The India Alliance.

The Organ of

The Christian and Missionary Alliance

in India.

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SPECIAL DAY FOR PRAYER, LAST FRIDAY OF EACH MONTH.
The India Alliance.

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

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There is a peace that the Saviour speaketh; There is a healing from God's own hand; Only the contrite hearts, All its deep sweetness can understand.

There is a trust in the Saviour's merits— There is a treasure of the Lord, unfailing, Hiding of self in God's righteousness; Riches unspeakable, stored on high; But only the hungry ones, Only the needy ones, Out of that fulness can God supply.

There is a rest that the Saviour giveth; Only the lambs in His bosom taking, Vainly we seek it in this world's best; Folding the feeble beneath His arm; But only the weary ones, For only the helpless ones, Find a safe shield 'neath His wings from harm.

There is a coming ones find that rest. Ouly the "coming" ones find that rest.

THREE COMMANDS IN THE WORD.
MRS. ISA WOODWARD BACK.

The first command to which we would call attention, is in the latter part of the second verse of the fifth chapter of Ecclesiastes; "Let thy words be few." How we are given to talking! Many Christians seem to have never noticed this command in Scripture, or at least it has never taken hold of their lives. They spend much time in careless, thoughtless, and needless conversation. This is not only a waste of time, but it is a hindrance to one's spiritual growth. It is the soul who has learned that "in the multitude of words there wanteth not sin," that grows in grace, and that is made a channel of blessing to other hearts and lives. We understand "multitude of words" to mean, "much talking," and in this there "wanteth not sin." In Isaiah 60: 15, we read; "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength." May God Himself teach us "quietness."

The second command we would notice is in the fourth verse of the fourth chapter of Philippians; "Rejoice in the Lord alway." This means all the day, all the way, all the time, and under all circumstances. The Psalmist says, "I will bless the Lord at all times; His praise shall continually be in my mouth." How many times in our own experiences, in times of testing, we have realized that to take and maintain a place of praise is a sure way to real victory. In the latter part of the fiftieth Psalm, R.V., marginal reading, we have these words; "Whoso offereth the sacrifice of thanksgiving glorifieth me; and prepareth a way that I may shew him the salvation of God." In the trials of each day, let us maintain a spirit of praise, and thus keep the way open so that God may continually shew us His salvation. We recall the familiar passage in 2 Chron. 20: 22; "When they began to sing and to praise, the Lord set ambushments against the children of Ammon." It was when the Israelites began to praise, that the Lord undertook for them. We may have learned this lesson years ago, but as we come into new trials and new difficulties in our work, and into new experiences in life, how we need to continually remember this command, which as the years go by becomes more and more precious to us; "Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say,
Rejoice.” How precious to know that we shall never be led over any path where we may not glorify God by offering praise to Him!

The third command is in the sixth chapter of Matthew and sixth verse. Rotherham gives it; “Enter thy closet, and fastening thy door, pray unto thy Father who is in secret.” No matter how much time we have spent in secret prayer in the past, if in the present we are not taking time to wait on God in the secret place, our lives will soon become barren and unfruitful. Waiting upon God is the source of strength and power in our own lives, and also in the work. As we take time to wait upon God, our hearts will burn within us even as the disciples’ did when walking with our Lord on the way to Emmaus. May the Spirit speak to our hearts and lead us on in the life of prayer, of continual praise, and of quietness in God.

Station Notes.

SANAND, GUJERAT.

MRS. KING.

The past month has been one of trial, and perhaps victory, too. My mind goes back to a lovely Sunday morning early in February. At our family worship, at the beginning of the day, while God blest our souls, a voice seemed to say, “walk softly today,” and we felt that trial of some kind might be near. Our Sunday school lesson was the temptation of Jesus, and God seemed very near as we told the girls about it, and dwelt especially on the baptism of the Spirit, and that the Holy Ghost brought with Him power; power in a great measure over sin, and power to enable us to walk well pleasing to God.

After breakfast, as we were giving out the food to the girls, I turned and found Kunku, our Christian girl who helps in the house, crying bitterly. I found that one of the girls had said something, and they had quarreled. After a little talk with her, we reminded her of our morning lesson, and told her that the Holy Spirit, if in her heart, would help her to conquer the offended feeling, and give her victory. Then we told her what God had revealed to us in the morning. Soon after, while still giving out the food, we found out that others were feeling hurt. Two girls were crying over little grievances; but there was a subdued feeling, and we felt like being very quiet. Again the morning impression came to us, and we could only pass on to the girls what God had given to us, telling them that Satan goeth about like a roaring lion, and he would try to destroy the work of the Spirit. We felt as though we were treading on shaky ground, and while quietly dealing out to them their food, there seemed to come before our eyes in great letters these two words, responsibility, and failure. We saw our responsibility to dispel, by God’s grace and wisdom, the clouds of anger, strife and discontent which had swept into the girls’ hearts, and we felt to do that needed great wisdom, love, and gentleness; yes, and quietness, too. And then our hearts were sad at the thought of possible failure. A sharp, angry word, a few words unwisely spoken, meant to add fuel to the fire, and instead of fulfilling God’s purpose for us, He might have to write failure on our lives. And what it would mean! And with it came a joy that God had counted us worthy. And we believe that God did not let us fail altogether then!

So the Sabbath closed. At the evening meeting, two of the Christian girls prayed for the Holy Spirit to come into their hearts with His power. I tell this Sunday’s experience because I believe that God will prepare us for trial if we are quiet enough before Him.

Since then the clouds have been passing over Sanand. One girl ran away; then another, then the relatives of one of our Christian girls came for her, and we felt it right to let her go, since they can afford to keep her. We do not like to lose our Christian girls, but on the other side we feel that God may want their lives to shine for Him in some dark village. This girl is a consistent little Christian, and was one of the quickest to learn the Word, and seemed to understand and to fed on it. With sad hearts we let her go. She takes God’s Word with her.

