility; launch out so far that we will “condescend to men of low estate,” “be subject one to another,” and love each other with fervent charity. If this were really true of us, what a power there would be in our united prayer and service! And we want it to be so, not merely in word and tongue but in deed and in truth. And oh, in what shallow patience many of us are living! We want to be patient but our commands are not obeyed, our wishes are disregarded, and many little things creep in every day that start the impatient feeling and word. How sorry we are afterwards and we resolve to do better, for we know the power of patience on other lives, but alas! it seems to be failure. What is the matter; is there no way to have real, deep patience? Yes, there is. Let us launch out with our Lord into the place of absolute willingness to be patient under all circumstances and as surely as He gave Peter the draught of fishes He will give us patience.

We might think of our many other needs; deeper obedience, faith, and sacrifice, but as we each see our own special needs we can definitely launch out and trust God and the result will not be a fruitless night of toil but our net will enclose the draught of fishes.

A gentleman and his wife were once being shown through a large mint and as they came to the department where the metal was in a molten state their guide said, “If you will dip your hand in that bucket there and then let me pour some of this hot metal into your hand it will not burn you. Do you believe it?” They both said they did and the guide asked the gentleman to try it, but he drew back with a, “No, thank you.” But his wife said, “I will,” and she dipped her hand into the bucket pointed out and received the molten metal in her hand. The result was as the guide had said. We need not ask which of the two believed the guide. The woman had practical faith, she dared to venture. Many of us are like that man. We hear of the deeper things that would be ours if we would launch out for them and we say we believe, but when it comes time to act we draw back, which shows we do not believe. Let us, like that woman, prove that we believe God.

Station Notes.

AKOLA, BERAR.

Mr. Moyser.

OFTEN TIMES we think things move slowly here in Akola, but now and then incidents occur to break the monotony and to show that there is an advance in the school and church and occasionally events take place that have an important bearing on eternal interests. We have just heard the result of the All-India Sunday School examination which was held last July. Nearly forty of our school boys received diplomas for passing successfully. Quite a number of these were first class and one was absolutely perfect in all his answers. We are glad to say that a number of these boys are not only getting a good knowledge of the Word intellectually but it is being manifested in their lives.

At Christmas on opening the boys’ self-denial box we found that it contained fifty rupees. Nearly all this amount had been earned by the boys eating dry bread. They distributed it among the Bible Society, Tract Society and Church. Praise the Lord that they are willing to deny themselves once a week so that they may have money to give to the Lord’s work. This is about the only way they have of earning money. They proposed this way themselves and have done it for four years.

Since we wrote last, several of the boys have married and gone out into the world to earn their own living. Some have run away or gone to their friends who turn up once in a while now the famine is over, and several have gone into the mills to work. Our hearts go out in prayer that in all the peculiar trials through which Christians in India have to pass, they may stand true to the teaching they have received while in the school and may be true witnesses to the people around them of the Christ of God who has bought them.

Last Sunday we baptized seven adults, namely, two masons and their wives, one Kunbi, or farmer, and his wife and mother-in-law. In the afternoon we received eight members into Church fellowship on confession of faith. Of these, four were boys from the Orphanage. The lives of these boys we have closely watched for a long time and we gladly welcomed them into the visible Church of
Christ. One of them was unable to be present as his little brother had died of Plague a few days before and he was in quarantine for ten days for carrying him from his room to the segregation camp.

Our boys' school in new Santa Barbara is very busy these days. On account of Plague breaking out in the part of the town where our Christians live, Government closed a goodly number of houses and about twenty-five of our Christian families were homeless. So we allowed them to come on the lower part of the field belonging to the school. On this account all our services are held here and with these twenty-five families we have quite a village. I wish I could buy the field opposite us so that I could let our Christian people have enough ground to build their own houses. The rents in town are so dear that it is an impossibility for some of our people to pay rent and have anything left over. The land would cost only about one hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars and then each family could build their own house for a few dollars.

We are glad to say that most of our boys are doing very well in their studies and industrial training. In a few years they will be good mechanics, teachers, preachers, etc. Quite a number of these boys are as yet not supported and we trust that God will lay it upon the hearts of His people to realize that “pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.” One of these fatherless children can be supported a whole year for fifteen dollars or three pounds. How many thousands of people in England and America could easily give this amount without denying themselves anything. If they could only see the change in the lives of the children who learn to love Jesus, they would consider it a privilege to give for their support. On New Year's day I was very much struck with the difference between Hindu and Christian children. The Municipality in honour of the coronation of Edward VII gave sweetmeats to all the school children in Akola. Nearly 2,000 children were
present, each school being in charge of its headmaster. The different schools were assigned to different rows on the great common. It was the wish of the Municipality that several of the schools should sing some song in honour of the occasion. After going the rounds the Chief Magistrate chose our school to sing the national anthem. After they sang that he asked them to sing any song they liked. It would have done your hearts good to see them stand up and sing a hymn called, "Christ the Victorious Saviour." In this way they gave a ringing testimony to the power of Jesus to save. Again to see the difference in the deportment of Hindu and Christian boys was another testimony to the worth of a religion that has a personal Saviour who is able to change the hearts and lives of His followers.

