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

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SPECIAL DAY FOR PRAYER, LAST FRIDAY OF EACH MONTH.
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The Alliance is unsectarian and its special object is the evangelization of neglected fields: it seeks to unite Christians of all evangelical denominations in its work.

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

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

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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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Rest.

Rest, give me rest, dear Master—from my way
Remove those things that try me day by day,
The small annoyance, or the heavy care
That sometimes seems too much for me to bear
With Christlike patience and humility,
Oh Master, give me fuller liberty.

And Jesus heard my cry and gave me rest,
Not as I prayed, I knew not what was best,
Not in removing from my lot the care,
But by allowing me in grief to share,
Not by witholding all that vexed me,
Not by permitting me to take my ease,
And only do such things as I should please,
No ! a rebellious child I was—He knew
That greater work for Him I could not do,
While in the little things I failed and fell,
O Jesus, Master, Thou hast loved me well
In that Thou answeredst not my foolish prayer.
Thou knewest I could not rest me anywhere
While selfish ease I sought, and far from rest,
I still had been unatified, unblest,
Hadst Thou but granted my unwise desire—
Instead Thou shewdest me a life far higher,
Where I might sweetly rest and yet fulfil,
That daily work which was for me Thy will.
It was not service great Thou gavest me,
Such as to few, is given to do for Thee,
But in the common things of daily life
I proved how sweetly Thou couldst calm all strife,
And put an end to all the discontent
Which once my weary heart so sorely rent.
Thou gavest rest, just in those very things
Which once my spirit chafed, and now it sings
A quiet song of joyful praise to Thee
And does no longer wish to be set free
From those dear bonds which Thy blessed Hand
hast given,
Since now it sees in them but steps to Heaven.

FRED A HANBURY.

“HE SPAKE UNADVISEDLY”

Psa. 106: 33

By Wm. Ramsey

And so “it went ill with Moses,” that
great leader who had stood boldly
before Pharaoh in the name of the
Lord and had been the instrument
of His wondrous power in the land
of Egypt and in passing through
the Red Sea, who spake face to face
with God as a man speaketh— with
his friend so that his face shone
with the glory of the Eternal, who loved
the people so that he could pray “if Thou wilt
forgive their sin; and if not blot me, I pray
thee, out of thy book”

What was the cause of failure in this grand
life? “They provoked his spirit.” He
permitted himself to be provoked by the
constant failures of God’s people so that in
anger, at last, he “spake unadvisedly,” failed
to glorify God and was not permitted to enter
the land of promise.

In Nehemiah VI we find an instance of
another sort. Tobiah the Ammonite, Sanballat
the imperial viceroy and Gashmu
or Geshem
an Arabian prince or Sheik are opposing the
building of the walls of Jerusalem while Nehe-
miah the heroic reformer is toiling night and
day to accomplish the work.

We do not know who started that cruel
rumour accusing the leader of plans for self-
aggrandizement and disloyalty by establishing
a Jewish state with himself as king, but it was
only a rumour until Gashmu took it up and sent
it on, stamped with the seal of his authority.
Up to this point the story had no
authority for which we are not
responsible but
we
become
so
when our ears
are ready to drink in these idle and often
malicious tales and pass them on to others
backed by our personal influence and reputation
for truthfulness.

How much God's work is hindered and how much His children are made to suffer through this often thoughtless, for we cannot think it intentional, habit of repeating idle rumours that come to our ears.

Even in the presence of Christ Himself with hearts full of burning love to Him, His little ones are not safe from the unjust and unkind criticism of His followers. It was "one of His disciples" who said "why was not this ointment sold for 300 pence and given to the poor?" and the Master Himself had to defend the sensitive, timid, shrinking soul with the words "Let her alone; she hath wrought a good work."

One of old said, "I will keep my mouth with a bridle while the wicked is before me", but we need to keep our mouths with a bridle when in the presence of the godly.

Even if the rumour were true, which it often is not, we only hinder God's work and hurt His children by repeating it. "Whosoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report" let us think and speak of these things that we may in speech as well as conduct act according to the "golden rule" and walk in love one towards another.

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**A Prayer For To-Day.**

**By Agnes White.**

Save me to-day, Lord, to the uttermost,
From sin, self, Satan, and his mighty host,
Save me to serve with all my ransomed powers,
And give Thee constant pleasure all my hours.

Cleanse me to-day, I must be pure within,
The blood of Jesus cleanses from all sin;
Let nothing come between to hide Thy face,
For holiness becomes Thy dwelling place.

Keep me to-day, I cannot keep myself,
In Thee are all my springs of life and wealth;
Keep me abiding in the living Vine,
Afar from Thee a fruitless life is mine.

Bless me to-day, Thy blessing is so dear,
For what is life without Thy Presence near?
Thy blessing maketh rich, and giveth joy,
Yea, all Thy gifts are pure, without alloy.

