The India Alliance.
The Organ of
The Christian and Missionary Alliance
in India.

Contents:

Poem—The Royal Priesthood by G. T. S. .................................. 109
An Holy Priesthood. By the Editor ........................................... 109
Station Notes:—Bombay, Viramgam ........................................... 110
The Plague Goddess. By Mr. Franklin ...................................... 112
The Towers of Silence. By Miss Maude Weist ........................... 113
Editorials ..................................................................................... 114
Glimpses From the Field:—Khandgaon, Kaira, Amraoti ........ 116
Faith. By Miss Seasholtz ......................................................... 118
Gone Home. By T. E. Dutton ..................................................... 119
Mrs. Lida Allen Phelps. By J. W. Johnson ................................. 119
Items ......................................................................................... 120

SPECIAL DAY FOR PRAYER, LAST FRIDAY OF EACH MONTH.
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 Royal Priesthood.

The race of God’s anointed priests shall never pass away;
Before His glorious Face they stand, and
serve Him night and day.
Though reason raves, and unbelief flows on,
a mighty flood,
There are, and shall be, till the end, the
hidden priests of God.
His chosen souls, their earthly dross consumed
in sacred fire,
To God’s own heart their hearts ascend in
flame of deep desire;
The incense of their worship fills His Temple’s
holiest place;
Their song with wonder fills the Heavens,
the glad new song of grace.

G. T. S.

AN HOLY PRIESTHOOD.

BY THE EDITOR.

We are distinctly told in God’s Word that we are an holy priesthood, and that Christ has made us priests unto God. By looking at the Levitical priesthood we may learn much of God’s purpose in thus calling us to be priests. The first requirement of the priest was settled by his birth; he must be of the tribe of Levi. So none can be a priest unto God who has not been born from above, born again by the word of God, born of the Spirit. Then although born a Levite, he could not serve in his office as priest until his beautiful garments were put upon him and he was sprinkled with the anointing oil. So before we can enter upon our office as priests we must be clothed upon with the beautiful garments of His righteousness, must have put on the Lord Jesus Christ. Then we must be anointed with the Holy Spirit. What sacrifice for one who has not had the holy anointing oil poured upon him to think of being a priest unto God!

That is intended to be the distinguishing feature of his office.
Again the children of Levi were not to have any earthly inheritance, but the Lord was to be their part and inheritance. Blessed portion of the anointed priest! So we, as priests unto God, are set apart to be pilgrims and strangers here, finding no inheritance in the things of time or earth, but so identified with Christ that He is our inheritance, our satisfying portion, and we live as those who have their citizenship in Heaven. This should be the actual experience of every child of God.
Now let us consider the office of the priest or what he was expected to do. Apart from ministering in the temple, one of his chief duties was to instruct the people. Perhaps we may get a clearer conception of God’s thought from the second chapter of Malachi, the seventh verse. “For the priest’s lips should keep knowledge, and they should seek the law at his mouth: for he is the messenger of the Lord of hosts.” We feel this is God’s ideal for our lives as priests. God says it; our lips should keep knowledge. Not only does He require of us as priests to understand what the will of God is, but to always be obedient unto it, to live it. We should seek God’s will, not only to know it, but to keep it. When this is true—when we as priests unto God live what we know—the people will seek the law at our mouths. This means that God requires His priests to give to the world the right conception of Himself. And this can be done not so much by our words as by our lives, or perhaps more truly by our words backed by our lives. For if we, as messengers of the Lord of hosts, declare one thing with our lips and live quite contrary to the thing declared, what profiteth our message?

Let us look a little farther into this same chapter of Malachi and consider God’s accusation to the priests. “But ye are departed out of the way; ye have caused many to stumble at the law; ye have corrupted the covenant of Levi, saith the Lord of hosts.” Deeply do we feel this accusation to be applicable to many in the present day who are
called to be priests unto God. There is much talking about the deep things of God but little living them. Hence "ye have caused many to stumble at the law." How much glib talking do we hear these days about the baptism of the Holy Spirit and the Spirit’s work, but alas! how few really know the power of it in their lives. It seems to be the religious fashion, if we may so express it, to talk of the Spirit. But if only a small proportion of those who talk it had really received the Holy Spirit, there would be a stir in the world and people would be seeking the law at their mouths, or in other words would be turning to God. Because the power of the Spirit is not seen in their lives, many are caused to stumble. Again how many people talk about death to self, yet how few really know what it means. How few have really taken their place with Christ on the cross and died there. Many, with great display, die to things, but SELF still lives and reigns triumphant. How inexpressibly sad that it is possible for those sent as messengers of the Lord of hosts, to so tamper with the things of God!

Again God says, "ye have corrupted the covenant of Levi." The following verses show that this refers to the marriage of the priests to the daughters of the land. Is this not a picture of the condition of things today? Called to be priests unto God but married to the world! Called to interpret God to the world but living to please the world! We honestly believe this to be a message to us to-day; we mean to really spiritual people who purpose in their hearts to do God’s full will. The snare of the enemy is set for our feet to get us to depart from the simplicity of life which marks us as absolutely separated from the world. “For,” he says, “you do not need to be too peculiar!” Let us not corrupt the covenant God has made with us, but because His laws are written within our hearts let us be so indentified with Him that we shall be marked as a peculiar people, because of the out-shining from the inward Shekinah. And let us see to it that, as priests of the living God, we are not hearers only but doers of the word of God, having a practical experience of the things we know. For God says, “If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.” Beloved, God calls us to a holy priesthood. Let us see to it that His purpose is fulfilled.

