The India Alliance

The Organ of
The Christian and Missionary Alliance
in India

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The teaching of the Alliance is often spoken of as the Four-Fold Gospel, which means the Gospel or good tidings of Jesus Christ as Saviour, Sanctifier, Healer and Coming King. Pardon through simple faith in the blood of Jesus Christ.—Sanctification and 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 bare our sickness;"—and the pre-millennial coming of Christ.

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

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

Every missionary is committed to a life of faith in God for his personal support, and the Home Board is only pledged to send to the various fields what they receive. No debt is to be incurred.

Donations for the general fund or for special purposes or for the personal use of any missionary can be sent to the Treasurer in New York. Donations from friends in India can be sent to Rev. M. B. Fuller, Alliance Mission, Gowalia Tank Road, Bombay. Unless otherwise designated, donations will be put in the general fund.
The Rehuer's Fire

He sat by a furnace of seven-fold heat,
As He watched by the precious ore,
And closer He bent with a searching gaze
As He heated it more and more.

He knew He had ore that could stand the test,
And He wanted the finest gold
To mold as a crown for the King to wear,
Set with gems of price untold.

So He laid our gold in the burning fire,
Though we fain would say Him, "Nay!"
And He watched the cross that we had not seen
As it melted and passed away.

And the gold grew brighter and yet more bright,
But our eyes were so dim with tears
We saw but the fire—not the Master's hand,
And questioned with anxious fears.

Yet our gold shone out with a richer glow
As it mirrored a Form above,
That beat o'er the fire, tho' unseen by us,
With a look of ineffable love.

Can we think that it pleases His loving heart
To cause us a moment's pain?
Ah, no! but He sees through the present cross
The bliss of eternal gain.

So He waited there with a watchful eye,
With a love that is strong and sure,
And His gold did not suffer a bit more heat
Than was needed to make it pure.

—Selected

THE MINISTRY OF RECONCILIATION
II Cor. 5:18
REV. K. MACKENZIE, JR.

This charge which St. Paul had received of the Lord Jesus and which He evidently recommitted to the Lord ere He departed (II Tim. 1:12), has to us a wide significance. While we may primarily regard it as the commission to preach the gospel which was supernaturally bestowed, as we read in Galatians 1:11, 12, its breadth and length, height and depth have a universal bearing. The ministry of reconciliation or intercession, in other words, is committed to all saints.

We shall have but a general view of this unless we obtain the Lord's vision of its privileges and responsibilities. To think of ourselves as one of a mass of believers engaged in a common cause is to miss the great incentive to action. Because the ministry of reconciliation is a personal charge laid upon the soul of the saint by the Lord Jesus, a personal recognition of that charge becomes us. That is to say it will not do to think of such a commission as embracing only the sphere of the ordained ministry, but as including the least of all.

The centre of this truth lies in the fact that our Lord's own intercessory work is distinctly for the saints. Have you ever risen to the comprehension of the fact that He ceased to care for the world when He gave up His life? Read John 17:9. "I pray not for the world, but for those whom Thou hast given me." And this purpose is confirmed by every other allusion to His priestly work in the New Testament. He is the Great High Priest to the Church, even as He is Head of the Body. Heb. 4:14-16. Eph. 1:22, 23. It is "for us" and us alone, that He is entered into the presence of God. Heb. 6:20; 7:25; 26; 9:24; 10:19-22. Rom 8:34.

This is a most consolatory truth. Whatever we are, however we may be enwroned, He is watching over us with desire and the exercise of His mediatorial power. As He is the centre and circumference of heaven, all heaven is on our side. As He is the focus of all love, in Him we are beloved of the Father. Truly, He became poor that we through His poverty might be rich. Because He is in the presence of God for us, we sit in the heavens, at home with angels and God.

But what of the lost world in which we live? Has He forgotten it? Does not His heart yearn still for the "publicans and sinners?" Where is the love that was moved to tears because the multitude were as sheep without a shepherd,
and that wept so pathetically over impenitent Jerusalem? Did it cease when He uttered the words in His intercessory prayer, “I pray not for the world?” Nay, nay. It burns with unquenching longing still for all souls.

But the solution of this problem is the mystery of our calling. He does not pray for the world; for He has committed that charge to us. As He prevails with the Father for us, we are His ambassadors to men. He must love the world through us. Through us He must reach with the hand of tenderness, with the voice of sympathy, the sin-cursed humanity for whom He died. As one’s feet must touch the soil of earth, so are the lower members of His Body coming constantly into contact with depravity, unbelief and alienation from God. As the head of our body directs the feet in their mission, so He thrills with life and purpose, those who recognizing this truth, for sanctified solicitude and ministry, pray for “all sorts and conditions of men.”

We have too long been accustomed to reasoning that this office has been the sole prerogative of the ordained clergy. So we have supported them, prayed for them and wished them well; and with that discharged our obligations to a lost world. But beloved, accept this message as a protest against such a false conception of our calling. The ministry as an order has its divinely appointed place. But all are embraced in the ministry of reconciliation. We are “a royal priesthood.” I Peter 2:9. We are “kings and priests unto God.” Rev. 1:6; 5:10; 20:6. We are to pray for all men. I Tim. 2:1, 2. Gen. 18:23-32. I Kings 8:43. Ps. 67:2. James 5:16. The ministry of reconciliation involves the love of souls everywhere, a zeal for souls that knows no tiring, an intercession for souls which pleads as long as life shall last.

