OCCUPY TILL I COME.

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

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

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THEMESSENGERSOF SATAN

BY LyDIA I. DUCkworth.

"And lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure." 2 Cor. xii. 7.

Many people seem to have the idea that Paul's "thorn in the flesh" was a physical infirmity which he may possibly always have had or may have contracted perhaps before his conversion, or perhaps after, and which, although he had prayed and besought the Lord to remove it, was for some reason allowed to remain. If we carefully read the context of this verse, we find that it was after Paul had been caught up to the third heaven and had heard "unspeakable words" and had had sweet communion and abundant revelations, and when he was, as it were, on the very pinnacle of spiritual blessing and experience, that this "thorn in the flesh," or better "the messenger of Satan," appeared to him.

Let us notice also analogously, the experience of Moses after he had been upon the mount, talking with God and receiving revelations and instructions concerning the work to which God had called him. What a re-action there must have taken place in his mind and heart when he returned to the low level of earthly things, to find that Satan had sent a messenger in the shape of the golden calf that the children of Israel had enthroned in the place of Jehovah.

Also, after Jesus and his three chosen ones, Peter, James and John returned from the wonderful glory and heavenly atmosphere of the transfiguration and the company of the glorified Moses and Elijah, the first thing to confront them was an earthly being, literally possessed with one of Satan's messengers. This is very clearly depicted by the great Raphael in his "Transfiguration" in which he seems to have grasped the real idea of the striking contrast between the glory above on the mountain, and just below the deleterious work of the "god of this world."

Many of us long for greater communion with God and for visions of what He wants to accomplish through us for His glory; but do we always stop to think of what all this may mean to us in the way of trial and disturbing, hindering influences? Nevertheless, it is blessed to know that if we truly prepare our hearts to see God and His will and plan for us and the work, although Satan's messengers may come, yet we have also the same promise that was given to Paul at that time, i.e., "My grace is sufficient for thee;" and we know that this will never fail, however much we realize the oppression of the enemy and the darts hurled at us from every side of this land where the very powers of darkness reign. Satan is very loath to be dethroned; therefore, let us not think it strange and become disheartened if, when in the very midst of blessing, when souls seem very near the kingdom, then adverse things also seem to start into action, for "He is faithful that promised."

"There failed not ought of any good thing which the Lord had spoken unto the house of Israel. All came to pass."
INCE writing last we have had several new reasons for thanking God. First, we wish to thank Him for eighteen boys in our school who have accepted and confessed Jesus as their personal Saviour and followed him in the ordinance of baptism. For them we desire earnest prayers.

We wish to give thanks also for the spirit of blessing present in the school and in our meetings, and for the way the boys are taking hold of their studies, both secular and Biblical. We have a growing interest in our weekly Bible-class, studying the course laid down in the "Outline of Bible-Study" by Dr. Steele. There is another evening class studying "A Garland of Christian Doctrines." This class is made up of about twenty young men, who are also studying Church History in a class immediately following my hour, under the leadership of an Indian Christian, Kanwadi Swâmi. We thank God for these young men and trust that from among them, a good number will go out into the Lord's work here in needy Berar.

The Lord has raised up friends who have supplied the means necessary for us to finish our large well upon which we have been working off and on for the past two years. It is now complete, bricked up to the top; it is thirty feet deep and seventeen feet in diameter. This well was necessary to enable us to irrigate our large new garden which we have for our boys.

While digging this well one of our high school boys had a narrow escape from death. The well was nearly thirty feet deep; the descent and ascent were by means of a rope fastened to a post firmly set in the ground, and the people climbed in and out, hand over hand on this rope. One of the boys named Shiv was about to descend to commence his day's work (all our boys have to work a certain number of hours in vacation time, and he was working in the well), when somehow or other, we have never been able to understand how, he fell backwards clear from the top to the bottom. I was absent when this occurred, and did not arrive for nearly an hour afterward.

On my arrival I was informed of what had taken place, and that Shiv's back was broken. Oh, how sorry I felt for him. He was one of the very best and brightest boys in the school. He had a definite call to the Lord's work and was preparing for the same. After we had carried him home and had him examined by a European doctor, we found no bones broken and no internal injuries, nothing serious in fact, only a good shaking up and a fright. How good of the Lord to spare this precious young worker.

This incident brought to light a sin which had been hidden for six years. It appears that more than six years ago one of our young men had been working in the weaving-room and had appropriated some oil for his own use which was there for weaving purposes. When Shiv was taken out of the well the boys who were at work there gathered around him and prayed for him; then the Lord convicted this young man of what had taken place six years previously. He at once came to me, confessed his theft and paid for the oil which he had taken six years before. Oh, how wonderful are our Father's ways. We thank God for this confession and restitution.

It is easy for us to write about the bright and encouraging things in our work and pass over the things that are trying and discouraging, but there are always two sides. We have many things here on the mission field to keep us from getting puffed up. The following two instances will sufficiently illustrate what I mean, and show that we sometimes have very sad cases to chronicle.

In the past month a whole family who were baptized here in Akola ten years ago, returned to their Hindu caste and denied the Lord who bought them. They not only returned to Hinduism themselves, but went to Khampaon and persuaded a niece who was in our orphanage there, to run away with them. They also took a young man from Akola with them, and he is now living with this runaway orphan girl.

