The India Alliance.

The Organ of
The Christian and Missionary Alliance
in India.

Contents:

Poem: Prayer, Tennyson .................. 133
Mistaken Views of "Healing," Kate Knight .......... 135
Station Notes: Daryapur, Bâkrol .................. 135
Spying out the Land, James P. Rogers .......... 136
Editorials ..................................... 138
Mission Questions: Reaching the Middle Classes. Andrew Johnson .......... 139
Dead in Sin. Earl R. Carter .................. 140
About Some Boys. Lúcia Fuller .......... 139
Prayer and Praise ........................... 144

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

The financial basis of the Alliance is shown in the following article from the Constitution.

"The Alliance will require of all its laborers a spirit of absolute reliance upon God alone for support, guaranteeing no fixed salary to any missionary after reaching his or her field, but providing them such moderate allowances for their actual expenses and needs as the funds provided from the voluntary gifts of God's people shall enable us to supply from time to time."

"Accepted candidates are required, before leaving for the field, to sign an agreement stating that they cordially approve of the principles and practice of the Mission, and heartily desire to carry out the same."

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.

Donations for the General Fund or for Special Purposes or for the personal use of any missionary can be sent to the Treasurer in New York. Donations from friends in India can be sent to Rev. M. B. Fuller, Berachah Home, Grant Road, Bombay. Unless otherwise designated, donations will be put in the General Fund.
Miss Fuller.
Flower.

Delight.

Wine.

Blessing.

Clever.

Garland.

Jewel.

(These are the translated meanings of the names by which the boys are called. They are old Sanskrit names, and with the exception of Garland and Blessing, their meanings have long been forgotten and are quite unknown to the common people. Flower is a girl, and very lovely.)
Prayer.

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain . . . night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
—Morte D'Arthur.

MISTAKEN VIEWS OF "HEALING."

By Kate Knight.

"And not only they, but ourselves also, which
have the firstfruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves
groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to
wit, the redemption of our body." Rom. 8: 23.

God recognizes in His Word that
man has a three-fold nature—
body, soul, and spirit. He fur-
ther teaches that the atonement
of our Lord on the cross covers
the entire man, body as well as
soul, for He distinctly speaks
of the redemption of the body. Thus far
evangelical Christians agree, neither is there
much variation of opinion as to how the
soul comes into its redemption rights; but
great disagreement exists concerning the re-
demption of the body. There is some ignorance
and much erroneous teaching; perhaps as much
among those who believe in what is commonly
called "Divine Healing" as among those who
believe otherwise. It is well to bear in mind
that all healing is divine, for "Every good gift
and every perfect gift is from above, and
cometh down from the Father of lights."
As surely as day and night are effects caused
by the rotation of the earth, so surely is sick-
ness an effect produced by sin. This does not
say that each person who is sick has been
sinning, but that the original cause and the
natural channel of sickness is sin. All perhaps
will agree that had sin never entered the world
sickness would have been unknown. To believe
this is a great step towards understanding
healing, for once find the cause and remove it,
and we have the cure. Sickness however is
only one result of sin, and no more a result
than poverty, hard work, sorrow, death, and
other discomforts. Now the atonement of our
Lord Jesus Christ was full and perfect, covering
sin and all its dread results, but it is a great
mistake to single out any one of these results
and mention it as equal with sin and as though
needing a special atonement. Jesus did not
die for sickness more than He did for death or
poverty or sorrow, for it was not necessary since
all is included in sin. Then too, sickness is not
sinful, it does not separate from God, therefore
it needs no atonement. Only that which has
offended God needs atonement, and nothing
but sin has offended God. Sickness needs to
be removed, the body needs to be redeemed
from the effect of sin, but this it receives through
the atonement for sin, not by a special atone-
ment for itself. It may be well to pause and
consider some of the passages over which some
have stumbled into saying "Jesus died for my
sin and my sickness." In Isaiah 53 we read,
"Surely He hath borne our griefs (sicknesses),
and carried our sorrows." He was a man of
sorrows, and acquainted with grief (sickness)."
"He hath put Him to grief (made Him sick)."
"One of these passages is quoted in Matt. 8: 17.
Perhaps there is nowhere in the Old Testament
so vivid a description of the vicarious sufferings
of Christ as in Is. 53, but no one I think will
press every passage in it to mean only the cross.
True it was on the cross He made atonement,
but His whole life of suffering was also for us.
This passage is quoted in Matthew as fulfilled
when healing in Capernaum long before He
came to the cross. We read, "Himself bare
our sins in His own body on the tree," but we
nowhere read the same concerning our sick-
nesses. "He perceived that virtue had gone out
of Him"—someone had gained but He realized
something had gone out of Him. He was utterly
worn out so that He slept through a tempest
immediately after healing so many as to
fulfil Isaiah's prophesy. There is little doubt
that He bore our sicknesses throughout His earthly ministry. True none of the blessings of His earthly life could come to us had there been no cross, but since there was a cross we are blessed by His life as well as by His death. Were it true that an atonement was made for sickness as for sin, then every honest one most certainly does receive pardon for sin. But this we all know is not true in sickness, and many have stumbled, and fallen to judging one another, because healings have not come in accordance to their beliefs. The trouble is mistaken beliefs.

Now if we remove sickness from its false position as an equal with sin, do we lose the Lord as our healer? By no means. The Bible is full of the most blessed assurance and encouragement along this line. As long as there is sin in the world there will be sickness and death. The full redemption of the body will not take place till the resurrection, and while we wait for that we must groan. Rom. 8:23, 2 Cor. 5:2, 4. It is a great mistake, and one liable to make shipwreck of faith, to suppose that redemption manifests as full power over the body as over the soul during this earthly life. The great change passes upon the soul at conversion, not at death; but the great change will come to the body at the resurrection. Now the body is still dead because of sin, though the spirit is life because of righteousness. Let us not confuse the two.