To many this matter has been one of choice or indifference. We have prayed if we felt like praying for the lost; if not, we have allowed that somebody would do it. But we must protest that in view of what we have discerned as New Testament truth, no Christian has the right to expect Christ’s intercession in his behalf, who is not reciprocally interceding for those whose needs should have become his own burden. This is really the key to our spiritual success. We are lean and lifeless, all because we are self-centred. Let us accept our Lord’s commission to reconcile men to Him by every means the Holy Spirit may qualify us to use, but most of all to prize the hours we may spend in communion with Him and the investiture of our priestly prerogative, pleading for the souls we cannot reach by other avenues of sympathy. We recall that Job obtained his deliverance when he had prayed for his friends. We shall not only get ours, but our whole life will be fragrant with the acceptable incense which is so pleasing to God. Rev. 5:8.

Beloved, if we have become dull and listless in our use of this heavenly bestowed ministry, let us renew ourselves in taking the vision of method and motive’ which is afforded us in the Word, and begin to pray again, Jesus praying through us, for a lost world which He can redeem only through us, as the human media. For with us rests the acceleration or retarding of the evangelizing of the world. Then, when we have learned to pray as God’s intercessors, we shall know better how to work and give.—The Call to Prayer

Station Notes

MEHMADABAD

By Frank H. Back

I had planned for an extensive tour of the villages last November. Soon after convention we rented two tents, intending to take our family with us and all of us be out in the villages for at least two months, and after that I was to remain out alone, as long as the weather would permit. I can only explain why we were not permitted to carry out our plans by saying that Satan hindered us.

In the latter part of November I was so much recovered from the fever that had attacked me in October, that we were happy in the thought that we should soon be out giving out the precious Word of life, but again we were hindered by Mrs. Back being suddenly taken down with fever. We trusted the Lord would soon raise her up, and that we should soon be out in the work, but the Father seemed to have something to teach us that we could or perhaps would not learn without passing through the fire. We were anxious that our dear one should be speedily raised up, but God let the fire get so hot that it seemed as if she would soon...
be consumed. God saw when He would be 
honoured most by her being raised up, and 
when all earthly hopes were gone and there 
was no natural strength to rest on, then He 
gave the healing touch. Praise His name! 
He knew just when and how to work. The 
healing was so instantaneous that it reminded 
us of the healing touches that the Lord gave 
to many when He was here on earth. The 
poor, emaciated body was filled with new 
life and Mrs. Back sat up immediately, and con-
tinued to praise God in song. She soon arose 
and took a firmer stand for the Lord. 

God gave strength day by day, and soon 
new flesh came on the wasted form and in a 
short time the work that God had wrought 
was a wonder to us all. Praise His holy 
name!

Soon after Mrs. Back was healed I made pre-
parations to go out on tour alone. Because of 
what God had done for our workers, I thought 
it best to work first among our Christians, or 
in places where most of them were located. I 
did so and soon a number of them appeared 
to be more firmly established in the faith. God is 
working and we believe that many more will 
take a firmer stand for the Lord.

The last place at which we pitched our tent, 
was where the Gospel has not been preached 
much for a few years. We found many here, 
especially in the Thakardà caste who were 
willing and eager to listen. In one village a 
man of this caste manifested very much in-
terest and was anxious to learn. We visited 
his village a day or two after first meeting 
him but he was not at home. I left two books 
for him, a Gospel and a tract. We had other 
villages to visit and so could not well get back 
to his village again before breaking up camp. 
The last afternoon, when it was too hot to be 
out this man came to the tent, where we 
talked and read for about three hours. He 
showed much intelligence, and seemed quite 
clearly to understand the truth. We are praying 
and trusting that he will come fully out into 
the light soon, and be saved.

May the Lord lead many to pray with us for 
this man and for all others who heard the 
Word of life.

“Teach me, my God and King, 
In all things Thee to see, 
And what I do in anything 
To do it as for Thee.”—George Herbert

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BULDANA NOTES

BY CHRISTIAN EICHER

NEVER have we realized the promise, 
“Lo I am with you always,” more pre-
ciously than during the past six months. 
While at convention last autumn when it was 
announced to us that we were to succeed 
Mr. and Mrs. Franklin in the work at Buldana, 
it at first seemed too good to be true, for we 
had longed to be among the people at an 
up-country station. During the weeks of 
waiting and preparation to move from Bombay, 
we often felt a strange seriousness come over 
our hearts. We thought it was perhaps because 
of the new responsibilities, but we understood 
this strange instinct better when the Lord 
called to Himself our darling Anna, about 
the very day that we had expected to arrive 
at our new station. She was a precious 
“Sunbeam” to our hearts and in our home, 
and enriched our lives for four happy years. 
Because of her going, heaven is nearer and Jesus is dearer.

Upon arriving at Buldana on November 28th, 
we soon settled down to begin our new work. 
Soon after, Mr. Erickson was with us for a 
few days and held some profitable meetings 
with the native Christians and workers. The 
Lord bountifully blessed and filled with the 
Spirit those who yielded to His will, but some 
hardened themselves and turned away. One 
of our workers who had been secretly smoking 
tobacco and also using gánjā (a drug like 
opium in its effects) had to be dismissed from 
the Lord’s work and we gave him secular 
work. But as he says himself, “When the 
Lord punished me for my sins then He also 
freed me from them all.” He is, we believe, 
walking humbly and faithfully with the Lord, 
and we hope ere long he will be restored to the 
work of teaching and preaching which he 
loves so much.