AHMEDABAD, GUJERAT.
MISS FRASER.

During the past few months we have been much tested here as several of our missionaries have been ill with fever, which has been very prevalent this year. This has hindered us from getting out into the villages as we hoped to do. But we praise the Lord that we have not been tempted above that we were able to bear, but with the temptation He has made a way of escape. Now all the sick ones are better and we have more time to give out the word of life to the people. During the testing time our hearts have been made to rejoice many times as we have seen the simple faith of some of our dear Native Christians. They come in from the villages to attend our meetings at the bungalow from time to time, and stay over Sunday, as some of them live ten miles distant. One day two of the missionaries were very ill and my horse was also so sick I thought it was going to die. I felt depressed in spirit. The Native Christians noticed that I looked sad and they said: "Do not feel bad, Mississahib. We went into a room, shut the door, and prayed for the Sahib and Madamsahib, and also for your horse, and we know that God has heard our prayers and He will not let them die." As I looked into their bright faces my heart was made glad because of their childlike faith. When I told the others in the home we all praised God for what He had done for these ignorant people who, two years ago, were in heathen darkness, worshipping idols. What a difference Christianity makes in them! I notice in the villages how quiet the Christians are, while the others, even in their common talk about their work, are so noisy. In one place they were having a terrible fight and the Christians did not want me to go near, but I said, "we will go near by and sing and have a meeting." In a few minutes the quarrel was over and quite a number came and listened until the meeting was through, as they like to hear singing. I prayed that God's word might take hold of them. How many times I have praised God for His precious promise that His word shall not return unto Him void but shall accomplish that which He pleases. Lately some of the women who would not formerly come to the meetings have asked me into their homes and have opened their hearts and told me their troubles. So I had the privilege of telling them that God loved them and gave His Son to die for them, and that He has borne all their sins and sorrows. They asked me to come again. I always have a blessed time in the villages, as the Christians and candidates are so glad to have me come, and the work among the people is very encouraging. In these villages there are scores of bright boys and girls growing up in ignorance because there is no one to teach them. We are praying for Native workers and means to support them. We need those who are educated, saved and filled with the Holy Spirit, to preach the everlasting Gospel in the many needy places of Gujerat. We are so thankful that there is to be a school started soon for the purpose of training young men for evangelistic work. We are also expecting a Widows' Home to be started soon at Mehemmedabad. This, too, is greatly needed as there are many destitute widows who need to be cared for. We are sure that God's dear people will pray for His blessing on the work.

At our bungalow we always have a Sunday school in the morning and service in the afternoon. Lately a great many children come to the Sunday school. Mrs. Burman and my Native woman gather them in, and last Sunday we were so pleased to see how well the new children had learned the golden texts. The children in this country memorize very quickly. We are praying that God's word may sink down into their young hearts, and bring forth much fruit to the glory of His dear name. We know that God is working and He is faithful and we want to be faithful, too, in the upbuilding of the Kingdom of Christ in this land, and the fastening of His glorious coming.

"O that Thy Name might be sounded
Afar over earth and sea;
Till the dead awaken and praise Thee,
And the dumb lips sing to Thee!"

THE INDIA ALLIANCE.
PACHORA, KHANDESH.
Mr. A. JOHNSON.

It is now three months since we started on the cold weather itinerating work, or touring, as it is commonly called among India missionaries. We had hoped to cover the entire Pachora district by the end of February. But we are hindered at present by the fearful plague epidemic, which instead of disappearing as had been hoped, is steadily spreading in every direction, leaving desolation and sorrow in its wake. On entering a plague district, instead of finding the men in the village early in the morning, and getting a good sized audience in five minutes, we find them in small groups out in the fields, living in sheds made of jiwari stocks, often too heart-broken through recent bereavements to be able to listen to the missionary's story. In some villages in particular, the death rate seems to have been the highest among the men. The first strange sight we noticed in one of these villages was a tremendous army of long-tailed monkeys having charge of the threshing floors of the village, which at this season of the year contain the unthreshed crops of the farmers. Only one man could be seen, feebly contesting the monkeys' rights to the floors. We asked the man where we could find most of the villagers, and he pointed us to a mango grove at some distance. We went there, but found that the inhabitants of the temporary village, built of jiwari stocks, consisted mostly of women and children. Before we got close enough to salute them, a woman spoke up, saying, "do not come, Padri Sahib, there is no one here to listen to you now." "But," I said, "have you not got ears?" She said, "yes, I suppose we have, but they refuse to listen." The poor people were too heart-broken to listen to anything, and as much as we longed to tell them of the One who bore their sorrows and their griefs we had to leave them in their despair. The next village we found the same, the people too sad to listen. One old woman said, "my husband and son used to listen to you, but they are both gone now."