One day at noon, soon after this, the news was brought to me that Junni, Devalee, and Heeri, three Christian girls, had run away. Junni, my brightest and best! What could it mean? My heart sank, my feet seemed to have weights on them, and worse than all, perhaps, there came over me a feeling of helplessness. The next day we got the girls back, but there still seemed to be a feeling of discontent and unsettledness. We were driven to God. No more ran away, but only a few days passed when the mother of another of the Christian
girls came. I knew it meant to take her away. Yet another loss? At least, it was loss to us. Yet God had let her spend eighteen months at school, learning His word, and she had given her heart to God. We kept back the tears as we said good-bye to her. God's Word shall not return void, and how true it is that "the entrance of His Word giveth light;" what a difference it makes in the lives of those who accept Christ.

We have our encouragements and our discouragements; our trials and our blessings; our bright days and our sad ones: and through all, God is the same.

When we glance over our girls in Sunday school, and see so many with the Bible in their hands, who are able to read it more or less, and when we meet our ten Christian girls in class, our hearts are encouraged. All these, less than two years ago, had not had the light of the scripture, and knew nothing but what heathenism had taught them from babyhood. Is our labour in vain? No; we fall back on God's Word. The entrance of that gives not only light but liberty.

I look back over the month and praise God for all that He permitted to come to us. I praise Him for lessons learned through the trials.

"The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask.
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God."

THE ALLIANCE INDUSTRIAL FARM,
SANAND.
MR. KING.

I have often been asked the following questions about the farm; 1. Where is it? 2. How did you get it? 3. How do you people it? 4. Where do you get the funds? 5. What progress has been made? In this article I desire to answer these questions separately, so that our friends will get a clear idea of the whole scheme.

1. Its name and where it is. Alliancepura is the name of the village which is being built. It is quite in accord with the custom of this Province to call a Native Christian village by the name of the Society which founds it, or by the name of the person who furnishes the funds to establish it. This is done by affixing the Gujarati word pura, which means village or town, to the English noun. The name "Alliancepura" means, the Alliance village. If there should be any reader of the India Alliance, who would like to perpetuate his name to the glory of God in this noble way, I am at his disposal to help him do so. The village is situated on the west bank of the Subernati river, in the Sanand sub-district of the Ahmedabad Collectorate, in North Gujerat.

2. How did you get it? After much prayer and council with Mr. Fuller, I was authorized by the Gujerat Council to select a plot of land suitable for farming purposes, on which to settle some of the young people in our orphanages who are used to farming work. A plot of land was selected, and Government approached, to see if they would let us have it on favourable terms. This they have done by granting us a plot of about 350 acres, rent free for a period of ten years. Considering the object we have in view, Government is willing to make a further perpetual reduction, which amounts to about Rs. 220 annually, providing we spend about Rs. 4,000 on the repairs of four tanks on the land, for the storing of water for irrigation. It might be well to explain that on rice growing land, Government, as a rule, builds large tanks and irrigation bunds, and allows the village farmers to use the water at certain rates above the usual assessment. When any given field has had the water rate levied on it once the farmer has to pay, whether he gets the water or not. The water question is a very troublesome one. Connected with it are many technicalities, which often cause lawsuits. So, to avoid misunderstanding with the surrounding farmers, we propose to repair the tanks and bunds, and to keep them in repair, and thus have the exclusive right to them and the water. This will be much more profitable, peaceful, and cheaper. I have just drawn up an agreement with Government to the effect that Government give us this as a perpetual right, and that we have five years to carry out our irrigation works, and that Government will not collect any water revenue from the land irrigated from these tanks. Government has dealt with us in a very liberal way. The assessment of the land taken up is Rs. 800 annually, so the amount of revenue Government forgoes in the ten years, is Rs. 8,000.

3. How do you people it? About eighteen months ago, we built twelve dwelling houses on the farm, in which to settle the young farmers as they are started in life. And this part of the scheme is quite unique and patriarchal. For as soon as they begin real farming,—working from early in the morning till late at night, looking after their own cattle, drawing their own water, and cooking their own food,—they begin to realize, as the Scripture saith, "It is not
good for man to be alone.” Their mode of
procedure in securing a bride is something as
Abraham’s was, when he wanted a bride for
his son Isaac; he sent another man for her.
So after our young men have proved them-

selves, and have got permission to marry, they
come to me with the modest request, “Be so kind
as to select a loving, hard-working, and faith-
ful bride from among the four hundred girls at
Kaira.” If they would search out one of the
fairer sex for themselves, the task would be
easy, but this they refuse to do. So when I go
to Kaira I have to do the selecting from the young
damsels as they go to draw their water. This
done, and the consent of the lady in charge
having been obtained, a pedigree of the young
man is given to the young lady. Then the
glad news is taken back to the young man, who
in turn goes to Kaira, makes salama to his
future wife, comes back all smiles with the
request, “Sir, very good; marry me.” All this
is a delicate undertaking and requires a person
with strong nerves. For should the selected
bride not be endowed with all the qualifications
mentioned above, then the selector is called
upon to use all the powers common to a
patriarch. This procedure in matters of mari-
mony may be strange reading to our friends at
home, nevertheless, as a rule, our young people
do not, and will not, choose for themselves.

4. Where do the funds come from? The
friends of the work have supplied the funds, and
I still look to God through them to continue in
their good work. The settling of a young couple
on the farm, and starting them well in life,
costs about Rs. 500, or one hundred and seventy
dollars.

This amount is spent as follows: Dwelling
house, Rs. 200; one pair of bullocks, Rs. 100;
one cart, Rs. 60; farming implements, Rs. 50;
support for one year, Rs. 72; sundries, Rs. 18.