God does not, and let us not be discouraged over bodies that constantly need God's touch. The Lord has ever been the Healer of His people. He declares Himself to be such. "I am the Lord that healeth thee" "I will put none of these diseases upon thee" "I will take sickness away from the midst of thee," "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities, Who healeth all thy diseases." Why should we doubt the love and desire of our Father to heal us, or hesitate to come to Him? He is not only the God of the Jews, but of us also.

Our Lord Jesus while preaching in Nazareth quoted a passage from Isaiah referring to Himself, in which it is shown that part of His ministry to the world was to heal, He says He was sent to give sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised. Luke 4:18. Again, in assuring John the Baptist of His Messiahship, He says, "The blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed and the deaf hear." Also in sending out His disciples to carry on His work, He commanded them to heal as well as to preach. He spent much of His time and strength in healing. All this shows strongly that it is His work to heal, His will to heal, His purpose to heal. Later on we find the directions, "Is any among you afflicted? let him pray. Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church, and let them pray." . . . "And the prayer of faith shall save the sick." What does all this mean but that God still expects and loves to heal His people? Then look at the promises of the Bible.—"If ye abide in me, ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." "If ye . . . give good gifts . . . how much more shall your Father . . . give good things to them that ask Him." There are many promises upon which we may rest for healing. One of the most solid foot-holds is found in the passage first quoted, which teaches that though we must wait for the redemption of the body, we have the firstfruits of the Spirit now. Our bodies are temples of the Spirit (1 Cor. 6:19), therefore this life-giving Spirit must be able and ready to impart His life and health. Our Lord said in speaking of His sheep, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." Beloved, have we not abundant authority to consider the Lord our Healer?

As to the use of remedies.—"Let us not judge one another any more; but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way." "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." If we use remedies there is no word of authority that we have sinned, neither is there such if we refuse to use them. There are often true strong faith and wonderful divine healings among those who use remedies, and there are certainly both among those who do not. The direct trust for the body is not a matter to be pressed upon others as a duty, and concerning which they are to be criticised, but a blessed privilege to be so enjoyed as to attract others to know the Lord in this way also. It is just one of His loving plans to draw us closer to Himself, and, by proving that He is sufficient for all our needs, to center our affections upon Him.

The writer has found it unnecessary and undesirable to use remedies for the past ten years, and has enjoyed the precious privilege of direct dealings with God for the body. Many and varied have been the healings, some great, and some small, to God be the glory for all. It is simply one part of a life of faith,—some trust God alone for their temporal support while serving Him,
THE OPENING OF DARYAPUR.

By Carrie Bates Rogers.

It was most precious how the Lord opened the way for us to find a home in this purely native town.

The municipality had just finished a new public-library building, and the old one was rented for us for the present, with the promise of certain much-needed repairs, and some out-buildings. So about the middle of February we found us in Daryapur, a town of four thousand two hundred inhabitants, fifteen miles from the railroad, with another rather larger town a miles away, and many villages within a few miles. Our district comprises two hundred and seventy towns and villages, with about 114,628 inhabitants; it is about thirty miles from north to south, and twenty from east to west. Daryapur is situated six miles from the southern boundary.

We lived for a few days in a room seven by fourteen feet, and then moved into our present quarters. We have had abundant opportunity to be reminded of the scriptural injunction to let "patience have her perfect work," as we have seen the promised repairs drag, or often stop entirely. We are not fairly settled yet, but hope to be after a time, when repairs for the present are finished. We are in the centre of town, and have the benefit of all the music (so called) of the religious feasts and weddings. The night is especially selected for this purpose. The din oftentimes is indescribable, and reminds me of an old fashioned country "horning" in New York state, when it seemed as if everything that could be banged, such as tin nails, pans, etc., were called into service, besides various instruments to be blown, or drummed. On the other hand we are in a fine locality for the work as many people come to see us, sometimes there will be fifty or more at a time in our yard. Boys are much in evidence, and many good times have we had with them. We notice a marked difference between the condition of the higher caste women here and at Akola, they being much more confined in their homes here than there. We see very few of them on the street.

We have a morning Sunday school at our house, and each Sunday evening an open-air service in front of the court house, nearly opposite where we live. During the week we have been visiting in the town and surrounding towns and villages. It has been quite remarkable how generally friendly the people have seemed. We have many invitations to visit the women in their homes, and are so thankful for the privilege of telling them of Jesus, as the way of life. We know that curiosity leads many of them to wish us to go to them, but we pray that a real interest may be awakened in the hearts of many. At first some of the women were afraid of us, but that is wearing away a good deal now. One time I was assuring some of them that we were only women like themselves, when one said, "Why, is that so? People say you are men." Then we explained that we really were women, but on account of the sun, had to wear large hats like the men. Some say, "This is a sweet story you tell us." Others try to convince us that they just as truly worship the true God as we do, and that only their modes of worship are different.

We have frequently been to the river-side in the morning or evening, and can often gather a company of women to listen to us. They go there for water, and also to wash their clothes on large stones. I never saw the people so absolutely given up to wedding festivities this year. Many spend so much money at such times that they are completely bankrupt for the rest of their lives. We have seen many of the little brides, who were enjoying the good times, new clothes, plenty of jewelry, and good things to eat, little realizing the sorrow that would come to them when obliged to leave their own parents in homes where
usually they have been loved, to be at the beck and bidding of the proverbially cruel Indian mother-in-law. There are exceptions, but I fear they are rare.

We had several good opportunities of talking with women and children gathered from different villages for wedding feasts. We have had an Indian evangelist with us part of the time, and also an English lady helper but she will leave us in a few days. We have not had a moment’s doubt about the Lord’s leading us here, and He has given us many precious promises regarding the work. We are the first missionaries to settle in this district, though considerable itinerating has been done at times in some parts.