Fill me to-day, Thou knowest all my needs,
For all creation now my spirit pleads;
Fill all Thy people with the Holy Ghost,
And make us for Thyself a mighty host.

Use me to-day, choose Thou my path for me,
Nothing is small, if done in love to Thee;
Quicken my powers, guide me in all my ways,
Thine shall be all the glory and the praise.
TOURING IN KATHIAWAR
BY SYDNEY ARMSON

We did not get down to district work here in Porbandar very early this season, for reasons which I hope will appear obvious to our readers. Mr. Turnbull was not thoroughly recovered from his long illness until a late date in November, and his approaching examination kept him closely confined to his books until well on in December—during which time I was myself taken down with fever, and continued weak for some time. Moreover Kāṭhiawār, being in proportion to area much more thinly populated than Gujerāt—and a far greater distance separating villages—it therefore became imperative for us to provide ourselves with a horse and gādi (carriage); this we managed to obtain after a fortnight's search. In short the New Year had fairly set in before I was enabled to get down to work, i.e. to do anything beyond an occasional visit to a few of the near villages.

It began to be apparent now that Mr. Turnbull would not be able to return from Gujerāt, where he had gone to take his language examination, and consequently I would have to tour alone. But the Master had given me an experienced worker, who is also a man of faith and prayer. Thus encouraged, and looking to Jesus for faith and help, we began to make more extensive journeys from Porbandar with the horse and gādi. In a fortnight or so, we reached every village within a radius of nine miles, and on one or two special occasions we went a much greater distance. It would take too long to describe each day's work in detail, but with very few exceptions we had attentive crowds gather to listen to our message, and in nearly every village Scripture portions and tracts were sold. On one occasion a pandit was called out to dispute with me. He became, perhaps, the most interested listener in the meeting. This was most encouraging. At the close of the meeting he bought two Gospels. Personally, I frankly confess to being glad he was not inclined to be disputatious, as notwithstanding the helps obtained from Max Muller, Monier Williams etc., I was ill-equipped for a dialectic combat with a learned pandit. Prize God for the knowledge that His word "is quick and powerful," and is indeed as the hammer that breaks the rock in pieces, and the subtlety and sophistry of the Brahmin cannot refuse it admission to their own consciences, nor altogether prevent its appeal to the heart and intelligence of the common people.

While praising God for the ready access He was giving us at this time, I felt the need of a continual humbling before His Throne; the need of more power in preaching the Word, for I found that a self-consciousness was so apt to intrude itself whilst preaching, as to confuse one's thought, so that points which needed particular emphasis were not given out with perfect coherence, and thus the weight of the message was lost on the people; the need of that "tact without compromise" concerning which I had read, and knew also by experience, young missionaries are often so sadly deficient in; also to guard against any undue elation occasioned by apparent success. The latter reflection was indeed timely, as just before going out in tent, the people of one village insulted us, and threw dust at us on leaving. In this however, we were rewarded, as one or two listened with interest, one accompanying us going out in tent, the people of one village in particular, and in another we were rewarded by two pandits being converted to Mr. Greengrass, who had been sent on to Porbandar for study. Immediately on his arrival we went to Khāṃbodar, a large village situated in the middle of the Adwānā Tālukā, about twelve miles northwest of Porbandar. Here we stayed nearly a whole month, during which time the worker and myself itinerated the whole Tālukā with the exception of a few villages. Our tent was pitched quite close to the rest-house for pilgrims on their way to and from Dwarka. To give a detailed description of many of these pilgrims would take a long time. Suffice to say that we had many opportunities of personal dealing, though as a rule they avoided intercourse with us. In all villages as formerly we had good times, three or four men coming in from long distances to hear further concerning the things they had heard preached in the villages. One particularly, the village shoemaker, a fairly intelligent man, spent an hour or more nearly every day in earnest conversation with the worker, who read and expounded the Scriptures to him, with the result that he expressed himself thoroughly convinced, and signified his intention of becoming a Christian. Pray for him. Other apparently honest enquirers came, and since our return we have had visitors to the bungalow.
A characteristic of nearly all the villages is the possession of a tower, evidently a stronghold in more troublous times. It would almost appear evident that the old system of Government was akin to that of the feudal system of the middle ages—the village chiefs being subject to the Rajah of Porbandar but having perfect liberty to make predatory raids, Rob-roy fashion, one on the other. In many villages these towers are girt with walls of an enormous strength and thickness, and from the distance bear no faint resemblance to the ruins of some medieval castle.

