The India Alliance

The Organ of
The Christian and Missionary Alliance in India.

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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.

Terms of Subscription  
In all Countries where the rupee is current Re. 1 20  
In England 1s. 6d. 
In America 50 cents.

All payments in India to be sent to the Business Manager.

American subscriptions can be sent to MR. FRANCIS BELL, 690-8th Ave., New York.
THE INDIA ALLIANCE.


"How Wonderful!"

He answered all my prayer abundantly, and crowed the work that to His feel I brought, with blessing more than I had asked or thought, a blessing undisguised, and fair, and free.

I stood amazed and whispered, "Can it be that He hath granted all the boon I sought? How wonderful that He for me hath wrought! How wonderful that He hath answered me!"

Oh faithless heart! He said that He would hear and answer thy poor prayer, and He hath heard and proved His promise. Wherefore didst thou fear?

Why marvel that thy Lord hath kept His word? More wonderful if He should fail to bless expectant faith and prayer with good success!

—F. R. Havergal.

PRAYER.

Miss Knight.

Did you ever review the last hundred of your prayers? It is not so difficult a task as it seems. They are nearly all about I, my, me, we, our, and us. Or if you do not like to be so personal, listen to the next hundred prayers uttered in your presence, and notice how nearly all Christian people, even many who are really sanctified, are praying for themselves, their families, their churches, their denominations, their missions, their workers, &c., &c. Not long ago a great assembly of believers, an hour was set apart for the express purpose of praying for South America. The people were men and women of prayer, but they were so full of their own desires and requests that nearly the whole time was crowded with—shall I say it?—selfish prayers, and the great Continent enslaved in bondage was only touched for a few minutes at the end of the meeting. Are so many of these prayers right, or are they wrong? Do they please or displease the Lord? Are they not really selfish? However we may answer these questions, of one thing we may be certain, the Christian who limits his prayer-life to persons and things which concern him personally has never truly entered into the ministry of prayer. Think of the needs in other families, other churches, other missions, other lands! Think of the souls of rich and poor for whom no special prayers ascend! Think of the things God wants done in the whole Church and in the world, which are seldom mentioned in prayer!

The writer began about seven years ago to pray definitely for the whole world, for governors and kings, for rich and poor, for all the churches in every place, for Israel, for all missions and workers. Spiritual blessing came, and the work immediately at hand prospered as never before. Later there came a deep yearning to be led farther into the ministry of prayer; but with it a feeling of ignorance and helplessness. After months of waiting and hoping God whispered one of His secrets which has brought real joy in intercessory prayer. It is the secret of giving one's self to the Holy Spirit as an instrument of prayer. If the subject of prayer be Africa, and the knowledge limited and feelings indifferent, a spoken committal of the powers of mind and heart to the Holy Spirit to be used for Africa, will give Him the opportunity He seeks, to fill the soul with the burning love of Christ for a dark land full of lost souls.

Christ felt the need of prayer to the degree that whole nights were given to it, and the need did not cease when He ascended to heaven, for we read the Holy Spirit still makes intercession with groanings that cannot be uttered, and Jesus Himself ever lives in heaven for the same purpose. Does not every sight our eyes fall upon emphasize the need of prayer? Oh Beloved, let us give ourselves to the ministry of prayer, let us learn to pray without ceasing!
In the early part of June we were much blessed and refreshed by spending the day at Kaira Orphanage with our missionary sisters. Mr. J. Taylor, a man of God who is being much used in working among the soldier lads of India, was there and the messages God led him to give were just what our hearts needed. He spoke to us from the fourth chapter of Nehemiah and especially brought to us the message that out of the heaps of rubbish God can build a good, substantial wall, if our eyes are on Him and not on the rubbish.

So many times as we get more and more into the work, Satan whispers to us to look at the rubbish—yes, the rubbish in the native Christian church, the sinful, evil deeds of those who have taken the name of Jesus upon their lips. And with his whisper he puts in the insinuation, "What is the use, nothing substantial can ever be made out of these people—look at the rubbish." But the Holy Spirit, our ever ready Comforter, quickly answers, "There is power in the blood, wonder working power in the precious blood of the Lamb." And our hearts delight to take this stand and to boldly answer Satan, "There is power in the blood."

Jesus Himself has told us that He has chosen and ordained us that we should go and bring forth fruit and that our fruit should remain. What does this mean, if not that the work we do among these darkened people of India shall be something substantial and that many precious souls shall stand the final test before the King? It is so easy to be occupied in trying to make something ourselves out of the heaps of rubbish when our business is to be occupied with Him while He works the wall out of the rubbish.

The Mehmabad work has many sides; every day we are conscious of two powers being at work, and since our day of fasting and definite prayer that the Holy Spirit would mightily work throughout the taluka in convicting of sin and in bringing hidden things to light, Satan seems to have been doing his best and many times we have had to turn away from the rubbish heaps with our faces set like flint to trust in the power of Jesus’ blood.

