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

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Christian & Missionary Alliance.

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

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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.

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GLOREYING GOD.

BY THE EDITOR.

God in His Word speaks much about glory and exhorts us many times to glorify God, to give glory to His name. I believe we often fail to have a clear conception of what it means. It is obvious that we cannot add glory to God or make Him more glorious. But God’s glory is the outshining of what He is in Himself. Because He is just what He is in character, the manifestation of Himself is glory. So that we glorify God when we give Him a chance to manifest Himself. This is well illustrated in the incident of Lazarus’ death, when Jesus said, “This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby.” Lazarus went down even into death, his body became a naturally hopeless dead body, that God might show His power in raising him up. Through this manifestation of Himself, God was glorified. He was given a chance to work.

We are plainly told to glorify God in our body and in our spirit. How can we do it? Simply by so yielding to Him that He has a chance to show through us what He is. When our spirits are so absolutely abandoned to Him that He can take full possession and work as He pleases, there takes place a transformation, and we, not like Moses with a veil upon his face, but “with unveiled face reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory.” This is the work of the Holy Spirit day by day and is the outshining of God upon us, by which we are changed to be like Him and He is glorified thereby. What a solemn thought that we may fail to glorify God in our spirits, by not putting ourselves absolutely into His hands, by withholding from His transforming touch, or by in some way dimming the mirror which is to reflect His glory!

In the same way we glorify God in our bodies when we yield them to Him to work in. When a death-doomed body is quickened by God’s touch of life-giving power and raised up free from disease, God is glorified because He has had a chance to shine out. This is
why Satan so opposes Diving Healing. It is a manifest work of God which none can gainsay, and so Satan must hinder it if possible. How sad that so many blood-bought ones fail to glorify God in their bodies “which are His,” and turn to the world for deliverance! We may also glorify God in our bodies by placing every member under His control so that He may truly live out His life in us; speaking His words through our lips, His love through our eyes, His grace through the works of our hands. He tells us that the fruit of our lips is to be praise, and that “whoso offereth praise glorifieth God.” In this case we glorify Him by declaring what He is and has done, and so cause Him to “outshine” upon others. In the same way we glorify God by our good works. They are a part of the fruit bearing which Jesus says glorifies God, and are an essential result of the branch’s life in the vine, and can be produced in no other way. It is the outshining of Himself through our works. Abraham was “strong in faith, giving glory to God.” By believing in the God Who raiseth the dead, he revealed a particular attribute of God, namely that it is only the dead whom God quickens (death the pathway to life). Hence he glorified God. So we may glorify Him by a faith which staggers not at the sentence of death in ourselves in whatever form it may come, because, by believing, we reveal Him to others as the God Who raiseth the dead.

As we glorify God here on earth and catch the rays of the outshining of Himself so that Jesus can say, “the glory which Thou gavest me I have given them,” we are being prepared for the full revelation of His glory and our complete glorification which is yet to come. At the best we see through a glass darkly now, but then face to face we shall know Him and, blessed be God, “we shall be like Him for we shall see Him as He is.” May we so glorify Him now that the glad day may soon come when the “whole earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of God.”

“Out of everybody’s sight—
Most of all my own—
So that all around may see
Christ and Christ alone,”

Station Notes.

Mehmadabad, Gujerat.

Miss Seasholtz.

SOMEONE has said, “All life has its alternating shades of light and dark, its changing circumstances of defeat and victory.” We feel this has been somewhat the case in our station at Mehmadabad. God has richly blessed the work and saved many precious souls. He has sent a little band here to labour for Him. In a marked way has He been in our midst and given unity of the Spirit and love one for another, and we are confident that this is a great help in the work.

Our hearts greatly rejoice as the Native Christians come together from Sabbath to Sabbath to hear the Word of God. Many of them walk eight, nine, ten, and as many as twelve miles. Two women, old and almost blind, never fail to come from their village twelve miles away. We often think of the change there will be in these dear old women when Jesus comes. A few have consecrated their lives for service in the Lord’s work.

It is very encouraging to teach the fifty boys and girls who go to school in their villages and come here Saturday afternoon to stay until after the Sunday services. Many of them are saved, and we believe as they hear the Word from time to time others will also be brought into the light. Together with the encouragements and successes have come the discouragements and failures. The enemy has come in and tried to make havoc among some of our best people. A few he has defeated, others have resisted his power and come out of the trial more than conquerors. We tell you, dear readers, that one of the places where Native Christians are so likely to be tested is on the line of pride. If they learn to read even as far as the third or fourth reader, they are very likely to think “they know it all,” and when pride enters the heart we are on slippery ground. We would request prayers, especially from those in the homeland, for our dear ones on this point.

On Nov. 23 a very pleasant event took place in our station when Mrs. Woodward and Mr. Back were united in marriage. It was a wedding where Jesus was in the midst. As those present
sang "Stepping in the Light," the happy couple came into the room, stood under a decorated arch, and were there united in marriage by Mr. Hamilton. After congratulations were offered, all sang "Step by Step I'll Walk with Jesus." The only ones present outside our own family circle were Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton. All the natives on the compound were present and sat in the rear of the room. They seemed to greatly enjoy the occasion. After a few days Mr. and Mrs. Back left us for Dholka where their future home and work will be.