Can these be some of the woes which the Apostle saw on Patmos? Or is it the woe which the prophet Habakkuk pronounced on idolaters? "Woe unto him that saith to the wood, Awake; to the dumb stone, Arise, it shall teach! Behold, it is laid over with gold and silver, and there is no breath at all in the midst of it."

On the whole we have had less opposition this season than formerly. We have had respectful attention from most, and serious attention from many. We have travelled a little slower than in previous years holding as many as five services in some of the larger villages hoping that some of the serious ones might come to a definite decision and separation. But that is where the difficulty begins. Some have come as far as to confess openly that they believe on Jesus, and yet they halt at the step of separation. They are no doubt in a critical position, being in great danger of compromise. May the Lord give more grace to these faltering ones.

Two years ago in making the tour of the district, we came across a man who was partially paralyzed, and had been bedridden for nearly two years. He asked us if we knew of any good medicine. We told him that Jesus was our doctor and our medicine. He asked if He could do anything for him. We said, yes, if he would believe on Him. He said he did not know just how to believe on Him, but thought he could believe on Him better if he were healed by Him first. We felt led to pray publicly for his recovery in the name of Jesus, and left him. Returning to the same village this year, we found the man walking about. I asked him how he was, and he said he was fairly well now, but did not mention how he got well. But his neighbours, jogging his memory, said, "you got better after the Sahib had prayed for you." While we were preaching to the crowd a conclusion was drawn, "pray for God's blessing upon His Word sold in the districts."

There has been much in these three months travel to encourage, and yet we feel, tremblingly, that the work is getting more and more critical. We feel that many are very close to the parting of the two roads, and must soon decide either one way or the other. We would solemnly lay these precious souls on the hearts of praying Christians for grace to enable them to choose the one thing needful.

REQUESTS FOR PRAISE AND PRAYER.

Praise for baptisms in Akola, Dholka and Kaira.
Pray for God's blessing upon His Word sold in the districts.
" " church building at Ahmedabad.
" " missionaries, that we may know how to find more time to wait upon God.
" " those studying the language.
" " our Helpers and Christians.
" " Berachah Home.
Editorials.

"MOVED with compassion." "Touched with the feeling of our infirmities." How wonderfully comforting! He who stands for us before God is not the critical judge but the tender-hearted priest who is able to sympathize with us in our weaknesses, sorrows and trials. We censure ourselves, others criticise us, some may even pity us, but Jesus sympathizes with us. He enters into our feelings, and takes our sorrows upon himself. He understands us as no mortal does and He has been tempted in all points just as we are. Yes, Jesus knows all about that dreadful conflict with evil through which you are just passing, for He, too, has felt the enemy's power. The weakness, the weariness, the nervousness even, which may be a trial to our nearest and dearest earthly friend, He makes allowance for because He, too, was susceptible to weakness at the close of those days of fasting. And none need spend twenty years in travelling afar to find Him, for He is near. This means hundreds of miles of travel by foot. A missionary in Northern India recently came across an elderly woman and her three sons who had spent twenty years in making the pilgrimage to three of these temples. They had abandoned the thought of going to the fourth temple and were on their way home. They had endured great privation and suffering and the woman's face was marked with pain and sorrow. And the bitterness of returning home after those weary years still unforgiven, who can tell it? That she might know of the Saviour of the widow who alone is able to forgive all sin and give peace of soul without the burden of penance! And none need spend twenty years in travelling afar to find Him, for He is near enough to every weary heart to say, "come unto me, and I will give you rest."

Several questions have been asked us by home friends the answers to which may prove of interest to all. When it is four o'clock in the morning on the Western coast of America and seven o'clock in the morning at New York, it is five o'clock in the afternoon at Bombay. Our hot season begins in March, our rainy season in June and our cold season in November. It usually begins to get quite warm in February, but this year it has been very cold. We are glad of a shelter under three or four blankets at night. There are indications of climatic changes as we have also had unseasonable rains. It is impossible to describe exactly the form Plague takes, for like La Grippe at home it takes various forms. It derives its name,; Bubonic Plague, from the fact that swellings about the size of an egg called buboes form on the side

As we live in close fellowship with Jesus, our hearts, too, will be moved with compassion as His is. This will lead us to have "A heart at leisure from itself To soothe and sympathise." It will lead us to give our lives to those who know not our Saviour's tender love. It will lead us to pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth labourers into his harvest. It will lead us to do for others as He does for us, May we live so close to Him that our hearts may be kept tender, "having compassion one of another." * * *

That there are souls in India who are groping in the darkness for God, is illustrated by the following incident. The Hindu Shastras provide for the forgiveness of the sin which caused the death of her husband and brought the curse of widowhood upon her, if the widow will make a pilgrimage to the four temples of India situated in the extreme north, south, east and west. We are glad of a shelter under three or four blankets at night. There are indications of climatic changes as we have also had unseasonable rains. It is impossible to describe exactly the form Plague takes, for like La Grippe at home it takes various forms. It derives its name, Bubonic Plague, from the fact that swellings about the size of an egg called buboes form on the side

