"OCCUPY TILL I COME."

VOL. IV. (NEW SERIES.) NOVEMBER, 1904.

The India Alliance.

The Organ of The Christian and Missionary Alliance in India.

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The affairs of the Mission in the field are administered by the Superintendent and a Council, composed of nine members of the Mission elected at the Annual Convention. The Alliance is not sectarian and its special object is the evangelization of neglected fields, and it seeks to unite Christians of all evangelical denominations in its work.

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

Pardon through simple faith in the blood of Jesus Christ—Sanctification and fullness of life through the indwelling Christ-Himself in the believer by the Holy Spirit.—Healing and health for the body of the believer by simple faith in Jesus, who "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses;"—and the pre-millennial coming of Christ.

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

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The India Alliance.

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

Editor:—Mrs. Wm. Franklin. Business Manager:—Rev. Wm. Franklin.

Terms of Subscription (in all Countries where the rupee is current Re. 1 2 0)

In England 12. 6d.

Single Copies ... ... ... ... Re. 0 2 0

In America 50 cents.

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

American subscriptions can be sent to Mr. V. I. Jeffrey, 690, 8th Ave., New York.
Compensation.
W. A. G.

I loved thee long, and long I sought
Until I found and homeward brought
The wandering one My blood had bought;
Now thou art Mine.

My child, I want thee just to be,
Not for another but for Me—
Who has a higher claim to thee
Than I, thy Lord?

Because thou art Mine own then show
The grace which I on thee bestow;
And walk as I walked here below,
My smile to win.

It will not lead to paths of ease;
Nor canst thou live Thyself to please;
In doing God's will, thine must cease,
Yet this is rest.

I have not much to offer here—
Many a hardship, many a tear,
Nought that the sons of men count dear,
But Heaven is thine.

Thou wilt not seek thy joys from earth,
Not in its show, its pomp, its mirth;
Thy heart has found the truer worth,
Possessing Christ.

To follow Me brings suffering, shame,
The sacrifice of earthly fame;
Yea more, the loss of rank and name—
I will repay.

And thou shalt meet with many a sneer,
With taunting words and cruel jeer
Often misjudged by those most dear,
All for My sake.

Thy friends may leave thee one by one;
The world is theirs, it loves its own.
But thou! oh thou art not alone,
Hast Thou not Me?

HIDDEN.
MRS. CARL ERICKSON.

"I will hide thee." Psa. 27. 5.

"In the time of trouble He shall hide me in His pavilion," assures us of a hiding place in emergencies, in times of special need; while Psalm 91. 1 points to that abiding place where the trusting child may continually hide; where nothing can touch save as it passes through His hand; the power of Divine presence controlling circumstances, moving the hearts of men, and causing all things to work for good according to His promise.

In Psalms 17. 8 and 91. 4 the "shadow of the wings" and "covert of the feathers" suggests not only protection, but comfort, rest and refreshment. God invites the weary, heart-sore child to nestle close to His sympathizing bosom, so hidden away from earth's cares and trials, that only the tender, soothing influence of His Father Love is felt, until the heart is filled with notes of victory and the lips with songs of joy.

Psalm 31, 20, "Thou shalt hide them in the secret of Thy presence from the pride (or artifices) of man; Thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues," is a tower of strength as we realize our helplessness before the plots and plans of man, the mischief of unbridled tongues. Many a heart has been rent, many a friendship severed and many a soul driven to despair by unkind words, an unpleasant tale, or even suspicion thrown out and passed from mouth to mouth until it became a scandal.—Praise God for the hiding place where the soul is kept from discouragement, resentment and fear of words or devices, looking unto and living unto Him, who is working out the eternal weight of glory.

"Your life is hid with Christ in God;"
Redeemed and so hidden away that all the powers of earth and hell cannot destroy the abiding soul, or cut short the committed life until its earthly ministry is complete and the Master calls to a higher service above.

Gal. 2. 20 reveals the entrance to the secret hiding-place, and how its perfect protection and peace may be continually enjoyed, self-hidden behind the cross, lost in the divine person of Jesus; "not I, but Christ" ceasing to be a theory and becoming a living reality in the daily walk and service; pride lost in His humility, prejudice lost in His love, personal preference, self-assertion, human reasoning lost in His will.

The promise of perfect protection is for the life which His Spirit controls, and which is ever ready to render the hidden services of which He alone takes notice, and in which He so delights.

Station Notes.

VIRAMGAM.

ARTHUR DUCKWORTH.

VIRAMGAM has been visited by a virulent form of plague which has carried a large number of people into eternity without hope, and without God. Our hearts have been stirred as we have seen the number of people carried off past our bungalow day after day, week after week; and to hear the continual cry, "Ramo, Ramo, Ramo," that rises up so hopelessly from those who are bearing their dead to the burning ghats, sends a thrill of horror and of sadness to our hearts. On the way to the burning ghat, some of the Hindu castes put the stretcher on which the body has been placed, on the ground, and then break cocoanuts as an offering to appease the wrath of their god, Rama; after which a loud wail ascends from them all. Then they take up the stretcher and carry it to the burning ghat, where a pile of wood has been previously arranged for the laying on of the body, after which wood is placed on the chest of the corpse, and a cocoanut offered to the god, and then the body is burned. We have been very much impressed with the Gujerati translation of 1 Sam. 5. 6.

