The
India Alliance.

The Organ of
The Christian and Missionary Alliance
in India.

Contents:

POEM: The Royal Exchange, Mrs. Harriette S. Bainbridge ... 37
PRAISE, William Fletcher ..................................................... 37
STATION NOTES: Shegão, Châlisgão, Pachorâ, Ahmedâbâd, Sâmând, Kairâ ... 38
EDITORIALS .............................................................................. 42
MISSION QUESTIONS: The Lack of Fruit in Berar .................. 44
TULISA AND SUNDARI, Children of the Temple ..................... 45
CHILDREN'S WORK, Mattie Veach ........................................... 46
A VISIT TO THE AKOLA WORKSHOP ................................. 47
ITEMS ......................................................................................... 48

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.

EDITOR:—Miss M. Wiest.  BUSINESS MANAGER:—Mr. C. Eicher.
ASST. EDITOR:—Miss L. Fuller.

**Subscription Rates:**
- In all Countries where the rupee is current Re. 1 2 0
- In England 1s. 6d.
- In America 50 cents.

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

American subscriptions can be sent to Mr. V. H. Jeffrey, 690, 8th Ave., New York.
THE INDIA ALLIANCE.


The Royal Exchange

"Behold I make all things new."—Rev. xxxi. 3.

By Mrs. Harriette S. Bainbridge.

The mystery of pain was solved for me
By Jesus' finished work on Calvary.
The precious blood was by the Word revealed
To be a fountain, where I might be healed.

As I believed the Word, the Spirit came
And bade me ask for health, in Jesus' Name.
He showed me that the Christ of Galilee
Still heals the sick, and sets the captives free.
I saw the gentle Saviour doing good,
And blessing all the suffering multitude.
I heard Him whisper, "Lo, I am with you,"
My spirit leaped for joy, all things seemed new.
I realized Him standing at my door;
I heard Him knocking,—He had knocked before.

I rose to open to Him, Christ came in,
And supped with me—a child of pain and sin.
I gave Him what I had, and He partook
Of my afflictions with a pitying look.
And then He murmured softly, "Sup with Me,
And lo! I feasted with Him royally.
He gave me what He had, He bade me share
His love and faith, His power with God in prayer.
His very Name He gave me, "Thou art mine,
My child," He whispered, "and thy Lord is thine,"
His glory seemed to fill the earth and skies;
I saw the New Jerusalem arise:
And through the pearly gates I entered in
The golden city, where there is no sin!

PRAISE

By William Fletcher.

"He that offereth praise glorifieth Me."—Psalm 59. 23.

We are often found counting up our difficulties, and thinking over our trials and hardships. No doubt we have many things to discourage us in our work, in this land of darkness; but to worry over difficulties and discouragements, and to begin to think that "my station is the hardest of all, and the situation I am in is not to be equalled by any other," is meditation which will act like a destroying angel, and will soon extinguish the fire of the Holy Ghost, and put to flight the Spirit of thankful praise which once occupied the soul. Can India, and the study of a hard language, fever or other sickness, or the turning back of some of the flock or of somebody in whom one has trusted;—can these things, or should these things, rob us of the spirit of praise, or of the joy of the Lord? No! emphatically No!

Praise is our duty to God, who is "our Praise" (Deut. 10: 21), and is the offspring of joy, which is a fruit of the Spirit, and which has its root and source in the Eternal God. If we are living in the Spirit, and walking by the Spirit, then the natural outcome will be praise to God when in the hottest fire or the most discouraging circumstances. Look at Hab. 3: 17-19. Even when all was gone, still could the prophet say, "Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my Salvation." He had victory, and joy in trial. Look at Jehoshaphat. Having waited upon God, regarding his great difficulty, and having learned His mind, he appointed singers to go before to battle, He praised God, and while He praised, God did the fighting. In all things, and at all times, the battle should be left with God. He will see to that, if we will from a clean, pure, and faithful heart, praise Him, and thereby glorify Him. "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men." Let us live in that place where we can "In everything give thanks," Thess. 5: 18.
Station Notes

SHEGAON

BY J. W. JOHNSON.

"PAUL disputed in the market daily with them that met with him." The philosophers said, "What will this babbler say?" Some said, "He seemeth to be a setter forth of strange gods, because he preached," unto them Jesus, and the resurrection. According to Rotherham's translation Paul seemed unto them as a "declarer of foreign demons."

Not long ago while preaching in a large weekly market, some such philosophers endeavoured to disperse an attentive crowd of "common people" by affirming that these missionaries had no authority even from their own Bible to preach this strange and foreign religion to Hindus. Opening the Bible at Matt. 28:19, 20; Luke 24:46, 47 and Acts 1:8, I emphasized the words "that remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations. "These commandments and authority were given to the apostles," the Brahmins replied; "and missionaries have not the power to claim that authority to make disciples now." Turning to Acts 8:1-4 I tried to convince these Brahmins that all "except the apostles" were "scattered abroad and went everywhere preaching the word." Hearing this, the Brahmins left in a rage and tried to drive the people away, but God's Spirit was using the Word to hold the people who remained even after further preaching, and bought copies of the Gospels.

A few days ago at evening after trying to evade the testimony of the Word against themselves, some Brahmins grew angry and snatching copies of the Gospels which we had sold to the people out of the hands of interested ones, piled them before me and set fire to them. I write this to show the stubborn attitude of the educated Hindu philosophers against the Gospel. However, some of the Brahmins are giving more attention to the preaching than in former years.