Twice with the intent of reaching villages twenty miles or so distant, I left the tent for two or three days at a time sleeping in the village rest-houses. Both of these times we were enabled to reach about a dozen villages. The first time we struck a large walled town in Jamnagar State and here we held two good meetings and sold about fifty Scripture portions. Though the main road is in general good, the ordinary village roads are in a wretched condition, huge boulders lying in the wheeltracks, making it almost impossible to drive over them. I had three break-downs in the first fortnight, so that some of the work in the vicinity of the mountains had to be performed on foot.

A day or two after arrival in camp, we had a heavy rain-storm. Fortunately I got back to the tent before the storm burst in its violence. In the afternoon Mr. Greengrass and myself were seated comfortably reading Gujarati with feet resting on our beds, quietly congratulating ourselves on the well-sheltered site we had chosen, and taking an occasional complacent look towards the tent roof that showed no signs of leakage, and seemed to defy the storm to make any impression on it. Our feeling of satisfaction changed to one of dismay when we looked below, and found there was at least four inches of water in the tent, and many of our things were floating about. It was a day or two before the tent was in any degree habitable. We shall not neglect the precaution to dig a trench next time. One day on my return I saw a cobra hanging on a bush, which Mr. Greengrass had killed in the tent during my absence. Such occurrences break monotony. I have yet two other talukas which are practically untouched. What perplexes just now is how to keep in touch with the interested cases in Khambodar and neighbourhood. With another trustworthy worker this might be managed. It is very difficult as things are. I would ask prayer that some of the elder students may receive a definite call.

### RETROSPECTIVE GLIMPSES OF THE REVIVAL IN MATAR
#### BY BLANCHE HAMILTON

The law that governs the progress of spiritual movements, i.e., after times of general ingathering follows a period of elimination and sifting as the conditions of discipleship are better understood, does not fail even in the experience of our Lord, as we see in John 6. When He began to explain the law of the spiritual life, many considered it a hard saying and went back and walked no more with Him. He did not call them back but turned and asked the disciples if they too would go. We are rejoiced to find however that the work which “was His doings and marvellous in our eyes” was more lasting than anything in previous years. Since the revival there has been a deepening and steady growth in the lives of all who were quickened. The word persecution was before but vaguely understood being quite absent from the church’s vocabulary. As it is quality more than quantity we desire, we have great cause for rejoicing. They will be light bearers instead of stumbling blocks or hindrances in the days to come and we are witnessing daily proofs of it. It was very humbling to find that we had put more emphasis on work than prayer and so the faith of many stood in the wisdom of men. Only that deep vital union with Him can produce fruit that is not of the flesh, for like will beget like. How responsible then the place we hold in molding lives. The channels of blessing seemed closed but the reservoirs of God’s mercy overflowed. How callous we become concerning prodigal India! Oh, that its cry might pierce our hearts till we obtain by prayer the blessings He wants to continue to send! What the present year shall be lies with us. We want to know the conditions under which He can work unhindered.

We have arranged for a month of prayer. God has been excavating in many hearts and some have gone farther than merely seeing the subjective aspect of the cross. They are bending and He is using them to intercede for others. There is not space to tell of many of the wonderful answers to prayer; a few will suffice.

The meetings were going on and one man tried to stop them. He arose and said they would all be ill if they continued to weep over their sins. He then took his wife and went home. A few days later she was burned to death. They have five small children, one a
nursing baby. God’s seal was on the work and the current of His power unbroken throughout though there was a little “strange fire.” Since then He has continued with a wave of healing. Surely He is demonstrating His power and many believe His word. Some hearts seemingly impregnable were softened and reached when a physical need arose that gave Him a greater chance to work. One caste man became deaf from quinine administered by a physician. He went to several hospitals, next made a vow to an idol and finally came to us. God is answering prayer for him. At first the only way of holding communication with him was by writing on a slate. His relatives feared he would end his life by suicide.

Our Father is taking the words “stress” and “strain” concerning work out of our vocabulary and we know it must be in ways like this that He will have to work if the people are to know Him! “He worketh for Him that waiteth for Him” is a message of cheer when the fruit is not as profuse as in famine times when there were more tares than wheat. We covet only what will abide.

Our village boys have nearly all passed the last government standard examination this year, and now God is taking them through a course in the life of faith. There have been some contrary winds. They have learned how little it means to give out the gospel mechanically and now they leave the day’s program to Him alone. Their ministries of love are not in vain; several have been healed in answer to their prayers and supplications. One day we were led to a home that seemed conspicuous for misery and suffering. Lying outside the hovel on a cot was a man whose face was drawn and pinched from long continued suffering. The difference between the boys’ happy faces and his was heightened by contrast and to add to the gloom, some one remarked that he had no one in the world to care for him. How glad we were to be able to add “No one except the Friend of sinners our lovely Saviour,” and that means all. Day after day we had to pass his home for two weeks and each day he took in a little more of what it would mean to love Jesus. Our hearts were much touched over both his physical and spiritual condition. We began to pray and noted rapid improvement. At last we felt God’s own time had come and went to him. We did not go alone; Jesus came to that lonely heart and perhaps never during any other service in India have we felt nearer the border of heaven. Some of the boys wept for joy as he became strong enough to get up and walk and he drank in the word. We were not surprised to hear he has gone about his former work as a vendor and on Sunday he walked six miles to service. His happy face was an inspiration to all. Waves of love seemed to sweep over the communion service and knit our hearts together in a new way. Oh the chemistry of God that can bring about such a transformation out of the slime of earth. Jesus so lived by the Father that not even His words or thoughts were His own. How far more important that we live by Him!