We have been glad to have with us Miss Gardner who has lately come from America. Having known her in the Institute at Nyack makes it all the more pleasant to have her here. Miss Hansen and I have had blessed times visiting in the villages. Sometimes we stay out two days at a time. Our being right among the people has given us a good opportunity of really getting acquainted with them. In two of our villages, churches have been built, and we stop in them when we visit these places. We never lack for food when out on one of these trips, for the Native Christians are always ready to bring some of theirs to share with us. We always have plenty of our own provisions on hand, yet they often feel quite insulted if we refuse theirs.

Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull, Miss Hansen and myself had hoped to take our tents and go out touring soon after convention, but on account of sickness we have not yet been able to do so. We are believing our Father will soon open the doors and let us go.

Last Friday, our mission day for prayer, we waited on God and He blessed us greatly. Since then Mrs. Turnbull and Miss Gardner, who have been having fever, have been much better. We praise the Lord much that during Mrs. Turnbull's illness He has so wondrously kept dear little Muriel, who is the joy and sunshine of our station.

BHUSAWAL, KHANDESH.

Mr. Bannister.

These are busy days with us just now in Bhusawal, days of preparation for Christmas, or rather, for the Christmas tree and prize giving, which we have for our English Sunday school a few days before Christmas. The children have been looking forward to it for some time, and by learning recitations and dialogues, and by practising pieces to sing, they have been preparing for it. We wish all who read these lines could be with us on the happy occasion, when the children receive their presents, and go through their exercises. It is each year a time of pleasure and profit to all. All the pieces the children learn are of a decidedly spiritual character, so that we trust the learning of them may be a means of grace. Also when they recite their pieces at the Christmas tree, a large crowd of people always gather, Roman Catholics and others who would not ordinarily come under the sound of the Gospel; and we trust that words recited or sung, or words in the address given, may sink into many hearts. The way in which, in times past, some of our little scholars have gone rejoicingly home to be with Jesus, has increased our interest in Sunday school work. We have about sixty children in our English Sunday school, all of whom will be made happy by receiving presents.

Our Marathi Sunday school is growing, and the scholars are getting their minds filled with the word of God. We trust next year we may be able to have a Christmas celebration for them, too. This year we shall have to content ourselves with a dinner together on Christmas day, and a real service of praise to Jesus whose birthday it is.

Our Marathi Christians are growing in the graces of Christ, though not increasing in numbers very fast. We expect to baptize one man soon, who by his life is showing a real desire to live true to God. Another has asked for baptism, but on account of unworthy motives: we do not feel sure of him. Our colporteur, supported by the Bible Society, is doing very good work; selling a number of Scripture portions each day at the Station.

Our English congregation continues to keep up a good attendance, and God is working in many hearts. Last night the Church was nearly full. Our need is, a great out-pouring of God's Spirit, to really bring conviction of sin to the hearts of those who regularly attend our services.

We have much to praise God for at this Station, especially for His goodness in keeping us from the fever that usually comes to us at this time of the year.

Three Jewesses out of one family have been brought to Christ through Miss McAuley's ministry: the first one while she was in the hospital with smallpox, and the third just before she left Bombay. At her last visit the father asked her to teach all his daughters to pray, and said he had lost his prejudice against Christianity.
TOURING NOTES FROM CHANDUR.

Mr. Schelander.

During the last two months we have spent considerable time among the villages in the district. The Lord has blessed, and enabled us to present the blessed truth of the gospel to hundreds of people.

With a few exceptions we have been kindly received, our meetings quite well attended, and a good deal of interest manifested. Yet the real spiritual awakening and open turning to the living God, which we long to see, has not been realized. Nearly all, especially the more enlightened, acknowledge the truth and superiority of the Christian religion, and were it not for the awful caste system, no doubt many would step out into the full liberty of the gospel. The fearful stream of infidel literature which is coming into this country, carries its influence of evil even to the remotest districts, among the educated classes.

There are really very few people who have faith in the popular Hinduism of today. With regard to the Mohammedans, a much more friendly attitude towards Christianity than some years ago, is noticed.

In some villages the people are afraid that we bring the Plague to them and do not wish us to camp near their village. We had an experience about this recently. We left a place where we had been camping a week, for another place, where again we intended to stay a week. We found a quiet camping place near a river, from which the people in the village near by took water. After our tent had been put up and we were about settled, the whole village came out and besought us not to stay there as their women had to come for water and were afraid. They were not rude in any way, but simply asked us kindly to leave. We could have stayed if we had insisted, but we preferred rather to leave than to have trouble with the people. They brought bullocks and had our things carried, free of charge, to the next village. But in the meanwhile they had no doubt sent a message to their neighbour village and warned them of our coming, so that on our arrival there they, too, were ready with a pair of bullocks to send us to the next. We did not know at the time that it was on account of the Plague that these, out of the many villages, desired us to go away, but we learned it afterwards. During the hot season there was no Plague in this district, but now during the cold weather it is beginning to spread all around, even to quite small villages. So it is not altogether without reason that the ignorant and superstitious people are afraid.

Pray that they may flee to the true refuge from the wrath to come.

Chandur, Berar.

Mrs. Schelander.

It is a very busy season here now, wherefore it is rather difficult to get any women to speak to. Most of the women are at work either in the fields picking cotton or in the cotton mills, and when they are at home they have all the house work to do. Still as we walk along the streets looking in all directions we always find some one who will listen to the "old story" which is so new to them.