Another sad instance is of one of our young men who has fallen very deeply into sin and is now in the hands of the police. When his sin came to light he ran away, and two days later he was caught by the police while travelling on the railway. They arrested him as a suspicious character. In the police investigation he confessed why he ran away and now he must stand trial for an unnatural crime. It is these things which take the strength and life out of missionaries. I believe that this young man was soundly converted,
but being tempted, he yielded, hid the sin for some time, and when it came to light he was ashamed to confess and so ran away. But he could not run away from God. Poor fellow! Pray for him that he may truly repent and make every thing right with God and man. Pray much for the work that many souls may be won to our Lord Jesus Christ.

PACHORA

BY ANDREW JOHNSON.

It seems hardly possible that six months have passed by since I sent my last note to the India Alliance, but such is really the case. Old Father Time, contrary to us mortals, seems really to get swifter and swifter with age.

My last note was written on tour, out in the district. I continued out among the villages, with much blessing and encouragement in the Gospel, until the latter part of March when I came into the station. Mr. and Mrs. Wark had just left Belgaum, where they spent the hot season with relatives, leaving me in full charge of our home. I continued with open-air preaching in Pachora and surrounding villages during the month of April. But with the beginning of May the heat began to be too severe for outdoor work. When after speaking in the open air for a few minutes, one begins to feel a choking sensation, or a peculiar qualmishness, it is quite time to retire. In fact it is safer to retire before one notices those symptoms.

Of course there are the morning hours, say from 6 to 10, in which the heat is not excessive. But while these are the very best hours in which to get a wide awake village audience in the cold and rainy seasons, it is a most difficult task to get an appreciative audience at those hours in the hot season. The best you can hope for is a few idlers. The villagers who have work to do in the hot season, are at it by four o’clock in the morning, so as to get in most of the day’s work before the heat gets excessive. In the cold and rainy seasons they linger about the house until eight or ten in the morning, during which hours they are quite content, as a rule, to have the “Pádri” teach them “Dnyán” (wisdom). Besides, the preacher begins to feel by this time the need of rest, and thinks that now is the best time for it.

But idleness is not often the best rest, if any at all. A suitable change of occupation is no doubt, in most cases, a better rest.

How then can a missionary, staying in the station through the hot season, best occupy the time and still be resting?

Plenty of studies, both interesting and profitable, are always before him. But only a few hours daily can be given to study, in the hot season, without making it wearisome.

Variations are needed. The writer has found it both resting and interesting at such seasons, (and especially during the last hot season,) to spend some time daily in visiting the townspeople. Not professional visiting, but free and social calls, more in the capacity of learner than teacher. In order to be teachers, we need to learn much, even from those whom we are teaching. Much mutual misunderstanding is removed by these visits, besides a better general acquaintance with the people, their ways, and their way of thinking, is acquired. A word of the Master is also dropped here and there. Then with the teaching, and prayer with the Christians and servants, the time slips by quite interestingly; and before one is aware, May, the extremely hot month, has passed. By the first of June, one begins to look for the clouds, and pray for rain, though often we have to wait for it until July.

By the 7th of June Mr. and Mrs. Wark returned from Belgaum, bringing with them a bright and lively young missionary, who insisted on more activity in the mission house at once. If there had been any tendency to monotony or indolence in the home through the month of May, a sudden awakening took place on his arrival. There is no telling how much good his energetic efforts might have accomplished in the station if he had only been permitted to remain. Only two weeks of pleasant fellowship, and he had to leave. His father soon after returning from Belgaum, was taken seriously ill with fever, and it was thought best for him to be taken to Bombay. After he recovered, his services were required there. Mrs. Wark, however, with her mother Mrs. DeCarteret, and young “Allan,” came back and stayed nearly a month, during which time the writer had a chance of getting better acquainted with the promising young missionary, and found him a real genial fellow. He still insists on prompt service. Now he has gone back to Bombay again, and for such a small fellow, seems to have left a pretty big vacancy in the house. We hope he may be permitted to return soon for a more permanent stay.

Well, June has passed by, so has July. The
much looked and longed for rain has come. Mother Earth has put on her beautiful green. Everything seems refreshed. The preacher also is breathing more freely, and is able once more to take his stand on the street corner in the bazar, or anywhere where he finds a crowd, and tell forth the wonderful love of God to man. How wonderfully refreshing, after a season of rest, to find that the same old story has lost none of its attractiveness. Men, women and children hear it gladly. Even the opposer seems charmed at times by the simplicity and beauty of this wonderful gospel.

May the Lord help us to use all the new strength, gained during the season of less activity, for His glory only. To Him will we give all the praise, for health, for strength, for toil, for rest, and, most of all, for the love that makes us more than conquerors.

AHMEDABAD
BY Agnes Fraser.

THE readers of the India Alliance who have been praying for rain will be interested to know that God has answered prayer and has sent a super-abundance, so that the much dreaded famine that was partially anticipated on account of the rains not breaking earlier, is averted.

We were a little afraid one day, while the rain was coming down in such torrents, and the trees were swaying back and forth in the wind so furiously, and many of them falling, that instead of a famine we were going to have a flood, and we did have a very great storm, so that this city and the surrounding villages have experienced a great deal of damage and loss.

In thirty-six hours twenty-seven inches of rain fell. Altogether we have had about forty inches.

The trains were stopped for several days on account of great washouts on the roads, and hundreds of houses fell; trees on all sides were up-rooted. On our compound alone five trees fell and strong looking fences fell flat. The river which flows right back of our bungalow and was almost dry previously, rose very high.

The loss to this city of Ahmedabad has been estimated at about twenty-five to thirty lakhs of rupees or three hundred thousand dollars.

The loss of life however was not very great for which we feel thankful to our God. I have heard of only eleven deaths thus far.

But notwithstanding all the discomfort and destruction that the storm has brought us we are exceedingly glad for the rain and we praise God for it, for the suffering which has come as the result of the storm isn't to be compared to the suffering that would have come if the rains had not broken.