AN INCIDENT IN VILLAGE WORK
BY SYDNEY HAMILTON

A YEAR ago we visited a village about nine miles from this (Matar) station. The place, owing to the ravages of continued famine, presented a very dilapidated appearance. We found only a few people, as most of them had left the village in search of employment. Among those who seated themselves on the ground to hear our message that morning was an elderly man of good caste whose face betrayed a keen desire to hear about the true God, and at the close of our talk he asked many intelligent questions which showed that he had listened very attentively to the message given. A few days ago two of our workers called to see him and found him in deep sorrow owing to the severe illness of his only son, a lad of about fifteen years. The neighbours said the boy would not recover and the Brahmans looked up the date of his birth and continued to grow worse. He asked our workers if they knew any remedy to save the boy’s life and they told him that if he would give up his idol and finally come to us. God is answering prayer for him. A few days later they returned and they found the boy well and the father overflowing with very gladness over the communion service and knit our hearts together in a new way. Oh the chemistry of God that can bring about such a transformation out of the slime of earth. Jesus so lived by the Father that not even His words or thoughts were His own. How far more important that we live by Him!
“What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?”

We have heard people speak of “first blessing” and “second blessing” experiences, and recently, of “third blessing” also.

Are the blessings of God then limited so that we may designate them by number? Is the Spirit of God confined to work in certain fixed grooves? Are the experiences of all men to be patterned after the same model? Do we find the various phases of religious experience spoken of in Scripture, so labelled as to denote the time and order of their appearance in a man’s life? We think not. It is true that there are some great elementary blessings which belong or should belong to every Christian experience, but these may come simultaneously or at intervals. They may come in utterly different form to different people; they may not be recognized as being the same blessings while essentially they are alike and lead to the same results in life. Each person sees perhaps but one phase of a blessing and unless he is kept by the Spirit from being dogmatic he is very apt to declare that that phase is all the truth, and to be intolerant of those who have seen only another side. We need open minds and large hearts. We need to learn not to limit the operations of God to the little track we have laid down.

People who prescribe exact methods and times and degrees of blessing are very apt to become confused if God does unfold new transgressions, not truths to them. They are inclined to discount or discard past experiences as spurious, thinking the present blessing after all was the one thing needful, and that what had gone before had no part in it. They fail to realize that all previous light or blessing is the foundation of the present, the pathway that leads up to the present, though the pathway may differ largely from that by which another has come. Some men have been filled with God’s Spirit for years and never known by what doctrinal name to call their experience, only realizing that God was with them, while others have judged them because they did not profess to know “the baptism of the Holy Ghost.” It matters little what we name an experience if the life bears the impress of God. Sanctity of life is not a battle of theories fought out in one’s mind or heart. It is practical, holy living; it is love to God and man in action, not theory. If men made their object knowing God instead of seeking this or that experience, they would probably come much more directly to the point, and life would cease to be a disappointing struggle after an ideal and would become instead an intimate walk with a great Friend. We need to simplify our ideas. We are too complex in our religious life as in everything else.

After all, even these special great blessings—call them “holiness,” “receiving the Spirit” or by what name one chooses—are dependent for their lasting power and influence over us on the attitude we maintain toward God after their inception. It is possible to receive the Spirit and afterward to grieve Him or quench Him. It is possible to fall from the highest state of holiness. A constant walk with God in obedience and faith is the only means of keeping any experience fresh and vivid. We are all of us conscious of fluctuation in the spiritual current of our lives. It is because our obedience or faith wavers. These two things cultivate a calm and confident attitude. If we lack quietness of heart it is because we are failing in these things. Exuberant joy is good, but it is not essential. Peace is essential and peace is the fruit of right relations with God.

We need to learn to look on others’ experiences with neither envy nor criticism. We need to learn from them without our own equilibrium being disturbed. It may be God will give to us a similar experience. It may be He will not. But be sure He will give us all we can bear as fast as we can bear it. He will reveal Himself in the way that He shall choose. Only let us see to it that our eyes are toward Him and that our souls are bent on doing His will. Every circumstance of our lives should be recognized as God’s providence for teaching us more of Himself; our schoolroom where each hour shall count in the development of Christian
character. There is no hour, no circumstance which does not hold its golden opportunity for spiritual gain. But let us not harass ourselves by too close an analysis of our experiences. Let us be occupied with God Himself, being certain that beauty and symmetry in our lives will follow as a natural consequence. Which of you by anxiety can add anything to his spiritual stature.