Among the low caste people (Mahārs) there are several inquirers who come to our Sunday and mid-week prayer-meetings. Yesterday some Mahārs invited me to use their homes freely, for preaching and explaining the Scriptures. Our Bible class with the native Christians is becoming an interesting feature of the work at Shegaon, for which we urge the importance of your daily prayers, for if the "babes in Christ" do not get the "sincere milk of the Word," then how can we expect to see strong, fully matured ones for witnesses to go to their own people.

A Christian boy, who is our servant, has sold a good number of gospels, besides doing his regular work. We have a young man who is studying and selling portions of the scriptures. So far he is quite promising. We want you to pray for him.

We have a service every Sunday evening for the few English people in the station. During the month a few European railway men have attended the meeting and seemed interested. The attendance one Sunday was thirteen.

We are now being very much exercised in prayer for the district village work, that we may go to the village people in the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel, that they may be deeply convicted of their need of Jesus as the only Saviour, and that Satan may not be allowed to retard the work through lack of funds, sickness or other hindrance. Pray, Pray, Pray!

CHALISGAON

BY WILLIAM FLETCHER.

Since we last wrote to the India Alliance of our work in Chalisgaon we have had a varied experience such as one usually has in an Indian mission station, "the sweet with the bitter." But "Glory be to God," His blessings have been manifold. We can praise Him for signs of a better day for Chalisgaon. Since we came back from the hills in June, our little band of Christians has grown. They seem to be trying to follow God; and of late there has sprung up a spirit of prayer for the salvation of India, and for a mighty revival. The outpouring of the Holy Ghost up in the Khâsiâ Hills, and also in Pandita Ramábâi's school seems to be awakening in some a hope for their dark land. There are also signs of the working of the Spirit of God among the Hindus. We have several Hindus who come regularly to the services. They have even bought Bibles, and hymnbooks, and are not ashamed to be seen singing.
from them by their caste people who jeer at them. We are looking to God to save these. We had two or three Brāhmanas recently to the service, and they sat throughout it and seemed interested.

The work in the town amongst the Mahārs is very interesting, and we are always welcomed by them. In fact they have had a quarrel with their guru [holy (? ) teacher] who has been among them for years, and has lived like a parasite upon them, leading a lazy, indolent life. His people told him that what we preached was the truth, and that there was only one true Guru. He became angry with them and has pronounced their “rest house” (an inn) to be defiled, and will not come near them or enter their houses or the chowdi (inn).

PACHORA
BY MRS. M. J. WARK.

“We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world.”

Have I truly believed this and worked accordingly? Such has been the question coming again and again to me while apart from the ordinary work of a mission station for a time; and I have been recalling different cases of women who have seemed so near to entering the kingdom of God, and yet are still without.

There was Dagadibāi, a lonely woman with a sorrowful heart. It had been a weary time in the village the day I met her; nobody had wanted me, and I thought I would call at just one more house before returning home, praying at the same time for some ready hearer. The reception was not inspiring certainly—“Run, run for your life child, here comes the white madam, she’ll catch you and . . .” The child heard not the rest, for she fled screaming, much to the amusement of her mother and friends. That did not seem an opportunity for preaching the Gospel, so they all got a thorough scolding instead for so cruelly deceiving the child, though all were older than the speaker and one, at least, a grand-mother. However we all became good friends finally, Dagadibāi among them.

She told me she had no husband or child and very soon we began to talk about Jesus, her father meanwhile laughing at it all as if it were a good joke. How she and her mother listened as again and again that verse, “There is none other name under heaven given among men,” etc. (Acts. iv 12) was read and explained, also “I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,” etc. (Heb. xiii 5-6). They seemed much touched, and when we bowed in prayer to God in the name of Jesus, whom they had never heard of before they were very quiet, for He was near us. Dagadibāi said she would look only to Jesus, but day by day as she was visited and taught more and pressed to forsake all gods and confess Jesus, she and her mother told how they feared to: “We will look to Him as well as our gods, for they will surely plague us if we leave them;”—and as if to confirm these words, some days later the mother had a bad attack of pain. They called in a “god-possessed”—woman to heal her, and she got better, I believe. There was some horrible power of satan which kept them from being bold for Jesus.

Later on plague came and on account of that and other reasons we had to leave the village for a time. Returning in July, we found Dagadibāi and her mother had left for another village. All I could find out was that she had sung a hymn I taught her, for two little girls I think I had never met before, asked me to teach them “what I taught Dagadibāi,” “I feel joy, I feel joy, my spirit is looking to Jesus. Jesus saves me, Jesus saves me, I am full of joy.”—May the Holy spirit still deal with her. There are a few, who like these gladly listen to the message of Jesus, but they seem to get no further: something keeps them back.

There are others, like old blind Bhimābāi, a clever woman who went blind in famine time. She lost her husband, son-in-law, and during this plague-time, her only grandson. Now she is ready to “curse God and die,” blaming Him for all her woes. She is so kind and nice to me, but will not hear Jesus’ name mentioned without the memory of her sorrows flooding her heart, and she will sob, “Have I not prayed to every god and sacrificed to all? I will try no new Saviour, they are all powerless. I want not your Jesus.”