Today we had several women sitting down listening to us as we told them of the true Saviour, when a man came and said to us, "Why do you speak to them? They do not understand anything." Then he began to ask questions which we answered, and before we knew it the women had all disappeared and we had a large audience of men listening attentively. The man before mentioned declared that he had left all his idols and now worshiped only the true God, pointing to the sun. We find very many like him who seem to think that the sun is the true God. He acknowledged that the sun had not created us, but another God who is still greater. At last he said he would worship them both but would not leave off worshiping the sun.

From there we went into a yard where two women were sitting working. We salaamed them and told them that we had come to tell them of the true God, and asked them to listen for a while. But they said, "We do not understand anything, and we have nothing to give you; go somewhere else." They always have to give something to their religious teachers. We told them that we did not want anything and as to whether they understood or not we should see when they had heard. Neighbours came in and we had a good time, but soon the husband came home and we had no more attention.

On our way home we saw two or three women sitting outside a house and went to them, but here also we soon got an audience of men instead of women. We continued speaking to the men, who always are more intelligent, though we were sorry that the women did not stay.

Mr. Schelander is out on tour in the district. Pray for this place, dear friends. The seed has been sown here for years and we believe that
there are some who only need courage to openly accept Christ. There are a few Christians, too, here who need your prayers. We praise God for health and strength, and blessing in our own souls.

NEED FOR PRAYER.

Mr. Franklin.

Some of our readers will remember that in the October number I gave the account of a Sadu who was interested in the Gospel. We have been pleased with his interest and his constant attendance at the meetings, his desire to learn more, and his learning verses of Scripture and some of the catechism. Suddenly a change came over him. Changes do come, even in America. One of the workers had been going to his house regularly. One day he found him with the garland around his neck and with the yellow paint on his forehead; these have more or less to do with his old life of Sadu. Our worker had a talk with him; he had himself been a Sadu, so that he knew how to deal with him. The man confessed that he did not know why he did those things; that there came a strange spell over him and that he seemed to do them without thinking, and that after he did them a peculiar spell came over him and he seemed to have no power over his own thoughts, but he was held captive. Our worker told him that the strange power was the power of Satan. The man said; "An old companion told me that when I was a Sadu I was all right, but that since I became a Christian, I am not at all as I was before. For the last eight days I have been carrying on my old way of idol worship. I see now that truly it is Satan that is filling me. How can I be free from him?" Our worker told him that we had cast Satan out of a man the other day and if he would come to our meeting we would pray with him and in Jesus' name we would cast Satan out. He came to the meeting, but was not as free in speaking with me as he was with the worker, and tried to smooth things over, but promised God that he would not do those things again. I have just been to his house and tried to have a talk with him. I find it is not so easy to talk with him as it was before. Tonight the smoke through the door came into my eyes, till I was scarcely able to hold them open. I came away with a sad heart, but still there is hope. He is longing to be different.

There is testing with us in the work. Questions will come. If we had pressed baptism, would that not have set him apart as a Christian, and set him, in a way, free from his old associates? But on the other hand, one Sadu whom we did baptize, because he did not get the help and living without work which he expected, went back to his old life. Were we faithful in teaching him as we should have been? But so many things press in on us that it seems we could not have done more than we did. Have we been as faithful in prayer as we should be? These questions will come. We pass them on to you, too, dear friends. Are there not many non-essentials in the home land that you are doing that might be left undone and much time and trouble saved, and you have more time to pray?

There are many like this man whom we want to get hold of. Our hearts long for it. The great amount of work left undone, after we have done all that it seems possible to do, stuns us in the face, and if we did not look away to see Jesus we would be overcome with the thought of it. Will not some of you come to the rescue and stand by us in prayer? Will not some of you take this Sadu on your hearts and bear him up before God till light breaks through all the darkness, such intense darkness? God, Who said "let there be light and there was light," can speak to this heart and light will come. Help us at this time.

PRAISE AND PRAYER.

Praise for restoration of most of our missionaries who were ill.

"healing of two Native Christians in Bombay.

"healing of little Joy Johnson and Paul Woodward.

"number of missionaries out touring.

Pray for healing of Arnubai, our matron at Akola Orphanage.

"healing of Miss Compton.

"healing of two Parsee men, one a Christian who is deaf, the other a man who knows much about Christianity, and seems to have lost his mind.

"Missionaries on tour, who seem to be a special target for Satan's darts.

"conviction among people hearing the Gospel.

"the Sadu of whom Mr. Franklin writes.

By the time this number of the India Alliance is out, another party of missionaries will be with us. It is with great thankfulness that we anticipate their arrival.
THE INDIA ALLIANCE.

Editorials.

We wish you all a Happy New Year! What shall it mean to us to enter upon a new year? May it not mean that at its very threshold we set our hearts to have a definite meeting with God? Such a meeting as Jacob had at Peniel, the marks of which he carried the rest of his life. It is our privilege so to meet God that not only all the days of this new year will bear witness to the reality of it, but all the days of our tarrying here shall be transformed because of it. It may be that we, like Jacob, need some "sinew of strength" withered before God's touch that we may enter the new days a broken child of God, that is, one who realizes his utter dependence on God and lives in every point dependent on Him instead of on his own strength, even though that strength has been given him by God Himself in place of some naturally weak point. Is not this the broken spirit that God desires? And it comes only through a meeting with God. His touch alone can wither that in ourselves upon which we are leaning, and bring us to our rightful attitude of poverty of spirit, which Jesus says is blessed.