During these five months here much of our 
work has been along the line of preparation 
both for ourselves and the workers for more 
effective service in the future.

During the months of January and February 
I spent most of the time with Mr. Hagberg on 
tour in Malkāpur Taluka.

The work of Mrs. Eicher and the Bible-
women in the village here is interesting and 
very encouraging. The women are usually 
very attentive and we feel sure that the good 
seed is not all being devoured by the birds or
choked by the thorns, but some is falling into good ground and will bring forth fruit for His glory.

Our Sunday school which crowds each Sunday morning into the little mud schoolhouse would be a very interesting sight to the dear friends in the homeland, but it is intensely interesting to us also. It is so inspiring to watch the expressions on the bright, little, upturned brown faces as if some new ray of the light of the Gospel of Jesus was dawning on their dark little minds. Some especially are intensely interested and learn to repeat all the golden texts in order receive for reward some golden-texts for the quarter. On review perhaps a small song book or a copy of one of the Gospels in Marathi. We feel much encouraged with the work among the children and we are holding on in prayer for their salvation.

The daily Bible classes with the Bible-women are seasons of blessing and help both to teacher and students. It is so refreshing to get new thoughts from the Word itself. As we all see our places more fully as ambassadors of Jesus, the King of Kings, sent here to represent Him and to make known His will to these people, we can only turn again to Him who has given us our commission, and draw on His resources; for He never faileth.

It is so precious to see Him work out the impossible things for us. He is the God that worketh for him who waiteth for Him.

TOURING IN JALGAON, KHANDESH
BY CARL W. SCHELANDER

THE so-called "Touring Season," from November to March, is the best season in India both with regard to the climate and the evangelistic work among the people in the villages. We longed to be back from our furlough in good time for touring, but did not arrive at Jalgaon, our station, until a greater part of the season was over. Yet we had the privilege of spending five weeks among the villages before the heat became too severe for tent-life.

We enjoyed this time among the people as never before and realized the presence and the blessing of the Lord. The people generally manifested a friendly attitude and showed a spirit of interest in the Gospel to a marked degree. The Holy Spirit is working among them. Thousands are really convinced as to the truth and excellency of the Gospel but will not accept its claim upon them personally. The greatest need is the spirit of real conviction of sin. As long as this is lacking, a mere mental conception and admittance of the truth only tends to harden the heart. Let us unite therefore in prayer for the outpouring of the Spirit of conviction upon these people, because not till then shall we see them turn to God in real earnestness and truth.

A few incidents while on tour may interest the reader.

After the tent is up the next thing in order is to get water. A fine well is near, but on approaching we hear the cry, "Don't defile the well!" We stand at a respectful distance waiting for some kind person to fill our bucket with water. This they will do once or twice, but after that we pay a penny a day gladly for such good water.

In the afternoon we hold a street-service in the nearest village among the respectable caste-people. A large crowd listen with interest and seem impressed. At the end of the meeting some stay for conversation and discussion while others buy some portions of Scripture. Among the purchasers is a shop-keeper, who after having paid half a cent for a Gospel calls the attention of the crowd to the ceremony of burning the same, calling to us at the same time, saying, "Behold, how your Jesus is burning!" There is a fine of fifty rupees (sixteen dollars) for such an act, but instead of taking advantage of this law we come forward with all our books, asking him to buy them all, as we thereby would get money to secure more; whereupon the man becomes a laughing-stock for the crowd.

We obtained a very small magic lantern before leaving New York weighing only nine and a half pounds. It can easily be carried to the villages and is a good help for evening meetings. One evening at nine o'clock a crowd of workers from a cotton mill came to our tent asking for an exhibition and listened respectfully for an hour to the sermon about the pictures showing the life of Christ. They came singing and rather noisy but left very quietly and seemingly deeply impressed.

Another day we preach and sell books in a market-place. A boy buys three books for half a cent, then tears the books in pieces and follows us through the market asking for his money. Often the young boys are instigated
by the older people to tear up the books or to disturb the meetings.

Missionaries and Indian Christians are often considered as the dregs and outcasts of society by even the very lowest of the lowest caste. This we had an opportunity to experience one day when we were moving our camp from one place to another. We easily got a cart and oxen for the things, but in the evening the owner came complaining that he could not get a driver to drive the oxen because we were Christians. Not even a low-caste man would come. We said that we could drive ourselves if he would only send a man to take the cart back again. This satisfied him, and the next morning at four o'clock long before day-break, he was at the tent door and we were soon off. Once out of the village the owner himself sat and drove most of the way. He was only afraid of the people in his village, not of defilement, as he himself was a Mohammedan.

From the above the reader can see for himself that the heathen do not as a general thing stand with outstretched arms calling for the Gospel. This nevertheless does not lessen our responsibility to give them a chance of receiving it.

We need a few faithful evangelists to open up out-stations in the district if ever the villages are to become evangelized. The need for missionaries filled with the Holy Spirit as capable leaders and teachers is very great, but for the evangelization of the villages native evangelists are an absolute necessity.