In several parts of the taluka our Christian people have been really persecuted by a higher class of people called the Potidars. The houses of several Christians have been set on fire and quite a number of men have been beaten by these Potidars who are the farmer folk. Before the lower castes become Christians this higher caste uses them almost as slaves, compelling them to work in their fields for almost nothing, but when these poor people become Christians they will not serve the heathen Potidars any longer for they are no longer slaves, but men and must have their rights. This makes the Potidars very angry and every chance they get, on the slightest provocation they cruelly persecute our native Christians. We long for the time when these men, who have come out of heathendom, will get on a good, self-supporting basis, and be able to make a decent living for themselves and families. They are now, in many cases, so dependent on the missionary that it keeps them weak and develops a beggarly spirit among them. We are earnestly praying for wisdom in dealing with the people that God will enable us to help them become men and women in the Gospel instead of weak, beggarly children who run to us for everything, from a field and a bullock, to a needle and thread.

On our compound, we have the nuclei of two orphanages; on one side we have about a dozen very little boys who are daily being cared for and sent to school half a day in the school conducted on the compound. One little fellow about four years old was picked up in a village several months ago. His parents had died and he was begging for a living. He is a bright, cute little chap and when I ask him to count or to say his alphabet he folds his arms, straightens himself to full height and rehearses his lesson at such a rapid rate I can hardly follow him.

On another side of the compound we have about sixteen girls who are being kept here until a place is made for them at the Kaira Orphanage by the widows from there, moving into the new widows' home. This home is to be established here in Mehmabad as soon as the Lord sends us the funds to do so. The bricks are all made and burned, ready to start building and there are over forty widows to enter at once. We intend having industries carried out in connection with the widows so that as soon as possible the women may in part, if not wholly, support themselves. Pray for this part of the work.

About a week ago early in the morning a man from a distant village brought us a little four months old baby girl. It has no father, mother, sister or brother and as we looked into its bright
little eyes we had to say, "Yes, we'll keep it." The first operation was a good bath and it let us know very soon that whatever else it lacked it was possessed of a good, strong pair of lungs. We have given the baby over into the charge of a native woman who is feeding it on buffalo's milk and we hope the little thing will live if it is for God's glory.

We trust those of the friends at home who are interested in helping our village orphans are praying for these children that they may be even more anxious for spiritual things than they are for the material which they receive. As we look into their faces each week we try to realize the possibilities that are wrapped up in each boy and girl, but we know that it is only as we truly hold to God for them that they will ever amount to anything as Christian men and women. Because the power of the devil is strong over them and it takes real power to release them from him—but we have that power in Jesus and we are seeking each week to impress upon them that there is, salvation in none other—that their hearts must be cleansed by Jesus' blood if they are saved.

CHANDUR, BERAR.

Mr. SCHELANDER.

Plague has been spreading more into the out-of-the-way districts than ever before. One would naturally think that Chandur, a small place so far from Bombay might escape. So much greater therefore was the panic and terror of the inhabitants when, in the month of January last, cases of plague were discovered. The officials were prompt and ordered every house to be vacated. The shop-keepers shut up their stores and left for other places. The farmers put up huts for themselves on their respective fields around the town. Not a person could be seen in the town for over two months. The cotton mills stopped running and every business was at a standstill. The people were prohibited from going to other villages for fear of spreading the disease farther. The Patels (Headmen) in the different villages in the vicinity received orders not to let any one from Chandur come to their villages. The only remedy seemed to be to keep the people out in the open air. From twelve to fifteen died daily for some time, but the death rate would undoubtedly have risen much higher had it not been for the prompt and strict measures taken to prevent it from spreading. Now after two months the plague is practically extinct and has entered only one of the small villages in the neighbourhood.

One would naturally think the people would the more readily accept the Gospel in these times of calamities but we find it is rather the opposite. They consider the foreign Government and the presence of teachers of a foreign religion the causes for famine and plague. How often do we hear something like this; "Since your coming here our happiness has gone." May it not be true of them as of the Jews of whom Christ said, "If I had not come and spoken unto them they had not had sin?" They will not listen to God in the "still small voice" therefore He has to speak to them through calamities. Yet instead of turning to God who sends them they persist the more stubbornly in their idolatrous and superstitious rites and worship than ever before. We give the following incident as an example. One day a crowd of over five hundred persons passed our house playing their different instruments of music, beating their drums, shouting, singing and dancing frantically as they went along. They were on their way to a temple to propitiate by an offering the goddess who is supposed to have the power of the plague in her hands. When one sees these things one cannot but long and pray for that day when the Spirit of the Lord shall be poured out "on all flesh" and "the knowledge of the Lord cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

Our main work is open air evangelistic services in the town of Chandur and the villages near by. But during the two months of plague in the town we considered it wise not to go too freely among the people, so we kept ourselves to the work in the neighbouring villages. There are about fifteen villages near Chandur. The distance to a few is from five to six miles, but others are much nearer so we can easily walk to them. We usually start in the early morning so as to reach the village a little after sunrise, as this is a good time to find men at home before going to their work. The people in these villages have heard the Gospel over and over again and we hope and pray that the seed sown may soon bring forth fruit. In some villages the most painful indifference is manifested, in others a slight opposition, but praise God there are some in which we feel that there are responsive souls.

