The India Alliance.
The Organ of The Christian and Missionary Alliance in India.

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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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have the joy of knowing the greater part of the State has hitherto remained untouched. We hope to begin touring shortly, and trust our readers may soon hear the name of Jesus.

Immediately on our occupying the new house, I had to return to Gujarát to assist Mr. Read in the management of the Orphanage and Training Class, whilst Mr. Andrews took a much-needed rest, so was not able to begin work. The other brethren have, however, visited several villages, and done some preaching in the town. They report the people have given respectful attention to their message, on some occasions asking them to come again. The missionaries from Rajkot have often visited Porbandar for a vacation, when they invariably preached in the bazàrs, but practically the greater part of the State has hitherto remained untouched. We hope to begin touring shortly, and trust our readers may soon have the joy of knowing that the Gospel message has again been preached to many thousands of souls who have never perhaps heard the name of Jesus. We praise our Heavenly Father for this “open door,” and are assured our brethren and sisters in the home-lands will take this new field upon their hearts. We ask them to remember we are in a Native State, consequently have not the immediate protection of the British Government. There is the probability that we may have to face problems and difficulties that do not fall to the lot of our brethren labouring in British Territory. Pray that God will so strengthen us by His Spirit that we may be equal to any emergency, and overcome every obstacle that may confront us in His name.

GLEANINGS FROM DAYS IN INDIA

By Alice White.

This, the month of September, has been a month of “holy” days or holidays throughout all India, and every one of the innumerable gods has received due homage. And the birthdays of these and the great prophets of this land, have been celebrated in a very impressive manner. Procession after procession has passed and the streets have been filled with the clamour of native instruments and the monotonous hum of the voices keeping time to these weird strains.

But the mingling of what is held as sacred with the ridiculous was presented one day, as the largest of the parades was wending its way along to the river. This procession was headed by the god Ganpat the most hideous of all, represented with an elephant’s face and an exceedingly bloated body. As we were watching the procession pass in all the array of oriental brilliancy, we noticed in the centre many musical instruments of familiar designs, and presently, to our delight the strains of “Way Down upon the Swanee River” were heard. They love to introduce as much English into their customs of generations, as their caste rigour will permit.

Some one has said, “I suppose the reason why English artists put so much perspective in their drawings is because Christianity has given them a future: and the reason oriental artists do not do so is because Confucius and Buddha do not lift the eye above the present level.” But God has a perspective for India, and well may we rejoice, that we are the brushes with which the Master Hand is laying in that future!

These have been busy days in the study of the language and learning the needed lessons before being used in this great work. Day after day each with its beautiful morning and the intense heat of the midday under a tropical sun, has been passed in trying to conquer the intricacies of a much inflected language, leaving very little variation in our lives. “In His presence there is fulness of joy,” and in His appointed work an entire satisfaction. And we have almost regretted the drawing to a close of the day when man’s work is laid aside for a time; but our Heavenly Father is wiser than we are in making this provision on our behalf.

He has called us aside at times to speak to us, and also to be used by Him in speaking to others. The work among the high-caste people has been especially laid on our hearts, and in answer to this desire He has been constantly sending high-caste people to our bungalow. Many times the “Missi Sàhibs” have been wanted below. As we enter the room our visitors arise and greet us in such a courteous way, and as we have conversed with them we find that they are very intellectual; also, that the majority have been educated in mission-schools and have been well taught in
the Scriptures. In reviewing the old, old story, they assent to nearly everything that is said, and many say that they believe. But as in Ezek 37, which was recently brought to our notice, they say, as it were, "our bones are dried--; our customs are so old we cannot break them. Our hope is lost."

We realize the truth of this, that we are in the valley of dry bones, but God has said, "I will breathe life into them and I will cause them to stand." How glad we have been that He has again and again permitted us to tell, the vision of special duty or service and its fruits, of a great cause these have been sown, to turn to Him.

The pivotal factor in the question of India's conversion is that little group of native Christians which gathers around each mission station and with which the greater part of the missionary's energies are spent. Then there are the odd unreckoned services where a work is being accomplished that are hardly cognizant of, and although it seems as though we are interrupted from what He has prescribed for us, it may be to do a greater service for Him after all. Then there is the Lord's day filled with its services of love, and rest in Him.