**EXCUSES OF THE HEATHEN**

"I am late: thus did my fathers walk," said one. "If I fall into the Christian teaching, who will marry my daughter?" asks another. "When the rest of the village becomes Christian, I will come too: I can not come alone," argues a third. "My wife will not fall into the way. . . . True, women's sense is half-sense. . . . But if she does not come too, what can I do?" is the excuse of a husband. A son says: "My father is old. He will never enter the Christian assembly, and when he dies he would be buried in the old way. Then I may become a Christian." "What is this to me? If my lord becomes a Christian, I will follow," is a woman's word. "All ways go to the village. Walk thou in thy way; I go in mine," is a more definite refusal. —*Foreign Field*.

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**SANAND**

**BY ROBERT J. BENNETT**

Though it was late in the season when we took up the work here in Sanand we were enabled to reach twenty-three villages from the bungalow, but having to go on foot we could not visit them so often as we desired. Several of these villages had never had the Gospel brought to them before and many of the people were glad to listen to the good news, and they seemed as though they would not need a great deal of preaching to convince them of the necessity of accepting salvation through faith in Jesus. So, on the whole, our hearts are very much encouraged to see what good prospects there are for a blessed harvest of precious souls being born into the kingdom of God.

But the devil of idolatry and superstition is equally as active here as he is elsewhere. While giving out a message in a certain village to a crowd of interested people, he entered into a man, who is called the village priest, and put him in a rage and made him take a stick and scatter and drive most of the crowd away. We acted as though we would apply a stick to him and the medicine took a good effect for he became very humble and quiet and then we dealt faithfully with him about his soul. On leaving he invited us to come again. As we labour among these people day after day we are more than ever impressed with the fact that one needs to do a great deal more than preach to win souls for Jesus in this land. People must be faithfully dealt with personally, and much intercession and wrestling with God in the secret place must be done before genuine conversions will take place.

It is the work of the Spirit to save souls, and if the Spirit is not working mightily in our own hearts it is quite certain He will not work upon the hearts of others through us. Experience in the Lord's work has taught us that the most successful way to preach the Gospel is by making a constant study of the Bible and by waiting much on God for messages from His heart and for fresh baptisms of the Holy Spirit. We have, more than ever, resolved to act on that principle and we believe great things are going to be done for God in the near future.

"Come, in Thee our toil is sweet, Shelter from the noontide heat, From whom sorrow fleeth fleet."  
*King Robert of France*
Editorials

“They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony.”

HERE are times when the soul seems stripped of every blessing it has ever known, shorn of all its experiences wherein it has trusted, its very comeliness turned to corruption in the clear, white light of God’s righteousness. To read or to pray seems only to make the condemnation greater, the darkness thicker, for it yet further unveiling of our own sinful selves, which is a necessary step toward realizing the full sweep of the atonement, and we forget to raise the song of praise. But may we learn to look away speedily from self to Him Who loved us and loosed us from our sins in His own blood.

One needs to come to such a place to learn that works have no place in our acceptance with God. In spite of our “NOT OF WORKS” selves, we place confidence in the things which we do, the service which we render, forgetting that when we have done “all,” we are yet “unprofitable servants.” We can never render an excess of duty to God. The truth is that we forever fall short. How then can our works please Him or make us acceptable to Him, being always imperfect? Only our trust and our love make us pleasing to Him, our trust in the Lamb which He set forth to be a propitiation for our sins, our love in response to His great love. When they have entered into the life beyond this, it will not be said of any saints that they overcame sin or Satan by any great deeds of virtue or mighty acts of miracle, by suffering or self-crucifixion, but “by the blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony.”

Oft-repeated testimony to a fact has in it the power to increase faith. As we assert our

TESTIMONY BEGETS STRENGTH

redemption, it becomes more real to us, our hearts grow braver and stronger in the knowledge of it. Others also are helped by our faith, and certainly the thought of our redemption ought to fill us with profoundest gratitude and joy. Alas! Too often we are occupied with the mortifying unveiling of our own sinful selves, which is a necessary step toward realizing the full sweep of the atonement, and we forget to raise the song of praise. But may we learn to look away speedily from self to Him Who loved us and loosed us from our sins in His own blood.

It is because of the unchangeableness of God that we are not consumed. God having once chosen and ordained us to life before the world’s foundation, He will never change His purpose concerning us. “I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed.” Because of His righteous faithfulness, not because of anything in us, we shall enter into His kingdom and glory. Shall we not praise Him although we see no fruit on the vine, no glory in ourselves, only emptiness, knowing that in Him we are complete. His blood hath prevailed.

During this month of May one more of our number has entered into life, Obituary life in God’s presence. Mr. Bannister died in Coonoor and his body was laid to rest under the pines in the English burying ground. Our brother will ever be known among us as one whose life was truly spent by his ceaseless activities. He ever maintained a cheerful, hopeful spirit in his work which carried him through many trials. Scattered throughout India are those whose lives have been blessed by his ministries, and in Bhusaval especially are many who will feel his loss. Let us prayerfully remember Mrs. Bannister and her little son in their bereavement, as well as the orphan boy who for so many years has found a father and a home with Mr. Bannister.