One morning we went to a small village of only eleven houses. We went to the usual gathering place where we can nearly always get someone to talk to, but this morning we did not even hear the sound of a dog, so we passed through the village, found every door shut and the roof torn
off from some houses. We suspected that plague had entered and made havoc in the place, so we went back and found at the last house two men loading a cart with bags of corn. We asked where the people were. We were told that eleven men had died in two days and that all the rest of the people had left the village and that they, too, were just loading the last of their grain to go away. We asked them where they had gone. They answered some to villages twenty and thirty miles away, others to nearer villages, wherever they had relatives. We asked them if they would return and were told they would not. Thus this little village will henceforth be counted among the many deserted villages of this land. There is a superstitious belief that to go back would mean disaster and perhaps death because of evil spirits. We left the village to go to another about six miles away, but that, too, was just loading the last of their grain to go away. We asked them where they had come from. They bought a copy of the light of the everlasting Gospel of Jesus. It was most upon my heart were the sights which greeted me on the way from the steamer to the Home. The poor people, whose very faces showed that they knew not God, the strange tongue that greeted my ear, these things I shall never forget. With great enthusiasm I began the study of the Marathi language. The strange characters with the strange sounds never seemed to give my eyes and ears a moment's rest, for sometimes I worked as hard in my dreams as when I was awake.

I have now had ten months of hard study and can make myself understood very little in talking. I am very grateful to God for all that I have learned from the books, but find it hard to talk that which I have learned.

Three of us ladies who are studying have just returned from Igatpuri, a country station eighty-seven miles from Bombay, where we spent two months of hard study during the hot season. Igatpuri is much higher than Bombay, and the month of May is very much cooler there than here. The town is surrounded by beautiful mountains. In the evenings we had the necessary out-door exercise that is so helpful in this climate. While there we had new experiences such as belong to Indian life. We rented a small house, got a cook who knows some English, and with the little Marathi we could speak got on fairly well. We saw something of the ways of the country people, also their great need of the light of the everlasting Gospel of Jesus.

A poor woman whose husband had left her and gone off with another woman, came to us almost daily for food for herself and her two little children. She was willing to work but we thought it better for her to work than beg, so we let her carry stones day after day from one side of the yard to the other thus clearing up the compound. When we were about ready to leave Igatpuri, I gave her a sari (dress) and made a little dress for her baby. When she took off her dirty rags and put on the new clothing, she cried as though her heart would break, and said over and over again, "Madam Salib, you are my mother and father," and tried to worship at our feet. We tried to tell her about Jesus and that He gave us food and clothing, but were not able to make her understand much that we told her.

The men, women and children carry great loads of wood on their heads for miles over the mountains that I had not strength to climb. Some of it was for firewood, and some for building the little houses in which they live.

One Sunday morning, one of the other ladies
and I took our Bibles and went out upon the side of the mountain and sat down under a tree. After we had prayed we opened our Bibles to see what God would say to us from His Word. In a very short time, the people coming from the jungle with their wood, gathered under the tree, to rest. One after another came up and dropped his wood and sat down to rest until thirty-three persons had gathered there. I tried to talk to them, but on account of my limited knowledge of the language, I could make them understand only a few sentences. Oh, how I wished that I could tell about Jesus, my Saviour, and that He wanted to save them.

Some one asked in a letter, a few weeks ago, why the people of India are in such darkness at this late day. In many places it is because no one has told them. Again, some "love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil."

Bombay has been my place of abode since I have been in India, but I am expecting to go up country soon and begin in a very feeble way my work for Him. Will not the friends at home pray that I may be used of God in some way in presenting Christ to the "other sheep" which are out of the fold.

LESSONS FROM NATURE,
MISS COMPTON.

"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, the world and all they that dwell therein."

Being in need of rest and change, God was pleased to let Miss Seasholtz and myself find it by the seaside. I was ever fond of the water, whether the ripple and music of a tiny rivulet as it passed over the rocky bed, or the noiseless moving of larger rivers, and always found great delight in every new scene of its kind. But when we started for India, and steamed out into the great, boundless ocean, how God did speak to our souls, daily giving us lessons of His deep, fathomless love, so full and free, causing us to better understand the meaning of many passages of Holy Writ, and also messages in song. As the boat ploughed its way through the great waters, leaving trails behind, I thought how real the truth, that

"The smallest bark on life's tumultuous ocean,
Will leave a trail behind for evermore,
And the smallest wave of influence set in motion,
Extends and widens to the eternal shore."

A wonderful privilege indeed was it for us, as a Missionary party, to be permitted to behold so much of the handiwork of the Lord, both on land and sea, and for it we shall ever praise Him.

So to be again by the seaside, seems like renewing old friendships, and as we sit on the bank overlooking the water, or walk on the beach by its side, my heart says, "Behold the works of the Lord, what wonders He hath wrought." I long to be able to picture these scenes and lessons as they come to me. For instance as I stood watching the tide come in one day, the waves rolled up higher and higher, and finally came in with a great roar only to break and fall back again. God seemed to say, "That is the likeness of a soul ill at ease with itself and all around." How it speaks of a life out of harmony with God, which tells by its influence on others, that it knows not the peace which passeth understanding.

How different the next scene! See how quiet now and noiseless the water; no turmoil nor restlessness, and we immediately think of a life of freedom from itself, lost in Him who has said, "peace, be still," and "learn of me, and ye shall find rest." Oh how easy it is to miss God's best for us, and through us for others, all because we do not take time to listen and follow, when the God of the whole earth goes before us to search out our resting place. How gently He cares for such helpless creatures as we are! What are we, that He is mindful of us? And yet He is pleased to call us His witnesses to lost souls.

"Great is the Lord and greatly to be praised," for "He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still."