About eight o'clock in the morning a Sunday school of waifs is gathered from the streets. They are intensely interesting, and like some of our own waifs who are obliged to knock about for themselves, they are very bright and quick. But, oh how uncared for! Hair left in its natural condition looking very much like a scraggly bush, and with an alarming scarcity of clothing, they rush into the compound, bowing and salaaming, and are seated under the shade of the trees or on the verandahs; then we try to tell them in our broken tongue that Jesus loves them; also teach them the same golden text that all my readers are learning a few hours later.

Thus the designs of our lives are being carried out as our God turns the kaliedoscope and brings out one pattern after another, until each life has fallen into its place, and His heart is being satisfied; each design being intensified in beauty until He thrills with the effect and all the universe feels the exultation of being one with Him.

"But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord are changed into the same image from glory to glory."

Is it because the fulfilment has not come as speedily as we anticipated, and we have grown weary of waiting? Or that the way has been toilsome and hard, and we are so engrossed with the roughness of the way that we have failed to lift up our heads and so lost sight of the vision? Perhaps we have been beguiled into some by-path; perhaps we have been content with only a partial fulfilment. No doubt some have gone back when they found that sacrifice is involved. Others have toiled on and suffered and the suffering has destroyed the old-time vigour and fire. But shall it destroy the faith too? Shall it send us back on our pathway defeated when the goal is so near? Ah, no! Let us remember that "in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

There is a "fulness of time" for all God-planned events. There is nothing haphazard about the lives of the Father's children. If we suffer meanwhile let us remember that although it seems grievous "nevertheless afterward it worketh the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby," Some people make a curse of their sorrows and trials; others reap golden harvests because their spirits are rightly exercised by God's loving
discipline. Discipline is not necessarily punishment; suffering is not always a chastisement. It is frequently a means of development and of mellowing the righteous soul. Let us not despise it or fret against it, but submit ourselves to God's mighty hand and in due time our exaltation will follow.

Let us each think clearly what the mission God gave us is, for each life has a mission. For what do we stand and for what are we aiming? Are we living true to the purpose of our lives, or are we coming short of it? It is said that every large Protestant religious body of to-day was born out of a special need, and to each in turn was entrusted the mission of reviving God's people and leading them to a purer life. God has used one organization after another for this. The sad part of it is that any instrument had ever to be set aside to give place to a new, and that each in turn itself needed reviving. Let us see that we as individuals are not "castaways" because not fulfilling God's purpose.

If we have failed let us humbly acknowledge it and beseech God to renew to us the old vision and to give us purpose of heart to pursue that first end unto which we were called. We shall not want to stand before the Lord with an incomplete work, a life marred by discouragement or listlessness. In the apostle's words, it is high time for us to awake out of sleep, for now is our salvation nearer, aye very much nearer than when men first believed. Let us gird our loins afresh that in our Saviour's words we may be able to say, "I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do."

Hindus and Mohammedans have many festivals every year, in which they make merry, while the Indian Christian has but one, the Christmas festival. Most missionaries aim to make the Christmas season a real joy time for the Indian Christians, emphasizing the spiritual side and showing practical "peace and good will" as well. Especially for the orphan children is some special demonstration desirable. If any friends at home wish to brighten the Christmas of the little brown Indian boys and girls, we are sure those in charge of orphanages will be glad for their co-operation.

We would also remind our readers that because the famine which gave us our orphans is so long past, the need has not passed. The orphans still need support, and as they grow older the need is increased rather than lessened. We trust none who have been contributing hitherto will withdraw their support until our boys and girls are fairly launched in life for themselves. A few are already earning wages, but the large majority are still on our hands. Recently a great revival movement has sprung up in several orphanages in India. It seems a significant fact that God should begin His gracious work among the boys and girls upon whom many have learned to look as the hope of India. They must be the evangelizing force of the days to come.

**Mission Questions**

**WHAT MAY WE EXPECT FROM THE REVIVAL?**

HIS is a very practical question, for there can be no doubt that the Revival is coming more and more into the region of "practical politics" and is no mere dream of the imagination. The columns of intelligence which we publish week by week under the heading "The Revival" must convince even the pseustical, if such there be, that God is about to give a mighty and marvellous answer to the prayers which have been going up for months, and longer, that He would do a new thing in India and pour out an abundant and abiding blessing. If any one takes a map of India and notes the places where the Revival has broken out he will be struck with the fact that these are like strategic points such as we can suppose an invading army would select for the conquest and occupation of the country. Assam in the far North-east. Sialkot (Punjab) in the North-west, then descending South, Poona, Mukti, Yeotmal (Berar); again, coming further South, Tirukoilur at our very doors. Between these points, so far apart, lie vast multitudes of people, waiting, like the dry bones in Ezekiel's open valley, for the breath of God to blow upon and quicken and energise them. And so the question arises, what may we expect when this new invasion of India takes place, when these mighty forces of the heavenly world are let loose upon the
unsaved and, in many cases, the unevangelised multitudes?