The country is very beautiful since the trees have put on their beautiful coats of green. It refreshes our spirits to see all nature so beautifully refreshed, and we have been reminded of those beautiful verses in Isaiah, where the prophet says: "We shall go out with joy and be led forth with peace. The mountains and the hills shall break before you into singing and all the trees of the fields shall clap their hands. The wilderness and the solitary places shall be glad and the desert shall blossom as the rose."

If we could see only the beauties of nature apart from the degraded, suffering people around us we might think the millennium had come, but alas, we are too frequently reminded that the millennium is not yet. Sometimes we feel inclined to say: "O, Lord Jesus how long e'er we shout the glad sound, 'Christ returneth, Hallelujah'?

Although God has been manifesting His power in this land through famine and plague, earthquakes, and recently through storms, yet the people go on worshipping their idols and they do not seem to recognize the power of our God.

But how glad we are that our God is omnipotent, and over and over again we are reminded "that power belongeth unto Him."

I have been told that during the recent storm a very prominent temple here in Gujarat, where the people from all parts of India came to worship, was struck with lightening and completely destroyed and that two men who were worshipping in it, were killed.

But we believe that God is getting the people of India ready for a great out-pouring of His spirit. We are praying for this and we want everybody who reads the India Alliance to cooperate with us in this most blessed ministry.

So by God's grace we are not going to be discouraged even if we do not see glowing results, for we know that God is not discouraged, Isa. 42: 4.

We are so glad to be witnesses for Jesus among the heathen. God has been giving us favour with the people and it has been a very great joy to us to meet with high-caste people who could speak English, but it will be a still greater joy when we shall be able to talk to all castes in their own language. So
we, Miss White and myself, are diligently applying ourselves to the study of the language, and it is a great joy to us to realize that the great barrier (the language) which has been between us and the people is very gradually decreasing.

God has been doing for us the "exceeding abundantly above" what we could have asked or thought ever since we have been here, and so our hearts are full to over-flowing with praise to Him. He continues to re-assure us of the promise, "Lo I am with you all the days."

FROM VILLAGE TO VILLAGE

BY SYDNEY HAMILTON.

ONE morning last week found us seated on the camel, accompanied by Nakà, one of our native brethren, bound for a trip among some of our villages. It was the first long trip we had taken since the rains broke and our hearts were rejoiced to see the great change the rains had wrought. The earth that had been so dry and barren a few weeks previous was now clothed with a delightful mantle of green and was very refreshing to the eye. On all sides we saw the farmers busily engaged in their fields. Some were planting rice in water knee-deep and others were weeding the grain that had been sown a few weeks previous. The sun was hidden from view by the rain clouds, which added very much to the pleasure and ease of our trip. The frogs had awakened from their long silence and were giving lively expression to their feelings.

Our first halt was at a village seven miles distant where we dismounted and gave our cramped legs a little rest. Two of our workers are living here and working the surrounding villages together. We did not see them as they had left early that morning on a preaching tour. After repeated salams we mounted our faithful, old steed and proceed on our journey to another town five miles distant where we find quite a company at leisure to hear our message. They were friendly, but their stolid indifference regarding the claims of the Gospel was very apparent. Oh, how the breath of God is needed to awaken such souls from their long sleep of sin!

Again we are on our way to a third village three miles farther on. It is now one o'clock, so we turn aside and take refuge under a beautiful tree which affords us a delightful shade from the sun which is beginning to make its appearance. Here we eat our lunch and spend a little time in meditating on the Word and in prayer, while the camel refreshes himself from a tree near by, the leaves of which are very much suited to his taste. Another half hour's ride and the town which marks the terminus of our trip, looms in sight. Here we have a house outside the town where we lodge, and at once the high caste people come to see us and hear what we have to say. They kept coming and going all the afternoon and the Lord gave us much blessing as we told them of our Christ and the salvation He has provided. Many of them said they had heard of Christ but had never heard what He did to secure our redemption. It was getting dark and I had become so tired that I asked Nakà to explain the way of salvation to some who had come to make enquiries. At such times the body grows weary, but oh, how the soul is quickened and how instinctively we look up and thank God for this blood-bought redemption and for the privilege of telling His wondrous news among the heathen. Surely no greater honour could be conferred upon a human soul. We had called some of our Christians from another village to meet us here, and after a little talk and prayer with them we decided to return home that night, as there was every indication that the day following would be a wet one, and a heavy rain would perhaps prevent the camel from crossing the river. We had gone about a mile when it began to rain, and it was very dark, so we decided to stop at the next village for the night. When we reached there the rain ceased, but we felt it was better to remain there owing to the intense darkness. One of our Christians here gave us the best room in his house, one end of which was occupied by a pair of bullocks. Towards morning the rain came on and oh, how the roof leaked! However we were thankful to find one dry spot in which to put our cot.

At seven in the morning we were again in the saddle homeward bound. It rained on us nearly all the way; the roads were very slippery and we were very much afraid that our long-legged servant would let us down suddenly on terra firma, but our fears were not realized. Two hours later we reached home feeling more refreshed than when we left, and not only so, but we had the glad consciousness that our trip had not been in vain.
Editorials

HERE is an old law which is equally true both in the physical and in the spiritual world, namely,—two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time. When a soul is born into the family of God, his old life and interests are replaced by new. The new life has in it expulsive power which largely accomplishes this, yet in a sense at least, there is a life-long weaning from the things of time and sense to set the affections on heavenly things. God has two ways of weaning us from the love of the world and the world-life. Sometimes we are weaned from the earthly glory “by reason of the glory that surpassest.” It is the easier way and the way God oftener employs for untried souls to whom the narrow way is new. We all of us remember the frequent bursts of glory of our early days, and how easy it was to let sinful things slip from our grasp. This is right, but this is not the end.