A missionary was invited to go into an interior place by a lone Christian, who said, "O brother, come, we are so hungry!" When the journey was all arranged for, a voice asked him, "What if they are not hungry, after all? your journey will be in vain." But a deeper voice answered: "What if they are not hungering for the Bread of life? there is One hungering to give them that Bread. Go and minister to the hunger of the Lord Jesus!"

He went, and as he encountered dangers and trials deep and sore, the precious thought upheld him, "You are ministering to the hunger of the Lord Jesus."—Selected.
Editorials.

I HAVE set the Lord always before me: because He is at my right hand, I shall not be moved."—If indeed we see God always before us, other things must dwindle in comparison. The trial, the suffering, the toil, the enticing things of the world, these shall not move us when we are conscious that God is at our right hand.

Is God reckoning our service and its reward from the standpoint of profitableness or faithfulness? The Master says, "When ye have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants." God's standard is not profitableness. He does not measure us by results. Indeed, how can man be profitable to God? God is not dependent on man, although He has invested all the wealth of heaven in his redemption. But God's standard is just simple faithfulness. The honest, painstaking, whole-hearted effort of the seemingly unsuccessful man is as much in God's eyes as the brilliant achievements of the more gifted man—we will not say more fruitful,—who moves mountains. Who can tell the measure of a life faithfully lived, even tho' in an obscure corner?

"You are not going to India to run away from any trouble here, are you?" Such was the question put to the writer before leaving America. It certainly has a practical bearing on many lives. I have known people who tried to get into Christian work to escape a disagreeable situation, a hard place where they have failed to get victory. Failure has discouraged them, and they think if only they could be free from their environment and launch out into something else, all would be well. It is a serious mistake to suppose so. The soldier who has not learned to meet and conquer his enemy in the place where he is assailed is not ready to be a captain over others. Coming to India will not lessen the difficulties, but rather increase them. It is better to serve patiently and sweetly in the hard place for many years than to remove one's self before God's time. Do not leave any ground as a vanquished soldier. Stay until you have met and glorified God in that difficult and almost impossible place, and then come to the larger field with the glad song of a conqueror. Otherwise the foes of the past as well as new ones must be met with the feeble arm of an unskilled warrior and a heart unschooled to patient, steadfast standing.

A large part of a missionary's life is "to stand." He must stand and see his air-castles fall, his work seemingly demolished by Satan, his efforts apparently fruitless, often sorely oppressed in his own spirit, and body as well, yet he must "stand." Thank God, if he be patient and steadfast and waits long enough it is always to see the salvation of God.

Among the surprising things which have happened recently is the issuing of the Four Gospels and the Book of Acts among adherents of the Catholic Faith in Italy by the authority of the Vatican itself. Lord Radstock in writing of it, says that the Pope encourages the daily reading of these Scriptures by individuals and families. A commentary is also furnished which shows a remarkable change of attitude both as regards Protestants and in its freedom from the distinctively Roman Catholic doctrines. Surely if after all these centuries of a closed Bible and despotic hierarchical rule, God can make such a flood of light to come from the very heart of Romanism, shall we trust Him less for Hindus, Mohammedans and Parsees, the foundations of whose religions are even now crumbling and causing the structure to totter? "Behold"—God says—"I am the God of all flesh. Is there anything too hard for Me?"

In the commentary on the Four Gospels and Acts referred to above, allusion is made to the coming of the Lord by the word "Parousia," which, Lord Radstock says, is the first time Christ's second coming has ever been recognized, even dimly, in the teaching of Rome, so far as his knowledge goes.

It is a deplorable fact indeed that while America, Germany and Great Britain with one hand are sending the Gospel to heathen lands, with the other they are sending idols for these same heathen to worship. What can the missionary say to the heathen who confront him with these facts? A large proportion of India's most popular idols are made in a factory in the United States.

It is interesting to note the increasing number of Mohammedans who are searching after Gospel truth and to see that many of them deep down in their hearts are coming to look upon Christ as more than a prophet. It fills the missionary's heart with courage to know that these people, than whom there is not a more difficult class on
Reforms are still going on in parts of India in reference to child marriage. An effort is now being made in Baroda to make the ages of fourteen for girls and eighteen for boys the minimum at which marriage may take place. The Bombay Guardian comments very interestingly on the efforts of a Reform Society in Rajputana. Its success along many lines is not a matter of speculation, but of real fact.

To increase the circulation of our paper we make the following offer. To any person getting a club of five new subscribers we will give the paper free. That is any one sending us five new names and $2.50 will have the paper sent to the names sent and receive one extra copy of the paper to be sent to any address he may choose.

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**Mission Questions.**

**CADE IN THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.**

**M. B. FULLER.**

THE June number of the Baptist Missionary Review was almost wholly taken up with the discussion of the question whether caste may be allowed in the church. There was quite a long article written by a young missionary in which he suggested that the Protestant missions may have been too strict in insisting that people must break caste before coming into the Church i.e., before they are baptized. He argued that as Jewish Christians in the Apostolic days still practiced circumcision and in many ways still remained Jews in their customs, so caste might be looked upon as a part of the social life of the Hindus and be winked at or left to set itself right or to be set right by the spiritual life of the church. After this article was a long symposium consisting of the written answers to five questions on the various phases of the subject, which were sent to a large number of missionaries of various missions and to several prominent Indian Christians. The answers are on the whole a very strong protest against allowing caste in the church, or baptizing any one who is not ready to break caste.