Looking back over the months since we landed in Bombay, June 5th, 1902, I think the experiences we have had would fill a book. We are some times asked what we do. It would be easier to tell what we do not do. We preach the Gospel to the multitudes, teach His Word to the Christians, wait upon the sick, run errands, do office work, do shopping for the up-country missionaries, write letters for young men seeking positions, admonish and reprove and counsel. Just now while we have signs of plague in the compound, we are disinfecting. We had to break down one of the walls of an out-house to get out a rat that had died there. In this case we had to be carpenter, mason and builder. We do considerable correspondence for the mission and direct the church work. We have nine Native workers whose work we direct. Two of these are supported by the mission, one by the native church in Bombay, four are preparing for Christian work, spending part of their time in the study of God’s Word and a part in preaching the Gospel. One is still a probationer, the other is supported by the Postal and Telegraph Mission of England. His work is among the postal and telegraph men. About 5,000 persons heard the Gospel last month from these workers, besides the Sunday schools held among children, and the visits made among the Native Christian people and others who are inquiring the way. There were about 300 homes visited besides the open air preaching. Our workers get among all classes of people and meet with all sorts of treatment. On the whole, the Word of God as preached by them is well received and the people give earnest attention.

Scarcely a day passes without my hearing of different ones that are interested in the Gospel. To-day the Postal and Telegraph man told me of a man who came to his house and inquired more perfectly of the way. After a long, interesting talk, he bought a Gospel and wanted to hear more. Night before last the workers and myself went to a place three miles from here where we had an open air meeting at which fully 500 must have heard the Gospel. We
left there and went into a row of houses where we preached until our throats were worn and we were tired, but still the people were ready to listen. At the close of the last meeting, a caste man came to the workers. He had heard the Gospel only once before. The second time he heard us on the street and followed us into the house to hear more. He said he was convinced that this was the true religion and he wanted to become a Christian. He gave his name and address so that our workers will follow him up. Last week while our workers were holding a meeting they noticed a Mahomedan in the audience. As the meeting came to a close he drew near. They two incidents of this. You may think that all the queer people calling themselves God or Christ or Elijah, are in some part of England or America. Not so. We have our share of them here. During the last week we have had at least four and I do not know how many more. One man who called himself God, was very black and the people understood that he had come from Pandharpur from the god Khanduba. According to their scriptures there is such a man, or is to be, and he is a person cursed by God. At once the people took him in and high and low-caste alike worshipped him, falling at his feet and kissing them. He was taken into court for gathering a crowd in the streets without permission of the city authorities. While there it was discovered that he was not from Pandharpur at all, but a man from this neighbourhood; also that he was a low-caste mahar. The high-caste people had to go through a special service to cleanse themselves for touching a low-caste man. Recently a woman has come into prominence by declaring herself a goddess, and thousands of people have run after her. She claims that she is sent of God to heal the plague, but that she cannot do anything for people who have taken medicine or treatment of any kind. It is remarkable how the fame of one person could spread so far in so short a time. Her method of healing the plague is to bite the bubo and then to suck the pus from it. She, too, has been taken into court and her lawyer, who is pleading for her, a Hindu, claims that he can bring over two hundred witnesses that have been healed by her. The daily papers state that when she was arrested, a case was being taken from her who died on the way. Sometimes we have wondered if we could manifest God's power to heal, if the people would follow in the same

CATECHIST AND FAMILY AT BOMBAY.
way? We have no doubt that they would like to be saved from their diseases, but would they like to be saved from their sins?

Since our return to India, we have had the privilege of baptising ten persons. There are about as many ready to be baptised now. We are waiting to see signs of true conversion. Then there are about as many more inquirers whom our workers are visiting regularly and teaching the word of God. We have organized the little flock into a church and they are becoming more and more interested in the work of the Lord. The night we organized, they decided to support a Bible-woman. Sunday evening after the service they go out to preach the Gospel on the street corner, and in many ways are showing a lively interest in the things of God.

We write these things in a very humble spirit. If it were not that we wanted the friends at home to know that God is working in our midst, we would refrain from writing. All the praise is due to God and we would only glorify Him by speaking of His work among us.

VIRAMGAM, GUJERAT.

Mr. Bennett.

We cannot say much about the work at Viramgam so far, as the study of the language has occupied the most of our time. But for some months we have been holding two preaching services daily. There are scarcely any real low-caste people in this district. The greater part are of a fairly good caste and are very rigorous in the worship of idols. They all admit that the Christian religion is good and seem to appreciate it very much and some are willing to become Christians if the low-castes were not included. But they say to leave their own caste and unite with the out-castes is intolerable and we must not expect them to do such a thing. But we are expecting it, because we fully believe there is nothing too hard for God, whether it is low-caste or high-caste, or even upsetting a mountain. If we are faithful, whatever is according to His will, He is bound to perform. We realize that apart from preaching the Word, much fervent prayer and waiting upon God in faith is also required before the people will be willing to abandon idolatry. It means a great deal for people who have been cradled in idolatrous opinions, to relinquish them. It will mean much persecution for some, and perhaps it may mean death for others. So it requires much earnestness and love on the part of those whom God has made witnesses among them. We are holding on to God and are believing that the time will soon come when many of them will be led to see the evil of idolatry and will be willing to renounce it. In all the villages we visit, they give good attention and are eager to understand all that is said. Though we cannot speak the vernacular very well, yet we are greatly blessed in giving out simple messages. We are anxious to be through with our studies that we may devote all our time to this much loved work.