Or it may be God sees some other need which only a meeting with Him can supply. Perhaps some timid soul is shrinking from taking its place in the battle against the powers of darkness which is going on in all lands to rescue lost souls, and needs to hear God say, "Go in this thy might," which is not thine at all, but the Almighty's never-failing arm which is back of every sent warrior. Or perhaps some soul is quivering under a messenger of Satan sent to buffet, and needs to hear God say, "My grace is"—the "is" all of time, moment by moment—"sufficient for thee." Perhaps God needs to show us, as He did Isaiah, that we are of unclean lips and cannot go to deliver His messages until He has touched our lips with a live coal from off the altar. Do not our hearts bear witness that we, God's people, sin more with our lips than in any other way? That we hinder God's work in our own lives and in the lives of others more through our talking than in any other way? Oh, let us have such a meeting with God this New Year that our mouths may be as His mouth, the precious separated from the vile, and our tongues so controlled by the Spirit as to speak only His words. Let us meet God so that we may hide away in Him for that quietness of spirit which will keep us from talking about ourselves or others, and even from speaking the things of God except in His time and way. Such a meeting with God will make our days on earth like days of heaven, and our new year will bring glory to God as well as happiness to ourselves.

If our new year is to be a happy one, we must learn to "rejoice always, and again I say rejoice," and to "give thanks always for all things." The joy of the Lord is a mighty conqueror. It will take the sting from affliction, the bitterness from sorrow, the hardness from trial, and weakness and suffering from the body. Again God's way to give us fulness of joy is to give us answers to our prayers. "Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." After Jacob met God at Peniel, he knew how to prevail with God. Do we? Beloved, let us set our faces like a flint that this new year we, too, will meet God so that He may teach us the true secret of prevailing prayer, which is that our life is wholly in Him and His words are life in us. Then we may ask what we will and it shall be done unto us. Thus may our days be full of joy because we are daily obtaining promises.

We expect this new year will mark many important advances in the work for God in this country. God's people are interceding for an outpouring of the Spirit. There is a sound in the tops of the mulberry trees which indicates the working of the Spirit to bring in the long looked for harvest of souls. Heathenism is crumbling before the power of the cross of Christ. Everything indicates that we are in perilous times and that Satan is seeking to deceive the very elect. Hence we can hear Jesus say, "Behold, I come quickly;" and our faith reaches out for the reaping that is sure to precede His coming, when His spirit shall be poured out on all flesh. As for God's dealings with the nations and His ancient people, we can only watch with bated breath, for it seems that the turning of a straw might lead to the final heading up of affairs. We may be much nearer the revelation of the sons of God for which all creation is groaning—and we can hear its groans—than we think. Let us be sober and watch, then shall He accomplish through us all the good pleasure of His will, until His will is done on earth as it is in Heaven.
One of the signs that things are moving, is the Mission which Government has sent to Thibet, to establish political and commercial relations. In England's thought, it is solely connected with the expansion of national power. But in God's thought, it undoubtedly means much more, and the eye of faith sees that the result will be Thibet open to the Gospel, where now practically its doors are closed and barred. How often God has used the avarice of a nation as a wedge to open doors for His messengers! We feel confident that it will not be long before those missionaries who have been praying and working on the borders of this land, will be able to enter and freely proclaim the Gospel. Many Scripture portions have already entered, and when the living messenger shall enter, he may find many hearts prepared for his message through the silent working of the Word of God. And so we see that God is working, and soon all nations shall have heard the "Good News." “And then shall the end come.”

Mission Questions.

THE PARSEES.

MISS KNIGHT.

These people are a small, peculiar, but important part of India's millions. There are less than 100,000 of them in the world, and more than 50,000 of these live in this city, Bombay. They immediately attract the attention of the new-comer, first by their costumes, and then by their personality. The men dress much as the Europeans do, except that the coat is long and close-fitting, and the hat must be either a small, neat, round drab felt, or an indescribable tall stiff cap whose sole beauty lies in the fact that it looks well on them. The women wear graceful silken robes whose pattern is copied from the Hindoos, but whose fabric, ornamentation, and style of wearing is strictly their own.

One very soon becomes aware that these people are civilized, educated and refined. The gentlemen and ladies are seen walking and driving about together in all parts of the city; and not only Parsee, but European and native women are shown due respect by Parsee gentlemen. Is not this strange in India where woman is so down-trodden?

It is a puzzle for a time to understand how it is that this little community has outstripped all others in India, and developed into a part of the great Western world, while retaining its residence in the East; under the same government, and having only the same privileges and opportunities as its Hindoo and Mohammedan neighbours. But it ceases to be a wonder to those who study the Bible, and then study the world from God's standpoint.

The Parsees are almost the only remaining devotees to the ancient "fire-worship" of Persia. Their ancestors were driven from Persia during the Mohammedan invasion in the seventh century, because they refused to become Moslems. Many were killed, and the rest (mostly men) fled to India where they found a kindly shelter. For a time they intermarried with the Hindoos, which has given their skin its dusky color, and their religion most of its superstitions. But long before the Parsee's cheek was darkened by the Hindoo, there is little doubt that the rich blood of the aggressive

By the grace of God which has abounded towards us, we are able to take our place once more in the work. We are sure our readers have appreciated the able ministry of dear Miss Wiest during the months she has occupied the editor's "easy chair," and will miss her sweet messages. But we are also sure you will gladly give her back to the study of Marathi, that she may be able to give out the Gospel, and bid her God-speed.