Rs. 300 of this is given as a loan, and it is
to be refunded in four years. The houses being
rented, all refunds of loans are used for the
purpose of establishing other young couples on
the farm. It must be borne in mind that the
scheme is for starting well in life some of the
young farmers who came to us during the late
famine, and have since become Christians.

5. What progress has been made? In
answering this question, a great deal could be
written, but I am afraid I must reserve it for
another article, just stating here that twelve
houses have been built and are all occupied,
and we are in great need of twelve more. One
third of the land has been brought under culti-
vation, and two irrigation wells are almost
finished.

CHALISGAON, KHANDESH.

Mr. Phelps.

The touring season has come and gone, but
opportunities for work are as many as ever.
After closer and more actual contact with the
people, the missionary always feels the need to
be overwhelming, and it is only as we look
away to Him who said, “Go ye,” and, “Lo, I
am with you always,” that we can stand in our
place and press forward; for alas! human
nature does not see its need, nor does it crave
to be any different from what it is. Still the
Spirit of God speaks, and we praise the Lord
for every touch of conviction we have seen in
the past.

The first part of the touring season, Mr.
Dinham came into the Chalisgaon taluka. The
plague was bad in Pachora and he did not
have bullocks, so it was thought best that we
work together. The enemy is always on the
alert to hinder in the work, and never once
have we made a fresh start that he has not
given us opportunity to surmount some new
difficulty, and to trust God in some special way.
This time it was the breaking of the pole of our
touring cart. But in a day or two it was re-
placed, and we were once more among the
villages. We say “villages;” for they were
once flourishing and full of life, but now what
desolation and sad sights! The reception in
some cases was only by a dog’s bark, or perhaps
we found one or two people acting as care-
takers while the others were spending their
days camped by some river side, or out in the
fields, whither they had gone to save their
lives. Many of their relations had died in their
homes before they would be induced to take
this step. It was no unusual sight to see out-
side the villages, in the dry river beds, a little
earthen pot by a heap of ashes, each one rep-
resenting a funeral pyre, the remains of what
had been a human body, in which had dwelt an
immortal soul. As our eyes fell upon one after
another, our hearts felt sick as we thought;
“Where is that soul now? Had it never heard
of a Saviour’s love? Or had it heard and re-
jected? And how shall we meet it at the
judgment seat?”

We hear and know much of India’s heat; and,
to say the least, it is a very sunny clime. But
we think of mornings when, getting up at 4-30
or 5 o’clock to go to villages within a radius
of seven or eight miles from our camp, the cold
was intense. Frost is unknown on these plains,
yet a heavy overcoat was very acceptable, and
even after our hot tea and “chapatties,” we
started on our journey shivering. But as we
returned at ten or eleven o'clock, the heat was
great in proportion.

It might also be interesting to know that our
way never led us through broad, paved avenues,
or shady parks, but rather to fording rivers
and climbing steep banks, while we held on to
the sides of our springless chariot and humbly
requested the driver to go carefully around or
over that specially prominent tree stump.
While we are still holding on to our sides in
consequence of the shock, said driver looks
around suavely and asks; "What did you say,
Sahib?" At times, on account of the roads
not being clearly defined, we find ourselves, in
the gray dawn, puzzled to know which one will
lead to somewhere; so, taking the one which
according to our judgment seems right, we
find ourselves landing in some open field, the
path coming to an end. All that remains to be
done is to retrace our steps and find another
road. Once the way led between steep banks,
and was so narrow that one wheel had to climb
on the side to make room for itself, while the
occupants found themselves flying in different
directions. The driver called out, as we struck
the ground, "I've lost my shoe; find my
shoe!" without a thought of righting the cart
or looking after the bullocks. But in spite of
all seeming difficulties, we are more than repaid
to find, on arriving in the village, that the men
are still gathered about their fire of corn-stalks,
silverying, and so our audience has unwittingly
gathered itself. And now here we are face
to face with opportunity, and also with
responsibility. They probably never heard the Gospel
before and may never hear again. For who
knows but that their village may be plague-
swept before we can visit them again?

It may be asked, "Do they receive the Gos-
pel?" In audiences of forty or fifty, there
would be those who were interested, but for the
most part indifference is shown, and this is
hardest to bear. Yet we cannot doubt that the
seed sown will bring forth fruit in time.

In nearly all of the villages, one or more
portions of Scripture were left. And so we
leave results with Him who is "Lord of the
harvest." Nearly all of the villages were visited
this year, but I regret to say that an onslaught
of the enemy made it necessary for me to come
in while Mr. Dinham and his catechist carried
on the work.

Please remember this part of the work in
prayer. There will be no one to tell them the
Gospel story till the cool season comes again.
But they have the written word, and the Holy
Spirit can bring to their minds what they heard,
"I will yet for this be inquired of ... to do it."

TOURING NOTES FROM CHALISGAON

Mr. Dinham.

We have almost covered the Chalisgaon
Taluka in our tour. Most of the villages which
were not reached, can be reached from Chalisgaon.
In ninety-four villages the Gospel was preached
to the people. In most of the villages the
people turned out very well to hear the message;
the average number for the ninety-four villages
was about forty. This is the best average it
has yet been my privilege to record. We found
seven villages deserted, and the people living
out in their fields on account of plague. In
one of these plague-stricken places we had a
very interesting time with a high-caste man and
his sister. The plague had carried off two or
three of their relatives: and their poor crushed
hearts seemed to be touched as we told them
of Jesus.

One little crowd absolutely refused to listen,
and our hearts were sad as we felt forced to turn
away from them, without having had the
opportunity of giving them the Gospel. In
another place we were turned out, but this time
not before we had had an excellent meeting with
about seventy souls. In another village they
were loud and long in their mockings. But God
was present and they were stilled by His
Spirit, and we afterwards had a powerful time
with the largest gathering for the season.