And how many we meet like this! Oh the sorrow, the ignorance, the fear, the careless-ness, the bigotry how it depresses one! They are all so needy, from the clever, haughty Brahmin down to the poor, ignorant Pariah, yet what hinders them from accepting our loving Jesus Christ?

“Principalities, powers, the rulers of the darkness of this world !”
Oh friends, you at home and those on the field, how are we meeting these powers? By our natural powers and force of character? Are we being pushed under by them? Spiritual force must be met by spiritual force; then, wherein lies the secret of victory? In the power of God’s Might, which may become ours, and in putting on the whole armour He has provided. Paul prays that “the faithful in Christ Jesus” (Eph. r i.) may be strengthened with “might by His spirit,” and finally that they “might be filled with all the fulness of God.” (Eph. iii. 19).

Satan is strongly, awfully enthroned in this land, but why need we fear and fail before Him? Let us take hold of what God provides and there will be no need to be discouraged. Truly we are nothing, but our God is all in all. He Himself is the measure of our strength. Let us be strong in His might, and this awful power of satan will be broken. Let us help each other by “praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit,” watching there unto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints; so shall we be “more than conquerors,” and the strongholds of Satan will be broken down, “for the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds.”

AHMEDABAD
By Jessie Fraser.

The Lord has been very good to us at this station since I last wrote for the India Alliance. He has kept us, and our Indian Christian also, in health, for which we praise Him. Although they had a hard time all through the hot season to keep body and soul together, yet by selling a little wood and with the help we could give them from time to time, they have pulled through. And they too realize that God has cared for them and is good to them. He enabled me to visit their villages during all of the hot season and we had some good times together. I am praying that our Indian Christians may be filled with the Holy Spirit.

We have two nice schools; in one of them twenty-six children are in attendance and in the other twenty-four. Some of the young men who have been baptized attend school at night. It is now only a little over a year since the first school was started, and it is most encouraging to see the progress the children have made in such a short time. Most of them can read their Bibles, but best of all some of them have learned to love Jesus. I am asking the Lord to make those dear children a great blessing to their parents for I believe more and more that the children are one of the great hopes of India and so it behoves us to educate them and train them in the ways of the Lord while they are young.

We have three Indian workers and to each of them I have assigned a certain number of villages which they visit weekly, and where they faithfully give out the Word. I feel so grateful for these young men, especially for one named Okh, who was trained in the Dholkâ Orphanage and has received a definite baptism of the Holy Spirit. He is a great help, and God is blessing him in the village where he lives. It is indeed wonderful to see what God has wrought for this young man. What He has done for one, He is able and willing to do for others.

The Word has been faithfully preached in these villages and although we have not seen many results as yet, we know that God is working in many hearts and we trust that before long a rich harvest of souls will be gathered in. Now that the touring season is drawing near, by faith we are looking forward to the best year we have yet had.

Good Robert Moffat once said, “Oh, that I had a thousand lives and a thousand bodies! All of them should be devoted to no other employment but to preach Christ to these degraded, yet beloved mortals.”

I want to tell how the Lord has answered prayer lately concerning a piece of land that I needed for the purpose of building a church, as we have no place to worship in. Over a year ago I found a beautiful site with a well of sweet water on it, a very necessary thing in this dry and thirsty land. It is also located in a very central place, with villages all around, and it is near Jetalpur where most of our Christian people are. But when I found out that the price set on the well alone was five hundred rupees, my heart sank. Yet I believed that if it would be for the glory of God, and the good of the people, He would in some way or other send the needed money, and sure enough He did far beyond my expectations. A dear friend came to visit me for a few days, and as I told her about the need of a church, etc., she became much interested and came with me to the villages and saw the land. After she went away she wrote and said, that the Lord laid it on her heart to send one thousand rupees for the purchase of the needed land and for building.
I went to the Collector, and told him that I wanted a piece of building land in the name of the mission, and he was quite willing that I should buy it. But when the high caste people in one of the villages near by heard of it they seriously objected, as they wanted it for their own use. So when the Tarâti (village accountant) told me this, and also said they wanted it sold at auction, I greatly feared that they would bid so high that I would not be able to get it at all. But I committed all to the Lord. And the night before the sale, He gave me that beautiful promise, "Fear not, certainly I will be with thee." As I journeyed along the road the next morning I kept asking the Lord to go before me, and truly He did. When I arrived at the chorâ where the sale was to be held, I found a number of high-caste people very quietly seated. One high-caste man who became a Christian last year, and the Tarâti met me and seemed glad to see me. In a little while the auctioneer came and gave me the first bid, then turned to the people and asked them if they wanted to bid. To my great surprise they all said, "No." The auctioneer said to them, "Are you all happy for the Missi-Sahib to have the land?" They said, "Yes." Thus I got the land and the well for less than two hundred rupees. They say that it will cost about one hundred rupees to have the well repaired.

My heart was just full of praise to God. The Christian people too were delighted and said that the Lord had worked a miracle for us. "If God be for us who can be against us?" We hope to begin building during this cold season, the Lord willing. We trust that our readers will pray that an Indian Church will be built up out of all castes in these villages to the praise and glory of God.

SANAND
BY LOUIS F. TURNBULL.