After a time God began trying a new method. He laid His hand on our treasure and said, “My child, will you give me this? Will you put it by for My sake?” Sometimes we saw no reason for it, for our treasure was good, not evil. But He had asked it,—our soul’s King! Did we yield it quietly, trustfully, gladly, though perhaps suffering the pain of loss, into His hand? If so we had learned our lesson of surrender, of faith and obedience, and we may be sure that to such souls the glory is not far distant; the recompense which God intended from the first, quickly follows. But perhaps we cried and fretted and clung to our toy. We would not learn the lesson set before us, but for this we reaped only a bitter-sweet and a veiled Presence. Sometimes for our sakes God must needs take our treasure from us whether we will or no, but then all the sweetness and the profit of self-mastery and of having done the will of our Beloved, are gone; neither does the recompense follow—at least not until we get over our humour,—and never in so full a measure. Sometimes God lets us retain our treasure because we insist, but it turns to ashes in our hands, veritable apples of Sodom. How we wish then that we had been willing at His time and in His way! But God will give us another chance. He will repeat the lesson often until it is learned, for He is a patient teacher. Sometimes He varies the lesson lest we grow too weary, but He always leads us gently back again to the unmastered point.

To some souls life seems one long call to renunciation, walking in the valley of the shadow of another death than the physical. It is the old story of the corn of wheat buried to die. Bear in mind it is “wheat” not tares which is sown, and wheat stands for that which is good and nourishing in our lives, but which can never multiply for others’ good until it passes through death. It is to this God calls those souls who are strong enough, that is, those who are fearless and full of faith because God is, and loves, and never lets go His grip on a soul of His. We can refuse to walk this pathway, perhaps without endangering our salvation; but to do so shuts us off from fruitfulness, and confines us to a narrow place. God would give us a larger life if we would have it.

In thinking of these things our minds naturally revert to the “Man of Sorrows” who, being God, yet “learned obedience by the things which He suffered.” Here is mystery! yet here too is light on life’s pathway. First, that obedience to the God of all flesh is the pre-eminent lesson of the human soul; second, that suffering is God’s tutor to instruct us in this lesson. Even though the constituent elements of our humanity may be good, they still have need of tempering. Only then can they be of value. When we leave this world to share the throne of glory with our Beloved, it is not to leave our humanity behind us, but to take it with us transformed, glorified. We shall always be men, human beings, even as our Forerunner already within the veil. Man has become a citizen of heaven! Man sits on the throne with divinity! But those who are to share that glorious life must learn here to be partakers of it. The glorified Man in heaven is our soul, our life, our heart, the force within us which will finally lift us up to a place beside Him on the throne.

We have but that one great lesson of obedience to learn; obedience includes renunciation; and renunciation requires faith. But it is to God we yield ourselves, an eternal, living Personality who is worthy of all our faith and love, of our complete surrender. The Hindu too, says that self renunciation is man’s highest
end, but his renunciation is blind, killing; ending only in cessation of being. It is offered only to a force, a power without love, without thought, without intelligent being. The Hindu destroys himself to reach his ideal. The Christian lives and grows to his ideal, because within him is the vital spark, divinity itself, which can not die. It is to give place to the mighty pulsations of that divine life that he yields himself up, not to pass through dreary ages of suffering into final nothingness, but to reach by a short road the highest possibilities of a feeling, willing, thinking being whose humanity is complemented by divinity. Thus the two ideals are wide apart though each in some form contains the same truth, with this difference:—the Hindu gives place to Death; the Christian gives place to Life!

We copy the following from the Missionary Review: — “In Swami Dharmananda, a Hindu ascetic of Bengal, is to be found an example of willingness to give all that one has for life. He sought life by visiting 230 Hindu holy places in India—like Naaman, taking a little of the earth from each to have with him. He sought life by learning Arabic and studying the Koran and Mohammedanism. He sought it by learning Hebrew and Greek, that he might study the Bible in the original. He sought it by travel, going to Mecca, to Rome, to China, and Japan. After 17 years of study of Buddhism and Mohammedanism and Christianity, he has now declared his faith in Jesus Christ, the only Messiah and Saviour of men.” Judging from letters we sometimes receive it appears that people in America and other lands regard the above instance as indicating the attitude of the people of India generally. Would that it were true! But such Swami Dharmanandas are rare indeed. Just as everywhere the world over, so here too men are indifferent to the claims of God upon them, nor do they wish to be reminded of their responsibility.

The annual conference of the Christian and Missionary Alliance in India will be held in Mehadabad, Gujarat, for about a week, beginning on October 25th. Much prayer is asked that this may be a time of much refreshing and spiritual recuperation to all who attend, and that in the love, faith and courageous hope of God the whole mission may be welded together as one body to work for the glory of His Name. For the time is short, and darkness is about us, but the dawn cometh: work therefore.

Mission Questions

MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE
BY WILLIAM FRANKLIN.

“The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.” Luke 16:8.

HIS verse has been illustrated to us in many ways in India as we have compared the progress of business with the progress of the Gospel. How much more alert business men are to press their ways into new fields than God’s people have been to press their way with the Gospel.