The Patel of another village, showing a
very haughty spirit, ordered us to move on, but
the Lord gave us a friend in the person of a
Brahmin, who reproved the Patel, and we were
permitted to continue our meeting in peace.
We were delighted to note the special attention
of three very old men. Another time we reached
our village rather late in the evening. It grew
dark and we could not see to read. The Patel
brought a light and held it for us himself till
we were through with the meeting, after which
we sold several books.

It was rather amusing another day to see
about twenty high-caste men come rushing out
to receive us, thinking that some Government
official had come; then to see the change upon
their faces when they began to realize that we
were preachers of the Gospel. At one time we
visited two villages, one on either side of a large
river, and we were glad to see a Brahmin who
had listened to the message in the first village,
cross over the river to hear us a second time.
We met three forest officers while out, and had
the joy of having a little meeting with them in
their several tents. In closing, I would like to
mention a young man who bought no less than
seventeen books from us, and used to take
delight in coming to the tent that he might
hear the Gospel. Dear friends, some of these
souls, I believe, are very near the Kingdom; pray
for them, and so share with us the joy of leading
them to Christ.

SHEGAON, BERAR.

MRS. JOHNSON.

One of the essential qualifications of a mission-
ary, is to become as well acquainted with the
people as he can, without becoming too accustom-
ed to the daily sights of sin. To see the people
so unconcerned about the awful offences which
they have committed and are committing against
the God of heaven, is one of the things that is
hard for an earnest missionary to bear.

One great advance which the Lord has
enabled us to make in the work at Shegaon, is
a better knowledge of the people, and how to get
into their homes, and gain their attention. We
are having excellent opportunities for personal
work. Only recently, while visiting a sick man
who formerly was a member of our Bible class,
several neighbours gathered, and, after hearing
about the resurrection of Christ, expressed a desire
to become sure of the future, but on the condition
that they would be allowed to retain their caste
relations. I have been visiting a very old man
for the past two years. Every time I go to his
hut, I find him counting his sacred beads. He
says the object of counting these beads is to
become unconscious of earthly things, and
absorbed in the endeavour to find God. After
quoting, “I am the way, the truth, and the life:
no man cometh unto the Father, but by me,”
again and again, he said, “That is your way of
finding God, and I have my way.” I have dealt
with this old man with Bible and prayer, but he seems
as far from God as before he heard the gospel.
True, the seed has been sown, and I am sure
it is being watered by the tears and prayers of
God’s people, but how weary we get at times
to see some token of God’s mighty working
power to save some out from among these who
are supposed to be the hardest to reach in
India.

The devil’s agents have tried to make away
with one of the babes in Christ here, but God
brought back His wandering sheep. “There-
fore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast,
unmoveable, always abounding in the work of
the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your
labour is not in vain in the Lord.”

GOD, in His Word, sets before us
two possibilities concerning our
work. One is the possibility of
having our work abide, and the
other, of having our work burn-
ed. What a contrast between
the results of two lives! It is
as though God says to us, “At the end you
may have something left, or you may have
absolutely nothing.” A life lived, and a reward!
A life lived, and all burned! Does it not set us to
inquire why God makes such a difference, and
what kind of works we must do that they may
remain? In another place we read; "good
works, which God hath before ordained that we
should walk in them." From this it seems very
plain, not only that God has chosen us before
the foundation of the world, but that He has
so planned our lives for His glory that even our
good works are ordained for us, and our business
is to walk in them. What comfort this brings
to the surrendered heart! We have not the
task of every morning planning a series of good
works for the day. We have to wait upon God
to find out what good works He has planned
for us to walk in that day. In other words,
keeping in the will of God is our daily service.
Thus alone can we do the good works which
shall abide. Not only what may be called
active service, but that hour of rest, that time
of intercession for some soul, for some child of
God in need, that quiet waiting upon God,
when done in line with God’s will, is service in
His sight, and shall bring its final reward. On
the other hand, however vigourously we may
apply ourselves to work, if it is not in line with
God’s will, the end is inevitable—"shall be
burned."

God also says; "Every man’s work shall be
made manifest: for the day shall declare it.”
What a day of surprises that will be! Then we
shall understand true success. That hidden
life which no man has thought of calling a suc-
cess, shall stand forth approved of God,
rewarded, because God’s will has been lived
out. That brilliant life, whose praises are sung
on all sides for its success, shall suffer loss,
because God’s will was not sought. That day
shall also declare whether or not we have got
into just the place in His vineyard which He
has purposed for us to fill. Let us see to it that
We do the one thing God calls us to do, in the one way and in the very place which He means for us to do it. Then—"the day shall declare it."

* * *

We sometimes get such glimpses of Hinduism as cause our whole beings to revolt. Such a glimpse the Holi festival, a religious festival which took place recently, afforded us. The streets were filled with men whose every action proved them to be under the dominion of Satan. Their clothes, as well as their faces, were covered with coloured powders, the throwing of which upon each other, with indecent shouts, forms a prominent part of this disgusting festival. Many of the men were so under the influence of drink and the inspiration of Satan, that all bounds of decency were broken. Their language was the vilest imaginable, and their very glances made a respectable woman shrink away. Such sights and sounds under the name of religion, make us lose every vestige of respect for men to whom God has given a mind and a heart to know Him, who will contend for such a religion as this. Truly those who are under its dominion are sold, body, soul, and spirit, to all the vileness Satan can devise. This makes it more real than ever that our warfare is with the wicked spirits in heavenly places.

* * *

Deep interest is centered in the war between Russia and Japan. But those who are watching and waiting for God's Son from Heaven, are especially interested in the development of affairs. The success of Russia might give the impetus for a Mahomedan uprising here in India, as they are expecting the time will soon come for them to destroy other religions and secure the supremacy. Should this war lead to a general European war, then indeed our hearts would beat high with expectation. We know not when Christ will come, but we know we are already in the fringe, at least, of the perilous times of the latter days. When God's time comes, it will not take Him long to fulfill His Word, and as we see this being done, we may indeed lift up our heads, for our redemption draweth nigh.