The first question is,—"Is caste as it exists in India to-day a merely social institution or has it also a religious significance?"

To this nearly every answer given emphasizes the fact that it is not merely a social institution but religious too. To our minds if caste were eliminated from Hinduism it would no longer be Hinduism. Idolatry and caste are the two feet on which Hinduism stands. On many occasions the two are connected in ceremonies, and a Hindu cannot retain his caste without countenancing idolatry. Rev. T. Walker, of the C.M.S., Tinnevelly, says: "I have to say that caste as it exists in India to-day is not merely a social institution but that it is preeminently religious." Bishop Sargent, after more than fifty years experience as a missionary, was wont to say, "The religion of the Hindu is caste," and my own experience increasingly confirms his statement. You cannot dissociate the religious and the social in an orthodox Hindu family. With them what is religious is social and what is social is religious.

When we face the fact that the surest way to break with Hinduism is to break with caste the answer to the first question seems to me self evident.

Pundita Ramabai says: "It is essential to the Hindu religion. The predominating idea is the religious one."

Mr. A. N. Murti, a converted Brahman says: "caste is both social and religious and the latter is the predominating idea."

Rev. W. Boggess, of the A. B. M. U., says: "Caste I believe, is to-day as ever a Hindu religious institution; because (a) it has its roots in the sacred literature of the Hindus; (b) its defenders claim for it a divine origin; (c) religious duties are linked with caste in that it forms a necessary qualification for the performance of those various duties; (d) Hindu religion fixes the bounds of the various castes so that no one can change his caste from a lower to a higher; (e) religious rites are necessary to restore caste when once it is broken; (f) rules for maintaining caste by purification ceremonies are religious. The social significance of caste depends on and is secondary to its religious significance. A man
may be ever so wise, worthy or wealthy and yet he cannot improve his caste."

Rev. J. Heinricks says: "Caste as it exists in India to-day is only relatively a social institution. Its basis is religious, founded on and in the code of Manu which all Hindus accept as their religious guide. If caste is not a predominantly religious affair why are the non-caste people excluded from the temples, and why is a person who has broken caste denied the religious prerogatives of the Hindus?"

Rev. C. H. Monahan, Principal of Wesleyan Training Institution says: "Caste has both a religious and a social side. It is impossible and unnecessary to attempt to draw a line of distinction between them. For every social institution has a religious value according as it more or less embodies the spirit and teaching of Jesus Christ. As caste is essentially antagonistic to the spirit of brotherhood inculcated by Christ, it must be classed as the very antithesis of Christianity whether we view it on its religious or merely social side.

The second question.—"In order for a Hindu to retain his caste is it necessary that he should in any way take part in the worship of idols, demons, or false gods?"

In answer to this question, Rev. T. Walker says: "A Hindu cannot retain his caste intact without countenancing idolatry, though possibly he might refrain in his own person, from the actual worship of idols. For example, the lighting of a lamp at night is a religious function accompanied in every orthodox Hindu home, with the worship of Agni, the god of fire. At the Hindu new year, too, the special "rice boiling" is a religious ceremony connected directly with idolatry. It will be found that Hinduism is so inextricably mixed up with household arrangements that the retention of caste in some degree or other will wink at idolatry, to say the least."

Rev. W. Boggess says: "Since Hinduism is pantheistic as well as polytheistic one need not be an idolator in order to be an orthodox Hindu in good standing. Many have renounced idolatry and demon worship and endeavour to worship the "unknown God," and yet stand high in the Hindu religion because they retain caste."

This shows that caste is more essential to Hinduism than idolatry is, and should therefore be abandoned as utterly as idolatry before a person is baptized. If a person is out of caste he is not allowed in the temples but if as a pantheist he does not worship idols he is allowed in caste, and is a Hindu still.

(To be continued.)

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Glimpses from the Field.

A TRIP TO SIMLA.

MRS. DUCKWORTH.

W E were to start in the early morning by the train that has commenced to run between Ahmedabad and Dholka. The opening of this railroad was a very important event in the history of the Dholka mission as it brings us into closer contact with the other missionaries of Gujerat and is a great advantage in many ways.

We said, as we thought, our last salams to the boys the night before but to our surprise about four o'clock in the morning we heard the gong in the school compound ring. Pretty soon we heard singing outside and as we passed out of the compound down the driveway, we rode between two lines of boys arranged as a sort of bodyguard, and thus amid the singing and the salams, in the darkness of the early morning, we left our flock for a few weeks of quiet amid the great Himalaya mountains.

On the afternoon of the second day's journey we arrived at the scene of the great Durbar, held in honor of our Emperor Edward of India. We found that we had the whole afternoon before proceeding further on our journey, so prepared to take in the scenes of Delhi. An old man dressed in a spotlessly clean white coat immediately jumped on the carriage box and offered his services as guide. We said that we did not care for a guide but he insisted that he had just come directly down to the station on business, that he did not want any pay, but as he had nothing to do that afternoon, he would like to drive around with us. So we allowed him the privilege of going with us and he certainly gave us some very valuable information. He proved to be the well-known Bhuredas, guide to Delhi, whose father served during the mutiny on the British side and who himself was present and took part in the siege. He had many testimonials from well known people and boasts very much of having guided General Grant around Delhi when he visited India years ago, and also Phillip Brooks.