We crave the prayers of our readers that we may be kept continually in the secret place, and that God’s Spirit shall so work upon the hearts of these people that many of them shall turn to Him.

THE FAMINE AT BAKROL.
By R. J. Bennett.

In response to the appeals that have been made for the relief of the native Christians, the Bâkrôl people have so far been relieved from any distress. How much longer this relief will continue will depend upon the loving care of our Heavenly Father and the liberality of kind friends. The supplies that are sent from time to time for the relief of our people are beginning to attract the attention of the folks in the surrounding villages who are already feeling the smart of God’s judgments, and it is causing them to feel that God is making a difference between the followers of Jesus and the followers of Mahâdevâ whom the majority of the people in Gujarât worship. They have often been told that Jesus is the Sinless One, without spot or blemish of any kind, and that all who will by prayer and faith make application to Him for the healing of soul or body or for the preservation of life, He will make perfectly whole and supply every need. They also know that according to the Hindu Shâstras, Mahâdevâ the god in whom they trust, was made a leper by some other fabulous god for some great sin which he committed; and being powerless to deliver himself from such a curse is also powerless to deliver his deluded followers. Yet they have not come to a final decision to abandon these superstitious deities and turn to the sinner’s Friend.

The people and cattle in ten of the surrounding villages are in a starving condition on account of the famine, and as the Government is not inclined to open relief works they do not know where to look for help. This is causing many of them to see that the Hindu deities are only man’s invention and cannot help them in time of need. They are very willing to listen to the gospel and will gather round in big crowds whenever we go to their villages.

In regard to the spiritual state of the Bêkrôl people, it is not so good as we would wish. While some are very earnest and zealous for God, others are zealous and active for the devil. Two of the latter, not willing to yield to the Holy Spirit, abandoned the place and went back to their own village, choosing rather to live among their Hindu relatives than among the people of God. This is very sad, but we believe the Holy Spirit will continue to strive with them till they are willing to yield themselves up to Him and come back again.

SPYING OUT THE LAND.
By James P. Rogers.

In the Council meeting of January 19th it was decided that a tour of inspection should be made in the Berâr province with a view to finding out new and suitable places for opening mission-stations. Accordingly Mr. Fuller and I started out immediately, and it was rather remarkable that our first stopping place should be here at Daryâpur where the Lord has established us, and where Mr. Fuller and I had visited together over seventeen years ago. We found several persons who well remembered that time, and who now showed themselves very friendly. The Lord had in readiness what seemed to be the only place at all suitable to be occupied as a mission-house, viz.—the old library, a new building having been prepared for that. Arriving here on Friday, all business was completed on Saturday, and we rested there on the Lord’s day. Mr. Fuller held two good services, the people listening with marked interest.

Leaving Daryâpur on Monday morning by a springless country-cart, noon found us at Anjangâon, a town of about eleven thousand people. Plague had been raging for some time there. This place had often been visited by Mr. Fuller and others in past years and a good deal of interest shown, the weaver caste being most wrought upon. It was at this place while caring for a famine
stricken widow, that Miss Olmstead contracted the cholera which was the cause of her death.

After luncheon, another cart took us on to the next village, and so another and another, as the people are not willing to go beyond the next town, though they are obliged by law to take us so far, if we pay the fixed Government rates. Some of these bullocks are the common field or work animals and are by no means swift, making two or three miles an hour. However, we had one pair of a different sort. It was about sundown and we had got several miles into the foot hills of the Melghat range on which Chikaldā (a hill station in which we have a bungalow) is situated, and which was our destination. At a small village a pair of little, tough bullocks was brought out and fastened to a shaky old cart. Our road for three or four miles was mostly up a ravine, which being water-washed during the rainy season, did not by any means present a smooth track. When we reached the top there was a descent into the valley on the other side. It was quite dark by this time, there being only star-light. Down this ravine shaded by trees the bullocks started to run as fast as they could, dashing over boulders in a perilous rush onward. Either by the skill of the driver or the natural instincts of the animals, the run was finally made, while we held on to keep ourselves and belongings on board until the end was safely reached. Surely it was by God's care, for it was a dangerous descent which we should not care to repeat.

At a small village we found a travellers' Rest House which was very acceptable, for the wind blew quite cold from the hills. After a good rest, the early morning found us on the road or rather footpath, to make the six-mile climb of about fifteen hundred feet to Chikaldā. This took us through part of the old Fort of Gāwilgār, one of the strongest of the fortifications taken by the Duke of Wellington. Sunrise found us at the top of the hill with a cool, cutting wind that tended to quicken our footsteps. We soon reached the house of the Kurku Hill Mission where we received a warm welcome. We thoroughly appreciated the good breakfast after the native food of the preceding days. We quickly dispatched our business and returned by the same road on which we had come, reaching the little village at about three in the afternoon, where after some delay, a pair of bullocks was engaged, and we set forth through the jungles for a number of miles to reach the good road across the plains. That afternoon we attained the climax of slow bullocks, some of our stages being not more than four miles. At each village they told us that excellent bullocks could be procured at the next, which statement seemed to go by contraries, and night found us at the last village which was not a village, but only a man camped out by the roadside. He had sent his bullocks on to the plains and was staying behind with his women folk, and could not think of helping us on our journey that night. So we spread out our bedding and had a good rest, starting early in the morning with this man as guide. When we passed through the dense jungle, we did not wonder that the man did not care to go through it at night, as tigers are known to prowl about occasionally.

Thus we travelled on to a village near the Government road, there obtaining good bullocks which took us on to Akot, where we were glad to find a good rest house after thirty-four miles of travel. The next morning we made inquiries for a house to rent as a mission bungalow, also for a building site; but we made no definite arrangements, as at present there is no one to go and occupy. Here we received mail; also heard news of Mrs. Stanley and her touring party a few miles distant, and of the general interest among the people. Here again we met old acquaintances. We feel sure God will open up the way as soon as we are able to occupy this place.