* * *

We feel that the Master, Who, when on earth, said to His weary disciples; "Come ye yourselves apart . . . and rest a while," often speaks the same tender words to those actively engaged in His vineyard, who grow weary, not of, but in, the daily labours. We know there are some who do not understand why missionaries should leave their work for a season in the Hills. From experience and observation we would suggest a few reasons. God made laws concerning rest, and we feel all His children, especially those who trust Him to care for their bodies, should observe His laws. Now missionaries often find it very difficult to set aside one day in seven for rest, so we feel a time must be taken for a complete rest for a few weeks. Those who remain in the plains, and perhaps do a little work, are, as a rule, so enervated by the heat, that when the cool season comes with its opportunities, they cannot push with vigour the work before them, provided they are not laid aside with illness. Again, we feel that those who are constantly giving out to others, as missionaries are, need a time of rest and quiet with God, when spirit and mind, as well as body, can be renewed and refreshed, and God's voice heard afresh for life and work. Again, to live always in the same surroundings cripples one's faculties and narrows one's usefulness, while contact with other workers and other work widens one's sphere and gives greater opportunity for blessing. True, a time of rest, like all else, must be sought in accordance with God's will. So let our friends at home pray that all God's missionaries may have the thought of God for every part of their lives.

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BAPTISM AT KAIRA.

MISS DUNHAM.

SOME time ago, we requested your prayers for showers of blessing upon our work here. There have been many evidences of late that the showers have really begun to fall. The angels must have hovered joyfully about the scene of last Sabbath. Just as the sun was setting, eighty-five of our girls followed one another into the waters of baptism. These girls had all been under special instruction for several weeks, and all had given evidence, both by testimony and conduct, that they were really born again. Several of these girls have come from lives of deepest degradation and sin. This makes at present one hundred and eighty-five baptized girls in the Orphanage, who, with those who have left us from time to time, form a noble band of God's children.

God has been very good to let our dear sisters, Miss Wells and Miss Woodworth, see this fruit of their years of faithful labour. We prayed, as we looked into their faces on the Sabbath, that God would give us such golden sheaves, that our "going forth" might also be "with joy."

In the morning Sabbath school, Miss Wells found a class in tears. On inquiry as to its
cause, they told her they were crying on account of their sins. As they were Christian girls, she pointed them to their privilege of receiving the Holy Ghost to keep from sin. They had prayer together and the Spirit seemed to work mightily in the hearts of the girls.

Shall we not ask God to inspire to greater faith, and more earnest prayer, in the days to come?

Mission Questions.

CASTE VIEWED AS A DOER.
From "Things As They Are."

What is Caste? What is electricity? We know that electricity exists, we are conscious of its presence in the phenomena of light, heat, sound; but we do not know what it is. Nothing could more perfectly illustrate Caste. You cannot live long in a conservative part of India, in close contact with its people, without being conscious of its presence; if you come into conflict with it, it manifests itself in a flash of opposition, hot rage of persecution, the roar of the tumult of the crowd. But try to define it, and you find you cannot do it. It is not merely birth, class, a code of rules, though it includes all these. It is a force, an energy; there is spirit in it, essence, hidden as the invisible essence which we call electricity.

Look at what it does. A few months ago a boy of twelve resolved to be a Christian. His clan, eight thousand strong, were enraged. There was a riot in the streets; in the house the poison cup was ready. Better death than loss of Caste.

In another town a boy took his stand, and was baptized, thus crossing the line that divides secret belief from open confession. His Caste men got hold of him afterwards; next time he was seen he was a raving lunatic. The Caste was avenged.

A poor low-caste woman learned in her home, and believed. Her husband also believed, and both thought of becoming Christians. The village soothsayer warned them that their father's god would be angry; they did not heed him, but went on, and suddenly their baby died. This was too much for their faith then, and they both went back to idolatry. A few years afterwards their eldest child began to learn to read, and the mother's faith revived. The soothsayer and her husband reminded her of the infant's fate, but she was brave, and let her child learn. Then her cow suddenly died. "Did we not tell you so?" they said, and for the moment she was staggered; but she rallied, and only became more earnest in faith. So the soothsayer threatened worse. Then a Caste meeting was called to determine what could be done with this woman. The husband attended the meeting, and was treated to some rice and curry; before he reached home he was taken violently ill, and in three days he died.

But look at Caste in another way, in its power in the commonplace phases of life. For example, take a kitchen and cooking, and see how Caste rules there. For cooking is not vulgar work, or infra dig, in any sense, in India; all Caste women in good orthodox Hindu families either do their own or superintend the doing of it by younger members of the same family or servants of the same Caste. "We Europeans cannot understand the extent to which culinary operations may be associated with religion. The kitchen in every Indian household is a kind of sanctuary or holy ground. The mere glance of a man of inferior Caste makes the greatest delicacies uneatable, and if such a glance happens to fall on the family supplies during the cooking operations, when the ceremonial purity of the water used is a matter of almost life and death to every member of the household, the whole repast has to be thrown away as if poisoned. The family is for that day dinnerless. Food thus contaminated would, if eaten, communicate a taint to the souls as well as bodies of the eaters, a taint which could only be removed by long and painful expiation." Think of the defilement which would be contracted if a member of the household who had broken Caste in baptism took any part in the cooking. It would never be allowed. Such a woman could take no share in the family life. Her presence, her shadow, above all her touch, would be simply pollution. Therefore, and for many other reasons, her life at home is impossible.