"But the hand of the Lord was heavy upon them of Ashdod, and He destroyed them and smote them with gartya reg which is the word, used in Gujerati for plague. Also in the sixth chapter and first part of the fifth verse,—"Therefore ye shall make images of your garis (bubos) and images of your mice that mar the land." The people have been very much surprised to know that this description of plague is given in our Bible. A short time ago Mrs. Duckworth went into a large compound to talk to some women, and while she was telling them of Jesus, a man came and listened to the Word of Eternal Life. A few days later he was attacked with plague and died. A boy about thirteen years of age came to the meeting on Sunday and heard the message of Salvation, and the fourth day after, that dreadful disease took hold of him and he died. Out of a population of 21,000 less than 1,000 remain in the town; many have died, the rest have fled in terror to the surrounding towns and village. The high caste people have said boastingly, time and time again, that the famine had not affected them—and that their families had been untouched by it; but this plague has come upon them and carried off scores of high caste people, which seems to be a judgment upon them. Although they went into the surrounding towns, yet the plague followed them and many of them died there.

This time of plague has brought many opportunities of witnessing for Christ. A high caste young man came to our bungalow night after night, and we gave him the New Testament, about which he has asked many questions; the Lord has enabled us to shew him the Way of Salvation very clearly. The way also opened up, through him, for us to visit several times four of their Jain priests who are well educated in Sanscrit, but know nothing of our Jesus, and the plan of Redemption that He has made for a lost and sinful world.

We have praised the Lord for this privilege as they are very glad to have us come to them. We have given them the Word of Life and have shown them their need of a Saviour who is free from sin. Pray that the Spirit Himself may guide some of these men into the True Light and saving knowledge of our Lord; with Him all things are possible. Mrs. Duckworth had a sowing and reading class for the women, but it had to be discontinued on account of plague; each time they gathered together, they received a message from His Word. Our Sunday services have been well attended and the interest which has been shown has been good. We also had a Sunday school, which had an attendance of:
We had worked over the child trying to relieve her sufferings, but she grew worse instead of better, and at noon she said, "Auntie, I am going to Jesus, Salaam. Call my sister Shevanti." To the sister she said, "Shevanti, I am going to Jesus. Be a good girl and live for Him. Tell Auntie Yoder in America not to weep for me; I will meet her when Jesus comes." She looked up and saw the tears running down my cheeks. She said, "Auntie, don’t cry, Jesus will be your comfort. I have been longing for days to go and see Him. So you mustn’t cry." I said, "Phulvanti, I am going to call the women and girls together for prayer in the Chapel."

I wish the readers of this letter could have been present to hear those dear children take hold of God for life and healing for their sick one. Some of them confessed their sins before praying, and before we left the chapel, God had given the assurance of life. After we had made our prayer unto our God, I returned to the Hospital, and found the child in greater agony than before. She was having hard cramps and crying out for pain. I told her to take the Name of Jesus. She did so, and got quiet enough for me to talk with her. I told her I believed the Lord wanted to heal her and that she should now pray for herself. So she cried, "Lord forgive my sins, and heal me for Jesus’ Sake!"

From that very hour she grew better: the cramps stopped, the purging ceased, the death pallor left her face, the pulse grew stronger, and for the first time she was able to retain nourishment; the next day she was able to sit up:—all in answer to that little prayer of faith! "What a wonderful Saviour is Jesus our Lord!" He is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever," I want to impress my readers with the necessity of united prayer when the "enemy comes in like a flood;" even so, shall the "Spirit of the Lord raise up a standard against him."

The children have made fair progress in school and in the annual examination in September three fourths of them passed satisfactorily. A number of our older girls have graduated from the High School this Fall. They have consecrated their lives to the Lord and they now wish to prepare to become Bible-women. After the Annual Convention in November we hope to organize a training class for Bible-women. This class will be taught systematically by one of the missionaries. We need many women, filled with the Spirit, to witness to the women of India. The Lord has called a number of our girls to this work. We ask prayer for all that will enter the class that the Lord may pour out His Spirit upon them. In our next letter we hope to be able to give more information about this class.
"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." These texts have been especially precious to us for some years for we have proved their promise true. Again and again, when we have left ourselves in the Lord's Hands, we have found it very sweet to let Him choose out one can have no real our inheritance for us, not always understanding why He led us as He did, but always assured that He was bringing us along in just the best way.

About nine months ago we came to India and have been most of that time in Bombay, studying Marathi, and doing such things day by day as the Lord has given us to do. The days have passed so quickly that we are reminded sometimes of Jacob's seven years' service, which seemed but a few days because of his love for the one for whom he was serving.