The next morning we were again en route, travelling from village to village as before. We reached our destination the next day, having stopped at a village over night to preach and rest. We were now in JalgĀon, Berhār, where we have long wished to open a mission-station. We found a favourable opening, and hope soon to have a missionary in this place. This is a thickly settled portion of the country and about sixteen miles from the railway.

In the afternoon we were again on our way to the railway station. The week had been a busy one, we having travelled about one hundred and sixty miles by some dozens of carts on all kinds of roads. It was a blessed week together for which the Lord had opened the way. We travelled the second time over almost the same ground we had gone seventeen years ago, years which have witnessed great changes in our mission work in India. Since those early days when the "Western Berhār Faith Mission" had but one station in Akolā, many who laboured and prayed with us have gone to be with the Lord, awaiting the glad triumph when we shall all talk together of His victory in a heathen land.
Editorials.

For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against the world-rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places.

From the day that a person sets himself to serve the Lord, there is arrayed against him a most powerful foe; Satan sets himself to oppose the Christian or to remove him. Why? Not because he cares for the soul, but because he is God's enemy, and he who becomes God's friend becomes for that reason an object of Satan's hatred. He can not vent his hatred for God on God Himself; therefore he touches that which belongs to Him and is dear to Him. Being objects of God's love makes us objects of Satan's wrath. Let us remember this in passing through any malicious attack of Satan on our souls or bodies or in our circumstances, that it is really directed against God, and that it is the proof of God's love for us and of our identification with Him. We are persuaded that Satan, knowing his time is short, is making the conflict more and more difficult for the Christian warrior. Men and women of God to-day are conscious that their fighting is pitted against something stronger than mere events or earthly environment; it is against the "spiritual hosts of wickedness," that is, demons, evil spirits belonging to the kingdom of darkness.

What need to be fully clad with the whole armour of God! The helmet of salvation—simple faith in the atoning blood of Christ against the subtle poisonous teachings abroad to-day, a protection for the intellect; the loins girt with truth—that we may run well, that our walk may be pure and consistent; the breast-plate of righteousness—uprightness of conduct; feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace—the Christian’s mission to the world one of peace and goodwill, not of strife and judgment; the shield of faith—faith in what? In Christ, the Conqueror of all the powers of darkness, in God and all His doing, no matter how mysterious they may seem, and in the Word of God as an authority above dispute; the sword of the Spirit—the Word itself.

Then there is the last requirement which we sometimes omit, the daily attitude of the soldier, his drill, praying always. In fact this is real conflict, for what else is prayer? Not persuading God, says Mr. Gordon, but insisting that God’s will shall be done in a particular person and place in spite of the enemy’s efforts to thwart it. God has willed a certain thing in every circumstance of each person’s life. Let us make sure what His will is, then throw the force of our will with God’s against Satan, expecting victory through the One declared to be God’s Son with power. Satan has been defeated, and prayer is insisting on this defeat and in Christ’s victory, in particular instances.

All saints are to be included in our prayers. What matter if we differ in doctrine. Every child of God has a right to our brotherly love and kindness, to our fellowship and daily, persevering prayer. We have no right to exclude one from our fellowship who holds diverse opinions, if he is trusting in the atoning blood of Christ. We all meet on this common ground, and any feeling of exclusiveness or separation which springs up, is not of God, but of the evil one, and comes largely because we indulge the sin of judging our brother, forgetting that to his own Master he standeth or falleth. Only on account of open and unrepented sin do the Scriptures give us authority to withdraw our fellowship from any of God’s children.

It is true that we must “try the spirits,” but what are the tests? I John 4:1-2,—“Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God;” I John 3:7,—“He that doeth righteousness is righteous;” I Corinthians 12:3,—“No man can say that Jesus is Lord, but by the Holy Spirit.” The Scriptures give us no authority for standing aloof even from faulty, weak Christians, but rather ordain that these shall have the more abundant honour and tenderest care of the strong. We are all members of one body and as such, each one is necessary to the others. No member is superfluous and each was ordained to be profitable to the whole body. It is true, some fail of their end and bring suffering instead. But do we cast off a sick member of our natural bodies? No, we tenderly cherish it until it be recovered. In like manner we should care for the stumbling, crippled Christians who perhaps seem like hindrances to us, but in caring for whom we shall find profit even to ourselves. Let us see that we despise none of God’s children.
Recently several inquiries from America have reached us from various sources concerning a "Rest Home" for our own missionaries in India. The queries are for the most part, "Is it a need and is it practicable? "Is there a good location accessible to the missionaries in both the Gujerati and Marathi fields?" To the first question we answer a decided "yes." A Rest Home is both a need and is practicable. The difficulty would be chiefly location, and probably opening two homes would meet the need better than any other plan. The present "Berachah," being really a business centre and in an unfavourable location, is not suitable for a Rest Home. Most of the missionaries do not leave their stations for rest except in the hot season, unless sickness or extreme weariness compels them to. For such cases there should be a quiet home open all the year in a healthful place.

But one home cannot possibly accommodate all during the hot weather. The need of a home is especially great for missionaries with children who find it difficult to get accommodation in homes established by others at various hill-stations, as well as very wearisome to take the long, hard journeys which going to most of these places requires, and very expensive too. Single missionaries have less difficulty. There are some pleasant, near by places, both mountain and sea-side, where sites could be secured and bungalows built as rest homes, thus meeting a much and long felt need. If God is leading any individual to come to India to open such a home independently of mission funds, it would be a great boon not only to our mission, but to many others as well. While there are a few such homes established in India, as we have said, they are inaccessible to many for financial and other reasons, and we would welcome another in a suitable location.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

Subscribers will please take notice that the date of the expiration of their subscription is marked on the label alongside of the address on the wrapper: the same will also be recognized as a receipt.

In case of renewals, or correction of any error in the date or address, the date and the number above it should always be mentioned as well as the address.