Cooking and kitchen work may seem small (though it would not be easy for even the greatest to live without reference to it), so let us look out on the world of trade, and see Caste again as a Doer there. If a merchant becomes a Christian, no one will buy his goods; if he is a weaver, no one will buy his cloth; if he is a dyer, no one will buy his thread; if he is a jeweller, no one will employ him. If it is remembered that every particular occupation in life represents a particular Caste, it will be
easily understood how matters are complicated where converts from the great Trades Unions are concerned. Hence the need of Industrial Missions, and the fact that they exist.

Or take the power of Caste in another direction—its callous cruelty, I give one illustration from last year’s life. I was visiting a house where an old lady lives. The first time we went there we saw a little lad of three or four, who seemed to be suffering with his eyes. He lay in a swinging bag hung from the roof, and cried piteously all the time we were there. Now, two months afterwards, there he lay crying still, only his cries were so sharp he had hardly strength to cry. They lifted him out. I should not have known the child—the pretty face drawn and full of pain, the little hands pressed over the burning eyes. Only one who has had it knows the agony of ophthalmia. They told me he had not slept, “not even the measure of a rape-seed,” for three months. Night and day he cried and cried; “but he does not make much noise now,” they added. He couldn’t, poor little lad! I begged them to take him to the hospital, twenty-five miles away, but they said they would not take him if they could not. Even if his sight could not be saved, something could be done to ease the pain, I knew. But no, he might die away from home, and that would disgrace their Caste.

“Then he is to suffer till he is blind or dead?” and I felt half wild with the cold cruelty of it. “What can we do?” they asked; “can we destroy our Caste?” The last thing I heard them say as we left the house was, “Cry softly, or we’ll put more medicine in!” And the last thing I saw was the tightening of the little hands over the poor shut eyes, as he tried to still his sobs and “cry softly.” This told one what the “medicine” meant to him. One of the things they had put in was raw pepper mixed with alum. Is not Caste a cruel thing? Those women were not heartless, but they would rather see that baby die in torture by inches, than dim with one breath the lustre of their brazen escutcheon of Caste!

This is one glimpse of one phase of a power which is only a name at home. It is its weakest phase; for the hold of Caste upon the body is as nothing to the hold it has upon the mind and soul. It yields to the touch of pain sometimes, as our medical missionaries know; but it tightens again too often when the need for relief is past. It is unspeakably strong, unmercifully cruel, and yet it would seem as though the very blood of the people ran red with it. It is in them, part of their very being. This, then, is Caste viewed as a Doer. It does strange things, hard things, things most cruel. It is, all who fight it agreed, the strongest foe to the Gospel.

**Mehmadabad Orphans**

Mr. L. Turnbull.

Perhaps our readers are not aware that we have a number of orphans in connection with our work here. The recent terrible famine which swept away so many thousands of poor people in Gujerat, has been used of God to cause many to think of spiritual things. Many have definitely accepted Christ as their Saviour, among the number not a few children.

During the famine, families were often sadly broken up. In many cases a father or mother died through disease and lack of food, leaving the remaining parent to care for several children. A large number of orphans have been sent from Mehmadabad district to the mission orphanages at Dholka and Kaira, but beside these, there are fifty orphans whom we are endeavouring to support and educate in their own villages. Some of these are orphans, while others have one parent living.

After much opposition from the caste people, these children were admitted, a number of years ago, to the village government schools. Since that time, quite a number of them have studied up to the fourth, fifth, or sixth standards. They have now started out in life for themselves, and we trust will continue to be earnest Christians. The fifty children who are still studying in the schools are getting along very well indeed. We trust that a number of them will consecrate themselves to the Lord's work, and become evangelists among their own people.

At different times, the children have undergone considerable persecution. Four of the boys, while returning from school, were accosted by two men of the "potidar" (farmer) caste. The "potidars" said to the boys; "Who are you, Christians?" They replied, "Yes." "Why do you go along this road singing in this way?" "Because our hearts are happy." "Well, you will see what happens to Christians who come along this road. Take off your clothes quickly and throw them into the fire, or we will beat you." Upon this the boys began to cry, and said that they could not take off their clothes, for they had no others. The two men then began to beat them severely and, making them take off their clothes which were thrown into a fire near at hand, sent them away.
in the garb which Nature gave them. A little later they appeared before me—a rather crest-fallen quartette. I cheered them as best I could, and got them new clothes. They returned home rejoicing, having quickly forgotten their troubles, as all boys do. The “potdars” were severely punished, and are not likely to repeat the offence. A few months ago, a schoolteacher, in a fit of anger, threw a pointed stick at one of our little boys, and knocked out one of his front teeth, and bruised his face. The law would have punished the master severely, but he begged to be let off, and as the little boy also asked for his forgiveness, the matter was hushed up.

All the children come in on Saturday of every week for spiritual teaching, and to receive their weekly money. They remain for the Sunday service, and then trudge home to their villages, six, eight, or ten miles distant. As yet the support of these bright boys and girls has been taken in only a few cases. It costs only fifteen dollars, or a little less, to support a boy or girl for a whole year. If anyone wishes to take the support of one or more of these children, we will select a boy or girl as desired, and send their photograph, with an account of their progress, to the one who maintains them. We cannot, of course, guarantee that they will all turn out to be teachers or missionaries, but they will be taught and cared for with that always as the chief aim, and we trust that each one of the friends who takes the support of a child will feel the responsibility of praying much for the little one’s salvation.

We bespeak the earnest prayers of all those who read this letter, that these boys and girls may all know Jesus as their personal Saviour. Already a number are earnest Christians and like to have their own Bibles, which they prize very much.

There are also a number of young men connected with the mission who have had more or less schooling, and are able to act as native evangelists. Two are already supported, but there are about a dozen others who might be sent out if the funds were available. It takes thirty-five dollars to support one of these men for a year,—thirty dollars for their living expenses, (all have wives, and some have small families) and five dollars for books, clothing, etc. We will be glad to supply photos and full information about these workers as well as the orphans, to any one who feels interested in them. The plague is raging around us and we feel burdened for our Christian community, which is right in the midst of it. Pray that they may be protected, for it means much that the heathen see that God cares for His own.