THE PLAGUE GODDESS

Mr. Franklin.

Within the last two weeks a woman has come to the front, in Bombay city, calling herself a goddess, claiming that she has power to heal the plague. She has also claimed that if the Government will sacrifice a certain number of animals and stop all business for two days, she will stop the plague in Bombay.

Our catechists had been very anxious for me to go out and visit the place where she is, and preach the Gospel to those gathered. Wednesday is a special day with them, so they were anxious that I should go on Wednesday. I want to give the readers the benefit of the trip. The place is on the sea front on a little hill under two toddy palm trees. There is a place where the people worship which is supposed to be the place where the goddess first came in these quarters. Just a little removed from that is a platform covered with a piece of thin cloth, and according to the Hindu custom, there is a high pole with several thin flags or pendants of various colours suspended from the pole. When we first arrived, her ladyship was not there. I saw a sacred man who had his wire musical instrument, which I borrowed from him and asked permission to sing a hymn. This was granted but they immediately understood that I was a missionary. We began to tell out the simple story of the cross and salvation through Jesus. We met with very much opposition. They said if we would produce Jesus and stop the Plague that they would believe on Him. Among the people was a rich man, who seemed to be backing the whole affair financially. He was very much incensed. He had a number of musicians there. He called them to play to interfere with our preaching. We had an opportunity to tell them the Gospel story very simply. After the men had been playing some time and our preaching was stopped, I jumped on my wheel, they thought to go home, and sent up a shout of
victory, but I wheeled about and turned and circled and twisted, thus attracting them. When we had a number drawn to one side from where they were playing, we preached again and we had nearly all the people listening to the Gospel. After some time it was announced

that the goddess was coming. That attracted the attention of all. The musicians went toward the carriage, which was a barouche, drawn by a horse, and the carriage had two flags flying from it. It drew up to the platform, where she fell into a swoon.

The visitor views the goddess was coming. That attracted the attention of all. The musicians went toward the carriage, which was a barouche, drawn by a horse, and the carriage had two flags flying from it. It drew up to the platform, where she fell into a swoon.

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THE TOWERS OF SILENCE.

MISS MAUDE WIREST.

The name is interesting—"Towers of Silence" and you ask, "what may they be?" We will try to tell you. On Malabar Hill in Bombay stand five curious, circular towers with white, windowless walls. They stand not together, but at distances of several hundred yards half hidden by the palms and underbrush. They are scarcely high enough to deserve the name of "tower," but so they have always been called and probably will be till the day when the dead shall come forth at the trumpet call of One who "liveth and was dead and is alive forevermore." The largest one is about eighty feet in diameter.

The visitor views these strange towers from a beautiful, well-kept garden approached by a long flight of stone stairs. This is the place of the dead for the sun-worshippers of India, the Parsees, and those towers are their sepulchres. Unless you are before-hand acquainted with their custom of disposing of the dead, you will wonder at the presence of so many vultures sitting solemnly on the walls and tree-tops, or wheeling slowly around with a certain awful preciseness of destination. (There are from five to six hundred of them.)

The Parsees do not bury their dead, nor burn them, nor sink them in the sea, lest they defile what to them are sacred elements, earth, air, water and fire. Instead, the dead bodies are exposed in these silent, gruesome looking towers and left for the vultures to devour. It is only a matter of a couple of hours till the horrible performance is complete. The bare skeleton then slips down from the sloping platform on which the bearers have laid it, to a deep hole in the centre of the tower where it lies till the action of the sun turns it into lime and phosphate. The liquid of the body is carried off by drains filtered tho' several disinfecting materials, and then passes into the earth.

It is the business of a special class of men to carry the dead to their strange sepulchres. There are offices stationed in various parts of the city for these bearers. When a person dies, the bearers at the nearest office are notified and the body is removed by them, a few priests also accompanying. They have no coffins, only a bier with the body tied tightly on it and the whole wrapped in a white sheet. We saw a funeral party approaching as we left the garden.

There is a temple in the garden where the sacred fire brought originally from Persia is kept burning, fed by rare, scented woods. It is never allowed to die. None but Parsees enter into the temple or approach the Towers of Silence. But visitors are shown a little model of the towers including the inside arrangement.

There are two sects of Parsees with a tower for each. The larger sect has two. One tower belongs to a private family. One is used for suicides and persons who have died in hospitals, thus defiling themselves by contact with other classes of people. These towers are about two centuries old now, and Malabar Hill has become famous because of them.

Surely the glorious truth of the resurrection is given new wonder in the light of this revolting custom. Even these bodies shall live again by the power of Him who "hath prevailed over the grave and has the keys of hell and of death! Amen!"

One of the most fatal things in the Christian life is discouragement. A very wise man said that in overcoming temptation, cheerfulness was the first thing, cheerfulness the second, and cheerfulness the third. We must expect to conquer. When our hearts are faint then temptation has power. Satan knows this well, and he always begins his assaults by discouraging us. We must fly from discouragement as we would from sin.—Sel,
Editorials.