India Alliance papers marked 'Sample Copy' on the wrapper are being sent to friends by our missionaries who will be glad if their friends will subscribe.

Mission Questions.

REACHING THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

By Andrew Johnson.

(Extract from season's report.)

We must not forget that prevailing prayer is needed to help these people to break with sin, caste and the world. And in order to understand fully how much this means on their part, it is necessary first of all to consider the caste to which they belong. I think we all know that Christianity in Western India has only a small per cent of its followers from the higher castes, while the bulk and the body has come from the low and out-castes, leaving the middle castes, one might say, almost untouched, at least as far as open confession is concerned. How do we account for it? Is it because the Gospel of Christ does not appeal to them as much as to the higher and lower castes? Certainly not! On the contrary, I believe it appeals to them more strongly, but they have infinitely more at stake, economically as well as socially. They are property owners and permanently settled in their towns and villages from generation to generation, while many of the higher castes and more of the lower castes are often quite unsettled, moving from place to place. To them the breaking of caste means comparatively little. They can go by the name of Christian or Hindu as they choose without much inconvenience. But not so with the others. The breaking of caste by them means entirely to forfeit their present prosperity of every kind. Only the conviction of the Holy Ghost can induce people to expose themselves to such treatment, and I believe that when the Holy Ghost moves they will come in a mass. I was much touched by the account in the Bombay Guardian of April 8th of Mrs. Josephine Butler's prophecy more than four years ago of a revival in Britain. Is there not a prospect in India also? And shall we not continue to pray and preach for these people until the Holy Ghost does move? Or shall we give them up because they do not yield as readily as those who have less at stake?

One thing is certain, that when the middle castes begin to become Christians, the question of self-support by the Indian Church, will be settled forever. As natural as it is for the low castes to receive help, so natural it is for the
middle castes to be paying out. They are the
taxpayers, the supporters of the Brahmans and
beggars; in fact, they are the cream and the
backbone of Indian society, and they will be the
same to the church when converted. Can we
afford to toil, to pray, to believe for a
while longer without getting much to report?

DEAD IN SIN.
By Earl R. Carner.

Mud walls, grass-roofs, narrow alleys,
profoundly deep dust beneath and
thick clouds of it over head, herds of
goats, lines of buffaloes and cattle winding in
from scant pasture lands, crowds of grimy
children, packs of howling dogs et cetera, et
cetera—these are parts of the conglomera-
tion that one sees on approaching the typical
Indian village at evening.

At first, it is all new, weird, “queer” and
delightfully interesting to the stranger from
a foreign shore. He looks at the rude masonry
of the mud walls and wonders about the
strange people who dwell behind those walls.
He does not at once think so much of the
depth of dust in the narrow streets as he
wishes he could fathom the hearts of the
brown-faced men who stand and listen to the
gospel, preached to them by the older mission-
ary in whose company he comes. As he sits at
the village rest-house, he finds the little crowd
of men and boys that lazily stand or squat
before him, a study most absorbing. Those
dark faces tell, each one, a story and he wants
to read the story that each one tells. There is
variety enough of facial expression but there is
one sad sameness about them all. All tell of
sin and darkness, of unawakened sensibilities,
of a soul dead, dead, dead, in trespasses and
in sin.

From within the houses round about comes the
sound of the grinding of grain for the evening
meal. The noise of the mill-stone is
accompanied by snatches of weird song, sung
in a high shrill key. Little children come out
of those mud walls and each one finds a father,
or a brother or a friend in the company and
becomes a curious, even if unintelligent listener
to the story of the padri sahib. They are not
clean or well dressed children; rather they are
dirty-handed, dirty-faced, unclad youngsters,
but they are children and each one holds a big
place in some body’s heart. It is their mothers
who remain behind, grinding and singing.

We would like to describe as nearly as we
know how, these queer houses and queerer
people; but that is not the object of writing
these words. We said that all was interesting
at first; and so it is, but, to the one who visits
these villages morning by morning, and even-
ing by evening for a month, or months or years,
there breaks in upon his heart at last, the awful
monotony of the lives of these people. And
as he remembers that for decades and for cen-
turies these people, and their ancestors, have
lived just as he sees them now, have had the
same dull hearts, the same narrow horizon, the
same dead souls, the same deep darkness—
when he remembers all this his spirit groans at
sight of the awful picture. And as little by
little he sees the indifference with which the
good news is received and the slowness of these
hearts to comprehend it, then as never before
he sees the terrible calamity into which man
has fallen and his heart cries out, “O God,
how sinful is sin! How unutterable its woes!”

Once on a sick bed a picture of one of these
villages haunted my mind for days. I
saw it sleeping under the hot Indian sun, with
all its lonesomeness and uncomfortableness and
filthiness and suffering, that is merely physical
and temporal. Then I saw the darker and
sadder condition of the souls of these people,
and it came home to my heart like a great
load of pain. These souls are already in
hell, if they but knew it. And some day they
will know it—must know it. Will it be too
late when they do? For these, and such as
these, Jesus went to Calvary. He went there
that they might live and grow eternally, till
their souls expand and shine in the holiness
and joy and wisdom and glory of God Himself.
O, you who were once like them—dead—whom
He hath quickened, pray, pray, pray that the
messengers of God may speak the message from
burning hearts.

ABOUT SOME BOYS.
By Lucia Bierce Fuller.