We would call attention to the map of India on the inside of the back cover. The stations occupied by us in the three districts are underlined. As the stations are spoken of from time to time, turn to the map and locate them; until they are well stamped upon your memory. And let each look be a call to prayer.
Jew flowed freely through his veins. The type of face is so similar to the Israelite as to be noted by the Jews themselves, and is remarked by many who may not know that the Parsee came from the land where most of the ten tribes were lost. Their laws of purification and many of their religious customs are so nearly like those of the Old Testament that there can be little doubt they came from the same Great Law-Giver. The natural grace and inimicable charm of the Parsee lady is found nowhere else save in her Jewish sister. They are like the Jews, a people without a country, and must ever remain foreigners in India.

To call them "fire-worshippers" is somewhat misleading, as it is by no means the only tenet of their religious faith. Their sacred books were mostly burned by the Mohammedans, but they believe in God and worship Him perhaps as sincerely as the Jews. They also worship fire, water, and the heavenly bodies, and consider all natural elements, as earth and air, to be sacred. They often refuse to admit that they worship these things, but say they stand or bow before them in prayer that they may be reminded of God. But the intelligent Hindoo says the same of his idols, and the Roman Catholic of his images. The most intelligent Parsee would be horrified should you heap rubbish on his sacred fire, though he is in no way troubled over the sins of his heart. The fire is kept always burning in the fire-temples and fed with tons of fragrant costly sandal wood. The chief superstition of these people is the wearing of sacred garments. Everyone wears a sacred cord wound round the waist, and fastened in certain peculiar knots which must be tied and untied several times a day at the recital of their prayers. These prayers are mostly in the ancient Zend language which they do not even understand. All wear also a sacred shirt which must be made in a certain pattern, and the women wear a white handkerchief tied over their beautiful black hair. They are so superstitious about these clothes that they would not dare venture upon a day without them. Besides these, Hindooism has added endless superstitions of good omens and ill omens which have increased the spiritual darkness in which the Parsee lives. There is, however, nothing low or immoral in the Zoroastrian creed, and many of their conceptions of God are beautiful. They see power, love, and mercy in God, but little of His righteousness, justice and holiness. They have no conception of sin as God sees it, and hence go through life and down to death with very little thought of eternity. It is a marvel how a people so intelligent and progressive on other subjects can clinging to a religion about which they know so little and which promises them nothing at the end.

They are in a transition period. Many are reading the Bible and studying books on Theosophy and other religions. The same danger hangs over them as threatened Japan a few years ago,—that, in breaking away from established customs and ancient superstitions, they may become unbelievers and atheists. Japan passed the crisis, and threw her doors open wider to the truth of Christianity than ever before. Will the Parsees also recognize the day of God's visitation to them, and let Him fulfill His purposes concerning them? He has prospered them phenomenally; among the thousands of beggars who throng the streets of Bombay not one Parsee is found. Many of them are immensely rich, living in homes that would grace an American or English city; and many are the humane institutions established by them for the good of mankind. Will they meet God in His plan to lead them on beyond the temporal to the eternal blessings?

Very little direct mission work is being done among them except by a few English ladies of the Church Missionary Society. We have just begun praying and helping them what we can. Will not some bold souls who are not afraid to ask great things of our Great God, unite in prayer that a thousand Parsees may be converted to Christ in 1904, and that He will send men and women of His own choice to give these people friendly guidance into the truth once given to our own race? To know them is to love them; and God is definitely assuring us that He has set His love upon them and that this is the time to pray. We meet them on friendly terms, and are cordially received into their homes. Many of them are convinced we are not the enemies they once considered us. Once let the Parsee get the assurance that Christ is indeed the Son of God, and His natural reverence and spirituality, combined with his proven strength to bear persecution, will help him to become a faithful follower of the lowly Jesus who may soon be with us again to begin His glorious reign upon the earth. "Even so come, Lord Jesus." "Maranatha."

**Our Duty.** If all men need the gospel, if we owe the gospel to all men, if Christ has commanded us to preach the gospel to every creature, it is unquestionably our duty to give all people in our generation an opportunity to hear the gospel. To know our duty and not to do it is sin.—J. R. Mott.
MY HAPPIEST WEEK IN INDIA.
MISS O’DONNELL.

SITTING this evening underneath the shade of the spreading branches of a beautiful banyan tree in dear old India, my memory carries me back to a little incident which took place some few years before I left my home. At the time mentioned my thoughts were constantly turned towards India, and daily my prayer was that God would speedily open up the way for me and send me forth. One evening in particular I remember kneeling before my Heavenly Father and telling Him all the desires of my heart, and then all the hindrances there were to my going: “but,” I said, “Father, if you will only let me go to India and live all alone in a little mud hut in some part where the people have never heard the story of Jesus and His love, then I shall be so happy, for that is the deepest longing of my heart.”

God heard and answered prayer, and in His own good time sent me forth, but it was not until recently I had the joyful experience of living alone with the natives; not in a mud hut, however, so I have yet that bliss in store for me. It was on returning from Convention, before Mrs. King and Miss Hilkcr came back, that I had the privilege of spending one whole week alone with our girls and it was indeed a very happy and profitable time to me.