We were walking home from the Bazaar one day. Just in front of us was a village man carrying a can of kerosene oil. It was stamped, “Standard Oil Co., New York, U.S.A.” I asked the man of his welfare and whence he came. Then we asked him if he had ever heard the story of salvation by faith in Jesus. He said, “No.” Light had entered his village by the Standard Oil Co. This man was carrying oil for himself and others, many in his village were using this oil for lighting their homes; no one had ever carried them the Light of Life. We see many kinds of imported food-stuffs in India. In Bombay we read in the vernacular letters, as an advertisement on the street cars, what sounds like “Malen’s Phood” (Mellin’s Food) Quaker Oats, malted milk and such foods are obtainable in many places. Many have eaten of them, who as yet have not tasted of the Bread of Life.

We find here condensed milk prepared in America and England. It is used now in many cases for infants whose parents have never had the milk of the Word dealt out to them.

We have seen lamps made in Christian countries used in village homes.

“Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?”

Sometimes we have seen people wearing clothing made of some special cloth. We have asked, “Where did this come from?”
They have answered, "vilâyati." (It is foreign.) Shall we be any less aggressive in telling people of the garments of salvation, than these business men are to tell of the garments for the natural body.

The Singer-Sewing Machine Company makes bold its advertisement of one hundred and ten offices in India. No mission, though of many more years standing in the country, can make its boast of that number of stations.

What shall we say more of the many field implements and the improvement in buildings and farming? Time would fail me to write of what the Government of Great Britain has done for the country in the way of metallised-roads, railways, telegraph, telephone and post-office advantages, by which we have all the benefits that civilization and science can bestow upon us. But civilization and science do not evangelize. Where God has opened doors for the entrance of civilization, science and commerce, how eagerly should the Church with the enlightenment of the latter days, enter these doors and make use of all the means God has prepared for her through civilization, science and commerce,

"And send the blessed light of the Gospel there."

Should not the churches of Christian countries rise and say, "We will not be out-done by the business men of our land. Where they can enter with their produce and wares, we can, and, by the grace of God, will enter with the story of the Cross."

We do not belittle what has been done in India for God. We praise Him for the army of native and foreign workers; we praise God for the thousands of Christians brought out of darkness; we praise Him for the many villages entered with the light of His world. But to those of us in the midst of the fight the need is so appalling that at times we almost faint. After we have done all we can do, we see so much left undone.

We have longed that our lives might be doubled in His service, but every time we have gone beyond our strength, we find we have only hindered Him in His work through us.

May the zeal, enterprise and push of the business men of this age "provoke us to jealousy" which will send us out with an enduement of the Spirit for God's service, and will enable us to give the Gospel quickly "to every creature which is under heaven." In this way may we "hasten His appearing" and bring back our King. "Let us arise at once—for we are well able."

"THE SAME JESUS"
BY MARTHA RAMSEY.

"When all Thy mercies, oh, my God
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise."

M ANY years ago we learned the hymn beginning with these lines—in the back of the old Scotch Psalms, but not until within the past few months was its meaning so fully appreciated. We think we do now, in a measure, understand the writer's thought.

In the month of April before our plans were completed as to what our hot season's employment should be, we found ourselves in the midst of a scourge of small-pox, in all its loathsome-ness. Here in India, where no pains whatever are taken to prevent its spread, it is far from pleasant to know that it is raging all about. One never knows when some man, woman or child in the most infectious stage may be touching clothes with you; so when we go out in the work, we invariably make it a part of our prayer to ask the Lord to protect us from that and other such diseases. When, however, we came to know, that the child of a native, who daily came to the compound to do work, was ill with small-pox, and well over it before we knew, we hastened preparations for the sake of our own little one, and after taking a sixty mile drive, we found ourselves at Chikaldha.

It was necessary for Mr. Ramsey to be at the station for a time, after which he hoped to join us, but God permitted it to turn out otherwise, and we have no fault to find. Towards the end of April a letter came from Mr. Moodie, saying that he was with Mr. Ramsey who was having high fever. Next day another letter came with the word "small-pox" somewhere insinuated. It was not hard to read between the lines, and take in the facts, but the news did not come alone. Jesus came with it and spoke in an unmistakable way to our hearts and we knew He never would fail us. Hallelujah! In those first moments while the news was fresh we remembered, how, as we started on the journey we saw it all pass before our mind and how we put it away. Does the Lord give us sentiments at times to forewarn us against onslaughts of the enemy? And do we miss His thought by not paying attention and perhaps warding off the fiery dart with the
“shield of faith; wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked one.”

It is not mine to go into details as to all that was taking place in our little “Ebenezer” home. Suffice it to say, that from information gathered from dear Mr. Moodie and from the native Christian who stood so faithfully by, we realize that it was no light attack. Not that we want to make it appear worse than it was, nor do we suppose for a moment that it was because we were worthy that God dealt thus in mercy, but we do want to glorify Him in giving Him the praise due to His Name, having proved once more that He is still Jehovah Rophi. He is faithful, kind and true.

When the news reached us, the first impulse was to get to my husband as quickly as possible; but a telegram from himself forbade that either myself or Mr. Carner, who was all ready to start, should come. So the dear ones all stood by me in prayer and love through days that without the Lord would have been very dark, but with Him were days long to be remembered for peace and blessing. It was but a very few days until letters in my husband’s handwriting began to come, and we got accounts of the progress of the disease from his own pen. As we read them day by day the “wonder, love and praise” increased, for God was in the midst and was mighty. No second fever came and God worked as He alone can.

To those who do not know Jesus as Healer, by virtue of His Atonement, facts and facts might seem incongruous, but there are some who have proved that the “law of the Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus hath set us free from the law of sin and death,” even while that death is working in the mortal body. As dear Mr. Moodie expressed it, when pried with questions, there was no struggle, no striving; they quietly took their stand in the beginning on Christ’s finished work for spirit, soul and body, and there they rested, God speaking to their hearts His own messages day by day.