For one thing we may expect a vast increase in numbers among the ranks of Christ’s followers. That is one of the outstanding lessons of the Assam Revival. It is estimated that the result, by the end of the year, will be an increase in the church membership of over 3,000 converts. According to the statistics for 1904 the Welsh Presbyterian Churches in the Khassia Hills showed a total membership of nearly 18,000 so that the increase will amount to 16 per cent. at least, within a period of six months. This is a great advance on all previous progress in that region. Mission work among the Khasses is considered among the most successful in India and yet after sixty-four years of labour a membership of 18,000 cannot be regarded as anything Pentecostal.

Christ says “that ye bear much fruit.” Is this much fruit? A devoted church with infinite power behind it would it without show better results than this. Look at the Spirit’s work when He has His way, nearly 3,000 souls in six months. And even this does not satisfy the Spirit, for if He had only fully consecrated men to co-operate with Him He would once more have 3,000 souls in six hours as on the day of Pentecost. What are the promises? A nation born in a day, when Zion travails.

But the fruit of Revival is something immensely more than a numerical increase. We all know how terribly possible it is to have numbers without excellence in quality. Now the testimony with regard to genuine Revival is undeviating on that point, that the converts brought in at such a time are, spiritually “better born” than those who are added at a time of spiritual declension and weakness. That was observed in the Welsh Revival and the evidence from the history of other awakenings, including those which are taking place in India is in the same direction. At Yeotmal, Berar, where a marvellous manifestation of the power of God has recently occurred, Rev. J. T. Taylor writes, “It is wonderful to us not only that so many have sought and found the Lord in such a short time, but the depth of experience and the insight into spiritual things and the perception of the condition of sinners as to whether they are seeking sincerely and also whether they have received, what they profess to have received, is very marvellous indeed.” Fruit develops rapidly in the tropical heat of the Sun of Righteousness.

One practical result of Revival is a quickened conscience. Again and again we read in the accounts continually coming to our notice, that as the result of the work of the Spirit in Revival power, not only is there deep conviction of and acute sorrow for sin—the ploughshare of penitence going far down and breaking up the fallow ground—but there are fruits answering to repentance and proving its reality. It is said that in Pandita Ramabai’s Homes there is a room which is or was filled with stolen property, restored by the “victims” of the Revival. The multiplication of such victims, led captive by conscience at its will, would bring about a wonderful revolution in the payment of debts which are such a scandal in many a Christian community, and a pain and a grief alike to creditor and debtor. The question of a quickened conscience is one that goes to the root of all well-being.—The Christian Patriot.

PLAGUE IN AKOLA

BY MRS. STANLEY.

A KOLA is having a dreadful visitation of plague. People are falling on the right hand and on the left. Even we have had to leave our habitation down town and move up to the mission bungalow where Mr. and Mrs. Moyser have been living, while they have gone out with the school to Santa Barbara, about three miles from Akola.

This morning one of our Christian boys found a lump under his arm but he didn’t complain of being sick at that time; nevertheless he was taken to the doctor. Fever soon came on however, either from fear or sickness. The doctor pronounced it a doubtful case, so he was removed to Santa Barbara and segregated. We hope it is not plague.

One of our Christians, although a weak one is recovering from plague.

Last Friday, September 22nd, we had fifty one deaths in Akola. That was the highest point reached this year. Saturday there were forty four. There have been about one thousand deaths since the plague commenced in the middle of July. Many have fled from home and business; the bazaar is almost deserted. It is difficult to obtain food, and for what we can buy from the few who are risking their lives and standing by their stuff, we pay about double price. Our baker is dead; two grain merchants whom we have patronized are dead; all of the mutton-butchers and a number of beef-butchers
are dead. The loss seems to be greatest among the Mussulman community and the Marthews. The rich have fled and the poor are slain.