It has already been intimated in a recent number of the India Alliance, that Miss Peter, Mr. Walter Turnbull and Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Turnbull have been transferred from Mehmadâbâd to Sânand to carry on the work at this station during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. King on furlough. Mr. W. Turnbull expects to leave Sânand in the course of a month or two to join Mr. Armson at the newly opened station, Porbandar, Kathiâwâr.

We have settled in our new home and have had the joy of preaching Christ to the people in some of the nearby villages. This station was opened a few years ago, and as yet very few of the people have accepted Christ as their Saviour. As a rule they listen attentively to the Gospel story, but at present it is rather difficult to get a good audience during the day, as the people are busy with their work and are greatly distracted because of the failure of the latter rains. When spoken to regarding their spiritual welfare they usually reply thus: "Sahib, it is all very well for you to talk to us about God, but what concerns us most at present is what we are going to do if the rain doesn't come. If the rain fails, half of us will die of starvation. Why don't you pray to Him to send rain? If the rain comes, we will believe your story."

Five weeks ago an abundance of rain fell,—in fact too much came for the good of the young crops. A great deal of damage was done to the houses (usually made of mud), trees and growing grains. The country was flooded in many places, but the water subsided in a few days so that for some time the land has been quite dry. Since this heavy downpour no further rain has fallen (except one or two very light showers), consequently the crops are suffering a good deal. In some districts the rice is practically ruined. The bajîri and jawâri, which are staple grains, are also burnt considerably by the heat. We trust it may please our Heavenly Father to allow the rain to come; otherwise, another famine must inevitably follow.

Alliancepur (or Bâkrol) the Christian village in Sânand talukâ is about thirteen miles from the station bungalow. Mr. King has obtained between three and four hundred acres of land from Government at a nominal rental. About half of the land is under cultivation, and the remainder is grass land which will be brought under cultivation as soon as possible. At present there are nearly sixty people living at Bâkrol, a number of whom were formerly orphan boys and girls in the orphanages at Dholkâ and Kairâ, but are now married and have their own homes in this little village. There is a great need of spiritual quickening in the lives of all those living at Bâkrol. We will be thankful if the home friends will unite with us in earnest prayer that there may be a real revival among the Indian Christians, not only at Bâkrol, but at all our stations. We realize keenly that only the Holy Spirit is able to show the Christians their great
... and believe that His nature.

depth is the bare
pair of
using
brig.ded
lining
fast
water
... but next it defiles our neighbour
... but leaves irrevocable results.
... but it might.
... but the
... but the
... but the
... but the
... but the
... and bodies of the heathen,
... and even over many who are professing Christians.

---

KAIRA
BY CORA HANSEN.

I am sure you will with us praise God for giving water in our new well. It seemed for a time as if we should not get water. The men working on the well had put the kundi down as far as they could without success, so we got boring tools from Government, and on August 11th the men began to bore. They worked till about five in the evening when they struck water. It came so fast that the men had to leave everything and get out as quickly as they could, and in less than an hour the water had risen seven feet above the kundi which was itself thirty feet high.

On Saturday we tried to draw out enough water so that the kundi could be bricked up, but we were not able as the water came in as fast as it was drawn out. So on Monday morning we got a double set of men and eight pair of bullocks, and at three o’clock in the morning they began to draw out the water, using four horses and working as fast as they could. At about seven o’clock the kundi was bare and the masons began work. By drawing the water all day long we were able to keep it down and the masons to work, so that by four in the afternoon the kundi was bricked up above the water line, and the well safe.

Now we have about thirty-eight feet of water, and best of all it is good, sweet water, which is a new thing here at Kairá where all the water is brackish. We are very thankful to God for His goodness to us, and pray and believe that His name will be the more glorified through it.

* A kundi is a circular wooden frame upon which the walls of the well are built where the soil is of a sandy nature. The frame is sunk down, the sand being removed from under it, allowing it to drop lower until the required depth is reached.

"Prayer is not our compelling God's reluctance, but laying hold of God's willingness."
We best know what the leaven in our lives is; or if we do not know it, yet are conscious that in us is a lack of God's power and presence. Then how earnestly we should seek from God to know the reason, and having learned it, to see that it no longer hinders. Most of us lack diligence in seeking God's face. We do it spasmodically. God is the Rewarder of them that diligently seek Him, not of the spiritual sluggards. It may be the leaven of worldliness, of pride or unholy ambition, of covetousness or secret jealousies, of earthly cares, of frivolity or gossip, which is sapping the life from our own souls, and from our brother's also because of us. If these things are so, is it any wonder that we are empty while others are full?

Is not the Revival a call to us to humble ourselves before the Lord God both as individuals and as a body, counting the sins and failures of all as belonging to the whole, even as Daniel, the prophet, took upon himself the burden of his people. We are one body; we cannot be separated. There is a tendency among those who hold the so-called "higher-truths," to an exclusiveness unwarranted by Scripture, a spirit of condescension which borders close on spiritual pride and which certainly does not tend to foster the unity of the body of Christ. When will we learn that we are indeed all members one of another, invisible, although some of the members may be sick or deformed. With these we should bear patiently, we should nurse and cherish them, but never sit in supercilious judgement over them, else we become Pharisaical. Let us all together "purge out the old leaven," that we may be indeed a new creation.