They took every precaution in disinfecting and Mr. Ramsey stayed in quarantine till danger of contagion was gone, and when we saw him, we had to look closely to see any small-pox marks. God in tenderness has preserved the rest of us from taking it, and neither Mr. Moodie nor the native Christians who ministered to him were touched by it. We know God better for the trial and He has all the praise.

While in the home-land we were asked if the people of India took to the teaching of divine healing or not. Perhaps the following incident will answer the query. Some weeks ago we noticed that Shewantibai, one of our Bible-woman, was looking very poorly; and although she tried hard, there came a day when she could not go out with the message she so loved to bear to her sisters who are still in sin and ignorance. One and another of the Christian women began to tell just how it commenced and how serious it was, and how it would surely end. We talked with Shewantibai, and found she understood what it might mean. Then the matter was clearly put before her husband and he was asked whether he wanted her to go to the hospital for an operation, or would they trust the Lord.

About that time we were led to set apart two or three days for prayer with the Christian people. It was borne in upon us that the privilege of days of prayer was theirs as well as ours. Shewantibai came weak and suffering and at the evening meeting asked to be anointed in the Name of the Lord. She pleaded the Atonement, for her pain and sickness, and then said, “Lord, just as that woman came to Thee, ill and in pain, so I come, and as she went away, well and glad, so let me go,” and she did. For the first time in several nights she slept without pain and has been quite well ever since. Both she and her husband have learned through trials, and as he said a few days ago in his prayer, “Prayer is more than words, it is dealing with God,” we thought that it was maybe in the midnight hours when he had to pray with wife or child, he had learned this secret. God is using them in the work for which we praise Him.

Now just a word about the progress of the Gospel among the heathen. Not because it is least is it left last. No need to say it is slow. The dear home-friends have heard that often enough, and like ourselves have wished it moved faster. Do they ever begin to think it moves not at all? I hope not. His “word shall not return unto Him void,” and many are the hearts that are touched by the power of the Spirit. We are praying and believing to see a Revival here in Berar. Please do not grow weary, for it may be nearer than we think; continue to hold up our hands in faith and prayer, and always remember the men and women who have themselves come up from idolatrous lives and are now light bearers to their own people. Pray and praise with us, for He is faithful and He is worthy.
THE OPENING OF SABARMATI STATION

By HATTIE E. O’DONNELL.

"For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth so are my ways higher than your ways and my thoughts than your thoughts."

How often we realize this precious truth in our experiences in India. "We propose but God disposes," for He in His love and wisdom and long-sightedness does not only plan for the present as we often do, but looks away ahead and plans for the future. We do not always understand His plans because of our short-sightedness, but we can trust His love. "I would rather walk in the dark with God than walk alone in the light."

For some two or three months previous to last touring season, Miss McDougall and I had talked and planned and even begun making preparations to tour together in the Sanand Taluka. Convention came and during its progress Miss McDougall was taken with an illness which proved to be a real breakdown in health, so we had to change our plans.

A few days after convention, Mr. Fuller came to Ahmedabad where I was then staying, and he talked much of the great need of touring work being done in the upper half of the Ahmedabad Taluka (which is now on the station list as Sabarmati), as with the exception of a few visits made to some of the villages by Mr. Woodward some seven or eight years ago, and some work for a while in and near Sabarmati town by the Salvation Army, this northern part has been untouched by the agents of Christ.

Miss Fraser hearing of the great need, after praying for guidance, determined to spend the first month or so of the touring season in that part and afterwards return to the southern part of the taluka where she had toured in previous years. Mrs. Burman was busy studying, so it was decided that I should go out touring with Miss Fraser.

This was the first real work ever done in Sabarmati. I can imagine I hear some one ask, "How many conversions did you have?" Dear friends we did not have one conversion; we sowed the seed and believe that some of it fell on "good ground," and that it will yet bring forth fruit unto everlasting life. I know some of our evangelists in the home-land would perhaps feel discouraged not to see any "fruit," but we don’t want to keep our eyes on the results, for that is God’s part of the work. We know that if we are faithful in sowing the seed and watering it with our tears and prayers that God will give the increase.

While out in the villages our work was principally among the high-caste people and the Lord gave us a real love for them and let us get into their hearts. All during the hot season they have from time to time visited the mission-station and have been taught more about the plan of redemption. Some of them seem hungry for the Gospel.

After our protracted trial with small-pox was over, it was decided that I should remain at Sânand with Mr. and Mrs. Read while Mr. and Mrs. King were home on furlough. I felt satisfied that this must be the Lord’s will for me for the present, but I did not forget Sabarmati. "Delight thyself also in the Lord and He will give thee the desires of thine heart."

During the hot season the work was continued in Sabarmati by Alla, one of our most faithful workers, and it was a glad privilege to me to uphold him in prayer and thus be able to help a little in the work I loved so dearly.

When word came a few weeks ago that dear Miss Herr from Dholka and myself were to be stationed together at Sabarmati, you may have a faint idea of our happy surprise. She had been praying that the way might open for her to enter evangelistic work, but never anticipated being sent out into pioneer work. He hath done for us exceeding abundantly above all that we had asked or thought.

Now I must hurry on to tell you something of our little home and its environments and of some of our experiences since coming here. After a busy day or so of packing and farewelling in our former mission stations, we finally on the morning of July the 10th, arrived at our new home, bringing with us our faithful Bible-woman Saba, and two of our servants who did not wish to remain behind.