We do not wish to criticize any who teach blessings numerically; far from it. But we feel that many are entangled in the web of complex teaching, the resources,ing and confused by terms and phraseology. It is bewildering and hopeless for us to attempt to reconcile all the forms of teaching. It is narrow to acknowledge only that which corresponds to our own experience. As if one man or even a body of men could comprehend every possible manifestation of the mighty grace of God! God can furnish every man with a different experience and yet each one be true! The blessings of God cannot be numbered or scheduled by man. They are in the sovereign hand of the Father to be bestowed wherever He sees ripeness to receive them. May we then not press too sharply our own view of God’s truth, remembering that the thing needful may not be the same in all cases, save that we all need to sit at the Master’s feet and continually learn of Him.

As we write in the sweltering closeness of a summer day on the plains, we think of the missionaries already on the vacation, cool heights of the mountains whither they have gone for spiritual and physical refreshing during the hot season. Others will soon follow them while some, must “tarry by the stuff.” Will not our readers pray that this may be a most profitable season to the tired workers and also to the little flocks of Indian Christians scattered here and there, some of them left quite alone. Most of those who are taking needed rest are going to places where the spiritual interest is strong. Already echoes of great blessing are coming down to us on the plains, and our hearts are lifted in earnest petition for a complete renewal for us and them. The revival is yet in its incipiency compared to the vast, untouched fields. Oh, pray! This is a critical time. These hillside gatherings of God’s people ought to mean untold blessing to us all whether present or absent.

**Mission Questions**

**MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE**

**BY ROBERT G. GREENGRA**

**A GREAT FACT;**

**A GREAT DESIRE;**

**A GREAT NEED;**

**A GREAT SHAME!**

**WHO**, with his eyes properly open, can help being thankful for the privilege of living in this day and age? These are days of truly “great things,” days in which the accomplishments of mankind are great. Compare the machinery of to-day with that of a century or two ago; compare the American “sky-scrapers” of to-day with the loftiest buildings of one hundred years ago. So we might continue to compare the present with the past; but it is the quite uncalled-for, as, not only are we ready to admit, but we are proud to boast that we are living in a great age.

The facts, desires, needs etc. which can properly be called “great” are innumerable; but the writer must now confine himself to those which at this time have a special place in his mind. And even then he may not attempt at all to elaborate.

**The Great Fact**

is simply this: First, that in western India there is a large tract of country stretching from its southern-most point nearly two hundred miles northward and from its eastern-most point more than two hundred miles westward where heathenism abounds practically undisturbed. This piece of country is the peninsula just north of Bombay and west of (British) Gujerat, to which the attention of our readers has been called more than once. It is not a continent; it is not a country and yet its inhabitants are numbered in millions. As stated by an earlier article in these columns, the “Kathiawar Peninsula” is divided into a number of distinct states, each of which is ruled by a native petty-king or chief. But the Church of Christ has left these states, as a whole, to the well-nigh undisputed sovereignty of the “Prince of this World.”

Also there is north of the “States of Kathiawar” a very large native state called “Cutch” (see map) without a single missionary; and it seems that no missionary has even as yet been
A GREAT NEED.

We wonder sometimes whether some good people at home are not getting tired of the word "need."—But it is not yet time to get tired!

The knowledge of the above-mentioned fact creates within us the great desire. And this desire makes us see in a new and very forcible way the "great need" of more workers. And young men are in special demand. Practically we might say then, that the "great need" is for young men (of the right kind). Now, we are not speaking in a mere general way but very specifically of the Gujerati country (This includes Kathiawar etc.). Not that there is no need elsewhere, but, being a Gujerati missionary, the writer confines himself here to the Gujerati country.

The work of these parts is so separate and distinct from that of the Marathi country (several hundred miles south) or any other part that it should be considered separately and distinctly even by prospective missionaries at home. Men leaving home for Africa know before they leave whether they are called for the Soudan or Congo. Those going to China know before sailing whether they are bound for North or South China. Just so those coming to India should know, before leaving the homeshores, whether they are called of God to the Gujerati country or elsewhere. Study your country and its different fields before sailing.

To say you are "called to India" is just as indefinite as it would be to say you are "called to Africa." Bear in mind that India is a land of many languages, many peoples and even varied climate.

In the Gujerati country the immediate need of young men is really deplorable. And this is the

GREAT SHAME.

There is no necessity of this "great need;" hence the "great shame" of it.