The need for native helpers in our work is a need which we hear often repeated in these days, and truly it is a most urgent need. But in our eagerness to have a force of prea-

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I are greatly in danger of engaging those whom God has not called, upon whom rests no anointing for this sacred and responsible vocation. Such an one is never a help and always a hindrance. In this poverty-stricken employment, and we fear many accept mission-service with no true idea of what they are undertaking, simply because here they see an opening for the support of themselves and their families. Of course such a worker has no love for his work and it is a drag even to perform his positive duties. He often shirks them if he does not do worse. Objection has been made by some to making tempting offers in secular work to the native Christians, on the ground that they would always choose the most remunerative, and therefore there would be none to enter mission service. We cannot but think that if a man’s call to God’s work does not exceed in strength and urgency his love of money, he is scarcely a fit candidate to preach the Gospel, and is better out of mission service than in it. True, really consecrated workers are scarce, but better few of excellent worth than multitudes who bring no glory to Jesus’ name, often only shame, beside sorrow to the missionary.

*   *   *

There is, however, another side. Often very unpromising material may be developed by the grace of God into a polished instrument. To be patient, to bear, to train, to teach—this is the missionary’s duty, and he should not too hastily set aside one entrusted to his care. Sympathy is an absolute essential between the missionary and his helper. Without it there can be little progress or blessing. The Master-Worker can bear with smoking flax, however disagreeable. He does not quench it, but coaxes it into a flame. Let us remember His longsuffering with us, and let us be tender with the flock over which He hath made us overseers. A training-school in which each worker can be thoroughly tested before being put into any place of responsibility, would solve many problems now so difficult. It would serve as a sifting place as well as a training school. This is an urgent need in our Marathi work. In Gujurât we have such a school. Let our readers pray that this need may be supplied. We believe the time is ripe for it.

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**Mission Questions**

**THINGS TO BE GUARDED AGAINST**

BY LYDIA I. DUCKWORTH

FOR some time past the writer has been watching with keen interest and more or less concern the tendency and drift of the so-called Indian Christian Church, and we have welcomed the present revival spirit with rejoicing not merely for the individual blessings received, but for the awakened hope of spiritual prosperity and growth in the Indian Church as a whole.

In Paul’s epistle to Timothy, he speaks of those who have the form of godliness but deny the power thereof. Had God not interposed and sent the present renewing and refreshing of the Holy Spirit to these parched souls there might have been a great spiritual death and famine, and the Church might have been augmented by accessions of so-called “born Christians” from among the rising generation; but its power to influence the surrounding “nations” in darkness would have been greatly diminished and in time have ceased, and the Church become a stagnant and consequently, useless organization. The great danger for those born in Christian homes and reared perhaps in mission schools is to think of themselves as Christians by inheritance or birth, and to forget or neglect the necessity of coming to Christ personally for the forgiveness of their sins and for a real, personal and experimental knowledge of the new birth. There is a great danger of looking upon Christians as a sort of caste, and for them of looking upon each other in the same manner as Brahmns, Pátidárs or other castes look upon each other; namely, as those upon whom such and such a name or caste has been entailed by chance of birth or inheritance. Many Hindus also are beginning to look upon Christianity as a sort of community or religious sect that because of its rapid increase demands recognition among them. Thus it is very easy for a boy to grow up a nominal Christian and by so doing increase the numbers according to census statistics, but bring such disrepute and disgrace to the Christian community that years of right living on the part of true Chris-
tians cannot efface. When a man is Christian merely in name, in this country it means that he is altogether irreligious, caring not for anything of good either in Hinduism, Moham-
medanism or Christianity but living according to the dictates of his own evil desires.

Doubtless, the present revival, if persevered in, will mean much in the real awakening and conversion of many such "born Christians;" and let all who have the spiritual oversight and instruction of such Christian communities pray earnestly and work definitely that this threatened danger to the Church may be averted, and that stagnation days like those of the Constantine period of the early European Church may have no place among us, but that a living, spiritual people may go forward and win the heathen for Christ.

The recently organized "National Missionary Society of India" is a great safe-guard against stagnation and dependence in the Indian Church; for wherever there is real, definite and spiritual work undertaken for the advance-
ment of Christ’s Kingdom there is the assurance of His blessing and presence in the hearts and lives of those thus engaged. And if the Word is faithfully preached and the cross upheld, there will be a real harvest of souls and consequently an increase both in numbers and in spirituality for His Church in India; for He has promised that “His word shall not return unto Him void but shall accomplish that whereunto it is sent.”

We need also to guard most carefully and perseveringly against any tendency towards higher criticism or a compromising of the central truth and power of Christianity, namely, the atonement made by Christ, the Son of God, for the sins of mankind. “There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we may be saved.” It is very easy to try to please those among whom we work, and especially so for a young Christian of short experience who is inclined to be afraid of displeasing his fellow country-men, and to desire to be popular among them. But such popularity will be merely surface deep for every one in his heart of hearts admires and respects one who stands out boldly and fearlessly for the convictions of his soul. But the young worker does not always think so far, and begins little by little to compromise, and talk less and less about the blood shed on Calvary and more concerning the love of God and the moral obligations of man, until even in his own soul he comes to look upon salvation as something to be obtained more through works than simple faith in Christ. The result is that his own soul becomes quite barren and consequently his work worse than fruitless. I have heard even missionaries of long experience in this country compromise on this same line, and say they thought it wiser to speak more of the love of God and less of the atonement of Christ, as the natives were better able to comprehend it. Therefore, if missionaries of avowed evangelical missionary societies are tempted to teach in this manner, is it strange that the young Indian Christian, as he becomes familiar with various methods of compromise by asso-
ciation with others or from reading, is also tempted; and that it is necessary for us con-
tinually to guard and instruct those in our charge concerning the extremely vital impor-
tance of the continued and repeated presentation of this truth? The tendency of the times is to belittle this doctrine, but God has committed it to us as a very special trust and says, “Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown.”