How can we describe to you our eager expectancy as we walked from the pretty railway station, with its waving palms and fragrant hedges, over to the little bungalow about a quarter of a mile distant, which we were really to call our home.

Soon we reached the spot; the quaint little cottage with its lattice-work verandas, and its small glassless windows, surrounded on either side yes, almost buried, in tall, unkept hedges
and large shady trees, with bunches of date palms dotted here and there over the compound, told us at once that we were not to expect our home to be a spacious, model, dwelling house, with "all modern improvements" but rather a small, old-fashioned oriental home surrounded by the beauties of nature, God's handiwork, not man's. With just as much eagerness we entered the bungalow and went from room to room. How old fashioned! a large centre room, with its big bare walls and mud floors, having a verandah all around it and on each corner of the verandah a small room; not what we had anticipated, but we did not mind that.

Then we went out to survey the outhouses and found that they needed repairing very badly. From there we went on to the little church in the corner of the compound. As we stood and looked around it our hearts breathed a silent prayer, that it might not be long until we should see it filled with anxious inquirers and hearts hungry to know the true God.

I ought to remark here that this place has been formerly owned by the Salvation Army people, and they, having a small orphanage here, felt the need of a church for worship. It is just a little over three weeks now since we arrived and you will doubtless think that we are comfortably settled and ready for work, but if you could peep in on us this morning and see just the condition of things, you would wonder perhaps, what those two Missi Sahibs have been doing.

Here we are just as unsettled as we were the morning we arrived. Truly the past weeks have in every way been a time when we have had need of patience.

First of all our furniture was very slow in coming. For two weeks Miss Herr waited for her things an' I waited six days for mine which were to have been here the same day that I came.

During the waiting days we were obliged to sit on the floor, eat on the floor and sleep on the floor. We did not object to this, but rather rejoiced in that we were counted worthy to endure a little hardship. The first night however, just as we were retiring to our lowly beds, we spied a scorpion making its way straight towards us, and we both wished, although we did not say anything, that we had our cots, but since they were not to be had, we praised the Lord for letting us see the scorpion, for it showed us the need of committing ourselves very definitely to Him for protection. Since then we have killed other scorpions and two snakes in the bungalow, besides two on the compound. Truly God does protect His children.

Again we have had to have patience in waiting to get our house repaired. The landlord promised after we came, to have new canvas ceilings put in several rooms, the old ones being all torn and falling down. Sometimes at night the wind would come and blow up the canvas, and as we lay below and watched it open up its big, yawning mouth, we used to wonder a little if it was going to come down and swallow us up.

During our first few days while waiting for our furniture we thought we would call some white-washers and get all our walls whitened so as to be ready to put every thing in order just as soon as it arrived.

This we did, but on the evening of the third day a heavy rain storm came and continued for three days without ceasing. During this time we again were privileged to endure a little hardship.

For three days or more our house was just like a little island out in a lake, and there not only was a flood without, but inside as well, for the rain both poured down on us through the broken tiles in the roof and began flooding in at the doorways.

On Sunday morning the 23rd of July we thought we would surely have to vacate the house and flee for refuge to some other place, but we followed Nehemiah's plan and began praying and building walls at the same time, and soon had the water under our control. What had already come in we scooped out with buckets, and then with common mud and old bricks built up little barricading walls to prevent its return.

For a few days one or two of our rooms looked more like pig-pens than anything else I can compare them to. Not only our house suffered during the storm but also our outhouses, three of which partly fell to the ground.

After the storm abated we saw that all our white-washing that had been done previous to it had been destroyed, and needed to be redone. But the white-washer had got work on the railway (it having been all washed out by the flood) and would not return unless we paid him nearly double what we had been paying him, and things are still unwhite-washed.

Although we have not been able to make any headway in the house for the past three weeks, yet we have not been sitting with our arms folded, but have been working outside,
trimming hedges, mowing grass, making flower-beds etc., and besides this we have been busy planning for and helping our four native workers who are to work in this Talukā to find houses and get settled down.

Two of them are already settled; Allā, (whom I have already mentioned) and his wife are here on our compound, and Gālō and his wife in Adālāj, the centre from which we toured last cold season. We went there with Gālō when he went and spent the day with them helping them arrange their little home. We have succeeded in getting houses for the other two and we expect to see them comfortably settled in a day or so. They are all settling in high-caste quarters, for which we praise God, for they will have a better chance to reach the high-caste people.

We would ask all who read this to join with us in prayer for the young men and their wives that they may be made channels of real blessing, and that through the steadfastness of their Christian lives and their faithful ministry, many may be called to the feet of Jesus.

Now in closing I would lay before you the need of praying for us and the new work here;—for us and the dear Indian helpers with us, that we may launch out in true faith and courage, so that we may fail in nothing which God desires to do through us in this needy field where we have now set up His standard; and for the work, that the material equipment which is so needful for the thorough evangelizing of a district like this may all be speedily provided, for the touring season, the great seed-sowing time of the year, will soon be upon us again and we long to be ready to get right out into the work.

Pray very much that in nothing may God’s plan for us be hindered or delayed. Our confidence is in God, and we know that He will supply our every need, according to His promise.

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.

Items

If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost: that is where they should be: now put foundations under them.—Thoreau.

The damage to property caused by the recent floods in Ahmedabad is estimated at fifteen lakhs of rupees, and about 10,000 people are said to be homeless. As there is a considerable amount of distress requiring immediate relief, an appeal has been made to the public for funds.—Bombay Guardian.