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**PATCHES.**

**By Miss M. Wiest.**

THIS is a patch-work article; wee scraps of things of various patterns, which yet have each a significance not apparent, perhaps, at a casual glance. If you were in India today, you might not see much of the many awful things you have heard about. They are not always visible on the surface. You must lift the curtain before you can see.

By the roadside one evening we saw a man going through a curious performance. He seemed to be shewing something on the ground with great care, bowing himself down repeatedly. This happened several days in succession. On inquiry, we learned that the man was daily feeding a colony of ants with finely ground grain, for the sake of laying up religious merit for his soul. "Absurd!" you say. Ah, yes, it is absurd, but it is pathetic, too.

On another day we saw a small party of men in ragged procession, carrying tattered banners and sounding a bell before them as they walked. Borne aloft on their shoulders was an idol-car containing the painted deity in whose honour the procession was moving. An immense, gorgeous parasol for the idol was the feature of the sorry looking parade. The idol was being taken for a bath in a reservoir two miles distant.

Yes, these things would be ridiculous if they were not so sad. It is hard to believe that men with brains and souls can so belittle themselves. We were about to say, deceptive themselves. But many of them are not deceived now. They know how futile and foolish these things are, but they close their eyes, that they may not see. A Hindu is a fine sophist. It is easy for him to persuade himself that a thing is right and reasonable, if his inclinations lie that way, or custom decrees it. Perhaps one may find a tinge of such sophistry even in America. So do not blame the Hindu too harshly. Rather, pray for him.

An educated Brahman one day endeavoured to explain to me why the cow was a sacred animal, or at least why he must regard it so. He is an embryo lawyer, but it was amusing to see how illogical and foundationless his arguments were. Yet this man will insist that he believes things which he knows to be utterly foolish.

But there are some sincere souls even among the Hindus, and it has been our pleasure to be in almost daily contact with one such for about two months. She is an educated Brahman.
widow, one of the marked exceptions of Indian womanhood, a beautiful, gentle woman whom one could not help loving and yearning over. She taught us Marathi while paying a visit to a friend of hers, a widow like herself, in our city. She has gone now. But during those two months we think some impressions were made on her heart concerning the "better way." She is one who seemed really to love and believe in her own religion, a sort of reformed Hinduism.

There are people here born in a caste known as the beggar caste. From principle these people never work, but live off the alms which their religious townsmen give for merit's sake. Do not ever think these alms are given for love or pity's sake. That would be a grave mistake. When we remonstrate with these beggars and tell them they ought to work, they say; "We are born beggars. We are as God made us. Then what remedy is there? Our fathers before us have always begged, and we must do as they did. We must beg!"

O, Caste and Custom! Hinduism's greatest allies and yet the Hindus' most bitter foes! But they do not know it, or, to speak more truly, they will not recognize it.

One day we came across a Brahman family collecting all their possessions of which cloth was a constituent part, with the exception of some heavily padded bed-coverings, to be given into the dhobi's hands for washing. A relative in a distant town had died, thereby defiling them and all their possessions, although they had not been in contact with the dead man, or even seen any one who had been near him. The padded bed-coverings escaped the general defilement because they were difficult to wash! A most convenient shifting of defilement, do you not think? If the soul could as easily shift its sins! Soul pollution is nothing, but let one jot or one tittle of the ceremonial, superficial law of Hinduism be violated in an orthodox family, and see what will happen!

I was told by my pandit the other day, that the Hindus, too, have a prophecy of a Restorer, of a God who is coming to set the world right again, and eliminate the false from all religions, teaching men the true way. This belief is found also among Parsees, Mohammedans and followers of other religious creeds. It seems as though God were preparing even the heathen world for the advent of His Son from heaven. When inclined to discouragement, we think of this, and of the "sure word of prophecy" which we have, and we are strengthened to know that the "knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea!"

THE 'INDIA ALLIANCE.

DHOLKA ITEMS.

MISS GARDNER.

We praise God for His dealings with us. He is abundantly blessing the work, both spiritually and otherwise. A few weeks ago, some special meetings were held among the boys, in which the Spirit's work was very manifest. Many were renewed spiritually, and many more gave their hearts to the Lord. Last Sunday fifteen more stepped over on the Lord's side. Already there are one hundred and seventy-five baptized boys, and seventy-five more are asking for baptism.

Last week a public entertainment was held in the Government schools, and some of these boys who attend there, were asked to prepare two songs to sing at that time. They came to Mrs. Back for help in learning something. They had been told by the master that they might choose their own songs, and Mrs. Back waited almost breathlessly to know their choice, thinking possibly they might choose some secular songs. But true to their teachings, the little fellows wanted to be witnesses for Jesus, as could be seen when, with shining faces, they said they thought that, "There's not a Friend like the Lowly Jesus," and, "Sowing Seeds of Kindness," would be good ones. Praise God for working in these little hearts.

A few weeks ago when finances were low, and it seemed to those in charge that they were like the old woman who lived in the shoe, a new boy came into the compound and asked to stay. The feelings that came into their hearts could, perhaps, be better imagined than described. 450 boys already; could they make room for one more? Mr. and Mrs. Back went to talk with the boy. They found a little chap nine or ten years old. He had been working in the cotton mills at Viramgam, and had his hand crushed in the machinery. Not being able longer to earn his living, and having no one to whom he could go, he had walked the entire distance of thirty miles to us. At first it seemed necessary to refuse, and as they said, "No, we cannot take any more boys," he looked up into their faces, and, with tears running down his little brown cheeks, said, "What can I do? I have no home, no father, no mother, nobody, and nowhere to go." This was too much for Mrs. Back's motherly heart, and she said, "Let him stay; we can trust God for one more." Now this little fellow is well and happy, and a promising lad. He is still without support.
Items.