Early in the mornings, when we were still living down town, we could hear the wailing of the poor bereaved ones, and our hearts would pity them, but we could do nothing but pray that this visitation may be a means for God to open their eyes that they may see the One who can and wants to save them from the plague of sin.

"Mari Mâi"—"Mother of death"—is very much feared, consequently, faithfully worshipped. Many goats are offered to her every day, and from time to time she enters into some poor victim (devil possession) and then she tells queer things; e.g., one day during the possession some one asked the woman possessed how many she was going to kill and she replied, "Seven car-loads." Another day she entered into the woman and she was asked again how many she wanted, when she replied, "Two more car-loads," meaning rail-road cars. Someone asked her why she did not go into the Christians. She replied she would be defiled by so doing. What a blessed thing it would be for one to live so near the Lord that the devil would fear to come near.

Two days later.

The plague is still raging. Cases are so near our kârkhana (workshop) that it has become necessary to close it. Some of the work that must be finished at once is to be moved to Santa Barbara. I made the proposal that all its work should be stopped, and the Christians should start out on an evangelistic campaign with the manager as the leader. I wish they could see their way clear to do so.

The poor boy I first mentioned is unconscious this morning, and there is no hope for him but in God. May He keep the remaining boys and the families from the dreadful fiend. As far as we are concerned we feel it is only as we rest in the "secret place of the Most High" that we are kept. The 91st Psalm is especially precious to us these days. How glorious to have such a sure refuge! Hallelujah!

In town, the night air is so foul that the natives complain. The last few days of our stay there, I felt it exceedingly.

For some time, we had been praying for a revival amongst ourselves and our Indian Christians that the heathen around us might see our God's power and flee to Him. May this be the beginning of the answer to our prayers.

A week has passed since the above paragraphs were written. The evil one has been very busy, but the Lord through it all has been very real and His promises precious. Last Thursday our cook was taken sick on our compound. The foul guest came in such disguise that we didn't recognize him at first. The poor man's fear was great and sometimes I think it was fear that killed him. He came in Thursday morning with a very heavy cold in his head. I told him he must not go to the bazaar that day, as plague was so very bad in town. But he went against my will and returned at 10 a.m. with high fever, so lay down. He wanted the doctor so we sent for him. In the evening the doctor said there was no sign of plague yet; the fever had gone down. Friday, morning he seemed better and we began to feel that it might not be plague. In the afternoon he became worse and at midnight he became delirious; at 4-30 a.m. (Saturday) he died, leaving a wife and five children. He was not a Christian, I am sorry to say. The enemy tried very hard to put fear into our hearts and I believe if we had given him place he would have cut our lives off. All Indian Christians living on the compound fled even before the body was removed, so we were left alone.

In the evening my husband told me he had fever and had had it for several days. The same was the case with myself and we had refrained from telling one another. Still we had taken our cases to God secretly. But now we felt we must take hold with a strong hand. So all at the station joined in prayer, and Mr. Stanley was anointed. The next day although weak, he had very little fever. The cause of his condition was overwork.

The condition in the city is still fearful—yesterday there were thirty-six deaths. One poor woman, who has lost her husband, told me that from many homes in her immediate neighbourhood, two and three have been taken away. The Government nurse told me to-day that there is no decrease. They have no hope of seeing the last of the plague until hot weather comes, which is yet five months in the future. The Christian lad whom I wrote about in the beginning is now getting better for which we praise God. His recovery is a victory to our God. May the people see it and understand that the Christian's God only is the true and living God.
AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE.

Grace L. Enwright.

In returning from the Day of Prayer held at Akola last month, Mrs. Rogers and I had an experience which perhaps while not quite novel in missionary annals yet may be of interest to the home readers of the Alliance.

We had had a delightful All-Day of Prayer at Akola; God, in the Spirit of His Son, had been very near, and I think every missionary as he went out from that Day of Prayer, felt better fitted to renew his labour of winning souls for the Master, because of this little tarrying at the Master's feet.