The visit to the Fort was very interesting and we enjoyed seeing the old palace of the King, which with the surrounding grounds was the scene of the most of the Durbar celebrations.

The most famous and beautiful object formerly to be seen in the palace was the peacock throne but that has been sent to Persia. Most of the
precious stones with which the wall behind the throne was inlaid are now in the British Museum but some were sent back for the Durbar and replaced as in the olden time. After two hours driving around the City we returned to the Station and giving him a present in appreciation of his services we said salaam to our kind friend Bhuredas.

The evening of the third day found us at our destination, “Mountain Home,” rightly named from its location at the summit of one of the mountains. The sight of the snow-capped mountains in the distance is very refreshing to one coming from the burning heat of the monotonous plains.

Simla is the seat of the government of all India during the season from April to October and the Viceregal summer home is here, also the Commander-in-chief of the Military forces in India, Lord Kitchener, spends some of his time here. It is one of the most beautiful resorts of the country and the bracing mountain air and pine forests do much to recuperate those tired and broken down from work in the malarious districts of the country. By travelling a few hundred miles in India one meets with a great variety of climate and if one were to visit Simla during the cold season one would meet with snow and ice and could easily imagine oneself in the western world were it not for the many brown faces that would appear to him. These hill tribes are a sturdy lot of people with much more energy and back-bone than those who live in the enervating climate of the plains. Very little Christian work is done among them and few among them know anything of the saving power of Christ, but the few who have come out have proved staunch and true. Why is it they are neglected? Many who cannot stand the climate elsewhere could thrive in this delightful mountain air.

One day we attended a native fair held about nine miles from Simla, but in native territory. The most interesting feature was an exhibition of the women who were present. They were Mohammedans and were beautifully dressed in gorgeous silks and velvets and loaded with jewelry. There were about three hundred seated in rows one above the other on the side of the hill. Of course, the selling of women has been prohibited by the English government nevertheless it is still carried on quietly at this fair. A man who is tired of his wife takes her to the fair and exchanges her for one whom he may fancy better. Very often they sell their old wives and buy new ones every year. The amount of jewelry worn counts much in the choice of a wife.

One other thing attracted our attention and that was the amount of gambling carried on. Every few feet were gambling tables and men eager to get the “little all” of the poor, ignorant people. There was even a European carrying on the wretched business and it made our hearts ache to see those who should be witnesses for right in this country, lowering themselves so much for the sake of a little more “filthy lucre,” rightly so named when gained by such unlawful means.

It meant much to have a witness for Christ in that place, which seemed to be filled with the very presence of the evil one. Throughout the two days of the fair, a missionary and his catechist held forth the Word of Life to those who would tarry for a few moments. May the seed so scattered spread throughout eternity in the lives of many of these neglected men. No doubt God has chosen some from among them to be a part of His bride and the honor of carrying this joyful tidings will be given to the one who will answer readily and gladly “Here am I, Lord, send me.”

IN BERACHAH ORPHANAGE, KHAMGAON. A DAY’S ROUTINE IN VACATION TIME.
MISS YODER.

By vacation we mean when study is dropped on account of the great heat during the month of May.

Monday, May 18th . . . . There goes the alarm! It is half past three a.m. The seven cooks are off to the cook room to make bread. (The cooking is done in turns, each day a different set.) An hour later all are astir, some combing, others dressing, some scouring their teeth snowy white with the charcoal gathered from the hearth the evening before. At five o’clock the prayer bell rings. At six o’clock prayers are over and we, that is, forty girls, the men, the bullocks and myself are off to the new twenty-two acre field just bought. The girls have taken with them a basket of bread, a sack of onions and salt, to eat a little later. At the same time in another direction twenty-five of the largest girls accompanied by an old lady, are off in the jungle to gather buffalo chips for fuel. The work in the weaving room as well as the sewing room, goes on as usual.

A tramp of a mile and a half or less, not more, and we reach the field where all the little hands that have just been tied up in pieces of old rags to keep them from blistering while pulling up
the cotton stalks and thistles, go to work. Now
the time has come for the new American plow to
be unloaded. We DID know at which end to
hitch the bullocks, and although we never
plowed in America, we knew how to guide the
plow. We went around the field the first time
in rather a zigzag
plow. We went around the cotton stalks and thistles, go to
the time
liad taken about eleven rounds, the men also
could begin to guide the plow and things took
on a better look.

By twelve o'clock we are all back home, but
the little feet of the children are burning, as
they are not used to traveling over the hot
stones and we take quite a while in picking the
thorns from their feet. . . . Now the dinner
bell rings! Oh, but the dough and bread taste
good to-day! Dinner over, all is very still for
an hour while everyone takes a nap. Then
the bell for the sewing classes sounds. From
half-past two until four o'clock they sew for the
examination patch work. In the meanwhile we
have the Bible class with the widows. The
four o'clock bell rings the time to grind, and the
girls sing as the stones go round and round. At
six o'clock it is time for the last meal. All are
seated and sing "Praise God from whom All
Blessings Flow," after which the blessing is
asked. The meal being eaten, the children all
gather in the chapel where each one repeats a
text of scripture. A hymn is sung, or perhaps
two, then prayer follows, after which they are
free for a good romp.