OBTAINED promises." This is one in that marvellous record of faith’s triumphs. What does it mean to obtain promises? Does God, from an opened heaven, speak some special promise to His child? Truly He does speak comfort, warning, or admonition, as the need may be, in a voice that is audible to the ear weaned from all else to hear what the Lord God will, in His own way, speak into it. But we believe that the way that God means for us to obtain promises is to so lay hold upon His written Word that it shall be wrought out in our lives and experiences, and we may be able to point to promise after promise and say, “that is me, for I have experienced it.” How often as we read, we exclaim, “what a precious promise!” Yes, but how much more precious it becomes when it is a part of our life, so wrought into our being that through it we become a partaker of the nature of Him who gave it. For, for this purpose only did God speak it. Are we obtaining promises?

* * *

May not the reason of our obtaining so few promises be simply because we seek to lay hold of the promise without having first met the condition? God is a God of method, and to obtain what He has so fully provided for us we must observe the order He has laid down. Again it is through faith and patience that we inherit the promises. If we are not willing to wait God’s time, with our hearts at rest because He has spoken and His word cannot fail, however long He may seem to delay, we shall not obtain. All this implies a heart wholly abandoned to God, fully set to do the will of God. This must we have if we are to be a people who through faith shall obtain promises.

* * *

Mahableshwar is on the summit of a range of hills of the same name, a portion of the range of mountains known as the Western Ghauts. It is the principal sanitarium in the Bombay Presidency. It is reached by carriage from the nearest railway station thirty-nine miles distant, though there are also other roads leading to it from different parts of the plains. Its general elevation above the level of the sea is 4,500 feet. From the middle of March to the middle of April, the temperature is usually about ninety degrees during the middle of the day, but the nights and mornings are cool, and even the heat of the day is far different from the intense heat of the plains. We are told that about the last of April cool sea-breezes set in, and that in May there are usually showers. The rainy season begins early in June and then most of the visitors hasten down, refreshed and eager for work again. There are many pleasant walks and views but best of all is the quiet "Home of Rest" which one of God’s children has opened here for tired missionaries. Everything is planned to provide a quiet place where we may wait upon God and get His voice afresh for our own souls and for the work to which God has called us. We do not forget that the Master, in His thoughtful care, said to His disciples, “come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while.” And how wonderfully He turned the desert place into a place of feasting, because He was there!

* * *

We can but feel the solemnity of these days in view of the manifest judgments of God abroad in many parts of the world. In England, storms unprecedented have swept many into eternity, while a tidal wave in the north of France, forty feet high, has carried all before it. In India, the deaths from plague alone in one week have been as many as 30,000, and it seems as though its ravages have only just begun. What a tremendous army of souls have lost forever all hope of salvation through Jesus! Almost everyday brings fresh news of events that indicate that God is over-turning, over-turning. Still the foolish world sleeps on, saying, “all things continue as they were from the beginning of creation,” implying that they will always continue the same. But the rapidly transpiring events show how quickly, when God begins to work, He can accomplish all of which He has spoken. Let us be among those blessed servants whom, when he cometh, the Lord shall find watching.

* * *

Often the question is asked, “are the people of India turning to God in view of this dreadful visitation?” While it is true that the people are willing to listen to the Gospel as never before, it is also true that there is not a turning to God. We quote from another paper whose editor gives his observations: “In this sore distress, instead of turning to the living God with penitence and confession of sin, the great mass of the people are turning to dumb, dead idols, stones cut and fashioned by their own hands. We were in camp recently for a week on the outskirts of a large village where the people were dying of plague everyday. Drums
were beaten nearly the whole night, night after
night, in the hope of thus driving away the
demon who is supposed to have brought the
plague. The Brahmins are being fed in large
tables that they may exercise their power.
False charges were made against the Christians
living in the town, reports being circulated that
they had thrown something in the wells which
had defiled the water and brought the plague.
The sight of this plague-smitten town, a look of
hope for the speedy coming of that day when
death shall be swallowed in victory. In the
meanwhile we pass on to the many lonely
workers in the villages the message that “your
labour is not in vain in the Lord.”

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**Mission Questions.**

**SOME PROBLEMS IN INDUSTRIAL TRAINING.**

Rev. M. B. Fuller.

ONCERNING the importance—even necessity—of industrial
training for a large proportion of the 25,000 orphans rescued from
the famine, there is essential agreement among thoughtful
people. The subject has been brought into great prominence.
Good men in most of the missions have been
thinking over it, and are seeking to solve the
practical problems. As regards some of these
problems extreme measures are perhaps adva-
cated in both directions. The right solution
for the present will probably be a mean some-
where near “the middle of the road.”

1. What trades shall be taught?
2. What tools or machinery shall be used,
native, or foreign, or both?
3. Shall the training be largely technical, or
practical, or can there be a combination?
4. Shall our mission training institutions be
schools for teaching only, or shall they be practi-
cal workshops, or factories, or a combination of
all?
5. Shall we endeavour to make them self-suf-
cing, or should the work be provided for as
for any school?

These are some of the problems, upon the
right solution of which depends the degree of
success or failure which will be experienced.

1. The question of what trades shall be taught
is a very important one. In after life it may be
a great disappointment to a man to find that he
has learned to do what there is little demand
for. The man with a trade is the servant of the
people among whom his life is cast. So unless
he can do what they wish to have done, his
services, however skillful, will not be in demand.
It would be a pity to see our young men flock
to the large cities for employment and if they are to
live among their own people they must be taught
to serve them. Unless they serve them better
than the Hindu or Mahommedan workmen do,
they will find it hard to get work. The trades
to be taught in any particular locality must be
determined by the nature and wants of the
people living there. The division of labour
which has been carried so far in England and
America, makes it possible for a man to learn to
do his small part in the production of a machine
or carriage or a boot or a shoe, in a comparat-
ively short time. But he is shut up to doing one
part of the work only and is not a mechanic in
the same sense as the man who has spent seven
years as an apprentice and has learned to do
many different things. But it will take time for
the division of labour to be carried so far in
India and there will be a demand for all-round
men.