On the first day of September last, one of
our servants called my attention to some
boys standing outside our gate and peep-
ing furtively at the house. I told him to
bring them in. There were seven of them,
from eight to eighteen years in age. They
stood in a huddled group, trying to hide behind
each other, and, after some persuasion, said
they were poor orphan boys wanting to go to
school. Annabai our Bible woman was with
me, and she immediately surmised in the
notorious feminine way that they were or-
phanage runaways; for orphanage life leaves a peculiar stamp on a child, knowable to the initiated: so I asked in a matter of fact way in what school they had been before. They hung their heads and shifted their feet; then the spokesman mumbled out a denial, I was convinced, and asked each one separately. They all denied, but very shamefacedly, and by head-shakings rather than by word of mouth, until I came to a tall, slim lad with an odd, dark face, who stood behind the rest. He bit his nails nervously a moment and then said quite simply, "Yes, I am from a school and I am an Isai (Christian)." "Good boy!" we cried approvingly and urged the others to confess with him, but they stood their ground with a queer stubbornness which puzzled us very much at the time.

After much questioning, for they volunteered no information, we found there were a lot more boys like themselves working down on the docks where they had been. I told them to get all they could and come back in the evening. They returned numbering nine; on the next day, Friday, they were thirteen, and on Saturday, seventeen. I think the most there have been at any one time were nineteen, but there have been altogether thirty-four. Just now there are only five. My last boys have been girls, but the three of them would need an article to themselves, so I shall give them only a passing mention.

But to revert to that first day: Annabai cooked a hearty dinner for our nine prodigals, and after the unreserved consumption of it, they were, in the notorious masculine way, a little more willing to talk. I got their names and made mental notes on their appearance and seeming disposition, for I dared write nothing before them lest they take fright. We made an arrangement by which they were to keep on working at the docks and to bring their wages to me in return for food and housing, while I should be arranging to send them away to some school. The arrangement was of course very one sided, for most of the boys were too little to be able to find regular work and had lived chiefly by begging, or going to places where food is distributed for charity by rich, merit-seeking natives: but I wished at least the semblance of a bargain, for the sake of their own self-respect,—for that is a thing to cherish like fine gold. Then I wrote to Mr. Norton, from whose school at Dioud, Delight, the one boy who had confessed, had come; giving him the name and a short description of each boy to see if any were his: also to several other schools, including our own, to enquire if they could take the boys, supposing they were not Mr. Norton's.

Then I waited—one gets used to it in India—and tried to get acquainted with these seventeen species of that most revered genus of all young animals—the Boy.

On Sunday in the morning service, I secretly watched the seventeen as they sat on the other side of the aisle. Great was my delight when during the prayers, the majority took off their turbans and caps with the unthinking readiness of long practice; and I nearly laughed aloud when one unwary youngster called out 'Amen' with lusty piety, and another joined fervently in the Lord's Prayer. So it was with the assurance and pleasant excitement of a lawyer with a good case in hand that equipped with pen, ink and foolscap I seated myself on a bench outside the house, and called the boys around me. I told them I thought it was time to drop their foolish lie, and that, since I was convinced they were runaways, I would not help them until they confessed.

I realized that afternoon a little of the fisherman's pleasure—and disappointment; for while some luckless fish came in hand over hand, others struggled and some eluded altogether, so that I nearly lost faith and wondered if I were not wrong after all; for really some of them were such little barbarians it was difficult to believe they had ever been in a Christian school. I wrote down the name, caste and as much of the history of each boy as he would tell me, and rather remarkable histories some of them were. They nearly all began with the death of parents in the great famine of 1897.—Chhappan (35) they called it, for 1956, the Hindu year according to the era of Rājā Vikram. In fact the beginning became so monotonous that one bright twelve-year-old named Jaganāt laughed a little and said, "Chhappan ate up a great many folk." Most of the boys were from Ajmir way, the rest from Mātwar and Gujrāt.

I shall never forget my tilt with Pemyā. He was a little squirming, wriggling bit of deceit, aged eight, with darting, mischief-full eyes, a heaven-seeking nose, and a large mouth full of delusive wile. As he stood before me with his fine, strong little legs planted apart boy-fashion, I could not resist a laugh at the droll figure he made. He had on a rakish little turban, a narrow bit of cloth round his loins, and a woman's blouse (that some one had given him), white and much befrilled, but buttonless except at the neck, so that it fell away in grimy cascades from his round comfortable little stomach.

"And from what school art thou, Pemyā?"
"From no school, truly."
"Truly? and where didst thou learn to kneel in Christian fashion?" (I can see him even now
as he knelt in service: erect, head well clear of the ruffies, with devout hands folded stiffly before his delightful nose, and a most inglorious look of peace and sanctimony on his naughty little face.)

"I did even as I saw the others," came the quick reply.

"And so also thou didst learn the Lord's Prayer, clever child!"

He looked abashed a moment, and then with an air of great frankness, "I will tell the Mississhib the truth," he said: "I was once in a Christian school for three days," and his eyes danced.

I took his hand and drew him near. "Small son of Satan," I said, "thou hast told already too many lies. Think again: was it not three years?"

He looked right and left, saw no escape, and then, grinning delightfully, surrendered with a grace quite irresistible: "Nay, but only two," he said; "ask any of these!" And so it was written down.

I learned later that the boys' reluctance to confess was due to the warning of the man who (exorbitantly paid), had conducted them, in search of a mission, to us on that first day. He told them that once known to be runaways they would be received nowhere; and it is almost the truth, for missionaries are very reluctant to risk moralizing their orphanages by taking in runaways, who may be repentant prodigals, or only roving idlers, or even vicious rogues. It is a very serious question, and one of the problems of orphanage work.

Early in the week, Mr. Norton answered my letter in person. He identified all but two boys as from his own school and that of Panditā Ramābāi at Kedgāon. He said regarding his own boys that since the cause of their discontent could not yet be removed, he doubted they would stay should he take them back. So he advised that the younger ones be given a second chance in another school, and the older ones, who were quite big enough to work, be found some regular employment worthy of them.

Of the two odd boys, one was the pretty Jagānath I have already mentioned, and the other, Mohan, the genuine heathen he professed to be: it had been hard to doubt it from the first.