Our hearts have rejoiced time and again when we have heard of heathen turning from their idols to the true God; but Satan is just as artful here in Bombay as in America. He knows that if He can only keep men from Jesus, and from trusting for their salvation in the merits of His Atonement, He need not fear losing them, "for there is none other name under Heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved," except this Name of Jesus: so he has here in Bombay those who tell people who are really seeking light and want to be saved, "Do not fear; just do the best you can: God is so merciful He will forgive any little wrongs you may commit. You do not need to believe in the Deity or Atonement of Jesus Christ; only follow His Example and do as He did, and you will be saved." Satan knows very well that no one can do this, so he tries to keep people occupied that they may not find Jesus and know Him for their Saviour. The more, therefore, do we thank God for those whom the Holy Spirit is leading on, and who, we believe, will be numbered among the blood-washed company who shall come up out of great tribulation and persecution.

The people here are very willing, and even eager, to hear the Gospel when it is preached to them in the open. They can very rarely be persuaded to enter churches, but will gather on the street in large crowds to hear the wonderful Story of Salvation: and the speaker who keeps most closely to the simple Gospel is the one who is enjoyed the most and heard the most attentively. When tracts are distributed there is sometimes almost a mob, so eager are the people to receive them, and if one returns through the same streets shortly afterward, not one is to be seen torn up or thrown away; which shows that many are taken home and read. Some day their fruit will be reaped.

The reports of our catechist and Bible woman are very encouraging. They meet many who are in deep distress, and some who are hungry for the Bread of Life.

Heathenism seems awful enough when read about in America, but one can have no real conception of what it is, until he comes into it and sees its effect upon people. It is only as the Holy Spirit opens our understanding that we can realize our responsibilities, and the privilege of making Jesus known to them and of representing and presenting Him in our lives.

Just as present we are enjoying the privilege of attending some special services conducted by Mr. Lyall of Scotland. We are praying and believing that God will make a great moving among the heathen, and that many of them shall be won "by Jesus Christ unto the glory and praise of God."

We find His Service in India a real delight, and love the people here very much, but long to be better prepared to speak with them in their own tongue.

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THE FAMINE IN GUJERAT.

DEAR Home Friends,—Many of you will be surprised to learn that we are again visited with famine here in Gujarat. It would almost seem as though it had become chronic in this province. It is now six years since we had a normal rainfall. As rice grows under water it requires much more rain than other kinds of grain. Consequently whole tracts of rice-growing lands have been lying idle for five years in succession. During the month of July we had a few nice showers, and it seemed certain that we were to have a bountiful harvest this year; but from the first week in August the rains practically ceased and the crops that had given such promise began to wither and die. O, how we watched the clouds as they would appear on the horizon, hoping that the dreaded famine might yet be averted.

Those who had sown their bajari very early will perhaps have one fourth of a crop as a reward for their toil, but the other crops are a total failure. In some parts of this district the farmers will not have enough fodder to bring their cattle through alive. Then again owing to the scant rainfall for so many years, a great many wells are failing, which adds greatly to the seriousness of the situation. We have just
THE INDIA ALLIANCE.

THE other day, while visiting in the town, we stopped to read the inscription on the Cattle Hospital which we were passing.

"The Jalgaum Pinjrapole. The Pinjrapole was built in Sanwat year 1944 (A.D. 1888) by SHETT NAGSEY DEWRAJ of Bombay, a Hindu cotton merchant of the Dussa Oswal Caste for the protection and maintenance of animals, as a token of his appreciation of the principles of charity. This slab was placed by Oomersey Nagsey, one of the sons of the late Mr. Nagsey DeWRaj, deceased."

We looked into the hospital-yard just as the decrepit animals were being driven in, after having been out to the jungles for food. They were all of them lame, some of them terribly crippled, and went staggering along leaning on each other for support, or almost falling at every step. It was a cruel sight, for every step must have been taken in pain. These incurable animals are kept there and fed by the charity of wealthy Hindus, who think it more merciful to preserve the helpless, suffering creatures alive than to put them out of their misery.

Jalgaon boasts two cattle hospitals, but none for the sick and suffering people in its borders, and no home for incurable human cripples. There is only a dispensary and one resident doctor. I believe also that one cattle hospital, recently built, is a place where animals are treated with a view to making them well. During the last famine the store-houses of the old cattle hospital were full of provision, that rotted for want of being used, while hundreds of people around were starving. The charity of Hinduism! We will not say 'of the Hindu' as we hope his heart is better than his creed, although there is little to evidence it.

There is one day in the year on which the Hindu worships all his cows and oxen. He paints their horns with gay colours, adorns their necks or heads with garlands and bright beads, and offers them the reverence and adoration of his heart. The next day he will lash the same oxen, or prick them with cruel goads, or (the favourite method of driving them), twist their tails until they are broken the entire length. The crooked, deformed tails of the oxen here are a loud commentary on the tender mercies of the heathen.