Panditā Ramabhā’s daughter writes:—
“I know you will join us in praising Him for His goodness. The Lord is beginning a great work in our midst; the Holy Spirit seems to have taken possession of one of our quietest and humanly speaking, most insignificant girls, and He is using her and making her a great blessing among the rest. There has been a wonderful awakening among many of the girls and the boys, and we feel that this is only the beginning. On Friday night at the evening meeting, which my mother has daily with a few of the girls, God’s power was felt, and many were crying out in agony on account of their sin, while some were trembling from head to foot fearing that they might be lost. It was manifestly God Himself working, for there had been no stirring address delivered at the meeting, nor had there been any special effort to bring conviction of sin. Monday night’s meeting was a quiet one, and many thanked God audibly for His peace which had entered into their souls.”—Christian Patriot.

Khāndesh has at last fallen into line with her sister fields Berar and Gujarāt in the united observance of the monthly All Day of Prayer. The first meeting was held in Jalgāon. The August meeting will be in Chālīngāon.

There is still the “sound of a going” in Gujarāt, Mr. Bennett and Mr. Greengrass have opened work at Virawal, and Mr. Armon and Mr. W. Turnbull in Porbandar, both stations being in the Kāthikāvar peninsula. This is a large province to the west of Gujarāt hitherto untouched by our mission, and where very little Christian work has ever been done. Much prayer is desired for these new stations and for those who open them.

Some of our Gujarāt missionaries after enduring the heat of the summer on the plains are now taking a belated vacation in the hills to escape the moist discomforts of the rains. Miss Compton and Miss Leonard are in Coonoor in the Nilgiri Hills, South India, and Miss Hilder and Miss Dintiamo have gone North to lovely Lāndkur on the Himalayas. May they come back refreshed to their work.
# List of Alliance Missionaries.

## BERAR—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Area</th>
<th>Missionaries</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Akola</td>
<td>MR. AND MRS. W. M. MOYSER, MISS M. VEACH, MR. AND MRS. R. S. M. STANLEY, MR. AND MRS. P. C. MOODIE</td>
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<tr>
<td>Amraoti</td>
<td>MR. AND MRS. C. E. KRICKON, MISS L. J. HOLMES</td>
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<td>Buldana</td>
<td>MR. AND MRS. W. FRANKLIN, MISS M. BARR</td>
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<td>Chandur</td>
<td>MR. AND MRS. W. RAMSEY, MR. E. R. CARNEY</td>
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<td>Daryapur</td>
<td>MR. AND MRS. J. P. ROGERS, MISS G. ASHWOOD</td>
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<tr>
<td>Khangaon</td>
<td>MISS A. YODER, MISS E. HOFFMAN, MISS E. KATED, MISS L. DOWNS, MISS M. MILLIAM</td>
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<tr>
<td>Malkapur (P. O. Buldana)</td>
<td>MR. AND MRS. P. HAGBERG</td>
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<td>Murtizapur</td>
<td>MR. AND MRS. L. CUTLER</td>
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<tr>
<td>Shegaon</td>
<td>MR. AND MRS. J. W. JOHNSON, MISS E. ASHWOOD</td>
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## GUJARAT—

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<tr>
<td>Ahmedabad</td>
<td>MISS J. FRASER, MISS A. FRASER, MISS A. WHITE</td>
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<td>Bakrol</td>
<td>MR. R. J. BENDITTE (P. O. Sanand)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dholka</td>
<td>MR. AND MRS. H. V. ANDREW, MR. AND MRS. J. READ, MISS M. BALLENTYNE</td>
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<td>Kaira</td>
<td>MISS C. HANSEN, MISS C. HILKER, MISS A. SEASHOLTZ, MRS. SEARLE, MISS M. COMPTON, MISS V. DUNHAM</td>
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<tr>
<td>Matar</td>
<td>MR. AND MRS. S. P. HAMILTON, MRS. E. BURMAN</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mehmabad</td>
<td>MR. AND MRS. F. H. BACK, MISS L. GARDNER, MISS E. LEONARD</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sabarmati</td>
<td>MISS H. O’DONNELL, MISS L. HERR</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ranand</td>
<td>MR. AND MRS. L. F. TURNBULL, MISS C. PETER, MR. W. TURNBULL, MR. S. ARMSON</td>
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<tr>
<td>Viramgam</td>
<td>MR. AND MRS. A. DUCKWORTH, MR. R. G. GREENGRASS</td>
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## KHANDESH—

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<tr>
<td>Bhusawal</td>
<td>MR. AND MRS. R. D. BANNISTER, MISS L. BECKER, MISS Z. MCAULAY</td>
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<tr>
<td>Chalisgaon</td>
<td>MR. AND MRS. W. FLETCHER</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jalgaon</td>
<td>MISS M. WIGHT, MISS C. RUTHERFORD</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pachora</td>
<td>MR. A. JOHNSON, MR. AND MRS. M. J. WARK</td>
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## BOMBAY—

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<tr>
<td>Bombay</td>
<td>MR. M. B. FULLER, MR. AND MRS. C. EICHER, MRS. L. J. DE CARTERET, MISS K. KNIGHT, MISS E. MORRIS, MISS L. FULLER</td>
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## ON FURLOUGH:—

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<tr>
<td>MISS E. WELLS, MR. A. C. PHILPS, MR. AND MRS. T. KING</td>
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<tr>
<td>MRS. M. DUTTON, MRS. SIMMONS, MISS M. WOODWORTH</td>
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<tr>
<td>MISS C. MCDougall, MR. AND MRS. O. DUNHAM, MR. &amp; MRS. C. W. SCHELANDER</td>
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There is held in all our stations every Friday evening a workers' meeting whose object it 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.