At eight o'clock the retiring bell rings, the
beds are spread in the yard and all lie down and
soon are fast asleep.

LALTEE.
MRS. STANLEY.

LALTEE was one of the many girls that
came to us during the famine of 1897.
Her story runs thus:—

One morning as usual a great number of people
came for help, but as the government had opened
relief works, and gave employment to all that
were willing to work, we gave help only to the
sick, old, cripples and starved-looking cases.
After all had left, one young, strong-looking girl
sat on the ground crying. She did not ask for
anything, but looked very sad. We turned to
her and asked what she cried for. Her answer
was, "I am so hungry, and I am afraid you will not
give me something to eat". On asking her who
she was, if she was married, from where she came
and so forth, she told us that she was purdeshee
(from North India), Lallee by caste (maker of
oil), was married, but her husband had torn her
marriage badge (a string of black beads, worn
around the neck by married women), broken her
bracelets (of green glass) also a marriage badge,
and kicked her out, telling her that she could go,
and that she was dead to him. She was young,
only fourteen years, homeless, friendless, and a
stranger in a strange land. Our hearts went out
for her. We could have sent her to the govern-
ment relief works, but knowing what fate await-
ed a young woman there without a protector, we
had not the heart to do so. We asked her, "Do
you want work?" She said "Yes." "Can you
grind?" "Yes." "Do you want to stay with me
and do anything that you are told?" "Yes."
So that was settled. She stayed with us for
two months, and was a very happy, truthful,
good girl. We called her Sunshine, as she
always had a smiling face. After some time
her husband also came. He had heard that she
was staying at the mission bungalow. He was
a young, fine, but proud and cruel-looking man.
He also looked for work. We found something
for him to do and let him stay on; but she was
so afraid of him that she did not want to have
anything more to do with him. He did not
seem to care very much either, seeing that she
did not want to go and live with him again. I asked
her if she would like to go to our Girls Orphanage
for a few years and learn to read and so forth.
She gladly accepted the offer, and with her
husband's consent I sent her to Khamgaon to
Miss Yoder. He soon found other work and
left us. After a year or more, he returned and
asked for his wife. I told him that she was yet
in school. He wanted me to compel her to live
with him. I said, "No I will not compel her, as
you treated her cruelly and told her she was
defiled, and that it would
cost him a heap of money to purify her and take
her into caste again. He went away, and I did
not see him again for years. Years passed and
she was still in school, very slow to learn but
true and faithful. When my husband and my
self returned from furlough last December, I
needed some one to accompany me in the
village work, so I asked Miss Yoder to let me
have Lallee. She was glad to come as she
always looked upon me as her rightful owner.
For a while all went on nicely; but from the first she asked me to find her husband and secure a divorce from him, I intended to, but took my time, as I did not see any need of great hurry. Well, she became long-faced and gloomy. The spiritual teaching did not seem to have any effect on her, and she again asked me to go to town to find him. I said, "Laltee how do you know that your husband is in Akola?" She said, that she was sure that he was here. One day I let her go to the market to buy some food for herself. It took her a long time to return, and when she came she told me that she had met him, and had quite a talk with him in the market. She had told him to come to see me; this he did a few days after. When she met him he told her that he had another wife and two children. When he came I asked him to make her free. He refused to do so. Then she told him that she would come to live with him. I was amazed. All my arguments on the subject of his having another wife and family were of no avail. She had made up her mind to have a husband. I told her she had not been seeking the Lord's will in the matter, and that she would put a stumbling block in the way of him ever becoming a Christian with two wives, and her life would be a miserable one as she really left God as well as His people; but she left. Alas, the poor girl's joy was of short duration. I was so taken back at her conduct that I could not go to see her, and indeed I don't believe that the Lord wanted me to. I heard nothing about her for a month or more, then one day one of our Christian men came and told me that her husband wanted to get rid of her. His caste people had found out that his wife who had become a Christian had come back to live with him. So they came and demanded one hundred and fifty rupees to purify and take her into caste again. That was the beginning of her troubles. Both he and his wife began to ill-treat her. They would not allow her to stay with them and sent her out to do coolie work for her living. One day he brought a Hindoo man in, and wanted her to go and live with him as his wife; but this she flatly refused to do. He meant to sell her to that man. On the cotton compound where she was working, were also some Christian men and women working, and naturally at noon she went and sat down beside them to eat her lunch. Some of the Hindoos who knew her husband told him that she ate with Mahar Christians. That made it still worse for her. Then he began to look for a man amongst the Christians who would be willing to buy her. He found one, a new convert that did not yet know the law for Christians. With him he made a contract, and then he sent her off to the house in which he lived. She was too much ashamed to return to me after all I told her. However I found out immediately that she had gone there. I at once sent for her and she came, now, praise God, a humble woman. She lost all she had for he kept her clothing and sent her away with only what clothing she wore. So once more she came to me naked and an out caste. But I was glad to welcome her back, as I saw that the Lord would have another chance to speak to her. I went with her to her husband's home, to see if he would kindly give her what was hers, and also to see if he would now set her free, but he refused to do either the one thing or the other. So when I left I said, "I will see tomorrow what the deputy commissioner can do about it." I went to him but got no encouragement. He, being a Parsee, had no use for Christians. He said she had no business to become a Christian and defile her husband. The superintendent of the police sat in the office and heard all that we said. Just as I stood up to go, he said that she could go and take whatever belonged to her. He is an Englishman. I thanked him and went home. I told the girl that there was very little hope of her ever getting free unless the Lord would undertake for her as the law was all on her husband's side. I told her she could go herself and take her clothes. She decided to do so.