If a Hindu does any charitable deed, it is done that he may lay up merit for himself, or that 'his name may be taken' among the people. Recently some Indian gentlemen held out this reward as an inducement to a certain missionary to make a gift of some books to the public library. "People will always take your name if you give them," they said. Charity in India is seldom divorced from self-advantage either in the present, or in the life to come. However, India is not the only country in which ostentatious charity is found.

We do not write these things for the sake of saying bitter things about the Hindu people, though the facts are often bitter enough, but only to show how false are their conceptions of good, and how real is their darkness. For there is a quite too common idea that Hinduism is not so bad after all; that it is quite sufficient for the peoples' needs. We desire to show that practical Hinduism is often quite different to theoretical Hinduism, and even that provides no Saviour from sin.
BLESSED is the man that endureth temptation.

A strange beatitude! But it is an important one to the soul that is bent on wholly following the Lord. The blessing is not to every tempted man, only to him who endures. The uninitiated may wonder wherein the blessing lies, for surely there is no suffering keener than that which comes to the soul through the fierce fires of temptation. The deeper the soul's love for God, the intenser the suffering will be. A cold heart never feels Satan's darts like the humble, devoted heart. The farther one goes on the pathway of the holy life, on that which comes to the soul for God, the keener is the fire of temptation. The deeper the soul's love lies, for surely there is no suffering more coldness and despondency. The end sought is often legitimate, but to take it out of God's time, or from a hand other than His, is to bring desolation and anguish to the soul, if not ruin.

But temptation should never be confounded with sin. By mistaking one for the other, many of God's children are plunged into darkness and despondency. They do not understand that to be tempted is the lot even of the holiest, as fire purges gold. This is one of the very purposes for which temptation comes—to reveal character. We need to know ourselves and our own helplessness; we need the humbling experiences of failure and weakness, the revelations of spiritual and fleshly filthiness, that we may abandon all this at the cross, to avail ourselves of the strength of the Almighty, to accept another's life for our own. Temptation is meant to purify the soul, as fire purges gold.

"This is your hour and the power of darkness," said Jesus to Satan, incarnate in those who bent themselves to his evil ends. Satan did his worst and fulfilled his hour, striving to undo even the incorruptible Christ, but with unavailing efforts. More than three years before he had tried to turn Christ aside from the path of God's will by showing Him an easy way to the goal. "The kingdoms of this world are to be yours eventually. Take them now from my hand. Why should you tread this path of suffering?" said the Tempter. By such a device many a saint has been made to fall. The end sought is often legitimate, but to take it out of God's time, or from a hand other than His, is to bring desolation and anguish to the soul, if not ruin.

Sorrow, heavy calamities, these are temptations which try the soul's strength and call for a mighty faith, for with faith lost, the battle is lost. But the faith must be in God and not in human strength. As the young oak is only more firmly rooted by the tempests which sweep over it, seemingly to overthrow it, so should the soul be established by its conflicts with difficulties and trials. Calamities can be endured, adverse circumstances can be met. These are from the outside. The greatest tests of the soul come from the inner life, in the secret chambers of the heart when only God sees. What heart does not know the exhausting agony of the enemy's assaults, the scorching influence of his evil suggestions upon the very strongholds of the being, until it seems there is no strength nor power left, and the very depths are laid bare to devastation! Such is the crisis hour of many a life. "Crises reveal character; they do not make it," says Mr. Campbell Morgan.

"When the sea is calm, all boats alike show mastership in floating."
Mission Questions.

COMITY.
WILLIAM MOYSER.

The necessity of "Mission Comity" is apparent to any one who takes the least interest in mission affairs. The need of it is brought more to the front when several missionary societies are working in close relations with each other in the same district or in areas where one language is common to all. The words of our Lord are as true today as when spoken two thousand years ago, "The field is the World." But a master-hand is clearly seen in all the works of the Creator. There are no haphazard happenings, no overlapping, no running short. All of His works run smoothly without the least friction, just as the sun rises in the morning, and sets in the evening.

There is one Head of the Church of God, and one Spirit works in all. The Church should work in harmony with this truth, or at least strive at the high ideal according to the Word, "Let all things be done decently and in order." But unfortunately on account of differences in doctrine or in methods of church-government, this is not always the case. Therefore that these differences should not be a stumbling block to our weak brethren in Christ, it appears best to the majority of Christian workers to have certain boundaries or limits within which the different denominations should work. If missionary societies would consider the vast unreached areas before commencing new work, a great deal of misunderstanding and friction might possibly be avoided. There are large districts such as Rev. J. Shilliday described in the "Bombay Guardian:"

Kathiawar with its 193 native states, having a total area of 22,442 square miles, many of its towns having a population of over 10,000 persons; Cutch with an area of 7,616 square miles and a population of about half a million; and again, the great opium-growing province of Behar, and the numerous small principalities in northern India with but one or two workers. A great many have not a single European missionary to preach the gospel to sinful millions. If these needy places were first occupied, we should not have workers treading on each others' toes as they are doing in certain localities.
But more especially is mission comity a greater need when we approach the question of workers running from one station or mission to another in such instances as the following:—When because of some unfortunate misunderstanding, workers, or disaffected members, or persons under discipline, seek help or employment at another mission station before such misunderstandings or wrongs are righted with the missionary or persons in charge; or again, when a mercenary spirit takes hold of a worker and he leaves his employment simply because he will need to work fewer hours, or receive more pay, at another station.