By this statement we mean to say that there are plenty of young men at home who could come if they would. But alas, so many Christian men are so shamefully reluctant to forego bright business prospects etc. for the propagation of the blessed Gospel! Yes,—yes and how many of those who do enter Christian work prefer a position or pulpit in the homeland to the privilege and privation of the foreign missionary? Alas for them! Pity them!!

We were talking one day with a bright young man in America upon the subject of
foreign missionary work, when he, notwithstanding he had at one time felt called to the foreign field, said: “I rather think I am to stay home and stir up other people.” A convenient excuse! Perhaps very few will make such assertions as this, but it is a universal act that “actions speak louder than words.”

The “great desire” created by the knowledge of the “great fact” can not be gratified till the “great need” is supplied; and the “great shame” is that the prospect of this is very dark!

Beloved reader: Will you not take this upon your heart? Will you not do what you can to brighten the prospect? What can you do? Ask God what you can do. Ask Him whether or no He can use you in the province of Gujerat. Who will “set his face like a flint”? Eleven million souls! But—it is not figures you need. You need to have your heart on fire with divine love. You need to have your soul stirred with an overwhelming sense of the actual need. All this you will get if you shut yourself in for awhile with God and act. Who will do it? Listen to the cry: “Brethren, come over to Gujerat and help us.”

The Lord of the Harvest sees “things as they are.” Enter the prayer closet; and shutting the door, you will hear Him saying: “Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?” Will you respond, as did Isaiah of old: “Here I am!; Lord send me”?

“And He said unto them: ‘Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.”

THE MARATHI SABHA

By the Editor

The monthly all-day of prayer for the missionaries and the opening of the annual convention for the Marathi Christians fell on the same day, namely, Mar. 30th, so that the writer, in being present in body at the former meeting, could be present only in spirit at the latter. However a goodly part of the prayer of the assembled missionaries was devoted to their children in the Lord gathered in convention at Akola. In the evening several of us left Amraoti for Akola, arriving too late for the service owing to a long delay of the train. We slept out of doors under the brilliant stars of the Orient and at east the writer was divided between the desire to sleep and the wish to watch the march of the constellations across the heavens, speaking mutely but eloquently of the glory of God. “With joy the stars perform their shining And the sea its long moon-silvered roll.” Shall we do less?

In the early dawn we were aroused by the sounds of awakening life on the spacious compound, and it was not long before we heard the voice of praiseful song rising from many lips, as the Marathi Christians gathered in morning worship. We went out to see them and to greet those whom we knew. One forgets that their faces are brown instead of white as one meets the eager, bright glance of dark, beautiful eyes, and sees the look of intelligence on many faces which once were dull and darkened by sin. To be sure they are not all attractive. That company of about two hundred persons represented all stages of growth in the Christian life, from mere babes to mature Christian manhood and womanhood.

There were the boys from the orphanage of all ages, sizes and dispositions, and the “helpers together in the Gospel” from nearly if not all our Marathi stations, besides a few other Christians, principally those of Akola. It was not a carefully sorted out company, but we believe that on most of them is written, “Elect according to the foreknowledge of God.”

The Saturday meetings began in the church at eight o’clock A.M. with hearty singing. Here we saw that anomaly of Christian lands, a Christian congregation composed of more men than women. After a prayer-service, Mr. Fuller addressed the company in a manner befitting his character of “Mission-father,” as he is commonly known, reproving, exhorting, advising along practical lines of life and work. All through the convention his addresses were of this nature, much to the profit and enlightenment of the hearers. Mr. Franklin’s addresses were along a more doctrinal line, presenting the great, elementary truths of the gospel with freshness and power, acquainting his hearers with their high calling and inspiring them to walk worthily. The addresses of Mr. Erickson and Mr. Ramsey were evangelistic in character, urging the personal responsibility of each one to be in right relations with God, and the importance of being baptized with the Spirit without Whom all effort is vain. Very earnest and searching were some of the appeals, and we are sure they met with response in some hearts at least.

The prayer-services which perhaps at first
were somewhat superficial, afterwards became most simple, spontaneous and heart-felt. One could feel the difference in tone, and we rejoiced to hear petition after petition go up expressing definite needs and desires, holier aspirations and hopes. Some lips unaccustomed to public prayer, spoke audibly for the first time their owners' heart desires. We were especially touched with the simple, stammering prayer of a young lad just from school who has been recently “separated into the gospel” and to whom a new world seemed opened up by the things he saw and heard at the convention.

There are a few other lads like him being trained for mission-service, mere boys yet, requiring tactful, skilful handling to develop them to the best advantage. Will you take these on your heart for a ministry of prayer?

On Sunday afternoon after giving an interesting object lesson on besetting sins and complete surrender, Mr. Moyser administered the Lord's supper. Mr. Fuller also dedicated a number of children belonging to Christian families, committing them to Him Whose face their angels do always behold.