Panditā Ramābāi, when written to, replied that she would take back all her boys, except one very bad one, Ganeshib, who made a business of running away with young boys, over whom he had a very evil influence. So all the Kedgāon boys went back (walking, and it is 150 miles!) but one, Vakīū, who refused; and with them the irrepressible Mohan, and, I am sorry to say, poor, wicked Ganeshib, who, after sitting outside the gates three days and nights begging to be taken in, was admitted, and then ran away in two days with four younger boys. They however, finding Bombay not quite the golden city it was described to them, came to me and were sent back to school again.

In addition to these I sent four boys to our school at Akolā, and five to Mr. Ashton of the Vanguard Mission's Orphanage in Pārdī, Gujarāt.

Of all the boys put in schools, four have run back from Kedgāon, four from Akolā and three from Pārdī. Of the twelve boys I kept with us here two ran back to their old life, five have found work in different places and are doing pretty well, and five are still here: two in an iron-moulding workshop and three as compositors in an English printing-press. Four of these are fine fellows and doing splendidly: the fifth promises very well so far. Of the whole thirty-four, eleven are in school, five here, five independent, and thirteen going at different speeds, to the rank and utter Bad. And the worst of it is, these are not all: there are at least fifty others wandering about the docks, working in the mills, and living by doing odd jobs and begging. They eat, sleep and live on the streets in the midst of most objectionable, not to say vicious, surroundings. But—and this is remarkable, and makes me hope greatly,—they never try to pass themselves off as Hindus, as they could rather easily, but say always that they are "Christians." They are not a very great credit to the name (though the honesty and truthfulness of some of them does make a little light in their dark place), but so long as they count themselves of us, we shall always have a little hold on them; which, with the help of God, may yet give us ultimate possession. I hope so.

And now comes the question, what are we to do with them, when we do get them? And to shew the difficulties of answering this question, I will describe the four general classes to which these boys belong.

1. Good boys who for some slight cause have disincontinently run away, become disillusioned, and are heartily repentant and anxious to go back. Such boys usually do very well on returning. It is often the making of a really good boy to run away once and find out just how uncomfortable the cold, wide world can be: he appreciates his school as never before. And just here I wish to protest against the practice in some schools of whipping returned runaways. Who ever heard of the Prodigal Son being received with a thrashing? What is the use of shaming him afresh? He has probably suffered a good deal during his escapade, and has
acknowledged his humiliation in returning at all, and it is hardly likely to increase his love for the school and joy at returning, to be greeted with a whipping. I have known several runaways who would have returned to school but for the whipping and disgrace they knew awaited them. I like Pandit Ramabai’s way, and the boys do not resent it, for they see it is just. Her boys nearly always return, and some have walked hundreds of miles to get back. She receives them kindly and afterwards gives them some difficult or unpleasant work for as long a time as their offense requires. That seems to me more like God’s way. He may discipline us when we go astray; but He does not thrash us as soon as we get home, and neither is He afraid to show His gladness when we return. I fear many a repenting sinner hears very little of the angels’ songs for the singing of the tawse round his ears! And now abide Faith, Hope, the Rod, and Love, for the greatest of these is Love,—for it includes them all.

2. Boys who are anxious to go to school, but not to return to the one they have left. This class is doubtful. Sometimes they do very well if given a chance at another school, and sometimes they are found to be chronic grumblers, or boys fond of change and excitement.

3. Boys who have not had enough to do to keep them from Discontent, that plague of orphanages, and are anxious to get out and work, and make money. They are usually ambitious boys and do well if helped a little. Of this class are four of the boys with us here,—dear fellows, every one: faithful, hardworking, eagerly anxious to please and delightfully appreciative of what has been done for them. I never leave Bombay, but I get fat budgets of letters, beginning “Very dear and most beloved mother, Missisahib!” They are now getting good wages, and by next month will have paid me back what I spent on their food (of course I have given them much beside), during the days of their apprenticeship. One day while we were settling our accounts, it was found that one of them, through no fault of his own, was four rupees behind the rest; so the other three decided after they should have paid their debts to me, to make up the deficit among themselves. His best friend is to give two rupees, and the two younger boys one apiece. This means a good deal to them and shows a very good spirit, I think. Altogether, they seem to me very worth while.

4. Boys of all sorts, alike in that they do not want to settle down. They are not easy to classify: some are only commonly bad, some downright vicious; dissenters and makers of mischief; clever, strong-willed snarers of the weak; lazy, meanminded dupes of the strong; and worst of all, little boys, wild by nature, or with a dislike for study, or sulky over some punishment, who have been led into running away by others. They have all gone into that strange, crooked life of the streets, that has such a terrible fascination for certain temperaments; and to redeem them from it will take other Power than our own.

When I think of the covetable possibilities in that clever little fox Ponya; and that wild little hare Idya with his big, love-hungry eyes; and sweet-hearted, sweet-voiced little Gulbaksh; and wild, bold, witty Ragha with his power of leadership, and many another jewel lying in the gutters of this evil city; it makes me very sad indeed.

How to save these boys is a problem, and Mr. Norton’s plan for them seems to me very likely to solve it. If sufficient funds are available, he intends to establish an industrial department in connection with his school, which shall be exclusively for runaways in which the last three classes of boys, described here could be accommodated, and learn trades suitable to their age and ability.

In this way they would not harm other boys; they would be kept busy, and therefore happy and out of mischief; be able to earn money—a great quietus to discontent; and eventually, let us hope, become decent, self-respecting Christian men. If the persons in charge of such a school were, each or collectively, technically experienced; firm, wise, tactful, large-hearted, truly interested and earnest; with a thorough knowledge of the vernacular and the Indian character; with a gift for loving, and, above all, with power in prayer; the school should be a splendid success.

The runaway problem in girls’ orphanages is rather different; being at the same time simpler and more terrible; for girls do not run away so frequently as boys, and when they do leave, one of two things is inevitable: a speedy return to school, or moral ruin. If a girl is not very soon found, she is generally sucked down into the under-current and never seen again; for an unprotected girl may not walk abroad in this land of wolves without coming to certain grief.