If the idea advanced at the last Decennial Conference held in Madras, were carried out, viz., that no worker leaving any mission’s employ and being taken on by a sister mission, should have his salary raised for at least one year, then we should have an effectual check upon such persons. Our workers would not be so apt to be writing here and there seeking employment in other places.

Right here I might say what a great help it would be to the work in general if all Societies had a uniform system of hours and wages. This would not be such a hard problem to solve if it was taken up heartily at the different missionary Conferences. It could be most satisfactorily settled. It should also be a hard and fast rule that no one shall enter into correspondence with any worker until he or she has honourably severed his or her connection with the mission with whom last employed, and a letter explaining the withdrawal should be demanded with every such application. Some missionaries are very nice to deal with along these lines, not only in connection with workers, but also with orphan boys who have obligations to meet. I will give just one example.

A year or so ago, one of our boys, who had been in the school nearly nine years, was serving his required two years of free service which we expect from every boy who does not pay for his board or schooling. This boy had served about one year at the darsi trade, and had become really proficient. He had still another year to serve before he should become free. His older brother who was employed in a sister mission obtained work for him, and wrote, asking or telling him to come regardless of the year he had to serve. It was in the month of May and I was away from the station. He ran away to go to his brother’s place. I heard of the matter and at once wrote to the missionary in charge where he was going, who answered at once in an exceedingly kind spirit, and also told the older brother that the younger would not be allowed to stay on the compound if he came there. The result was that he did not go to that place. His mother was living here in the city, and for six months he refused to return and complete his term. At the end of that time he came and asked forgiveness, and he is now working out his time very happily.

So far we have dealt with external comity, that is, with our dealings with other missions. But there is an internal aspect of mission comity which is good for us all to observe in our relations one with another among our own stations. There is a very fine little sermon preached in the Student’s Standard Dictionary on the word “comity,” and it behooves all Christian workers to read and ponder the few words which are as follows:—“Comity,—kindly consideration for another, friendliness in regard to rights, goodwill, courtesy.” How easily our differences and our difficulties would be settled if we all followed this sermonette in our every-day life in all its details.

Sometimes we will deal with outsiders according to this standard, and yet ignore it when we come to dealing with those in our own missions. The internal aspect of mission comity is seen when we thoughtlessly do things that bring misunderstanding and friction, forgetting the true meaning of the word comity; e.g., going into a fellow worker’s station and offering his or her servants or workmen higher wages; taking on workers who have been dismissed for bad conduct before the wrongs have been righted; or taking away Christians who are under moral or financial obligation before things have been satisfactorily settled with the one in charge; or by giving a tacit understanding that no matter how they have left their last station, they will be received and employed, regardless of any proper notice. Such action, to say the least, is un-Christian and cannot fail to bring misunderstanding and friction. It is never a profitable business to rob Peter to pay Paul.

PRAISE AND PRAYER.

Praise for the general good health of the missionaries at this trying time of the year.

Pray for the missionaries now on the way. For enquirers who are under conviction.
For the heathen, native Christians and missionaries who will be affected by the famine in Gujerat.
For the touring work this cold season.
For all Bible-women and catechists, that they may be filled with the Spirit and worthy of their high calling.
HOW THE LORD TOUCHED MY BODY.

LAURA DOWNS.

It is with a heart full of gratitude to our dear Lord that I write this brief testimony of His power to heal. For some time I have had a strong desire that more people might know of His goodness to me.

About twenty months ago, after being in India ten months I was troubled much with dizziness. Overwork in the study of the language must have brought it on. And I thought it would soon pass away after a little rest. But not so; I grew worse and worse. Finally I was troubled so much with indigestion that it was impossible to retain any food. The suffering was not so intense as yet except when food entered the stomach, and when I was very hungry. At such times I cannot describe the agony. Only our Father knows. I confined myself to the lightest kind of food, but even that distressed me so that I felt I could not live if I had to eat.

By this time I had gone to a hill-station, thinking the change of air would benefit me. It was not this that I needed however, but a touch from God. Prayer without ceasing was going up for me, but our Heavenly Father had some precious lesson to teach, and I was allowed to go even to the gates of death before this touch was felt. Some of the dear friends in the home, being alarmed, and anxious to know the nature of the disease called in physicians to diagnose the case. They pronounced it a perforated ulcer of the stomach. Naturally speaking, I had but a short time to live. Being in such a weak condition, I was quite helpless, and the nature of the disease was such that I required a great deal of care. To relieve dear Miss Krater who so lovingly looked after me, it was thought best for me to enter a hospital in Poona.