For two or three days the rain had been falling heavily at intervals, and it was in a light shower that Mrs. Rogers and I left Akola for Murtizapur on Saturday, the day following the Day of Prayer. We reached Murtizapur about 2-30 p.m. Here the rain was pouring down, so we decided not to attempt to reach home that day, as we felt sure the river—which lay between us and Daryapur, and must be crossed by tonga—would be impassable. So we spent a pleasant, restful Sunday with our missionary friends at Murtizapur, and early Monday morning prepared to go on to Daryapur. We could obtain no news concerning the river, but feeling that we must get home, started on a fifteen mile drive in the tonga. The morning was delightfully cool and cloudy, and the eight mile drive to the river thoroughly enjoyable, but the river reached, we felt something like consternation, for the usually shallow, placid waters were swollen to a muddy, turbulent stream.

From our seat in the tonga we took in the scene and counselled what was to be done. On the other side of the river were numbers of bullocks and carts anxious (or their owners were at least) to get across, having come probably from distant villages. Out in the middle of the stream, men and boys were swimming, diving, and shouting, while others were attempting to lead bullocks through the water, the heads only of both men and animals being above the flood. To keep the animals from being carried down the stream by the current required strenuous efforts on the part of the men, and these were accompanied by the usual amount of shouting.

Afloat on the bosom of the stream was a “canoe” which looked like an immense log hollowed out in the middle. This is supplied by Government for the transfer of travellers at times when the river is otherwise impassable. After some conference our luggage was unloaded from the tonga, and carried over to the boat (?); then as the water near the shore was too shallow to admit of the boat coming up, and the mud was very deep—two stalwart men made a chair of their hands joined together, and in this improvised conveyance, clinging tightly to my bearers, I was carried over to the boat. Mrs. Rogers followed, and leaving our poor little Indian ponies to wade through with the tonga, we were soon on our way to the other side. There were no seats in our craft, so we sat on the edge of the boat, and discussed the situation. Reaching the other side, the mud did not seem so very deep, so we concluded we could walk up the bank to the tonga. A few steps went very well, and then Mrs. Rogers gave in and could go no farther. A very black but well intentioned native offered to carry her as they had before; finally another man arrived and Mrs. Rogers was carried off to the tonga. By this time I also had discovered that such mud while probably having its uses was not intended for peDESTrianism. In process of time I too was carried over to the tonga, and discarding my muddy shoes crawled into that haven of rest. A man obligingly cleaned my shoes as well as he could, but he lacked both the skill and the kit of a New York bootblack, so I put them in the bottom of the tonga, and rode home the remaining six miles shoeless.

In the tonga again, the pull up the river bank through the mud was an ordeal for our tough little ponies, but with two or three men pushing, and much shouting, it was at last accomplished;—then down again with a jolt that threatened to upset the tonga, on to the Government road and we were again safely on our way to Daryapur.

The work here is growing—praise be to Him who “watereth and giveth the increase.” Last Sunday in the evening meeting held in our compound, at least one hundred people heard the Gospel. In the villages often as many as seventy or eighty people will gather in one place and listen quietly and attentively to the Gospel story. Yesterday morning as many as one hundred and fifteen gathered in one village. There are several here in Daryapur who appear to be convicted of the truth in their hearts, but are afraid to confess Christ.

At one place where I had gone alone, an old man said after I had talked for some time “What is the use? I hear, but I understand..."
nothing." It was rather discouraging, but I said "Look here, uncle." (a respectful term of address). "There is one God; His Son Jesus Christ, came into the world and died for your sins; if you believe on Him, God will forgive your sins and save you. Do you understand that?" "Yes," he said, "I understand that." I believe we need to make the Gospel very simple for the people. There is danger of veiling the Good News in too many words.

On the river bank,—like Paul at Philippi,—we have some of our best audiences. Here the women resort to do their washing, and some of our most-to-be-remembered hours of work have been those in which we sat on the gravel at the river side, with the clean stream running near, and talked to the women who ceased their washing for a time, or stood with their waterpots upon their heads, listening to the strange story. We have started two meetings for children in the Mahar community. The little ones were rather wild at first, but are beginning to learn nicely the hymns and verses we teach them. Our two new catechists who came to us this month are a great help in the work—we are praying that they may have a real baptism of the Spirit for service.

And so the work goes on, and by His grace will steadily go on to triumph when He comes.

INDIAN EXPERIENCES

BY MARGARET BALLENGYNE.

ONE'S first experience on reaching India in this present stage of transition is the vanishing of preconceived ideas. In the Home Land so few missionary chronicles can be obtained which are up-to-date. One arrives in this country with the thought of the thousands of women of high-caste being kept as close prisoners. In Ahmedabad a city of some 150,000 inhabitants, a Hindoo on being asked, replied that very few ladies were kept in purdah in that city, perhaps not more than a dozen or perhaps less; that ladies of the highest-caste though not going on foot in the bazaar, go in carriages and are not secluded as hitherto.