In the record of Jesus' life, when He was moved with compassion He did something for the object of His compassion. He gave back the widow's son, He cleansed the leper, He healed the sick, He taught the multitude. Is He less compassionate to-day? No, He whose heart is touched for you whatever your need is, is doing something for you. First of all He is praying for you that your faith fail not. Then He is strengthening you, upholding you, healing you, saying, "fear not, I am with you." With all the power of an endless life, He is working for you. Look away unto Him who is touched with the feeling of your infirmities.
These are very painful and if the patient lives long enough, burst open. High fever which does not abate is the first sign, then the bubo appears and the sufferer becomes unconscious and soon passes away. There are cases of recovery, but comparatively few. One of our Christian young men was unconscious for seven days and recovered. There is a species of Plague without buboes which is quite as fatal. In 1897 in India was 24,500. From 6 a.m. on 20th February to 6 a.m. on the 21st there were in Bombay city 172 recorded attacks of Plague and 166 deaths.

**Mission Questions.**

**CHRISTIAN CHILDREN IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.**

**Rev. M. B. Fuller.**

We feel that the Christian children who attend Government schools need to be well looked after outside of school. This we are doing the best we can. The boys in our orphanages who attend Government schools have daily prayers and Bible classes at home. We seek to keep them in good spiritual condition and to make them feel that the school is their place to witness for Christ. Some of them have been most faithful in doing so, not so much by words or by arguments as by their good behaviour and faithfulness in study, thus gaining the confidence of their Hindu masters who have said that the Christian boys have better manners than the others. Some of them stand at the head of large classes, one at the head of the school, and when the master of the class was ill he asked this Christian boy, who came to us in the famine of 1897, an outcaste, to teach the class for him, which he did for two weeks. Nearly all of our Christian boys stand near the head of their classes. We do not forget that their spiritual life is all-important and if we felt that a boy was suffering spiritually from going to a Government school we would keep him away till we felt he was able to go and maintain his spiritual life. But in a Government school, boys are on their guard and realize that they must stand against what is wrong, whereas with a merely nominal Christian master they are in danger of being off their guard. There are many sins which are not peculiar to Hinduism but belong to human nature wherever we go, and these are the sins from which our boys are most in danger. If a Hindu master insulted the religious feelings of Christian boys in school he should be reported if after being warned by the missionary he still persisted in it. If the Native Christian community increases at the present rate for a few years, the education of Christian children will become a very serious question. We do not think it belongs to the Christians of America to educate the Christian children of India as long as a Christian Government here is willing to do it and only waits for the missionaries to insist on the rights of the Indian Christians to share the advantages of the public school. Native helpers, evangelists, and Bible women are being dropped by some missions because of lack of funds, and yet schools are being kept up to do what Government is willing and glad to do and the money used for the schools might be used to support evangelists to work among the non-Christians.

In the villages and smaller towns Mahommedan boys attend the Government schools and no one dares to challenge their rights there. Nor would a Hindu master insult their religious feelings in the school. The Native Christian community is growing rapidly and it does not require a prophet to see that it will not be long till it will be an important factor in all Indian questions. It is very important that the rights of the Native Christians be quietly yet firmly insisted upon that they may not be handicapped in their struggles to rise out of the depressed conditions in which the most of them are when converted to Christ. It is the glory of Christ and His religion that He raises the fallen. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come," 1 Tim. 4:8. When Christ finds men in ignorance and poverty, and moral and physical filth, He does not leave them there. The desire to learn to read His word soon springs up in the heart that has heard and felt the power of it in experience. The desire for clean clothes, and a wholesome sense of shame concerning nakedness and filth, follow very soon when the moral cleansing has begun. Better and cleaner houses and clothes require more money and they must be more industrious and must be educated and taught trades so as to be able to care for their families in a Christian fashion and so they rise out of their former degredation. It is a great work and if we let Government do all that it is willing to do, we as missions will still have enough to do which no one else can or will do.
MISSION INDUSTRIES.

With the increase (in some directions phenomenal) to Indian Christians in many of our Missions, it has become a matter for earnest consideration how to adjust financial resources so as to meet present demands. No matter how liberal the "appropriations" or "allotments" from English or American Mission Boards, they are found totally inadequate to meet the growing demands in Mission fields, where thousands of accessions necessitate vastly increased pastoral labour and teaching staff. The great problem in all the Mission Conferences and Annual Assemblies has been how to adjust the slender Home donations to the increased demands of an ever-growing constituency. The majority of those who have been added to the Christian ranks are people from the depressed classes, who, in some cases are scarcely able to exist themselves. Most of these, such as sweepers, basket-makers, chucklers, road-makers, etc., are self-supporting, so far that they pursue their callings after they become Christians; but they earn so little that nothing substantial may ever be expected of them. So that the missionaries have but one alternative, and that is to develop Indian industries, so as to procure means of living for those who have to devote all their time to the spiritual and intellectual development of the vast masses of low caste converts. The large number of orphans whom Missions support must be taught trades and callings which will help themselves and the Mission funds besides. Missionaries, to succeed in the future, and to develop and strengthen their stakes and enlarge their bounds, must take to the soil. They must, wherever available, utilize agricultural low caste converts and give them a chance to grow up into small farmers. They must encourage and develop industrial centers. The young must be brought together and taught brick-making, carpentry, cloth-weaving, carpet-making, durrie weaving, mat-making, rope-making, etc., on the coasts they must pioneer fisheries after the Western style, and in the case of converts able to earn their living by some given occupation, their children must be taught even a higher calling, or at least be put in the front rank of their own avocation. If some of the vast energy, and all the money now devoted to the education of high caste natives (who have all and every means already in their reach), were spent in the villages, in training converts for humble but decent avocations, it would be better.—Culled from The Statesman.