There I had the best care. The doctors and nurses were very kind and did all they could for my comfort, but oh, what unrest in spirit, soul and body! God only knows the degree of those days. After much waiting before Him it was made very plain that I was not in His will in being there and it would mean death for me to stay. Again and again would these words come to me, "My glory will I not give to another," and "This is not your rest, arise."

I had such clear leadings from God that I felt it would be dangerous to delay. As soon as could be arranged, Miss Krater and our dear superintendent, Mr. Fuller, took me out.

Mr. Fuller stood by me very faithfully all through my illness. His unwavering faith, unceasing steadfastness in prayer, and perfect assurance that God would give life was a means of great encouragement to me.

Just a few days before I was taken from the hospital the doctors thought the ulcer was eating through the wall of the stomach, and they despaired of my life. If supernatural strength had not been given for the journey to Bombay (a distance of more than a hundred miles), I feel sure the result would have been fatal. But our God never fails. When we reached Berachah Home, I felt as if I had entered a haven of rest. My shattered nerves were stilled, and such sweet sleep was given to my weary body that no one could doubt but that it was from above. My body was still exceedingly weak, as all the nourishment I had been getting for some time was by means of injections. This was continued for a few days, when I felt the time had come for God to manifest His power in healing.

The friends in the home gathered around me and according to Mark 16:18, laid their hands on me and prayed.

Jesus met us in a special way and encouraged our hearts to hope against hope. The following day I was still very weak, but had a settled assurance that the work was done, and the voice of God kept ringing in my soul "Arise, arise." Of course in the natural this would have been impossible to do, but, with God, all things are possible.

This is the verse He gave me, "They shall be strengthened in the Lord, and walk up and down in His name." Zech. 10:12. He certainly made it real in my body, as I walked across the room, dressed, went downstairs, stayed for family worship, and ate some porridge, which was the first I had retained for about five months. What a wonderful Saviour is Jesus our Lord! From that day on, each succeeding day brought new strength and life, and one month later I was back at our mission station, Khimgaon, studying and working as before.

I have had one test since then, but His grace was sufficient, and he brought me forth more than conqueror. Praise His name.

"Nothing is too hard for Jesus. No man can work like Him."

Because of the prayers of many much thanksgiving abounds.

Let us be faithful in prayer for each other.

"Oh, tender One, oh mighty One, Who never sent away The sinner or the sufferer, Thou art the same to-day. The same in love, the same in power, And thou art waiting still To heal the multitudes that come, Yea whatsoever will."
SOUL-LONGING.

VIOLETTA DUNHAM.

"MY soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." Ps. 84:2.

There is something peculiarly sweet about the Psalms. They are so intensely human in their expressions of soul-hunger and need and so marvellously divine in their assurances of strength and comfort. In all the other books of the Bible, God is talking with man, but in the Psalms, man is talking with God, and laying open before Him all his innermost desires and longings.

How wonderfully these desires express the desires and longings of our own hearts. Indeed at times, it would seem that one's own heart with all its struggles, temptations, doubts, perplexities and hungerings were pictured before one, rather than that of another. At such times, the Spirit with special power and blessing applies its promises to us as God's own direct message to our individual souls.

There come times of intense hunger in every Christian experience. Perhaps the deeper the experience, the deeper and more real the longings; the clearer the vision of the beauty of the Lord, the greater the desire that His beauty be upon us; the greater the revelation of His holiness, the deeper the realization of self-uncleanness and defilement.

Often, therefore, seasons of marked spiritual blessings are immediately followed by experiences of deep soul-humiliation in the knowledge of utter unworthiness and frailty. The Psalmist immediately follows His exclamations of delight concerning the amiableness of the courts of the Lord by the words, "My soul longeth, yea even fainteth for the courts of the Lord." Job wrote, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee; wherefore I abhor myself."

Satan would fain use these experiences to discourage and disqualify us for service until like Jacob at Penuel we cry out, "How dreadful is this place." But let us not be dismayed. Let us praise God for every new realization of failure, for the blood of Christ pardons that which the Spirit reveals. Let us praise Him for every freshly revealed knowledge of weakness because of the new opportunity of proving His strength. Paul said "most gladly therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me ... for when I am weak, then am I strong."

Again the very weight and pressure of the work which God has entrusted to us, the darkness and misery of souls about us, and the seemingly almost impregnable strongholds of the enemy create within us a burning desire to know Him better, that His power and glory be manifested through us.

Who of us has not felt an almost overwhelming sense of weakness, as we have looked on the needs about us? And then as we have meditated on God's Word and considered what He might do through us, if we were but fully possessed by His Spirit, we have sought Him with tears and with yearnings too deep for expression.