ENTERED INTO REST
BY ANDREW JOHNSON

EARLY Tuesday morning, the 8th of May, our dear brother Robert Dalton Bannis-
ter entered into rest in the Lord, at Coonoor, South India, where he had recently gone with his family for a change of air. Mr. Bannister had been suffering much from fever during the last two years or more, but had re-
mained faithful to the work. Consequently, when he left Bhusaval the latter part of April, he was in a very weak condition, and the trying journey through the heat brought on the collapse.

Mr. Bannister was born at Ingalstone, Essex, England, on the 29th of August 1869. He was converted in November of 1887. Before coming out to India he spent three years in the Bethshan Training Home, London, during which time he also gave part of his time to evangelistic work.

He arrived in India under the I.M.A. board, (now the C. & M. A.) on the 23rd of October 1892, and began at once the study of the Marathi language. Here he showed marked ability, and acquired a working knowledge of that difficult language in an unusually short time, and what he acquired he made use of at once, in giving the gospel to the people in their own tongue.
In October 1894, about one year after his arrival in India, he was given charge of his first station, Murfizapur, where the writer had the privilege of labouring with him for a few months. But being of a lesser calibre, he found himself rather unequal in the yoke with Mr. Bannister, to whom it seemed but little matter what food or rest he got, so long as he could preach the gospel, and sell Scripture portions and other Christian literature.

In 1895, Mr. Bannister was married to Miss Emma Royal, also of the Alliance Mission. This union was short. In less than a year and a half, I think, Mrs. Bannister was called to rest. She left a little boy with the father, but he was soon called to join his mother.

Our brother continued as usual, untiring in the service of the gospel, unmindful of exposures and hardships. But even a constitution like his has to pay the penalty of exposure and neglect sooner or later.

At the close of the touring season of 1897, after severe exposure to sun, cholera, hunger and thirst, he had his first physical breakdown. His case puzzled the doctors. Within a very short time he had the symptoms of sunstroke, cholera, and typhoid fever. His case was pronounced hopeless. But to the surprise of the doctors and many others, to the joy and assurance of those who believe in God as the Healer of the body, and to the glory of God, our brother was up and about in a very few days. Later in the year he went home on furlough, when he reported, with great joy, the assurance of those who believe in God as the Healer of the body, and to the glory of God, our brother was up and about in a very few days. Later in the year he went home on furlough, when he reported, with great joy, the conversion of his aged mother.

He returned from furlough early in 1899, when he was given charge of the English work at Bhusaval, at which post he remained until the Lord took him. Besides, he also looked after the Marathi work, which during the last year needed constant superintending, as the Alliance Mission took over the Free Church of Scotland Marathi work at Bhusaval, a year ago.

While he was on furlough he became acquainted with Miss Mason of New York, a missionary candidate for India, under the Alliance board. And when she arrived in India, early in the year, 1901, they were united in marriage. She has since been his faithful helper and co-worker.

Two children were born to them. The first one the Lord took to Himself. The other, a boy, remains, no doubt, a great comfort to the bereaved mother.

I think it can truly be said of our departed brother, that the one absorbing characteristic of his life in India was zeal for the Lord's work. Not of the worked-up kind, which fluctuates with circumstances, but the fire which burned on the altar of his heart was no doubt kindled there by the Lord Himself. What He kindles, be it a smoking flax, or a consuming fire, like that of Elijah's on Mount Carmel, is not easily quenched. The floods of the enemy cannot put it out. Our brother's zeal stood the test remarkably well. Physically he was scarcely more than a shadow of his former self, but his zeal remained unquenched to the last. To the glory of God it had stood the test through deep waters. It had consumed him. But the incense of it, no doubt, went before him to the God who kindled it.

And he being dead, yet speaketh. To the writer he has spoken powerfully. What does he say to you, brother? to you sister? God will not kindle the fire until there is a full consecration. Yes, our very lives must be on the altar before the fire descends.

A post is vacant at Bhusaval, which calls for a well equipped and consecrated life, to keep the incense burning at that place. And not only Bhusaval, but thousands of other places are in need of such lives. Do you hear God calling you?

WOMEN'S WORK

BY ANNA SCHELANDER

It was with a mingled feeling of joy and responsibility that we again set our feet on Indian soil on the 5th of January. The years spent in this land before had left many solemn memories and very little visible fruit if indeed any. We stayed a short time in Bombay and came to Jalgaon the 12th of January.

Almost immediately we began preparations for going out on tour and started at the end of the month. As we had no bullocks and tongâ the Bible-women and myself had to be satisfied with working in the village where we camped. The women heard us gladly. Yes, we were indeed full of hope as we saw one old Mohammedan woman follow us wherever we went in the neighbourhood, till finally one day we came to her house. She soon came out but did not stay long. The other women at once on our arrival told us not to mention the name of Jesus in their presence because an educated man, a relative of the old lady, had told them that Christianity was a false religion. So here the women rejected Christ.
In the second place we camped, the women showed much interest. One day as we entered the village on the principal street we noticed a piece of wood put down in the ground in the middle of the street and asked a man near by what it was there for. He said it was put there last year to keep the plague away from the village, and pointing to a big stone not far away he said, “There is the goddess of Plague.” We went to see this new goddess on our way home. She was very much like all the other gods, an image of a woman having a fox head, riding on a tiger, cut in a rough stone and covered with red paint.