SNAKE WORSHIP.

Wm. Movser.

AGPANCHMI is the name of one of the Hindu feasts or holidays, and on this day the nag or cobra is worshipped and fed with sugar and milk. Not long since I heard that this feast was to be observed in a special way in a small town about six miles from Akola. At once my wife and I made arrangements to take our school-masters, Bible colporteur and several Native Christians and go there to hold a preaching service if possible. We reached there about two o'clock and found some hundreds of people gathered in an open square in the center of the town where the religious ceremony was to be held. Every inch of the square was filled with men and boys and every roof around it was crowded with women and girls, all eager to see the ceremony. In the exact center of the square was an open space reserved for the idol, officiating priest, and the other participants in the ceremony. A silver idol representing a cobra was placed on a large brass plate resting on a tripod composed also of brass cobras. Before this idol were placed offerings of green leaves, flowers, cocoanuts, etc. A small fire was burning before it, on which from time to time the priest threw incense. As the ceremony had not begun, a small cot was brought for us to sit upon and we had a chance to observe the people who had gathered. All castes were present, from the English-speaking Brahmin to the lowest outcaste. There were Mahommedans, and our own group of Christians who had come to tell of Christ, the living Saviour. The people soon began to sing lustily songs in honour of the god, and the priest kept busy putting fresh incense on the fire and waving his wand over the god and the people. I have never before seen such a demonized man as that priest seemed to be. From this time it will not be hard for me to believe in demon possession, for he was truly possessed by Satan and had the very appearance of Satan. I could but observe the faces of the people. It seemed as if their spiritual instincts were all dead. There was no joy, no peace, no real happiness, but they looked so sad, dull and lifeless. What else can we expect when they have no knowledge of the true God and His Christ, in whom alone are the springs of eternal life? Besides they are completely under the power of a fiend-possessed priest and worship as god the image of that being who brought sin, misery, and eternal death into the world.

We had not been sitting there very long when we heard a loud noise to our right and saw a poor fellow carried by four men into the center.
of the square and placed a little distance from
the idol. He was nearly nude, and was squirm-
ing, writhing, and twisting exactly like a snake.
A heavy sweat broke out upon his body and his
eyes rolled wildly as if suffering untold agony.
The priest began at once with his incantations
to exorcise the man, who professed to be
possessed by a cobra. He waved his wand
backwards and forwards over the god and then
over the man, the people all the while singing at
the top of their voices. The poor man finally
stopped his squirming and twisting and lay
perfectly still before the idol. The priest then
placed some burning camphor in the mouth of
the man, but something went wrong and his
mouth was badly burned. This filled the priest
with anger; he called the poor fellow a
trite and beating
mouth was badly burned.

His hair was very long and was loosened. He
rolled his eyes, worked his jaws, lashed himself,
and violently beat the ground with his head
until he was completely exhausted. The priest
as before kept waving his wand and throwing
incense on the fire until the man was subdued,
thent muttering some incantations he put a large
lump of burning camphor into his mouth and
hands and after a few minutes extinguished the
flame. Then he patted the man with his sacred
wand because he had successfully gone through
the ceremony. Two other men went through the
same ceremony, men who during the year had
been bitten by cobras and lived. In this way
they fulfilled a vow to the idol who they sup-
poused had saved their lives. It makes one's
heart sick to see these things done in the name
of religion in the twentieth century in British
India. India, with all its ancient learning and
modem schools and Western improvements and
its vaunted swamis in other lands, is to-day with-
out exception the land of unclean idols and an
idolatrous people.

As we sat and prayed for an opportunity to
lift up Jesus, it seemed as if the devil himself
opposed us. Finally I concluded that the people
were so excited they would never allow us to
speak while their feast was going on. So we
returned to our cart and rested. I thought that if I
played on my cornet for a few minutes perhaps a
few would gather around the cart out of idle curi-
osity. I took the cornet in my hand and again was
made to realize that God hears and answers
while we are yet speaking. The patel, or head-
man of the village, had sent for us to speak to
them! I do not think I should have been more
surprised had a thunderbolt dropped from heaven
at our feet. We at once hastened to the square
and for nearly two hours the people sat perfectly
still while we showed them the folly of worship-
ing idols and especially such idols as the snake.
Then we lifted up Jesus as the only living
Saviour who alone can and does save all who
call upon Him. At the close of the service
several of the men told us that they would never
again worship idols. Our hearts go out in prayer
that this may be the first step towards accepting
Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour.