Beloved, let us praise Him for every such heart-cry. They are but the birth-pangs of the blessing He is waiting to give, they are but the breaking up of the sod for the implanting of His own strength and life. How precious then the thought that because He is about to give, He creates within us the desire to receive. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Only let us bring our needs to Him and earnestly seek His gifts. "The soul of the sluggard desireth and hath nothing; but the soul of the diligent shall be made fat." Prov. 13:4.

"Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart." Ps. 37:4.

Our desires are but expressions, Blessed Jesus of Thy will, And the longings which Thou givest I am sure Thou wilt fulfil.

A VISIT TO ONE OF OUR VILLAGES.

ANNIE SEASHOLTZ.

A FEW weeks ago we had a most interesting and, in some ways, most pleasant visit to one of our villages. It was to us a new village, so we were not sure just how we would be received. But after much prayer we started out and it was quite evident that God heard our petitions and went ahead to prepare the way.

With the two earnest Christian girls that we brought home with us from South India to train for Bible-women, we left the bungalow at four p.m. After a short distance over a sandy road we reached the river, which can hardly be called such, for, on account of the scarcity of rain it is now but a small stream which any child can ford. (I praise God that my fear
of crossing rivers in bullock carts, even when the stream is deep, has been overcome).

We approached the village over exceedingly rough roads. It seemed like a jungle indeed! Notwithstanding the gariwallah’s (driver) efforts to protect us, sometimes long thorny branches from road side bushes would scratch our faces. It was rather trying, but the girls being along, we turned the difficulties into occasions for rejoicing, and laughed when the thorns scratched our faces, and when the gari would nearly tip over. On reaching the village we were immediately greeted by our native worker and his wife. Soon the news of our arrival spread, and several people arrived on the scene. All were delighted when they learned that we had come to stay for the night, and immediately preparations were made for our comfort. At first it seemed as if there was no way to get the gari up near the house where we were staying, as for about seventy-five feet there was only a foot-path. It did not seem safe out in the jungle to leave the gari so far away over night. So what were we to do? The difficulty was soon solved when five strong men (whom we had never met before) offered to lift up the gari and carry it to the house.

We often have great difficulty in getting water in the villages, as the high-caste people think we defile their wells if we or the native Christians touch them. Most of our Christians being from the low-castes, the high-castes consider us as them, because we touch and mingle with them. But here this difficulty also was removed. Many times they refuse to sell us milk, but through the kindness of the people we had no trouble this time.

After the evening meal, which consisted of rice and pulse, eaten with our fingers while sitting on the floor, the people gathered for a meeting. The house was filled with earnest listeners many of whom seemed hungry to know God. Several confessed that they longed to be Christians and the only thing that prevented them was the fear of their people. After the meeting some stayed to ask questions until nearly mid-night.

We retired feeling rather weary, but the Lord gave rest even though we were wakened several times in the night by the mice and rats crawling over us and nibbling at our finger tips. The thought too of the inhabitants which infest most of the native cots was removed and we really had a good night and were refreshed. Early the next morning several of the same crowd came and seemed hungry to know more of the Word. They listened earnestly until we were ready to leave. It was hard to deny their entreaties to stay a few days and teach them more, but on account of the extreme heat, which is like that of famine times, we dared not do it. We feel sure that the open door in this village is due to God working through Matur, our native worker there. We are praying for native workers for more of the villages, for this will certainly mean much for the glory of God.

OUR HOME AND WORK AT BAKROL:
MRS. THOMAS KING.

The greater part of my time since coming from the hills has been spent at Bakrol. About a month was spent at Ahmedabad, when I was ill and afterwards recruiting strength. We have so often felt the need of my being here for work among the women, but having the girls at Sanand, I did not feel equal to the work of both places, especially as Bakrol is quite fifteen miles from Sanand, and so I could only pay frequent visits here.

Soon after coming home, however, through arrangements which were made, my girls, whom I had learned to love, left me; a number of them going to Mehmadabad, and the others, with Miss Hilker, to Kaira: and thus I was freed for other work.

Dare I write of the little bit of self-denial, of the courage needed to leave our comfortable bungalow, to go out into the jungle, ten miles from the nearest town (Ahmedabad)! The advantage of which was, being among our people, and indeed, by my husband’s side: very little self-denial, perhaps, we of India can boast, compared to what is required in many other lands. Dr. Paton, David Brainard and many such, could tell of self-denial. I will just refer to our Bakrol “home” as I found it. There was one long room of 32 by 16 feet, no doors, no windows, the floors of the front and back verandahs not yet filled in; boys were staying in a small room, which was to be our bath-room; the walls, were, and are yet in their rough state; there was no furniture, except a table, chair and bed:—I do not know why it should seem a little hard, at times, to rough it! What frail creatures of earth, and feeble as frail, we are! but how often have we proved that, in our weakness God has worked and got glory to Himself. We set to work and soon made the place a little more habitable, and as comfortable as a few things would make it. Our women were glad to have us here, and we know that our presence was a new impetus to them. Best of all, we felt that God was working
in our midst. Our Sunday morning and evening meetings were times of blessing and power. We pressed home to our people the need of a change of heart, and were constrained to ask those who wished for baptism, to prepare for it and let us know.