At one meeting the workers were made acquainted with each other's districts through means of a large map showing most of the Marathi field in which our mission has work. Each station was pointed out and the names of Indian workers and missionaries associated with it were read aloud, while all were urged to learn to know their fellow-workers and to regard them as members of the same great family having a definite claim on the love and prayers of every other member.

Perhaps the most interesting meetings of all were those given up to testimony, when we learned the spiritual state of each one through his own lips. It was noticeable that on the whole, the women gave the best testimonies, sticking more closely to the point, relating definite experiences of spiritual life. Our hearts were cheered and refreshed to see how real the work of God has been in some lives. Truly the gospel of the cross is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, for such we need to pray that spiritual insight may be given and that the active power of the gospel may do its work in them, for it is as truly living on a natural plain to live by law as to live by the flesh. Grace is spiritual.

Still others we saw mounting up with wings, feebly perhaps, for they are still fledglings; while yet others—a few at least—are learning the sober, quiet walk of them that “wait upon the Lord.” Looking at them all we are cheered and “thank God and take courage,” realizing that labour which is truly in the Lord and not in the flesh, is not in vain.

THE LIFE-STORY OF DANI DURLI

BY ANNIE SEASHOLTZ

O UR readers learned from the February India Alliance something of God's working in the Kaira Orphanage.

We praise Him that still in a quiet way He is carrying on His blessed work; not so much in meetings, but going from room to room and heart to heart convicting of sin, putting a burden of the lost on the hearts of the Christian girls, and calling out more of them to yield their lives to be used in His service. One year ago there were but twenty who felt God was leading them to prepare for His work. Now that number has doubled.

We have been much impressed as we learn to know the girls and hear how wonderfully God has worked in leading the different ones to the place they are to-day. It has been only His goodness and power and we praise Him for it. Just as God called us from the homeland, working, wooing, calling and leading, so has He led these dear girls out from their villages, away from their heathen parents, from their idols, and even through famine to bring them to a place where they might learn to know Him. Oh, what care He has taken with some of them!

We will give you the story of one of these girls as she told it to us in her simple way.

Dani Durli is a bright happy girl, now about fifteen years old. Her parents were heathen people who lived not many miles from Kaira. When but three or four years old her parents married her to a boy about six years old. Dani says she remembers how at her wedding, they seated her opposite the little boy in the midst of the great crowd of relatives and friends and threw saffron on them. Then they sang songs and after this the Brahman priest clasped the hands of the two children and dipped them in ghi (clarified butter), then threw the
ghi into the fire. This, they believe, will bring happiness to them. After this the priest took a little food which was brought to them and put a little in each of their mouths. The one who dispatched it first received the applause of the crowd.

After this the crowd of invited guests were fed. Then Dani’s sirli (dress) was tied to the boy’s clothes and they two ran around in a circle awhile. They then themselves untied the knot. Next the priest brought around a dish of buttermilk and the boy’s father threw in a silver ring worth about fifty cents. The one who first grasped the ring received it. Afterward the priest sprinkled the buttermilk on the couple, who were seated side by side, and finally her father showered them with flowers. There had been built a little booth of branches of trees, and on the top was thrown a rupee or two, to obtain which all scrambled, and the one who first got this, kept it. The young couple were seated on the booth and the women sang for them. After the bride’s father had received $12500 for her, they were pronounced married. The whole of the ceremony seemed so much like play as she told it; but it is India’s way.

When the children are very young the girl remains at her own home some time; so it was not until a few years later, (after Dani’s parents had both died) that she went to live with her husband. After having lived with him a little less than a year, her uncle took her to live in his home. Here she was treated very cruelly, many times being beaten and hearing much abusive language, and many times they threatened to drive her off. When the famine came on and food was scarce, the uncle threatened her more and more. She soon became quite discouraged, so that when some of the other people of her village went to work on Government relief-works, Dani went along with them to obtain work. After working there for one month, she was taken very sick with cholera and for two weeks was hardly able to speak; it seemed as if she would die. Her uncle came and took her to his home but soon again began to treat her cruelly as before. This now seemed unbearable to her, so, having heard of Kaira, she went to Mr. Hamilton, who had many times preached in her village, and asked him to take her to Kaira. She came here four years ago and has only gone back once to visit the people in her village.

When she first came she says it seemed so strange to see people close their eyes and pray without having an idol or something to bow down to. At first she refused to go to such meetings as morning prayers, which we have in school every day. How she wished then she could get a little idol to bow to. This shows the hold idolatry has on some of them.

At first, when the girls told her that it was a sin to worship idols, she could not understand it. After a month or two the light began to break on her soul. After having been here one year and having heard God’s word from day to day, the Spirit worked mightily on her heart.