THE FRAGRANCE OF A LIFE.

Mrs. King.

WHEN I was a little girl, we lived far out
in the country and our little cottage
was surrounded by meadows, rich with
cowslips and other sweet wild flowers. Farther
on were the woods with their beech trees, and
bushes laden with blackberries. But under the
hedges and often out of sight grew the little
violets, so full of fragrance, fresh and sweet.
Who does not love the violet?

As I was resting the other day after spend-
ing a pleasant time with some friends, these
words framed themselves in my mind: "The
fragrance of a life." I know not how or why
they came; partly perhaps from reading the
tribute to dear Mrs. Fuller, and partly perhaps
from visiting with dear ones whose lives give
out a fragrance. I thought, "yes, we sometimes
see a quiet walk and life, but oh, what fragrance!"
To my mind it compares with the modest little

title has such an unpleasant odour. Is
it a pity it is that such a
lovely flower has such an unpleasant odour. Is
it not the same in some lives? Do we not
sometimes see a bright face, but the fragrance
of the life is not sweet and pleasant, nor helpful
to others?

We are all, each day, giving out some
influence from our lives. Why should it not be
sweet fragrance, fragrance that shall leave its
impress on other lives, and shall be sweet to
those with whom we live?
We praise God that again we are able to begin work in Chalisgaon. On account of the Plague we had been obliged to stop work here and during the past three months have been helping Mr. A. Johnson in his district. God has blessed us greatly as we have been going from village to village telling the old, old story. Now we hope to visit some of the villages in our own district before the great heat comes. We hear, however, that in some of the large towns near by, many are still dying of Plague. We cannot help but be impressed with the great sorrow that is filling every one's heart owing to the ravenous Plague has made in nearly every home. We long to tell them of One who can turn their mourning into joy. The common saying now is, "Our gods are angry because we have not been as diligent in our worship as formerly, hence this great sorrow has come to us." We tell them that no doubt it is a judgment from God, but just as according to His word He has sent famine, plague and pestilence upon a nation that has forgotten Him and gone after other gods, in like manner He will protect people who will "turn from idols to serve the living God."

Our little band of Christians is a living testimony to the power of God. They are weak and faulty it is true, but God loves them and we believe they, in a measure, "know the love of God."

Last Sunday as we talked with them about the sufferings of Christ, it seemed as if they entered into His sorrow as never before, and with tears in their eyes some of the women said, "What great love Christ has shown for His poor sinful people, in suffering so much!"

A few weeks ago one of the Christian women sold a bundle of grass to a man in the town. The man, forgetting that he had paid her once, offered to pay her a second time. She refused to take the money saying, "I have been paid." Some Hindus, who were standing near, laughed and said, "Why did you not take it? No one would be the wiser." She replied, "I am a Christian and we are taught not to do such things." Her simple testimony seemed to touch them and they said no more to her.

One man who was working in the cotton gin refused to work on Sunday, in consequence of which he lost his place. He could find work no where else, so went back and applied for work again. They told him he might begin Sunday morning. He replied, "That is the Lord's day and I cannot work that day, but I will send a man in my place." They said, "No, you yourself must come." He came to us and said, "What shall I do? I know what the Bible says, but if I do not get work here I must go to my own country, a long distance from here. It is my wish to stay and be taught more from God's word, and I want my children to be brought up like Christians." We said, "Kindly, God will never forsake anyone who is true to Him and His word. You know what He says, and you know God answers prayer. This is a matter between you and God. We cannot decide for you. Pray about it and do as God tells you to do. Only remember God will be true and not forsake those who are true to Him." The next Sunday he went to work. We do not wish to judge him. We know he chose what to him seemed at least the lesser of two evils. We do ask you to pray that he may become so "rooted and grounded" that he will not be afraid to risk all upon God.

HOW GOD HEALED JEAN;
By Her Christian Nurse.

I WILL tell you how Jeanie Ramsey was healed through prayer while I was in Chandur. Jeanie was usually strong and well but at the time of teething she was at the point of death. At the same time both Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey were ill and Miss Hoffman came to take care of them. When I took off Jean's clothes to bathe her, I could see that she was a mere skeleton. Miss Hoffman thought she could not live. But prayer was being constantly made for her and God was able. From Saturday morning till four o'clock in the afternoon she had not taken even a drop of milk. Her eyes were closed. I was in great grief and ran to God. At that time I called Doulet master and all the Christian people and we prayed. Doulet master, crying, prayed for three hours for Jeanie, and would not get up from his knees until God answered. At last he told us all that God had given him the answer that Jeanie was healed. We all praised God and believed that God had made her well. As soon as prayer was over we all saw that she opened her eyes. Then she spoke, drank some milk and asked to be taken to her mother. Her mother was delighted to see her and said that her countenance looked as though she were well. The next day Jeanie began to walk and eat and was all well. Because God was with us and heard our prayer. And He will always hear prayer.