The girls had been left for a few days in charge of a Native Christian man and his wife, so upon my return they all gave me a very hearty welcome and on hearing that Mrs. King, their “Mama,” was not to return for a few days, they said they were going to call me “Mama” instead of “Auntie” until she came. The first day passed quietly. As I was tired after my journey, I did not take much part in the work but let things continue as usual. The next morning brought its new experiences, too. The rising bell was rung at six and soon after the roll was called and prayer was offered. Then nearly all the larger girls took their places in school. Of the rest, some started off with their mottles (earthen vessels) on their heads to carry water, others took their baskets and went for wood, others went to their grinding and still others went to the cook house to bake chapatties for their noon meal. Soon after this all the little tots came together with their little tin cups in their hands for their milk and piece of chapatti. All went smoothly until about ten o’clock when one of the girls refused to help with the cooking. Up to this time in India I had never found it necessary to use any weapon in punishment except the weapon of love. This time I tried love but it did not seem to have any effect, so I thought in order to make it effective I would try the rod with it. This proved to be the right weapon, for a short time afterwards I went out to the cook house and found my girl chatting with the other girls and making her number of chapatties just as happy as she could be. This, with one or two other rod experiences, was the only incident which happened to mar our happiness during the week. The evening to me was always the most pleasant part of the day: then I went into the compound and sat down while the girls gathered around me for evening worship. After joining in singing several familiar and favorite hymns, all repeated in concert some Psalm or portion of Scripture which they had learned, and then all knelt with their faces to the ground, as is their custom, and we had prayer in the twilight. Prayers over, all brought their taverdies (earthen plates) and sat in two long straight rows facing each other, waiting for their evening meal, which generally consisted of either chapatties and shock (vegetables) or else chota (boiled grain), a very favorite dish of theirs. They always enjoyed the evening meal, but, they seemed to enjoy it still more when I sat down and partook of their good things with them; and I admit that I, too, thoroughly enjoyed it, for I am very fond of the native food. Supper being ended, all had a romp around the compound before retiring for the night. Thus the week passed by until Saturday came bringing its new order of work. As there is no school that day they take it as a cleaning up day, and so they are busy from morning till night. They have their washing to do, their rooms to clean, and floors to limp (daub with mud), extra water to carry and extra grinding to do for Sunday; then towards evening when all is finished, each upperie (one in charge of little girls) bathes her flock and puts on their clean clothes. Sunday morning brought its new experiences which were the hardest of all the week, for I had never been left to superintend the Sunday school and take charge of the evening service, I had been hoping all the week that Mrs. King would return before Sunday, but as she did not I saw there was nothing for me to do but must up courage and do the preaching myself. It was with fear and trembling that I went to the services, but the Lord was with us in each, and made real His promise, “my strength is made perfect in weakness.” Only those who have the privilege of giving out the Gospel in foreign lands, and have experienced the joy and happiness which floods the soul at such
times, will be able to realize with what a happy heart I went to my room that night after my day's work was finished. Will anyone wonder at my calling a week spent thus, my very happiest week in India?

THE LORD MY HEALER.

By the Editor.

"A God... who worketh for him that waiteth for Him." I praise Him today for a fresh proof that He is that kind of a God. And I wish to add my testimony that it pays to wait, for God will never fail to meet a soul who has courage to bide His time.

Last March I went to the Hills for a rest. In two weeks I had a complete collapse which seriously affected my heart. The friend who was entertaining me called a doctor to diagnose my case and she said I would never leave my room alive. More than once my friends, as well as myself, thought that I was dying. But God spared my life and raised me up and none could doubt that it was God's work alone. Just before leaving the Hills we had ten days of continual rain, during which I caught a severe cold in my stomach and a chill on my liver. I grew very weak and my heart began to trouble me again. At times God touched me and I was able to rise up, but the least over-exertion would bring on these attacks with my heart. So it went on for weeks. But I got a little better and left the heart of Bombay and all thought of work, and went to a cool, quiet place. For a while I greatly improved, and was often encouraged to think that God's work was done and I should soon be back in the ranks at work. But God had not got through with His lessons. I collapsed again and after returning to Bombay my heart troubled me nearly all the time, so I had to take my bed. At this time one of our missionaries lay dying in the room above me. Satan used this to try to uproot my confidence in Jesus as my Healer. He reasoned so plausibly that since I was not being healed by God, I would better take medicine, and get well, and go to work. I had never had my faith so shaken before, though several times during the months of weakness I had been tested along that line; only to be more settled that as for me there was no other way than to trust Him though He slay me. Over and over again I had heard Him say, "I am the Lord that healeth thee." But at this time the very foundations seemed shaken and I knew not how to pray. I felt I could not last long in that condition, and

God did not seem to work. So I called a doctor to diagnose my case. He said I had indigestion, that my heart was enlarged and my liver congested, but that if I would take a tonic which he could prescribe, he could make me well in three months. He ordered me to be very quiet and to diet. The prescription was filled and the bottle put on my table, but praise His name the cork has never been drawn. Before the medicine came, I felt that I could not take it. It had meant much to me to trust God for my body these many years, and I was sure it would be spiritual loss to fail to walk in any light God had given. It seemed as though Jesus was saying to me, "Can you not go through this trial with me?" So I lay and prayed for deliverance, though at times feeling I had done all I knew, and my case was hopeless. But God knows how to deliver. In a few days He sent a dear child of His from America, who as an evangelist is visiting different mission fields and has just spent a year in Jerusalem. She saw my need and for three days she fasted and prayed, then came and prayed with me. God stretched forth His hand and touched me, and life went all through my body. I was healed by power divine! I arose and ate my dinner like any well person, and have been well ever since. The day before this I sat up a few hours and suffered with my heart all night. I am gaining strength fast now and am taking up my work again as God directs. It did not take God three months to make me well. He did it in a second. This manifestation of His presence and power has been a great encouragement to us, and through it we feel He is calling us to higher ground. It has also been a great blessing to our Native Christians. God has spoken to us through Acts 12. At the time James was beheaded, Peter was delivered from prison by an angel whom God sent from heaven. It was God's will to take James to Himself and to deliver Peter. So it was His will to take dear Miss Decker, and to send His child to me from Jerusalem, the instrument He used to deliver me. All we need to know is that it was His will. So let us take courage, for just as long as He has need of us here, our God is a God of deliverances and He will work for those who wait.