On the first Sunday in August we were to have had baptisms, the Lord's Supper, and the dedication of our two Bakrol babies, but were prevented. Then, on account of my illness, it was all postponed for another month. Our meetings however continued in earnestness and blessing, and the first Sunday of the present month was a special day with us. Our lesson was the Baptism of Jesus, as an example; the need of a thorough change of heart, and then a baptism of the Spirit.

In the evening we went to the river where fourteen were baptised. Mr. King put them under, one by one, while we sang as they were coming up out of the water. Our prayer is, that their lives may redound to the glory of God. It was almost dark when we left the river, and on arriving home, Mr. King led the evening meeting, and altogether, we partook of the Lord's Supper. Praise God from whom all blessings flow!

On Wednesday evenings, after the people have eaten, we meet together for a short Bible-lesson and prayer. One aim is to get our young Christians to pray publicly. We know by experience what this means, and how by this we grow in grace and are strengthened, so that we can help these younger ones. We have here, now, a community of sixty. We praise God for the spiritual outlook. The work of teaching, moulding and fashioning these young lives is a grand one, to whomsoever it may be committed. Sin must be encountered, mistakes must be righted, misunderstandings must be met and explained, and for it all, the wisdom of God is needed, Oh so much; but we believe that in eternity results will be made known, and many shall be truly saved. Everyone is busy, boys, men and women; some making bricks, some sawing, and chopping wood, others busy at various kinds of work. Our hearts are content out here in the jungle in a small dwelling and surrounded by our loved people. We have arranged to commence next week a series of special gospel meetings in promising centres of the Taluka, and we anticipate spending a good bit of time in the villages, during the coming cold season. We have three Native workers, two of whom work in the villages entirely, and they give an encouraging report of their work. Pray that God will baptise them afresh with His Spirit, and use them for His glory.

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**Items.**

"HALL we not say, 'All that Omnipotence can do, I am going to trust my God for'? If He shows us our weakness, it is that He may show us His strength.'"

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Mrs. Dutton sailed for America on Oct. 8th, from Bombay. She will remain for an indefinite time, On the same day (Oct. 8th), Mr. and Mrs. Hagberg with their three children and Mr. Johnson arrived in Bombay, returning from a furlough in America and Sweden.

Mr. and Mrs. Hagberg have been stationed in Jalgaon to take up Mr. and Mrs. Dutton's work so faithfully carried on for many years. Mr. Johnson has returned to his old station Pachora, where he has been joined by Mr. and Mrs. Wark, who will work with him.

Miss Morris has been taking a much needed rest at Khamgaon, stopping also for brief visits at other stations.

A new feature anticipated at the coming convention is the "Children's Meetings" which are being arranged for the missionaries' children. Thus the little ones also will have their share in our annual "feast unto the Lord."

Miss Seasholtz writes us from Mehmadabad,—"In some places our Christian people have to walk a mile and a half to get their drinking water. Others are compelled to drink dirty river water." This is on account of the lack of rain. "River-water" in India, as we have seen it, means mud, filth, slime, the water in which the people wash both themselves and their clothes.

Miss Dunham has been spending some time at Dholka in special preparation for her examinations. She has nearly completed the second year's course of study.

Mrs. de Carteret has returned in good health from her son's home in Belgaum, where she has been resting from her severe nursing strain.

Miss Becker has returned very much refreshed and strengthened from her vacation at Ootacamund in the Nilgiri Hills, South India.

The missionaries of most of our stations in Berar met at Akola on Friday, October 21st, for the monthly Day of Prayer. It was felt by all to have been a day of much blessing and refreshing in the Lord.
List of Alliance Missionaries.

**BERAR—**

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<td>KHANDESH—</td>
<td>BHUASAWAL. MR. AND MRS. R. D. BANNISTER. CHALISGAON. MR. AND MRS. W. FLETCHER. JALGAON. MRS. M. DUTTON. MISS M. WIEET. MISS C. RUTHERFORD. MR. AND MRS. P. HAGBERG. PACHORA. MR. A. JOHNSON. MR. AND MRS. J. WARK.</td>
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**GUJERAT—**

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**MISSIONARIES ON FURLOUGH:**

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<td>MISS A. YODER. MRS. M. DUTTON. MISS L. J. HOLMES. MISS E. WELLS. MRS. SIMMONS. MR. AND MRS. O. DINHAM. MR. A. C. PHELPS. MISS M. WOODWORTH. MR. &amp; MRS. C. W. SCHLENDER.</td>
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There is held in all our stations every Friday evening a workers' meeting whose object is to pray for the work and the workers. Allowing for the difference of time between Bombay and New York, this meeting comes five hours before the three o'clock Friday meeting in the Gospel Tabernacle.

PRINTED AT THE "BOMBAY GUARDIAN" MISSION PRESS, KHETWADI MAIN ROAD, BOMBAY.