Note. I have translated this as literally as possible, purposely keeping her mode of expression.—Editor.
DAYS OF BLESSING.
MRS. LYDIA DUCKWORTH.

THE past few weeks spent among the orphan boys at Dholka have been very busy ones but also full of blessing. The varied experiences that come to one during even one day in an orphanage and the constant demands for strength, grace, tact and wisdom, all tend to make us lean hard upon Christ, who has promised to be all these and more even unto us, and to make us ask and claim large things for these boys whom we desire to see filled with the Spirit and made bright and shining lights in this dark land.

God has in a marked way blessed the special meetings held among the boys the last two weeks by Mr. Back and Mr. Andrews, and many have given evidence of genuine conversion. The reason that in the home-land so often those who seem sincerely to seek for forgiveness of sins, do not come out clearly and receive the witness of the Spirit, is because there is something deep down in their hearts that they are unwilling to bring to light. Perhaps it may be only a very little thing; but all sins must be uncovered before God's word of pardon and peace can be spoken. Very touching indeed have been the confessions that these boys, brought from the depths of heathenism, and taught, as it were, from their very infancy to sin rather than to do right, have made of things hidden but brought anew to their minds by the great searcher of hearts.

Some of the boys have been taught the shoemaker's trade and quite a number of pairs of shoes made by them had accumulated in the "godown." So it was decided to have a "clearance sale" for the benefit of boys who had been able to save money enough to buy them at eight annas per pair. But this price was set for school boys only and outsiders were charged more. One day a boy came to buy a pair but he had only seven annas and promised to bring the other anna soon. So we let him have the shoes and he went on his way rejoicing. But alas! the shoes were too large for him. He showed them to his old father who was working on the brick kiln. He immediately began to think that perhaps they would fit him; if so it was a fine opportunity to get a good pair of shoes. But the shoes were too small for him. However, such an opportunity was not to be lost, so the thought suggested itself to them to soak the shoes in oil and stretch them. No sooner said than done; but not in their own oil but in the school's oil.

The Scripture, "Be sure your sin will find you out," holds true in Dholka as well as other parts of the world. The boy and his father were discovered. Of course the shoes were taken away, the boy punished, and the money returned. But in returning the money my husband forgot about the one anna yet to be given and returned to him the full price, eight annas. The boy took it and said nothing. But in the evening meeting a few days after, the Spirit came down upon the boys and he among others was convicted of sin and confessed and brought back the anna.

Praise God for these times of blessing and encouragement. Truly these boys are worth saving and, dear friends, they are worth your prayers and your money. Many are still not supported, but God is faithful and there will be no lack if those to whom God speaks are obedient. What a privilege God has given to us in allowing us to be co-workers with Him in this great work, and how gladly should we embrace every opportunity to help, whether by person, purse, or prayer. We ourselves appreciate very much the love that prompts both gifts and prayers but how much more does God appreciate it!

A number of the boys have been attending the Government school in the town and we are glad to say that several of them are at the head of their classes, outstripping the Hindu high caste boys who would naturally look down upon them. One boy was ill for some time and it was feared that he would not be able to keep up with his class on returning, but he soon made up all he had lost and took his place again at the head of his class. One little fellow about eleven years old has just passed his Gujerati fourth form and been transferred to the English School.

Surely we have much cause to praise God and to go on trusting Him for still greater things to come.

While people in America are with good cause perplexed over the question of a supply of coal, the authorities in India are awaking to the realization that there are mines of wealth here. At least in several parts of the country they are proving coal fields which are known to exist. It will soon be known whether there is enough anywhere to warrant the beginning of mining. Madras is said to possess a large amount of iron ore which at present it is impossible to work. There are indications of coal being found close by these fields. If so, it will start new industries and add greatly to the wealth of the country.
Items.

ORN in Buldana, to Mr. and Mrs. Hagberg, a son, George. We heartily welcome the new missionary.

Mr. Andrews has recently baptized fifty-one boys in the Dholka Orphanage. God's working among them is indeed refreshing in this dry land.

The Akola Orphanage compound is deserted, Rats were dying there plentifully, so Mr. Moyser has moved all out to the farm at Santa Barbara.

Miss O'Donnell has gone to Simla for a few months. She is not well and needs to get away from malarial districts.

Within two months in the Shegaon district, 850 Gospels, 12 New Testaments and 1,200 books and tracts have been sold and distributed. "The entrance of Thy word giveth light."

Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull have returned to their work in Gujerat after three months absence caused by his severe illness. They will soon take their first year's examination in the language.

Our friends will remember Mr. J. W. Johnson's account of his Bible class in Shegaon, composed of Hindus who seemed to be true inquirers. Two of these men have died with Plague, a solemn warning to accept the "now" of salvation.

There is great need of a church building in Ahmedabad for the large number of Christians to worship in. By faith they have selected their site for the building and are praying earnestly for it. Though they are all very poor they say they will give towards its erection.