—Widows are allowed to travel about. Two widows of high-caste at one time were seen in a public infirmary which is carried on by a rich Hindoo for the benefit of his countrymen. True, alas! their heads were shaved and they were distinguished from their companions by their sad faces and by the absence of bright sardis and glittering bangles. They were clad in sardis of a dull dingy red cloth. Fervent prayer is still needed for the emancipation of the women in India, both in a social and spiritual sense, but God is permitting us to see enough fruit from the prayers and works of those who have toiled and those who are toiling with this end in view, to thank Him and take courage.

Then in the matter of child marriage reform is slowly but surely taking place. Although it is, and "pity 'tis, 'tis true," a common sight to see the wedding procession of a bridegroom of not more than twelve years on his way to be wedded to a bride of seven or eight years, to see the carriages provided for the wedding guests in the late evenings filled with groups of laughing, merry children clad in gay silks and sparkling jewels. One Hindoo speaking English fluently when introducing some of us missionaries to his wife and wee girlie of six years, told it quite as a matter of course that the little damsel was already betrothed and would be married at the age of twelve. It made our hearts ache, as we watched the lassie so devotedly attached to her father, to realise that before childhood had gone she would be sent to live amongst strangers. When one sees that amongst these people of India, family affection is as strong as in our own land the wrong to childhood is better understood.

A brighter side to the picture is that educated men of high-caste are daring to be true to their own convictions.

A member of one high-caste in Ahmedabad told us that in his caste although their girls are married at the age of ten they do not call them to their husbands' home till they are fifteen years of age. He also mentioned one Hindoo doctor, who has chosen to keep his daughter unmarried till now—she is eighteen years old.

The hospitality of the higher castes is a very pleasant surprise. One comes here prepared to meet hearts and homes bolted and barred against the foreigners and their religion. The great improvement in this matter has, the older missionaries say, taken place since the awful famine of 1900, and the death-dealing scourgé of plague during the last eight years. Truly "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform." But the saddest part is that while they are ready to listen and to read anything given to them, it does not mean that they are ready to step out. A scene of hourly occurrence is the continual going and coming of hundreds of educated, intelligent men to the
idol temples. One fine stalwart man almost six feet in height, intellectual and well educated, came to the bungalow at Ahmedabad one evening. How eagerly he listened, and he himself spoke of the signs of the times, earthquake, famine, pestilence and war as showing that the coming of the Lord was near. He said, "I am a secret believer but I have not the moral courage to break caste and confess Christ." How hungry he looked as we sang and talked with him. After praying with him, as he rose to go, with a face full of emotion he thanked us. Oh those terrible caste bonds. Let us resolve to take a fresh hold of God and bring down the "Glory of the Impossible," the deliverance of many secret believers who are fast bound by their chains.

The lower-castes have their bright and sad story. Their dependence is so marked. They have been trodden down by those above them in social position till they seem to have lost the power to think for themselves, especially the women. Whilst the high-caste are glad to give the low-caste seem to expect to take. But it must be borne in mind that amongst the labourers the average wage is twopence per day. Yet in spite of natural tendency increased by circumstances, they do give of their pittance after conversion, to the church funds, and seldom does one visit a native home without being pressed to share their hospitality. Some bright jewels for the Master are shining in the out-of-the-way places. One old woman supposed to be about eighty years of age was seen by Miss Fraser sitting outside a house door in a village. Miss Fraser asked who she was and the people said, "Oh! don't trouble about her; she is too old and deaf." But Miss Fraser resolved to do all in her power and was enabled to make the poor old woman hear the "good news." God blessed the message, and to-day, the dear old woman, deaf and blind, is a shining example of Christianity in her village. Her testimony is as unique as herself. Placing her hand on her heart she will say, "My Lord is right here." Here in Dholka, it makes one feel like singing all the time, as one contrasts the faces of the students with young men of their age and rank among the idol worshippers. And it is encouraging to see their devotion to each other in times of sickness and their strong belief in prayer. Usually the first thing if one falls sick is for two or three of his classmates to meet together and pray with him. And in spite of the fact that these people have been trained for centuries to deceive in every possible way, we can praise God, amongst our Orphanage boys and girls there are those who can be trusted in spite of heredity.