One morning as we were going home a man called and begged me to have mercy on him and save him. He said, “I know that God lives in you and you can do what you will. If you say to a stone ‘Be bread,’ it will become bread; and if you go out in the jungle and pick up a stone or wood and tell it to become gold, it will be so in your hand. Will you not have pity on me?” I tried to point him to Christ but in vain. This is another example of how idolatry has corrupted the minds of these people so that they cannot comprehend the true God. My husband visited him afterwards and gave him a New Testament. He has some education and is fairly intelligent, but is old and a cripple. Pray for him.

On our return to the work in Jalgaon we were welcomed by many with visible joy. One day God gave me an encouragement for which I often have been thankful these later days. Having preached to a crowd, I asked the woman who had told us to sit down if she had ever heard the Gospel before, and she answered, “Once before a white woman and one like us were talking to a big crowd on the street and some boys threw mud on them.” I asked how long ago it was and she said, “Four years; but I have not forgotten what they said.” Praise God for one who remembers what we told them that morning four years ago.

We soon found that the enemy had been busy while we had been away. Several theatre-companies had been here and some are here still, one composed of women only. These have turned the mind of the people against the Gospel. Some seemed ready to take the last step into the kingdom, who have now hardened their hearts and will not allow us to come near or speak to them.

Just before Easter it was impossible to get one woman in all Jalgaon to listen to the Gospel. Good Friday we all met together on our faces before God asking him to make a change. When we came out the next time we soon had an audience, but their minds are not as open as before.

I would like to ask those who know how to pray, to pray for that woman “Liberty” for whom prayer was asked in the March number. She had been perfectly well for months but lately has had much persecution and her faith has failed. Satan has come back as before and she is very ill. May God be glorified in her and in us all.

[Readers will remember that Liberty was possessed with a demon from whom she could get no deliverance until, after hearing of Christ, she said to her tormentor, “The oath of the blood of Jesus be upon you.” —A. Ed.]

NEW WORK IN AKOLA

BY ANNA LITTLE

TWO months have passed since I came to take up Hindustani work in Akola.

Mrs. Stanley and I have been going out together to visit the women. I find that there are about twelve thousand Hindustani-speaking people here. These include Mahommedans and Pardeshi (other-country) Hindus. The latter are Marwaris, Telugus, Tamils and Rajputs.

Not a few greet us with real pleasure. Their welcomes stand out vividly in my mind,—some of the divine oases in this land of darkness and death.

One day it is hot and dusty and very foul-smelling in the bazar, as we thread our way through a labyrinth of bullocks and goats and dogs, and creaking carts and human beings. We stop at a small stall.

One day it is hot and dusty and very foul-smelling in the bazar, as we thread our way through a labyrinth of bullocks and goats and dogs, and creaking carts and human beings. We stop at a small stall.
stay for refreshment. Presently the younger daughter enters the room with steaming cups of impossibly sweet tea for each one. In spite of my feelings I swallow mine bravely, rather than grieve my gentle hostess. It seems quite a bond of friendship to sit sipping tea together.

One morning we came across a government official from Madras. He is a Hindu. "May we see your wife?" "Certainly, Madam." He leads the way up the narrow staircase. His wife has rheumatism, he says. "Does she speak Marathi?" "No, Madam, she speaks Tamil and Hindustani." We sit down beside her and after a while sing a hymn and explain it. Presently four Moslem women come in and sit down. We sing a Hindustani _gazal_ and then attempt to prove to them that among all their great prophets, Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Mahomet and Jesus, only one was sinless, hence, that all the rest being sinners, could never by any means save sinners. "Are you a Mohammedan?" asks one woman. "No, báí, I am a follower of the sinless prophet, Jesus." As we rise to go, I hold out some gospels. "See báí, these are only one pice each; will you buy?" "Oh yes," and at once they take four gospel portions. Then they beckon, "Come with us; there are others to hear." So we follow down the staircase to rooms on the ground floor, where several other women are sitting. "See, we have brought this lady to you. She knows all about our prophets." (In this she was mistaken, for I do not presume to know all about the prophets). All sit down to listen. "What shall I tell you about?" A little silence, and then a voice breaks the stillness, "Tell us about Jesus." And we repeat again the story of Jesus which never grows old. One woman is dying in consumption, and our hearts ache within us, as we look into the depths of her lack-lustre eyes, filled with questioning. "Lord Jesus, give her to see Thee," we cry inwardly. Every day almost, one meets hungry souls. They do not openly confess their hunger. Neither did the woman of Samaria, until Jesus drew her out. One feels intensely the need of daily conscious contact with Jesus, to meet the need of these souls groping in darkness.

One day in the bázár, we come upon a group of Márwári women: they are Hindus. Sitting down on the threshold of a doorway, we soon gather a crowd. But it is hard to get them quieted. Each one is pulling aside the one in front of her, so that she too may see.