2. We now come to the question as to the
tools to be used. To an up-to-date man from
home it may seem very plain that only foreign
tools should be used. A good carpenter from
home would laugh at the idea of making a table,
or a good door, with the strange little set of tools
which the native carpenter carries about in a
gunny sack on his shoulder. And yet the native
carpenter, if given time, may surprise the new-
comer very agreeably as to the really good work
he can turn out. In the quiet country districts
there will always be plenty of work in which
skill in the use of native tools will be most useful.
Let foreign tools be introduced as fast as the
conditions warrant, but let not the native tools
be too quickly discarded. India is in a transit-
ion state in this whole move, and patience will
be needed, and many years will be required
before some things will be changed. In the mean-
time the man who can adapt himself to circum-
stances will be in demand. This will require,
men who are real mechanics and they must be
trained by men who are such. It may be that
some boys will succeed only on the native lines
while others will take most to foreign lines, and
still others will happily combine the two.

3. Some advocate that the training should be
largely technical and tell us that the object of an
industrial school is to produce, not work but work-
men. Others feel that it should be practical, and that every day's work from the beginning should be worth something, and that the boy should have something definite before him to make. We believe that here a combination of the two principles is better than either carried on exclusively. We have seen hundreds of empty coal-oil cases carefully taken to pieces, the nails being drawn by a nail-drawer, the pieces planed so as to look new, then made up into boxes of different shapes and sizes, hinges, hasps and staples put on and the boxes sold at quite a fair profit. In this way the boys had the encouragement of seeing that their labour added to the value of the material. The large cases in which matches are imported were, in a similar way, worked over by larger boys and the zinc linings were all used to line new boxes of a larger size, for clothes and provisions at a still larger profit. We feel sure that it is an encouragement to a boy to feel that he is not merely practicing.

4. Our answer to the fourth question is suggested by the answers to the first three. Again we would advocate the combination in varied proportions, of school, workshop, and factory. Unless we ignore the question of self-support, we must do what the community about us want to have done. So the element of a workshop where the public can have various kinds of new work and repairs done is a very practical one. The public ought to find the mission industrial school and workshop the best place to get work done. The variety of work will grow, as the boys advance, until they are well trained journeymen. The factory element begins here. Shall we employ the young men who have finished their apprenticeship, or shall we let them go outside to set up business for themselves and make their own way in the world? Shall we carry on some lines of manufacture which can grow as the journeymen increase? This must depend on the financial resources of the mission. As in the case of the Basle Mission, if men of means come forward and furnish capital to carry on manufacturing and thus furnish steady employment for those who have been trained, it is quite proper and legitimate.

5. This question has been anticipated. As far as possible the work should be self-supporting. A practical workshop to serve the public can grow into self-support very fast if well managed. The teaching or school element should not be neglected, but the boys should be taught real principles of the work while filling orders. Certain classes of work always in demand, are as good for teaching purposes as many of the models used in the more technical lines of teaching. If these are not as well made as might be desired, we must remember that there is ready sale for such articles, especially among the villagers, who are not critical in their tastes and readily take at a low price what we would consider poorly made articles.

Glimpses from the Field.

KHAMGAON.

MISS DOWNS.

It is now about a year since our party landed in India. This year has been full of varied and strange experiences, but our God has been with us in great blessing. Satan has tried many times to hinder fellowship with Jesus, but He who conquers Satan has been our habitation and unto Him we continually resort. Miss Krater and I have not been able to do much work among the people on account of our limited knowledge of Marathi, and then, too, the plague has hindered.

With the help of a Bible-woman we have taken up Miss Hoffman's work as best we can, which work is to visit the houses, and teach the children in the surrounding villages. When we first came to Khamgaon, we had three classes, each numbering about fifty in different places, but in two of these places the plague has been so bad that we found it necessary to abandon the work. We are praying that we may soon take it up again. The third class is one of little boys and girls in a village about one mile and a half from the orphanage.

It will be interesting to know how we get there.

We go over a very round-about and uneven road and usually take Miss Yoder's "Victoria" as she calls it, which is a two wheeled affair drawn by bullocks. It is shaped somewhat like our country huckster wagons at home, only not quite so large. It comfortably seats three, but by the way, it has no seats in it. The bed of the "Victoria" answers this purpose. Although we get pretty well shaken up, yet we thoroughly enjoy our ride, for when we get there we are greeted by the "little brownies," who are always so glad to see us. Many of them come running to meet us, crying at the top of their voices, "Aunty has come; aunty has come!" We sit down on the ground just outside of their little mud huts and they all gather around us to hear the Gospel story.

They do not present a very lovely appearance, as their faces are dirty and scabby, eyes sore,
hair uncombed, and the colour of their clothing, (if they have any at all) can scarcely be discerned for filth. But with all this as we see that these little ones who are taught daily to bow down to idols of wood and stone, have precious souls which Jesus died to save, we lose sight of their outward appearance and count it a great privilege to lead them to Him, who, when He was on earth, took the little children into His arms and blessed them.