When this number of the India Alliance reaches our American readers, the missionaries of our Indian Mission will be assembling in conference at Mehdadabad (October 25th). It is our yearly convocation. Many of our readers have been to summer conventions and have been refreshed in body and spirit through the ministry of the Word. Will they not pray that we may be similarly refreshed, and that we may "keep the feast, not with old leaven, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth."

There appeared an article in the Missionary Review of July on the subject "The Social Sin of India," which reveals terrible facts of the existing conditions. To the missionary these things are not entirely new, for he comes in almost daily contact with this special phase of evil. But to have facts massed as they are in this article startles even the missionary and awakens him afresh to the hopelessness of a religion which not only does not condemn, but fosters this evil, and by its very nature creates tendencies to, and aids in, the practice of the lowest immorality. But it is particularly humiliating that the European population of India is not exempt from this plague of vice. . . . Mr. Anderson, the writer of the article, speaks of the inadequate efforts being made to suppress the evil and to rescue its victims. Very little is being done, and the few attempts made are of an isolated character. There is no concentrated effort as there should be. Mr. Anderson also speaks of the anomaly of a Christian government permitting the existence of the obscene books and indecent pictures and sculptures in Hindu temples, etc., because they are "religious" in character. Certainly if one is to find a high moral standard anywhere, it ought to be found in religion, but in the popular religion of India, he finds the exact opposite, and the familiar aphorism holds good here, that the devotee is no better than the deity he worships.

In Vol. I. A, Part II., of "The Census of India for 1901," Class xxiii, under the columns for occupation, is headed "indefinite and disreputable." One sub-division of the class "disreputable" deals with prostitutes. The following figures are then supplied: Total, 175,841. Actual workers, 117,345. Dependents of both sexes, 57,939. This army of fallen sisters is scattered throughout the empire. . . . In another column there is a sub-head for "actors, singers, and dancers." The total given is 284,350, of whom the actual workers were; Men 100,945; women, 133,674, and dependents of both sexes, 50,911. The writer of the census report on these latter figures remarks that this class belongs mainly to the gypsy and vagrant fraternity, and many of them might more correctly have been entered as prostitutes!—Missionary Review.

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

WHY THE LACK OF FRUIT IN BERAR?

The apparent lack of conversions in Berar is a matter which ought to engage the earnest consideration of all Christians and missionaries who are in any way connected with this field. The reasons for all this are usually attributed to the hardness and general indifference of the people. Much of this is true, but there are other factors which enter into the problem.

In the first place I wish to note that while missionaries have preached more or less in Berar for the past twenty years, the direct fruit of such preaching has, I believe, to a great extent, been lost through too much scattering and through a lack of definite aim and concentration. If a farmer should adopt the same method in sowing his seed, I am afraid he would have nothing but weeds for his efforts. The crops cannot be counted by the extent of the ground a man has, but by that which he is able to cultivate and properly care for.

Very often the people in the district are deeply impressed; the harvest seems within sight; the missionary resolves to come back and push the work for practical results; he goes to the other villages and again finds the people interested; at the end of touring season, the missionary finds pressing needs in the station to be looked after, and before he is able to go back to these villages in the district, another twelve months have gone by and the people have lost the message by that time.

At the end of famine a favourable impression was produced on the minds of the people, especially on the lower castes but again we were not able to take advantage of it and push the work on account of the lack of native helpers. The people went to their villages and we lost sight of them. This, to my mind, is partly the reason why more was not accomplished for God at that time.

Then again, the last two famines brought on a new condition of things. A number of those who had been free for evangelistic work up to that time, went into institutional work. Buildings had to be looked after, and the many orphan children had to be cared for. There was no wrong in this. We looked upon it as God's legacy for us; but the evangelistic part of the work suffered. I refer to Berar as a whole. In some parts this defect has not yet been remedied.

To our great disappointment, not very many of the young men in proportion to the number in our Orphanage in Berar, are offering themselves for Gospel work. One of the immediate causes for this lack of interest in the spreading of the Gospel, is the fact that we are holding out to our young men far greater advantages on industrial lines. Most of the young men get a taste for mechanics by practical experience. Once in the swing of it, with a tempting offer of fifteen to thirty rupees a month, it will acquire a Pauline experience to turn such a young man towards the gospel, with the possible offer of eight or ten Rupees a month.

These are some of the reasons why we do not see more practical results from the labours put forth. There are others, but time and space forbidding going into further detail.

WHAT IS THE REMEDY?

In the first place, I believe a vigorous forward movement and more concentration of effort, will produce results far above our expectation. I take it for granted that the element of prayer is not overlooked.

The spirit of opening up new Stations and moving out is in the air. If we were in a position financially and otherwise, it would be well enough; but it is a time to strengthen that which we already have in hand. To scatter out may simply mean to weaken the work to a great extent.

Young Missionaries will do well not to be too eager to look after a station.

In some cases that may only mean to look after a bungalow. A few years of freedom from such cares in one of the stations already established, would do much to help the missionary in charge.

Every one has a certain constituency in the homeland, which stands in prayer for the work, and helps with means. This is an absolute necessity in a work where the element of faith has to supplement the regular offering in prosecuting the work of the station. This added to the work already established, would mean much in developing the work.

The time has come when we must recognize the important fact that simply living in the centre of a taluka of two or three hundred towns and villages is not giving the Gospel adequately to the people.