"In the furnace Christ may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright;
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in His sight.
Christ is with thee—
Christ, thine everlasting light."
LITTLE OLIVE'S FRIEND, SHOO.

Mrs. Johnson.

Little Olive's friendship with Shoo began before either was a year old. Contrary to the Hindu custom, Shoo's mamma kept her little baby girl very clean, and dressed in more than bracelets and anklets. Before Olive could walk well, she would make her way, by holding to chairs or the wall, to the back veranda and would call out, "Toobai," and little Shoobai would call back, "Olibeibai," and would nimbly make her way up the veranda steps, and soon the two little friends would be laughing and playing together, usually over some picture book.

Often Olive's dinner was shared with little Shoo; and if any sweets were given her, they were always generously divided with the little dark-skinned friend.

As the little friends grew up together, their principal pastime, during the heat of the day when little Olive could not go out of doors, was having prayer-meeting. Olive was always the leader, while Shoo, and a number of dollsies, and some chairs, made up the congregation.

Before either little girlie was three years of age, Olive seemed to feel that it was her duty to teach little Shoo of the true God. Never was little Shoo forgotten in her morning or evening prayer, and the first verse of Scripture she learned was faithfully taught to little Shoo, who could be heard going about the yard repeating the verse, "God is love, God is love." Many times have we peeped from behind a screen to see the two little heads, one so fair, the other so black, bowed in earnest prayer, Shoo repeating after Olive some simple words of prayer. The little faces were never so sweet and pretty as when lifted from these times of prayer. One verse of Scripture after another was learned by the little leader and then faithfully taught to the little friend, of course always in her own language, Marathi, as she did not understand English.

One time we heard the following conversation:—

Olive:—Shoo, do you love Jesus?
Shoo:—Yes; my father does not, but I do.
Olive:—Shoo, will you always pray to Jesus and not to ugly old stones?
Shoo:—Yes, Olibeibai, I will only pray to Jesus, even if I am beaten for it.

Shortly after this, Olive told us, very seriously, that she was sure Shoo was a Christian.

Many were the little talks together about America when we were preparing for our furlough in the spring of 1900, and there were tears in the eyes of both as they parted from one another.

Olive's parting words comforted the little heart:—"Never mind, Shoo, I will be back soon. I will not stay; America is Mama's home, but India is my country. Do not forget to pray, Shoo."

While in America, many of the cousins heard about "my little friend, Shoo," and I am certain none of the cousins, with their pretty faces and dresses and beautiful toys, were ever able to crowd Shoo out of that little heart. On our return to India in the spring of 1901, we remained in Bombay for six months, but only a few weeks after our return Olive went up country with one of our missionaries to see Shoo and Auntie Y. Our being stationed at Shegaon was at first a source of great sorrow to Olive as it took her away from Shoo and the Orphanage girls, of whom she was very fond, and by whom she was intensely loved.

Shoo's parents allowed her to visit Olive several times and what happy days they were! The last visit from the little friend was on Olive's 7th birthday, just fifteen days before her home going. What a merry day they had! And the next day, when speaking of little Shoo, Olive said, "Mama, I would feel so bad if Shoo ever worshiped idols, but I do not think she ever will. She is a Christian."

We saw Shoo a few weeks after little Olive had left us. It was a sad little face that looked up into ours. For a while we felt we could not speak with her, but the Lord helped, and we told little Shoo that heaven was Olive's home now and she was very happy with Jesus.

"Yes, I know," Shoo answered, "Olive cannot come back, but I am going to heaven, too, when I die, and then I shall see her again."

There was a decided shake of the head, and determination was written on the little face. And who can tell what little Olive's friendship and life will mean to dear little Shoo? Already she can read the Bible and loves to sing the hymns the school girls sing. She is a clean, bright little girl, who fearlessly tells her heathen parents that she is a Christian. Only a few weeks ago she sent word to her heathen uncle that she was a Christian and was going to be baptized soon. As we think of little Shoo and a number of native children here in Shegaon whom Olive has taught Scripture verses and hymns, we recall the words of Heb. ii. 4, "being dead, yet speaketh."

Pray for little Shoo that she may be taught of God, and may be the means in God's hands of leading her parents into the light.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."
Items.

Once more our home nest at Berachah has been invaded. Miss Wiest and Miss McAuley have gone to Jalgaon with Mrs. Dutton, who has so bravely taken up the work her husband laid down. They have been with us nearly a year, and have been a comfort, help, and blessing in many ways. We bid them a loving God-speed as they begin their new life in direct contact with the people.

We are glad to extend the right hand of fellowship to Mr. Wark who joins us this month.