Many of these know more Bible verses than some of the children at home. I wish you might hear them repeat John 3: 16. Would you not like to share in this precious work? You can by way of the throne. Pray that the seed which is sown will take root in these young hearts and bring forth fruit to the glory of God. Prayer is the power that moves the world.

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KAIRA.
MISS DECKER.

Sabbath afternoon, February 15th, near the hour of sunset, there was a scene beneath the wide spreading trees at Kaira Orphanage that every dear worker and helper in our Mission, both here and in the home-land would have rejoiced to witness. Surely there was rejoicing in the presence of the angels, and heaven seemed very near. A short distance south-west of the bungalow, our four hundred girls were ranged in two groups. The candidates for baptism were seated near the new font, over which was built a light booth hung with green branches, and a little further back were the remainder with people from the neighbouring camp. After the singing of hymns and an earnest address by Mr. Andrews, each of the fifty-seven girls arose and in turn confessed her Lord in baptism.

Tears of joy would spring to our eyes, as we realised something of what it meant for these precious trophies to be won for Christ. As we looked over the two groups, God seemed to say, "See, this is what has been wrought by the famine, so dreaded, so terrible; and yet by it these hundreds of precious lives are saved, that otherwise were lost." How precious that our God does the impossible—brings good out of evil.

The occasion seemed a harvest time. Ninety names had been previously handed in of those who desired baptism, but fifty-seven were, after thorough examination and testing, accepted as fully prepared to take the important step. What a crown of rejoicing for the dear workers who have toiled so faithfully and quietly here the past years and also for those associated with the work in the home-land. Who would not have a share in the blessedness of bringing the Gospel of the Lord Jesus to these lost ones? Attractions of earth are as nothing, compared with the joy of seeing one life transformed by the power of Jesus.

We are looking to God for a definite outpouring of the Holy Ghost upon us, that we who have taken the name of Jesus Christ may be greatly quickened, and those still unsaved, half of our girls, may be led to accept their Saviour. May the burden of this prayer be put on many a heart, that at last we may all rejoice together.

As we closed the service with the doxology that Lord's Day afternoon, surely there was praise in our hearts to God for all He had wrought, and also for permitting us who have just come to India to have a share in the seed-sowing in this land. Could those at home who are refusing God's call to India, but know how blessedly happy He can make those who obey the call, they would without a moment's delay, say, "Here am I, Lord, send me."

One day we gathered as usual for family prayers shortly before the noon hour. News had come of the increasing plague in Kaira, and of a case in the neighbouring camp, (the latter a false report however). What it might mean, should it come within our compound, we scarcely dared to think, but felt how deeply we must abide in the secret place. With these things on our hearts we came together. Our leader was led to select the hymn,

"Give to the winds Thy fears, Hope and be undismayed,"

and the words so full of bold and fearless faith seemed to exactly meet our need. While singing the second verse ;

"Through waves and clouds and storm, He gently clears the way,"

several of our helpers appeared at the doors in great excitement. We followed them and saw smoke rising from one of our orphanage buildings at the lower end of the compound. In some way the fodder for the cattle had taken fire and in an incredibly short time was all ablaze, the flames leaping to the roof of the shed. The wailing of all the children made the scene more wierd and pathetic. For a moment it seemed as though all the buildings must go, but the words of our hymn, "Give to the winds thy fears," rung in our ears and gave us hope. In God's providence, Brother King and several of the school masters were on the ground and
rendered invaluable service. We have much to praise God for and ever since have been "counting our mercies." We cannot be thankful enough for the new baptistry which is kept filled with water by a pipe leading from the well. Here our girls, who worked like heroines, were able to quietly fill their buckets and carry to the fire, which was soon under control. Had this accident occurred in the night, there might have been much loss of life but every one is safe, even to the animals which were at first in much danger. After all was over the thought would come, "Why was this permitted?" It meant the loss of a considerable part of the year's supply of food for the cattle, and that saved is in a damaged condition. The words in the "Daily Light" for the evening of the twenty-fourth of February answered the questioning. "Shall we receive good at the hand of God and shall we not receive evil?" "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good." "Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth." And our heart's response is, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

AMRAOTI.

MR. DINHAM.

I have much pleasure in reporting another month of blessed service for the Master. Nearly the whole month has been spent on tour. We visited about twenty-five different villages, and held between sixty and seventy Gospel meetings. The attendance has been far better than I have ever known before. On the whole the attention and interest has been excellent. We have sold 157 Gospels and a number of other good books and have distributed a good number of tracts and leaflets. In one village a school master listened with interest and then took it upon himself to sell several of our books to his school children. Mrs. Dinham tells of a woman in one home she visited who wept bitterly as she heard the story of Jesus and His love. One morning we had a splendid meeting in a village. We began with less than twenty hearers, but the number swelled until we had fully eighty listening with great interest. They asked us to sing and as we began an elderly Brahmin, who had listened right through, and had asked several questions, endeavoured to join with us. Several high-caste women heard the message at this meeting. We left with invitations and promises to come again.

FAITH.

MISS SEASHOLTZ.

"FAITH is seeing God bigger than any trial."

This was a little message given last year by Mr. Sent at the Philadelphia Convention. It remained with me, but did not mean so very much at the time. Two weeks after returning to India, I was sent to work in Madras. I knew the plague was very bad in that city and the surrounding villages, but I did not feel afraid. I said, "I will be as careful as possible and trust God." After reaching there I found the plague all around. It was raging in the city and spreading more every day. The road which led to the side of the city where it was raging most, passed right by our bungalow and every day people from the plague quarters passed this way.