A more thorough effort should be made to lead young men into the work of preaching the Gospel. Industries will always have a place,
but at the present time of emergency when workers are needed in every station, it should have a second place of importance. Less inducement for financial gain would settle that problem.

If we expect to see a revival in Berar soon, every effort should be made to prepare our young people for it.

My own conviction is that the people in Berar are nearer the Kingdom than we realise and the great, crying need is for a more thorough and efficient native agency and less scattering of our forces.

---

THULSA AND SUNDARI, CHILDREN OF THE TEMPLE.
BY THE EDITOR.

In the story-telling of our child-hood days most tales began with "Once upon a time," implying the long-ago, remoteness of the time. There is an idea prevalent among many that when speaking of the evils of Hinduism, the appropriate preface to all remarks should be the vague "Once upon a time." How we wish it were true! Listen while I tell you a little story that is being lived before our very eyes here in Jalgaon at the present time, and then decide if Hinduism is the fair thing Theosophists and others of its modern advocates would have us believe it to be.

My story concerns two children, Thulsâ, who takes her name from a sacred tree of the Hindus, and Sundari, an aptly named little lass, for she is just what her name signifies, "beautiful."

Thulsâ is a fair, graceful girl, half child, half woman. All her life has been spent in the unsavory neighbourhood in which stands the dark, little hovel she calls home, an abode of vice and shame, a most unfitting dwelling for little children. Thulsâ's mother is a woman of the Rahab type, a Mahâr by caste. To her were born four children, two the daughters of a European father, while merry little Kissen and his year-old baby sister are of half-Mohammedan parentage. In such a home, daily breathing in an atmosphere of lowest heathenism, our Thulsâ has reached her twelfth or fourteenth year. Probably the only ray of light which has penetrated her heathen darkness, issued from the little Christian school-room we had opened, where for a few months she attended regularly.

She was a rather careless scholar it is true, but in spite of this she seemed to catch a little idea of a purer, higher life than any which the daily routine of neighbourhood life revealed. She grew to love us and would often come to sit close beside us for a friendly chat.

One day Thulsâ was missing from her place in school. On our inquiry after her, her mother said, "We have sent her on an errand." Day after day passed by, and no Thulsâ appeared. Repeated inquiries brought but one answer, "She is busy working." We never seemed able to see Thulsâ herself. She was lost to us, how utterly lost we did not then know. Only last week did we learn the sequel of the story.

A procession of temple-women came down the street leading to our catechist's house. Ratnakar was standing in the doorway idly watching, when his attention was attracted to the centre of the group, by recognizing in the gaily-dressed, garlanded maiden who was evidently the chief actor, our lost Thulsâ. Thulsâ also saw him, and a sudden look of shame covered her face and she refused to pass his house. Ratnakar made inquiries and learned that Thulsâ had become the bride of Khandobâ, a Hindu deity,—"married to a stone," he told me. Outcasted on account of her mixed parentage, she was not eligible for marriage with any of her mother's caste-people; and but one door was left to her, marriage with the idol and entrance into the temple service—not to a ministry of holy things, ah no! but to become a priestess of vice, to devote her body and soul to satisfying the lowest passions in the name of religion! This is what it means to be Khandobâ's bride.

Sundari's story is similar. She too is a child of shame, though the tale of her life finds its setting among high-caste people. Sundari's mother is a Brahman widow. When this little girl was born to her, to hide her shame the mother resolved to take the child outside the town to the fields, to let it die alone under the open heavens. If the dogs and jackals did not kill it, it would soon die any way of starvation, one of the many more who suffer a similar fate. But Sundari was reserved for something different. While on her way to carry out her resolve the Brahman widow met a man of the Kamartî caste who guessed to what the child was destined, and having a kind heart, asked that it might be given to him. The widow gave it, glad to be rid of it. Death had robbed this man's home of many children, so that little Sundari
found a warm welcome in the empty home and fell heir to the love and care of which the dead children had no need. But—in India there seems always a mocking "but" lurking in every blessing) when Sundari's foster-father took her, he made a vow to his god, that if the child lived, she should become the bride of Khandobâ, and the dark shadow of this vow has followed the unconscious Sundari all her little life. She has attended the government school, and although not more than seven years old, is already in the third standard. Only yesterday we saw her bright, sweet face in our Sunday-school, and heard her voice always first and clearest in repeating the texts we taught. But it was infinitely sad to watch her, knowing that all that brightness and beauty are to be desecrated to a life of sin, for just last week the fulfilling of the vow fell due, and Sundari was married to Khandobâ amid great festivities. She has not yet gone to the temple to live. Would that some guardian angel could interpose; it is not quite too late. Will you pray?

Thulsa's pretty sister Yeshvadâ will no doubt have a similar fate unless God puts forth a hindering hand. We have tried to rescue these two sisters, but without success. Now, for Thulsa, it is too late; for it is almost as hopeless as when the grave closes over one, when the temple doors swing shut behind such girls, shutting them in dens of iniquity.

This then is at least the fruit of Hinduism. If such are its products will any one say that its roots are less evil? Surely men love a lie and "hold down the truth in unrighteousness" that they may embrace the lie.

CHILDREN'S WORK

BY MATTIE VEACH.

SEVERAL months have passed since my friends who are readers of our little paper have had a line from me; and I think that this time I will write about the children among whom so far my work has largely been.