The second girl was taken with Plague in the Khamgaon Orphanage and God saw fit to take her. She was one of the older girls and very useful as a teacher. The rats continued to die on the compound and it was deemed wise to move the girls into the jungle for a while. Houses of matting have been put up for them and they are all out.

The annual distribution of prizes for the Municipal schools of Dholka was held Tuesday, February 16. The Collector for Ahmedabad district was present and distributed the prizes. Mangul Deva and Alla Ebrahim, two of the boys in the Orphanage attending the English School, received respectively first and second prizes in their class, "Godliness is profitable unto all things."

Miss Holmes expects to sail for America on the Anchor line, March 27th. She has been here over eight years and well deserves a furlough. We shall miss her cheerful ministrations. She has always been a blessing because of her habit of taking every one's needs to the Lord in believing prayer. We praise God for these years of faithful service she has given India.

Miss Wells writes of a girl in the Orphanage who last year was doing everything she could to make trouble. She struggled with her for several months and almost despaired of her being anything but troublesome. But she wrote to some friends at home to pray for this girl and now she is thoroughly changed. Her devotion to Miss Wells is very touching and she tries in every way to help her. Let this be an encouragement to our Aarons and Hur.

There were fifty-seven Orphanage girls and two adults baptized at Kalra, February 15th, by Mr. Andrews. Miss Woodworth writes: "It meant so much to us as we saw some of them go down into the water and recalled what they were when they came to us and what most of them had been rescued from. All the hard work seemed light in comparison with the joy of seeing them thus confess Christ as their Saviour."

One of the children of a Christian servant in Berachah Home who lives on the compound, came home from school Wednesday with high fever and complaining of a pain in his left groin. The bubo soon developed and we sent him to the Plague hospital where he died Friday night. The contrast between the quiet grief of the Christian father and the hopeless, heart-rending cries of the heathen mother, is very marked. It makes us realize afresh what a blessed consolation we who are in Christ Jesus have. Pray that this sorrow may be the means of bringing the mother to Jesus.

Miss Fraser writes of a high-caste girl who comes often to the bungalow for Bible instruction. She is a sweet Christian and growing fast in grace. One morning she related the following experience. "A few evenings ago while trying to memorize a piece of poetry which I would have to recite in school next day, it seemed as if God told me to shut the book and take my Bible, for soon I would be too tired to read His word properly and it would not go down into my heart. I immediately did as He told me and in the morning I knew my poetry." She felt sure that God had helped her because she was obedient.

Berachah Home has enjoyed the privilege of fellowship with some of God's chosen ones during the past month. Mr. Gregson, with whom Mr. and Mrs. Fuller took a trip to Travancore preaching the word several years ago, was with us at family prayers one morning and also led our Friday evening meeting. His words were blessed to our souls. Mrs. Nicholson, a devout worker among the Syrian Christians in South India, was also with us at prayers and in the evening gave our Native Christians a most inspiring account of the life of prayer, self-denial, and zeal for souls, among the Syrian Christians. Such accounts enable us to reach out for greater things, for what God has done He is able to do again.
# List of Alliance Missionaries

## BERAR—

**AKOLA.**
- Mr. and Mrs. Moyser.
- Mr. and Mrs. Stanley.

**AMRAOTI.**
- Mr. and Mrs. Dinham.
- Miss Becker. Miss Holmes.

**BULDANA.**
- Mr. and Mrs. Hagberg.

**CHANDUR.**
- Mr. and Mrs. Schelander.

**KHAMBGAON.**
- Miss Yoder. Miss Downs.
- Miss Krater.

**MURTIZAPUR.**
- Mr. and Mrs. Cutler.

**SHEGAON.**
- Mr. and Mrs. Johnson.

## GUJERAT—

**YIRAMCAM.**
- Mr. Bennett.
- Mr. Auernheimer.

**SANAND.**
- Mr. and Mrs. King.
- Miss Hilkir.

**AHMEDABAD.**
- Miss Fraser. Mrs. Burman.

**MEHMADABAD.**
- Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull.
- Miss Hansen. Miss Seasholtz.

**KAIRA.**
- Miss Wells. Miss Woodworth.
- Miss Compton. Miss Dunham.
- Miss Decker.

**MATAR (P.O. Kaira).**
- Miss McDougall.
- Miss O’Donnell.

**DHALKA.**
- Mr. and Mrs. Duckworth.
- Mr. and Mrs. Andrews.
- Mr. and Mrs. McKee. Mr. Back.

## BOMBAY—

- Mr. Fuller.
- Mr. and Mrs. Franklin.
- Miss Veach. Miss Knight.
- Miss McAuley. Miss Weist.

## MISSIONARIES ON FURLOUGH:

- Mrs. Woodward.
- Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton.
- Mr. and Mrs. Borup.
- Mrs. Simmons.
- Mr. and Mrs. Erickson.
- Mr. and Mrs. Rogers.

- Miss Hoffman.
- Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey.

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

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