The servants went to the bazaar. One day our cook came home and said three people had died of plague that day in the place where he bought our meat. The school-teacher, who lived where the disease was very bad, came daily to our bungalow. And I soon saw there was little chance of being careful. The devil tried to torment and make me afraid, but God whispered the message our brother had given over in America, and said, "Can you not see Me greater than that plague?" I said, "Yes, Lord;" and since then even though there has not been much chance to be careful I have been seeing our Almighty God greater than this terrible plague, which is all around us.

One day when Miss Hansen and I were out in a village, the people were gathering for a meeting, and two women came limping along and sat down right in front of us. We asked what was the matter with them. "O, we have just been having the plague," was the indifferent answer. The devil said, "Now you will surely carry this in your clothes to some one else, even if you do not get it yourself." But again the precious Holy Spirit brought home that helpful message, "Faith is seeing God bigger than the trial;" yes, even bigger than the plague. His presence never seemed more real. We did not know there was plague there when we went, but felt sure God had sent us and that now He would care for His own. He gave special power and blessing that day in giving out the word and we were sure that He was present and working.

I trust this little message may become as helpful to some one who may read this as it has been to me; and that in all hard places we may learn to see our God bigger than the trial.
CALLED TO HER REWARD.

MRS. PHELPS was taken ill with vomiting, pains in the back and stomach, accompanied by fever, on Sunday, March 1st. She gradually grew worse till on Wednesday morning Mr. Phelps telegraphed for Mrs. Dutton. I went with her that evening and when we arrived Mr. Phelps told us marks of small-pox had begun to appear on her body.

Mrs. Dutton went in to see her and found her cheerful and full of hope. But in order that she might have the best of care we advised Bro. Phelps to send to Bombay for a nurse, which he did. The nurse arrived Thursday evening and sat up with her all that night. Friday her throat began to fill up, but otherwise she seemed no worse, and on Saturday she was delirious, trying to rise during the spells. These efforts seemed to weaken her much and her heart gave way, so that she fainted once or twice during the afternoon; at 5-15 her spirit quietly passed away. After death her face showed no signs of disease or of suffering, but was as natural and peaceful as though she had fallen asleep. The nurse told us afterward that all the time Mrs. Phelps was conscious, she was praying. We buried her beside Mr. and Mrs. Lenth, just back of the little church in the compound.

T. E. DUTTON.

Under date of March 9th our dear brother Phelps writes:—

My dear Brother Franklin:—It is with a sad heart that I write, but perhaps it will do me good to write. No, the Lord makes no mistakes. "He doeth all things well." We cannot now understand the reason why, but we will when Jesus comes. Oh! that He might come quickly is my constant prayer. I long to go home and be with Jesus, yet He knows I am willing that His will should be done. The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. It is so precious that He let us live together for two years, to learn to know each other so well. She was a beautiful character, so unselfish at all times; always thinking about others and not sparing herself. It was while trying to do something for others that she caught the dreadful disease.

One morning while we were on our way to preach, we passed a hut where a little girl lived who we saw was covered with small-pox. We did not go near but Lida asked the parents if she would like anything to eat, and promised to give the sister something if she would come to the gate the next morning. So when she came she took out some food and gave to her and in this way she must have come in contact with it.

For some time past she had not been well and had grown very thin. She was constantly working. She tried to go out in the work twice a day up to the last although the heat was very trying. She felt such a burden for the people. We were planning to do so much this summer. She longed to make an entrance into the town, as there has been so much plague since we have been in Chalisgaon that it has been impossible to do much work there. She little realized that she was going home so soon. From the first of her sickness she seemed to take hold of the Lord so for life. Not until Saturday noon did we think she was so dangerous. At five o'clock she seemed to breathe with difficulty and seemed to have trouble with her heart. She gave one sudden turn on her side and in a few minutes she had passed away. We buried her about two Sunday morning.

MRS. LIDA ALLEN PHELPS.

A SMALL party of missionaries arrived in Bombay, Dec. 11th, 1889. Among them was Miss Lida Allen, of Brokenstraw, N.Y. who afterwards became Mrs. Phelps.

In a few days, three of these ladies came up-country, to Amraoti, for the study of the language. Mrs. Phelps began the systematic study of Marathi with hope and courage and followed it up with a persistency which shewed no fear of failure. At this time she also took a class in the English Sunday school on the Sabbath, and, in the absence of one of the workers, for a short time a weekly Bible class during the week.

After a year's study she passed her first examination successfully. Then came the terrible famine of 1899, when she felt called to lay aside her studies temporarily, and take up work among the poor people. She had charge of the school for famine children, which she visited daily, often giving a little Bible lesson, and teaching the children Marathi hymns. Their favourite one, which they enjoyed much, and sang well, was, "Onward Christian soldiers." During the hot season, of this, her second year, she rendered substantial aid in several departments of famine work.

After their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Phelps were stationed at Chalisgaon, Khandesh, where she entered heartily into the work. The people loved her very much, and speak of enjoying her messages, and of her great desire to visit the distant villages that she might carry to them also the precious Word of life.

She gave no hint that she felt her labours would so soon be over. But she worked...
while it was day, and we believe the Lord has said to her, in regard to this loved work, "Thou didst well that it was in thine heart." She had the spirit of the true missionary and we doubt not, could say with Paul, "I count not my life dear unto myself that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God."