Her salvation was very definite and marked. One evening while all the other girls were out in the yard playing, Dani sat alone in her room. God spoke to her and showed her what a wicked girl she had been. She wept bitterly while there alone and asked God to forgive her many sins and give her a new heart. That evening she received the assurance that God had heard and answered prayer. The next Sabbath she fasted and waited on God and rejoiced in the fact that her sins were forgiven.

The Sabbath following she testified in meeting to what God had done for her. Soon after she was baptized.

Not long after, the Bible-training class was started. God again began to speak to her and as she thought of how much Jesus had done for her, a great longing came into her heart that she might be able to do something for Him. As God worked and spoke to her, she yielded and now has given her life to Him to be used for His service. She has banished every thought of ever going back to her own people and now seems very anxious to know God’s Word. For nearly one year she has been in the Training-Class. During the meetings a few months ago Dani was much blessed. She claimed the Holy Spirit and since then has had more victory in her life. She has a spirit of prayer and God has given her a greater hunger than ever for His Word.

We trust that those who read this little account of Dani’s life will pray much for her, that God may fit her to be used to help many of her Indian sisters out of darkness into His light.

We praise God for having brought back to us in safety our dear sister, Miss Wells who has been a blessing to all of us. We are glad also that after so many years of faithful service God is permitting our dear sister, Miss Hansen, to return to the home-land for a time of rest.

The past week Mr. W. H. Stanes has been
with us working most earnestly among the girls. The Bible messages along with the clever object-lessons have carried the truth home to many hearts. Many precious souls have been saved and many have received the Holy Spirit. The spiritual life of the Christian girls has been deepened. It has brought blessing and encouragement to our own hearts to see how God has answered the prayers of the Christian girls in saving those for whom they have been especially praying.

PERILS OF THE POST

We little realise the heroism of the men who carry our letters and newspapers to the friends who live far beyond the reach of the mail train in this vast country. The mail runner who keeps the lonely foreigner in touch with friends and country, and makes his isolation bearable is subjected to great danger. Armed with a spear with tinkling bells attached, and with bag on back, he not seldom meets death in the discharge of his duties. On Guard has gathered from the annual report of the Indian Postal Department the following accounts of peril and adventure:

In February 1905 a mail runner was carried away by a man-eating tiger in broad daylight while traversing a hill road through dense forest in the Mandla district of the Central Provinces, and it may be added as a further illustration of the perils from wild beasts that two months previously a mail runner in the Ahmednagar district of the Bombay Presidency was attacked by a wolf which was the terror of the country side. The mail runner defended himself with his staff, and after a severe struggle succeeded in overpowering and killing the animal. He was given a special reward in recognition of his courage.

During the rains of 1904, three cases occurred, two in Burmah, and one in the Gayā district, in which the boats, in which mail carriers were crossing rivers in flood, were upset. In one case the mail carrier lost his life, though the mails were subsequently recovered, while in the other two cases the mail carriers escaped but the mails were lost. In December of the same year a mail bag was lost owing to a ferry boat being swamped by a tidal wave on the river Manpura in Bengal.

In February 1905 there was a serious loss of life owing to one of those accidents on the Himalayan passes which no precautions seem able to prevent. The letter and parcel mails of several days for Chitrāl were being carried across the Lowārī pass when the whole part consisting of 15 men was overwhelmed by an avalanche. Rescue parties were sent out as soon as possible and the mails were recovered but unfortunately all the men perished in the snow.

During the year there were twelve highway robberies. The most serious case in the United Provinces occurred in October 1904 when a mail cart was stopped at night some miles out of Asanigār. The robbers had fastened a rope across the road, and after inflicting severe injuries on the driver of the mail cart decamped with the mails. There was nothing valuable however, in the mail bags, and the whole of the contents were afterwards recovered.

In one of the Madras cases the robbery was committed by a cousin of the mail runner, who was apparently aware that one of the mail bags contained a sum of money. The runner was induced by this man to leave the road in the direction of an outlying village, and was then cut down by a sickle which his cousin was carrying. He was not killed, however, and was able to give information which led to the arrest of the offender who produced the money which he had carried off, and was subsequently sentenced to 7 years' rigorous imprisonment.

One of the robberies in Baluchistān took place in the territory of the Khān of Kalat in August 1904, when the camel rider who was in charge of the parcel mails was surprised and bound by two Afghans, who opened the mails and carried away two parcels making good their escape over the border.

The most serious of the robberies in Native States was committed in May 1904 in Cutch. A mail runner while carrying the mails between Khombdī and Madh was murdered in broad daylight and his mail bag was taken away. The dead body which appeared to have been set fire to by the robbers was found the same day, but the Cutch police have failed to obtain any clue to the perpetrators of this outrage.—Bombay Guardian.

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