Mr. Moyser has kindly given me two little boys who sing quite well to go out with me on Sunday mornings. Some months ago we went out in the town, gathered together a company of children, sang some hymns, and talked to them a little; then we told them that we would come and teach them about the true God every Sunday morning if they were willing to come. They seemed very glad and several of them said they would come. They have kept their promise very well indeed there being from sixty to eighty present every Sunday. Ere we arrive at the open space where the children gather for the Sunday school, we usually fall in with some bright, smiling-faced boys who have started to meet us. Although these people, neither parents or children, have any regard for the Sabbath-day and make no distinction between it and any other day, yet the children never seem to forget it. Of course the schools are closed on that day, which perhaps is a reminder to them that it is Sunday.

Many more boys than girls come, and because the girls are shy, it is very hard to teach them. To those who will commit to memory a verse of Scripture we give reward cards. Several of the boys work hard for the cards, but the girls will not repeat the texts after us and therefore never learn them, and do not get cards. I would like to separate the girls and boys and make a greater effort to teach the girls, but there is no one else to teach the boys. So we must do the best we can with them all together, until we can get a teacher for the boys. Mrs. Stanley and Mr. and Mrs. Moodie go out with us occasionally, but as yet Mr. Moodie is not able to take a class. Pray that I may soon be able to get a woman who I can rely upon as a helper, both in going out with me and for doing Bible-woman's work.

Plague is very bad in the town just now; many people are dying from it and others are leaving the town. It is not thought wise to let the little boys go in the town while the plague is so bad, and I had to stay away from the school last Sunday because there was no one to go with me. I felt very sorry, for in the hour and a half that we spend with the children they are learning about God and His love, and Jesus and His power to save, and are not left only to see and learn the works of the devil, as they would be otherwise.

We have a children's meeting on Saturday afternoon for the small children of the orphanage and the Christian's children. We all enjoy these meetings very much. Last week we had an object lesson, showing the heart in all its different stages, from the clean baby heart to the heart cleansed from sin and made pure. We used many Scripture verses dealing with the subject of the heart, and as we read the verses and showed the hearts, the children's eyes brightened and seemed to be filled with
anxious thoughts. When the lesson was finished I asked one little fellow to pray. In his prayer he said, “O Lord, as a hen covers her little chickens under her wings, and protects them, so you protect us from Satan.” I believe the Holy Spirit by the Word let some of them see the condition of their hearts. One little boy told his mother that he did not understand how the black spots can get inside. Several have said that they want a pure heart. May God lead you dear friends to pray for those two little boys (the workers), and for the other children, as well as for us whom some of you know. We thank you for your prayers and help, and as the Lord leads you in helping us in this work, so follow.

A VISIT TO THE AKOLA WORK-SHOP  
BY A MISSIONARY.

ONE rainy morning, not long ago, we found ourselves in the above named place, looking at the boys and their work and thinking how different life might have been to them if the King’s ambassadors had never come to this Satan-harassed land. From the eaves of the roof the rain ran off in little rivulets, but it does not disturb the work of the boys at their benches and anvils. Rather, we think, they are glad to hear the patter of the rain, for most of the year finds a hot sun streaming down upon this same roof with no friendly clouds to lessen the fierceness of his heat. No “spreading chestnut tree” o’ershades this “village smithy,” and there is no Longfellow to write beautiful sentiment concerning it. For this is India and most of India’s poets are dead or not yet born, and we are left to deal with real and living facts some of which are sad indeed and some, too, we are glad to say which are bright and promising.

And this work-shop with its merrily ringing anvils and happy clattering of machinery is sounding out the eternal hope that has been born in these boys’ hearts. We want to tell you as briefly as we can of these lives and their work and their prospects. This industry was founded with the purpose of giving such practical training to the boys as would enable them to earn an honest living, and at the same time lift them above the plane of existing merely to please self and cater to fleshly desires, as is so commonly the case with the labouring classes in this country. (Readers in Christian lands may wonder how coolies supporting families on a few cents per day can cater much to the flesh.)

They only need to remember that India is a heathen land and that in any land poverty is not necessarily a preventative of sin. Romans I, from verse eighteen describes the condition of heathen India.) In this shop are twenty-five or thirty young men ranging in age from fourteen to twenty years. They are strong, bright and promising—part of the foundation of India’s future. A few years ago they came, or were brought, to our various mission stations, reduced by famine’s gnawings to skin and bones. They are practically all from low castes or from out-cast classes. This means that had they lived through the famines without coming in contact with the relief from Christian lands, (and there was hardly a possibility of their doing that), they would at best, to-day, be outcasts still, doing the most menial kind of labour with minds altogether blinded in heathen darkness. As it is, they are becoming respectable carpenters and black-smiths, and are learning to do a class of work that will bring them from two to four times the wages they could have earned as coolies. For instance, an ordinary native labourer may earn four or five annas per day or, for a little part of the year, six annas per day. (An anna equals 1d or 2 cents.) These boys can earn from six to twelve or even fifteen annas per day, and do a quality of work that is far superior to the native work in the same trades. And the wage question is only a small part of it. They are being taught clean and honest habits and that this life is all only a means to an end. They are, we trust, learning to want treasures in heaven.