"To God be the glory, great things, He hath done."

### Items

This is a most trying season of the year. Several of the missionaries have been suffering with fever or other maladies. They need your earnest prayers for recovery. In fact, all need prayer that their health may be preserved in the midst of prevailing evil conditions. The Indian Christians are also suffering much in some localities.

Mr. Fuller has had some fever and was in danger of a serious breakdown. He is now at a hill-station resting, and we understand, improving in health. Mr. W. Turnbull who has also been seriously ill, is better. Miss Alice Yoder is also recovering from a severe attack of fever.

The outbreak of plague in Akola and Khāmgāon has been so serious as to necessitate the removal of the orphan-schools from their quarters. The boys' school has shifted to the orphanage-farm, while the girls' school is encamped in the open fields. The missionaries are living in tents. The weather is extremely hot for such camping out, and special prayer should be made for those thus obliged to endure it.

As this number of the India Alliance is issued, the annual convention of our India missionaries will be in session at Mehmadabad, Gujarāt.

The India Revival continues to spread. Glowing accounts come from several centres. God grant that it shall not be confined to the schools and orphanages, but spread abroad through all the land.

### 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.
### List of Alliance Missionaries.

#### BERAR—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Names of Missionaries</th>
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| Akola     | Mr. and Mrs. W.M. Moyser  
Mr. and Mrs. R.S. M. Stanley  
Miss M. Veach  
Mr. S.H. Auernheimer  
Mr. and Mrs. P.C. Moodie |
| Amraoti   | Mr. and Mrs. C. Erickson  
Miss L.J. Holmes |
| Buldana   | Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Franklin  
Miss M. Barr |
| Chandur   | Mr. and Mrs. W. Ramsey  
Mr. E.R. Carner |
| Daryapur  | Mr. and Mrs. J.P. Rogers  
Miss G. Enright |
| Khamgaon  | Miss A. Yoder  
Miss F. Hoffman  
Miss E. Krater  
Miss L. Downs  
Miss M. Millham |
| Malkapur  | Mr. and Mrs. P. Hagberg  
(P.O. Buldana.) |
| Murtizapur| Mr. and Mrs. L. Cutler |
| Shegaon   | Mr. and Mrs. J.W. Johnson  
Miss E. Ashwood |

#### GUJARAT—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Names of Missionaries</th>
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| Ahmedabad| Miss J. Fraser  
Miss A. Fraser  
Miss A. White |
| Bakrol   | (P.O. Sanand.)  
Mr. and Mrs. H.V. Andrews  
Mr. and Mrs. J. Read  
Miss M. Ballowyne |
| Dholka   | Miss C. Hansen  
Miss C. Hilker  
Miss A. Seasholtz  
Mrs. Searle  
Miss M. Compton  
Miss V. Dunham |
| Kaira    | Mr. and Mrs. S.P. Hamilton  
(P.O. Kaira.)  
Mrs. E. Burman |
| Mehmadabad| Mr. and Mrs. F.H. Back  
Miss L. Gardner  
Miss E. Leonard |
| Sabarmati| Miss H. O'Donnell  
Miss L. Herr |
| Sanand   | Mr. and Mrs. L.F. Turnbull  
Miss C. Peter |
| Viramgam | Mr. and Mrs. A. Duckworth |

#### KHANDESH—

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<th>Location</th>
<th>Names of Missionaries</th>
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| Bhusawal | Mr. and Mrs. R.D. Bannister  
Miss L. Becker  
Miss Z. McAuley |
| Chalisgaon| Mr. and Mrs. W. Fletcher |
| Jalgaon  | Miss M. Wiest  
Miss C. Rutherford |
| Pachora  | Mr. A. Johnson  
Mr. and Mrs. M.J. Wark |

#### KATHIAWAR—

<table>
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<th>Location</th>
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| Porbandar| Mr. W. Turnbull  
Mr. S. Armson |
| Veraval  | Mr. R.J. Bennett  
Mr. R.G. Greengrass |

#### BOMBAY—

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Location</th>
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| Bombay   | Mr. M.B. Fuller  
Mr. and Mrs. C. Eicher  
Miss K. Knight  
Miss E. Morris  
Miss L. Fuller |

#### ON FURLough:—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Missionaries</th>
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</table>
| 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. Schelander |