NOTHER little girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Andrews in Ahmedabad March 7th. We join the parents in giving her a hearty welcome.

Five persons have recently been baptized in Ahmedabad. One of them was a blind woman who told Miss Fraser that, as she was going down into the water, she felt the love of God rising up in her heart. Her happy face testified to the truth of it. The following Sunday she walked ten miles to come to the service.

Up to the middle of March, the weather has been very comfortably cool, and in many places there has been considerable rain. In Amraoti there was a heavy hail storm. The result of the cold has been a fresh outburst of plague in Gujarat and Bombay. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton had to come in from the district on account of plague in the villages. In Mehmadabad, rats have been dying in the servants' quarters, and the death rate from plague is considerable in the town and surrounding villages.

A tourist has been with us a few days recently. He heard that plague was very bad in the city, especially in the vicinity of Grant Road, and he at once became very anxious to get away. He felt very uneasy. We were struck with the contrast between him and those whom God has sent on His errand. We do the daily work, free from fear or even the thought of danger. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee."

Mrs. Hamilton bears witness to the wisdom of walking among children. "In one very large village, the darkness is appalling. We seemed to get no hold of the people. As a body, they rejected Christ. They set their faces like a flint and said they would not turn, though there were people becoming Christians in most of the surrounding villages. At last we resorted to the children, and it was wonderful how much of the Gospel they got while our tent was there. We rejoiced to hear them sing as they went home, 'There's not a Friend like the Lowly Jesus,' or, 'Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.' The people have softened much in their attitude towards us."

Miss Fraser writes: "God is working in many hearts among those who last year feared to confess Christ because of persecution. At the close of a meeting held recently, twenty-five persons said they desired to become Christians. There is reason to believe that the majority are sincere."

Miss Wells and Miss Woodworth sailed for America by the Anchor Line on March 22. They have given seven years of faithful service, and it was very hard to break away from the work so dear to them. But enabling grace is a part of the provision made for us. From observation we feel there is no time when such grace is more needed than when missionaries are leaving their people and work for a furlough.

Mr. Fuller writes that he now seems perfectly well and is gaining both strength and flesh. He is leaving many open doors in New Zealand and will soon go to Australia for work there. We know that wherever he goes he will be a blessing, not only to individuals, but to the cause of missions.

Our people are beginning to scatter for cooler places in the Hills. Misses Fraser, Compton, Seasholtz, and Downs, have gone to Coonoor in South India. Mrs. Turnbull and baby have gone to Simla. Mr. and Mrs. Erickson and Victor, Mr. and Mrs. Cutter and baby, have gone to Chicalda. Others will soon be going to these or other places.

The newspapers describe great devastation by locusts in different parts of the country. "Trees now look as if it were winter time in America, leaves nearly all stripped off; drums being beaten frequently to ward them off." At another place the description almost passes belief, unless one has seen what these creatures can do. "Trees are broken down by the swarms of locusts upon them, and roads are blocked by the falling branches. The swarms, flying at the rate of six or seven miles an hour, took eight hours in passing a given point. Efforts were made to drive the pests away by hideous noises, but the people at last dropped down exhausted, while the locusts kept on undismayed."

It is reported that Bombay will soon be supplied with electric power and light.

REQUESTS FOR PRAISE AND PRAYER.

Praise for Mr. Fuller's recovery.
Pray for the supply of all needs—spiritual and temporal.
Pray for several inquirers in Bombay.
Pray for all workers in the field and at home.
Pray for conviction in the hearts of the many who have heard the gospel during the touring season.
Pray for the people in the stations who have repeatedly heard the gospel.
Pray for people and missionaries in plague-stricken stations.
Pray for a revival in India.
Pray that this year may see an ingathering of souls in each station.
Pray for Native Christians.
List of Alliance Missionaries.

BERAR—

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

AMRAOTI.
Mr. and Mrs. C. Erickson.
Miss L. Becker.

BULDANA.
Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Wark.

CHANDUR.
Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Schlelander.
Mr. and Mrs. W. Ramsey.
Mr. E. R. Carney.

KHAMGAON.
Miss F. 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.
Mr. S. H. Auernheimer.

JALGAON.
Mrs. M. Dutton. Miss Z. McAuley.
Miss M. Wiest.

PACHORA.
Mr. and Mrs. O. Dinham.

GUJERAT—

VIRAMGAM.
Mr. and Mrs. A. Duckworth.
Mr. R. G. Greengrass.

SANAND.
Mr. and Mrs. T. King.
Miss C. Hiler.
Miss H. O'Donnel.

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

MEHMADABAD.
Mr. and Mrs. L. Turnbull.
Mr. W. Turnbull.
Miss A. Seasholtz.

KAIRA.
Miss C. Hansen.
Miss L. Herr.
Miss M. Compton. Miss V. Dunham.

MATAR (P.O. Kaira).
Mr. and Mrs. S. Hamilton.

DHOLKA.
Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Andrews.
Mr. and Mrs. David McKee.
Miss C. Peters. Mr. and Mrs. F. Back.
Mr. R. J. Bennett. Mr. S. Armson
Miss L. Gardner.
Miss S. M. Sorensen.

BOMBAY—

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Franklin.
Miss K. Knight.
Miss E. Morris. Miss L. Fuller.
Mr. and Mrs. C. Eicher.
Mrs. L. J. de Carteret.

MISSIONARIES ON FURLOUGH:

Rev. M. B. Fuller.
Miss A. Yoder.
Miss E. Wells.

Mr. A. Johnson.
Mrs. Simmons.
Miss M. Woodworth.

Miss L. J. Holmes.
Mr. and Mrs. P. 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.

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