J. W. JOHNSON.

Items.

The cold season is over, and the hot season is upon us. Some of the missionaries are already on the "mountain tops", seeking rest and refreshing for spirit, soul and body, so as to be better fitted for coming battles. Mrs. Johnson and children and Mr. and Mrs. Andrews and children are at Igatpuri, Miss Wells and Miss Fraser are at Mount Abu, and Mr. Phelps, Miss Downs, and the editor are at Mahableshwar.

Mr. Dinham had the joy of baptizing two persons in Amraoti.

Miss O'Donnell has just heard of the death of her beloved Father. Our hearts go out to her in tender sympathy in this time of sorrow.

Four of the little blind girls from the Kaira Orphanage have recently been placed in a school for the blind in Bombay.

On account of the heavy gales in England, the steamer on which Miss Holmes has engaged passage does not sail until the fourth of April.

Mr. Fuller has been in Dholka, Gujerat, helping to push on the buildings there. He accompanied Miss O'Donnell to Simla, as she was too ill to take so long a journey alone. God strengthened her for the journey, and she reached there refreshed.

Mrs. Cutler and baby Isaac sailed for England March 16th. She has been on the field about nine years though not all the time with us. Her ministry to the people of Murtizapur has been much blessed and she will be greatly missed.

This is the seventh year of the plague in India and the mortality is higher than ever before. Probably in these seven years about two millions of people have died with it. In all India at this time about 30,000 deaths a week are reported. This will not change until hot weather is fully set in.

It seems strange that while doing the Lord's work, we so often have to suffer the loss of that which is necessary to carry on the work. Mr. J. W. Johnson had his horse stolen while out touring, and Mr. Schelander's experience is told elsewhere. The enemy is busy in his devices to hinder the spread of the Gospel. Does he know that the day of his power is short?

There is an interesting case in Bombay at present, an elderly Brahman, who has been under conviction for many years. He was ready for baptism years ago, but his wife took it to heart so that she tried to kill herself by taking opium. Within ten days recently she and four of her children have died and the poor man is all broken up. He seems to have yielded to the Lord. Pray for him that he may stand true this time.

Our hearts are sad indeed as we have to report the death of our much-loved fellow missionary, Mrs. Phelps. She was taken with what proved to be black small pox, and in a few short days of suffering was at rest. Gain for her, but O, what a loss for us who are left! For she was not only an invaluable missionary, but one of the most lovely Christ-like characters in our midst. How much that is mysterious we have to leave until we see all things in the light of His blessed face!

Mr. Schelander writes of a recent experience as follows: "My catechist and I started from Jalgaon our bullock tonga, intending to pass through to Chandur, preaching in the villages along the way. The Lord blessed us with unusual liberty of the Spirit in preaching and we were looking forward to three weeks or more of blessed work. But it was not to be. The devil was permitted to upset our plans—no doubt for our good—and our bullocks were stolen after five days' work. We reported the case to the police and waited ten days but without any trace of our bullocks. So we sold our tonga and took the train to Chandur. During these five days we visited nineteen villages, held twenty-two preaching services, sold about 125 scripture portions and distributed a few hundred tracts."

Requests for prayer.

Pray for the special cases seeking God.

... support of orphans and various branches of work.
... that missionaries who stay on the plains may be upheld.
... that missionaries at hills may be spiritually refreshed.
... that the plague may be stayed.
... that His presence shall keep us.
... that the people may hear God's voice at this time.
List of Alliance Missionaries.

BERAR—

AKOLA.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Moyser.
Mr. and Mrs. R. S. M. Stanley.

AMRAOTI.
Mr. and Mrs. O. Dinham.
Miss L. Becker.

BULDANA.
Mr. and Mrs. P. Hagberg.

CHANDUR.
Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Schelander.

KHAMGAON.
Miss A. Yoder, Miss L. Downs,
Miss E. Krater.

MURTIZAPUR.
Mr. L. Cutler.

SHEGAON.
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Johnson.

KHANDESH—

BHUSAWAL.
Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Bannister.

CHALISGAON.
Mr. A. C. Phelps.

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

PACHORA.
Mr. A. Johnson.

GUJERAT—

VIRAMGAM.
Mr. R. J. Bennett.
Mr. Auernheimer.

SANAND.
Mr. and Mrs. T. King.
Miss C. Hiltier.

AHMEDABAD.
Miss J. Fraser, Mrs. Burman.

MEHMADABAD.
Mr. and Mrs. L. Turnbull.
Miss C. Hansen.

KAIRA.
Miss E. Wells, Miss M. Woodworth.
Miss M. Compton, Miss V. Dunham.
Miss E. Decker.

MATAR (P.O. Kaira).
Miss C. McDougall.
Miss H. O'Donnell.
Miss A. Seasholtz.

DHOLKA.
Mr. and Mrs. A. Duckworth.
Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Andrews.
Mr. and Mrs. David McKee.
Miss Peter, Mr. F. Back.

BOMBAY—

Mr. M. B. Fuller.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Franklin.
Miss M. Veach, Miss K. Knight.
Miss Z. McAuley, Miss M. Wiest.

MISSIONARIES ON FURLough—

Mrs. Woodward,
Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton,
Mr. and Mrs. Borup,
Mrs. Cutler

Mrs. Simmons,
Mr. and Mrs. Erickson,
Mr. and Mrs. Rogers,
Miss Holmes.

Miss Hoffman.
Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey.

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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