Then, as they go out of this shop to establish homes of their own, they carry with them not only power to use saw and square, or hammer and anvil, but in their hearts the more important part of unselfish love to their Redeemer and their fellows. Moreover the giving of such training to our native Christian men ought to be a step toward making our Indian church self-supporting. Men who can earn good wages are better able to contribute to the Lord’s treasury than those who have barely enough to maintain a living.

Naturally the question comes to our minds, “Why are they not trained to preach the gospel? Could they not be preachers or evangelists?” But before we pronounce judgment against them or the missionaries in charge, let us take into account all that this means. We are quite sure that, in calling out “a people for His name,” from heathen India, our Lord has purposed there should be among the called out...
ones, for every community, some honest, consistent Christian artisans such as carpenters, black-smiths, farmers etc. True, we want evangelists. We ought to pray and work to this end, and put our encouragement and help wherever any sign of God's leading on this line appears. But after this is done there is still left from our orphanages a class whom God did not intend should be catechists or preachers. Rather, He intended that at the anvil or behind the plow they should so work and so witness that their labour would be dignified, and hearts around them made hungry for the satisfying portion they have found in the Lord Jesus; who by His own example gave eternal dignity to common labour.

The question, "Does it pay?" can not be answered by merely looking to see if there is an even balance between the debit and credit sides of the account books. We must look further than that and we must be long-sighted enough to see what this training will have meant to these hearts a million years hence. And the question is sometimes raised, "Do not these boys work thus from purely selfish motives? Is it not because they can not do so well anywhere else?"

No human wisdom can guard against such a possibility in some cases. And that there are such cases is no more an argument for the suspension of industrial work than the fact that there are hypocrites in the church is an argument for the stopping of all effort to Christianize. We think of one workman, a foreman in the shop, who was saved years ago from heathenism and the influences of a drunken father. As a worker in the shop his services and his skill are valuable indeed—so valuable that he has been offered double his wages to leave and go to an outside business firm. He refuses this offer and goes on quietly and gratefully with his Master's work.

And now, may we say a few words about the needs of this important work. It is not yet self-supporting, though it might be made so by the addition of some needed improvements in buildings and machinery. There is no lack of employment. Plenty of orders come and the capacity of the shop is not enough to keep up to the demand for the work turned out. At this writing there are orders enough ahead for tongas (Indian carriages), tanks etc., to keep the boys busy for several months. This speaks well for the kind of work done. And if you could see some of these strong, durable and handsome carriages, which these boys, under careful direction, build; and could you then compare with this work the poorer class of native work, you would not wonder that there is much demand for it. And if the shop had some improvements more work could be done and the income would probably meet the working expenses. Besides machinery, an addition to the building is badly needed; and a working capital for buying stock (wood, fittings etc.) would mean a saving of money. When stock must be bought a little at a time, just as used, the rates are much higher than they would be wholesale.

We could write more about the work-shop, the workers and the missionary in charge. We are sure God will amply reward those whose love and patience are making it possible for these young lives to be trained for honourable, useful work. And it may be that some of God's stewards in reading of these lives will hear Him speak concerning the needs we have mentioned. If they do hear, let them be obedient and they too will have a share in the reward.

---

**Items**

R. and MRS. TURNBULL, Mrs. Duckworth, Mrs. Burman, Miss Compton and several others in both the Marathi and Gujarati fields have recently taken and creditably passed their language examinations; some under very unfavourable and discouraging conditions.

Miss Fuller has gone for a little rest to Mussoorie in the Himalays. Mr. Fuller hopes to join her there soon after the first of October. Much prayer is asked for Mr. Fuller as he is far from well and in great need of rest and quiet.

Famine conditions exist in Rajputana in spite of from half to two and a half inches of rain having fallen during the past fortnight. Ten days ago there were 10,000 on Relief works in Ajmer, Marwara and about 7,000 elsewhere. It is reported that a number of Christians have starved to death and a good number have left their homes.

"The Executive Committee of the Prince and Princess of Wales Reception Fund in Madras unanimously decided at its last Meeting that there should be no performances by native girls at the entertainment to be given to Their Royal Highnesses."—The Christian Patriot.
**List of Alliance Missionaries.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>BERAR</th>
<th>GUJARAT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Akola</td>
<td>Ahmedabad: Miss J. Fraser, Miss A. Fraser, Miss A. White</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Bakrol: Mr. R. J. Bennett (P. O. Sanand.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amraoti</td>
<td>Berawal: Mr. R. G. Greengrass (Kathiawar.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buldana</td>
<td>Dholka: Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Andrews, Miss M. Ballentine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chandrapur</td>
<td>Kaira: Miss C. Hansen, Miss C. Hilker, Miss A. Seasholtz, Mrs. Searle, Miss M. Compton, Miss V. Dunham</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daryapur</td>
<td>Matar: Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Hamilton (P. O. Kaira.) Mrs. E. Berman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Khamgaon</td>
<td>Mehsnadabad: Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Back, Miss L. Gardner, Miss E. Leonard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Malkapur</td>
<td>Porbandar: Mr. W. Turnbull, Mr. S. Armson (Kathiawar.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Sabarmati: Miss H. O'Donnell, Miss L. Herr</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Sanand: Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Turnbull, Miss C. Peter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Viramgam: Mr. and Mrs. A. Duckworth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>BOMBAY: Mr. M.B. Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. C. Eicher, Miss K. Knight, Miss E. Morris, Miss L. Fuller</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**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. & Mrs. C. W. Scheleander

*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.*