Word from Mr. Fuller from Freemantle, Australia, says he is still having fever, but has gained much in strength. Does not this teach us afresh that it is the Lord of the ocean, and not ocean air, that heals?

Miss Knight feels she has been called of God to work among the Parsees in Bombay. God wonderfully opened the door to this work for her. She is studying their language, which is Gujarathi.

Two orphan children were given to us in Bombay by their caste people. This afforded the editor a trip to Akola to put them in the Orphanage. While there, with the help of a pandit, we took Miss Veatch's first year's examination in Marathi. She passed very creditably, and with good courage pressed on that she may give out the riches of His grace.

We found that a large party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Moyser, Mr. Stanley, Mr. Cutler, Mr. Auernheimer, Miss Downs, Miss Davis, with three boys from the Orphanage and other Native Christians, were out touring. They report good attention on the part of the people.

We found Mr. Stanley very busy in the Workshop, and much encouraged over the increase of work given from the outside. The shop is a busy place and we are glad to see our boys developing under its discipline.

Passing on to Anraoti, we found Mr. Erickson and Mr. Schelander touring together, and Misses Becker and Case devoting themselves to Marathi.

Hearing of the serious illness of little Joy Johnson, we hastened on to Sibgaon. It really seemed that there was no hope for the little life, but God graciously met us, and the last word is that Joy is "joyfully" playing, though still weak. As we stood by the parents and watched the sufferings of their little darling, we got a fresh glimpse of what it means to make the Lord alone our portion, and of what a wonderful privilege it is to trust Him though He slay us.

Mr. Johnson was touring before Joy's illness, and wrote: "They have made away with my horse's bridle, of course horses must have bridles, and men must have the Gospel, that some may forsake their stealing and turn to God. They stole the bridle the first night I camped here, but I am using a rope. Praise the Lord for trials; they make the promises sweet."

We are glad to report Mr. Auernheimer much improved in health by his stay in Akola and the district.

We praise God for the word just received that Miss Gardner has been free from fever for several days. Miss Compton is still quite ill.

Of our Gujarathi missionaries, so far as we know, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Miss Fraser and Miss Seasholtz are out touring.

Miss Fuller is anticipating spending the holidays in her old home, Akola, among the people whom she loves so truly.

We would call attention to the account given elsewhere of the wedding of Mr. Back and Mrs. Woodward. May their lives be more than doubled in usefulness. We are sure the boys at Dholka Orphanage need the mother's care which Mrs. Back is well adapted to give.

Mr. Dinham and Mr. Phelps have been out in the district together, but Mr. Phelps had to come in on account of illness. God has met him and he is now taking a few days rest at Berachah Home before going out again.

We hear that Miss Dunham is very much better, and gaining strength so fast that she will soon be at her usual duties.

We hear that all the people in Mehmadabad expect to be out touring the week before Christmas. God has been good to fulfill the desires of their hearts.

Miss Fraser writes the following incident. "One of the boys who has been coming to Sunday school for some time from one of the roughest quarters that I have visited in Ahmedabad, died of consumption in November. He used to listen so eagerly and seemed to drink in the Word, and answered the questions so promptly, that he was an inspiration to me. In the month of October he grew very sick and was not able to come to Sunday school. Mrs. Burman and I visited him several times. One day I asked him if he was ready to die. He seemed to have the assurance and said, 'Yes, I am going to God's house.' I asked him how he knew it and he said, 'Because I believe in Jesus.' Then he asked his mother to raise him up so that he might sing. While we were in Bombay at convention he died. After we came back we went to his home and his mother said, 'He sent his salaams to you, and he died happy,' and her face brightened up. It gave me great joy to feel this dear boy was saved, and I thought what a glorious change Heaven would be to him from the little mud hut in which he had been living. I am praying that the rest of the family may also be saved."
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. C. Erickson.
Miss E. Case.
Miss L. Becker.
BULDANA.
CHANDUR.
Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Schelander.
KHAMGAON.
Miss E. Hoffman. Miss L. Downs.
Miss E. Krater.
MURTIZAPUR.
Mr. and Mrs. L. Cutler.
SHEGAON.
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Johnson.
KHANDESH—
BHUSAWAL.
Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Bannister.
CHALISGAON.
Mr. A. C. Phelps.
JALGAON.
Mrs. Dutton. Miss Z. McAuley.
Miss M. Wiest.
PACHORA.
Mr. and Mrs. Dinham.

GUJERAT—
VIRAMCAM.
Mr. and Mrs. A. Duckworth.
Mr. S. H. Auernheimer.
SANAND.
Mr. and Mrs. T. King.
Miss C. Hilker.
Miss H. O' Donnell.
AHMEDABAD.
Miss J. Fraser. Mrs. E. Burman.
Miss C. McDougall.
Miss H. Key.
MEHMADABAD.
Mr. and Mrs. L. Turnbull.
Miss C. Hansen.
Miss A. Seasholtz. Miss L. Gardiner.
KAIKA.
Miss E. Wells. Miss M. Woodworth.
Miss M. Compton. Miss V. Dunham.
MATAR (P.O. Kaira).
Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton.
DHALKA.
Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Andrews.
Mr. and Mrs. David McKee.
Miss C. Peter. Mr. and Mrs. F. Back.
Mr. R. J. Bennett. Mr. Armson.

MISSIONARIES ON FURLOUGH:

Miss A. Yoder. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers.
Mr. A. Johnson. Miss Holmes.

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.