Besides the more important moral aspect of this runaway question, there is the cool, business standpoint which demands satisfaction. We can ill afford to spend on a child two or three hundred rupees, not to mention love, labour and time, and then at the end of five or six years, just when he begins to be valuable,
lose him. It is sheer waste, and the worse because the hope of India is largely in its mission orphanages and schools. From them we get our best Christian workers, and the cream of our Indian Christian community:—professional men and women, skilled artisans and, what is perhaps most important, Christian home-makers. Far-seeing Hindus, who oppose Christianity, fear and hate most our orphanages; for they know, in part at least, their power, and the influence these thousands of trained Christian boys and girls will have on the future of India.

Money and much of it will be needed for such such a school as Mr. Norton proposes. But inestimably more valuable than any money will be the prayers of God's people; for without prayer the school would absolutely fail. Only God can make these boys settle down and become earnest in the planning of their lives. So I hope my readers will join with us in praying the Great Father of Prodigals to bring home these younger sons of His world-household in humble repentance, and with a heart to serve Him.

---

PRAISE AND PRAYER.

Praise for Mr. Ramsey's recovery.

general good health of missionaries.

Prayer for Miss Rutherford's recovery.

new converts at Buldanà that they may have courage.

the Indian Christian Church that it may be aroused to a sense of its responsibility in bringing India to Christ.

A Revival in India.

The following are rules for the pronunciation of vowels in Indian words as spelt in this magazine.

a as u in but
à as a father
ê as ay hay
ê as ee seen
ô as o hope
û as oo boot

---

When I say unto the wicked, Thou shalt surely die; and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand. Thus saith the Lord God: He that heareth, let him hear; and he that forbeareth, let him forbear."—Ezekiel iii.

---

Items.

ALL things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose.

God has made this text real to us as a mission in many ways, by letting us lay hold of it in the midst of difficulties. The last to prove it has been Mr. Ramsey who has had small-pox and been severely tested, but who is now recovering. This makes five in our mission whom God has recovered from this scourge. Truly we should be grateful and full of humility for His favours to us.

Mr. Brunn, a missionary of a fellow-mission, whose godly life and sweet spirit have proved a blessing to many of us, was recently taken away by small-pox. We thank God for his life and extend our sympathies to his co-labourers, particularly his wife who is herself very ill. Let us pray for them.

Mrs. Cutler, who was ill in Bombay writes that she has fully recovered and is fast gaining strength. She is now in Lamuli with her children.

Miss Rutherford is still suffering from malaria fever. She has been in Mahableshwar, but has derived no benefit from the change. However God has several times manifestly strengthened and helped in times of special pressure. Continue to pray.

Miss Fuller is taking a two weeks' rest in Panhala with some friends of the Presbyterian Mission.

Mr. Bannister recently received a beautiful testimony in a letter from one who was helped by his ministry. This one has taken the Lord as Healer as well as Saviour, and her little daughter also has proved that "He is just the same Jesus."

Mr. Bannister has had chill and fever, but is recovering.

Mrs. Hamilton, who is now well of her fever, though rather pulled down from the effects of it, and Mrs. Burman, who is also better than she has been, have been spending a pleasant and restful fortnight with the M. E. missionaries at Balsar by the sea.

Mrs. Eicher after reaching Chikaldà found herself much more tired than she had realized, and was forced to drop all study. She is now somewhat better. The Marathi class progresses finely.

Mrs. Moyer has been spending part of the hot season in Bombay.
List of Alliance Missionaries.

BERAR—

AKOLA.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Moyser.
Mr. and Mrs. R. S. M. Stanley.
Miss M. Veach.
Mr. S. H. Auernheimer.
Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Moodie.

AMRAOTI.
Mr. and Mrs. C. Erickson
Miss L. J. Holmes.

BULDANA.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Franklin.
Miss M. Barr.

CHANDUR.
Mr. and Mrs. W. Ramsey.
Mr. E. R. Carner.

DARYAPUR.
Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Rogers.

KHAMGAON.
Miss A. Yoder.
Miss L. Downs.
Miss F. Hoffman.
Miss Z. McAuley.
Miss E. Krater.
Miss M. Millham.

MURTIZAPUR.
Mr. and Mrs. L. Cutler.

SHEGAON.
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Johnson.
Miss E. Ashwood.

KHANDESH—

BHUSAVAL.
Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Bannister.
Miss L. Becker.

CHALISGAON.
Mr. and Mrs. W. Fletcher.

JALGAON.
Miss M. Wiest.
Miss C. Rutherford.
Mr. and Mrs. P. Hagberg.

PACHORA.
Mr. A. Johnson.
Mr. and Mrs. J. Ware.

GUJERAT—

AHMEDABAD.
Miss J. Fraser.
Mrs. E. Burman.
Miss A. Fraser.
Miss A. White.
Miss M. Ballentyne.

Dholmka.
Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Andrews.
Mr. and Mrs. F. Back.
Miss L. Gardner.
Miss L. Herr.

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

KAIRA.
Miss C. Hansen.
Miss A. Seaholtz.
Miss M. Compton.
Miss V. Dunham.
Miss C. Ilkler.
Miss L. Herr.

MEHMADABAD.
Mr. and Mrs. L. Turnbull.
Mr. W. Turnbull.
Miss C. Peter.
Miss E. Leonard.

SANAND.
Miss H. O'Donnell.
Mr. and Mrs. John Read.

BAKROL.
Mr. R. J. Bennett.

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

BOMBAY—

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

MISSIONARIES ON FURLOUGH:

Miss E. Wells.
Mr. A. C. Phelps.
Mr. and Mrs. T. King.

Mrs. M. Dutton.
Mrs. Simmons.
Miss M. Woodworth.

Miss C. McDougall.
Mr. and Mrs. O. Dinham.
Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Schelander.

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.