We sent two of the Kharkano workers with her to protect her from assault. She found him at home, and without much trouble he consented to give her a divorce. He came with her to the mission bungalow, and we sent for a stamped paper, and in less than an hour she was a free woman. He did not give her her clothing but we were too happy for what he had done to make too much fuss about her things. Laltee is now a happy, sunny woman again. She is glad to be free to worship the God that she really loves, without fear, and with God's people. I hope she will some day be a help and blessing to her sisters, bound to tyrannical lords and masters without any law or right on their side.

Dear Christian sisters while you thank God for your own freedom, will you not also ask the God of omnipotence to hasten the day of freedom, from tyranny, superstition, and spiritual bondage for your sisters yea also your brothers in heathen lands?
Items.

We regret to say that our dear editor, Mrs. Franklin, has had a relapse which hinders her from resuming her editorial duties. We are glad to report improvement, however. In the mean time one unaccustomed to the “editor’s easy chair” is occupying it, and we beg that errors and delays will be looked upon leniently by our readers.

By the time this issue of the India Alliance has left our hands, Miss Veach will have joined Mrs. Stanley in Akola, there to commence her more active missionary labors in India. The books will not be put entirely aside, but the “real work” will begin. Miss Veach has been a faithful and pains-taking student, as well as a help in the Bombay Home during the days when much sickness prevailed.

We are glad to welcome into the Mission a new member. On June 24th the advent of a bright little girl brought sunshine into the family of Mr. J. W. Johnson, who have been staying in Igatpuri during the hot months.

While one home is joyful, another is sad over the critical illness of the little one there. We bespeak the prayers of all on behalf of Mr. and Mrs. Bannister whose baby is in a most serious condition. May God deal graciously with them in His own good way.

Mr. Hay who was at Dhokhla for two and a half months in charge of the sick boys, has consented to help us for two or three months more in the Marathi field. He has been a great help at Dhokhla and we are sure that he will be in the Marathi work.

Mr. Andrew Johnson who has been in India more than ten years is to take his furlough soon. Mr. Hay will hold his station till Mr. and Mrs. Erickson return from furlough to their station at Amroati, when Mr. and Mrs. Dinham will be free to take Mr. Johnson's work at Pachora.

We are glad to hear that Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton were leaving America in June and we hope to welcome them back to India before this number of the Alliance is sent out.

We praise God that Miss Downs whose case was so serious a month ago is rapidly gaining strength and we hope will soon be quite well again. God has heard the many prayers and has given her back to us and to the work.

Miss O'Donnell has quite regained her health and we rejoice to see her ready for work again.

While there is a good rainfall in Bombay and along the coast, the stations up country have scarcely been touched and much discomfort is felt because of the delayed breaking of the rains. The heat remains very intense. We hope that by another week we can really say, “The rains have come!”

The plague mortality is constantly decreasing. Last week for all India there were only 2,084 deaths by plague, in striking contrast to the many thousands only a few months ago.

Mr. Bach who has been bearing the burden of the work at Dhokhla all through the hot season, is about to go to Simla for much needed rest.

We have just heard of a unique silver wedding party. A lady much interested in missions was asked to celebrate her silver wedding by having a party. She prayed about it and received as her answer the following verse,—“Whateover they bid you observe, that observe and do; but do not ye after their works.” A party was decided upon. Each guest was requested to bring a silver offering of money instead of the usual gift. In place of the customary refreshments of ice-cream and cake, etc., parched rice was served to remind the company of the famines of India. As each guest arrived he was introduced to the pictures of two missionaries in India and allowed to place his offering in a boat provided. The whole evening’s entertainment had its bearing on missions. All the guests declared it a most delightful occasion. The fruit of the party was a $50.00 bank-note sent to the two missionary friends in India. We believe that God smiles on parties of such a character.

Praise and Prayer.

Praise God for the healing of Miss Downs.
" " " the return of Missionaries to their Stations.
" " " those under conviction.
" " " returning Missionaries.
" " " supplying needs.
Pray for those under training for Christian work.
" that the rainy season may be fruitful as the workers preach the Gospel in all His fulness.
" for our growing Christian community, that the people may come to know Christ in all His fulness.
" for those enquiring the way.
" for a great awakening all over India.
" for a building greatly needed in Dhokhla for industrial work, and for the Missionaries in charge to live in.
" for the health and spiritual life of all the missionaries.
" that Mrs. Franklin may be completely healed.
List of Alliance Missionaries.

BERAR—

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

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

BULDANA.

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. Auerzheimer.

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

AHMEDABAD.
Miss J. Fraser.
Mrs. E. Burman.

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

KAIRA.
Miss E. Wells.
Miss M. Woodward.
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 C. Peter.
Mr. F. Back.

BOMBAY—

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

MISSIONARIES ON FURLOUGH:

Mrs. Woodward.
Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton.
Mrs. Cutler.

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

Miss Hoffman.
Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey.
Mr. and Mrs. Hagberg.

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.