We tell them of Jesus' power to save. "Who is Jesus?" cries one. "Have you never heard of Him before?" "No, never." Patiently we repeat the words again. "Oh, come every day for two weeks with this story. Then I shall understand. It is a new story." Another gazes at me intently and then breaks in, "Is your body white all over?" "Yes." "How wonderful!"

Another assures me that there is no one to tell her people in Márwár the story. "If I could fly I would take you to them."

I have given the bright side. There is a dark side. Often we are driven away with rude words and scoffing. "We are made as the filth of the world, . . . . the offscouring of all things unto this day." There is besides, the thought that so often confronts us, that the Heart of Berár is harder than stone. Years of patient toil have preceded the work of to-day and still that Heart seems as hard as at the beginning. Sometimes it seems moved but only long enough for a few souls to slip out, and then it gets harder than before. But praise God! all He asks of us is to be "found faithful," in this warfare.

Once, years ago, a Mohammedan was converted and baptized. He had to flee to Gujárát, a few hours after his baptism. Standing the other day, at the door of his parental home, we saw Hate. Our souls shuddered within us as we felt the contact of that evil spirit. We stood outside and gazed in at mother and sisters, relatives—all changed. Once they had loved the boy. The mother gazes stonily at space. "Is it possible she cannot feel?" The tears start to our eyes, and an overwhelming wave of pity sweeps over us. "We have cut him off. He is dead," they say. "Ah but he loves you still. Don't you care?" we answer. "Chhél!" they cry. This bitter answer cuts to the heart and we turn away sorrowful but not cast down, for some day, praise God, "we shall reap, if we faint not."

The "Heart of Berár" is hard. To the newcomer it seems like a stone, but to some who knew it twenty years ago it seems now wonderfully soft and responsive. The insolent indifference and sullen, suspicious reserve of some classes, and the angry, bitter hatred of others—in the old days—has given way very generally to curiosity, friendliness and respectful tolerance: while from numberless individuals one receives warm kindliness for oneself, and eager, open attention for God's glad Gospel. Old mis-
A SWEET SURPRISE

IT is related that Dr. Adoniram Judson, while labouring as a missionary to the heathen, felt a strong desire to do something for the salvation of the Jews. But it seemed that his desire was not to be gratified.

During a long course of years, even to the closing fortnight of his life, in his last sickness, Dr. Judson lamented that all his effort in behalf of the Jews had been a failure. He was departing from the world saddened with that thought. Then at last there came a gleam of light that thrilled his heart with grateful joy.

Mrs. Judson was sitting by his side while he was in a state of great weakness, with a newspaper in her hand. She read out of it to her husband a letter from Constantinople. That letter contained some information that filled him with wonder. At a meeting of missionaries at Constantinople, it was stated that a little book had been published in Germany, giving an account of Dr. Judson's life and labours; that it had fallen into the hands of some Jews, and had been the means of their conversion; that one of these Jews had translated it for others who lived on the borders of the Euxine, and that a messenger had arrived in Constantinople, asking for a teacher to be sent them to show them the way of life.

When Dr. Judson heard this his eyes were filled with tears; a look of almost unearthly solemnity came over him, and clinging fast to his wife's hand, as if to assure himself of being really in the world, he said,—

“This frightens me. I do not know what to make of it.”

“To make of what?” said Mrs. Judson.

“Why, have you not just been reading? I never was deeply interested in any object, I never prayed sincerely or earnestly for anything, but it came; at some time—no matter how distant the day—somehow, in some shape, probably the last I should have devised, it came!”

What a testimony that was! It lingered on the lips of the dying Judson, and is worthy to be handed down as a legacy to the coming generation. The desire of the righteous shall be granted. Pray and wait. The answer to all true prayer will come.—The Glory of Israel

And well it is for us our God should feel Above our secret throbbing; so our prayer May reader spring to Heaven, nor spend its zeal On cloud-born idols of this lower air.—John Keble

Items

The wedding of Miss Louisa Herr and Mr. Robert J. Bennett took place in the mission bungalow at Ahmedabad on Tuesday morning, May the first, Mr. Fuller performing the ceremony. Nearly all of our missionaries of the Gujarati field were present. Mr. and Mrs. Bennett have gone to Sarnand which is to be their home. We wish them joy and a life of fruitful service in the Lord.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrews and their little ones, Misses Dunham, Seasholtz and Downs, and Mrs. Read are resting in Landour. Another party is in Mahabaleshwar, a few are in Chikaldara and another group in Coonoor. In Coonoor and Landour yearly conventions are held for missionaries of all societies during the hot season. These conventions have become a season of much spiritual blessing the last few years.

Mr. Turnbull and Mr. Armson are temporarily in charge of Dholka orphanage. Mr. and Mrs. Read have undertaken the work at Bâkrol.

Mr. Franklin mourns the loss of his aged mother who passed away at her home in New York State, March 24th, aged 83.

This number completes Volume IV. of the India Alliance. Subscribers desiring bound volumes of the year's numbers should apply to the Ass't. Editor (Grant Road, Bombay). Any of our missionaries desiring their own copies bound may also send them to the Ass't Editor, who will have them bound as last year.

Several of the missionaries have recently passed the first or second examination in the language. A few others hope to be ready at the close of the hot season, spending this time in study.

Mr. McKee has recovered from small-pox and will take a brief rest in Tithal during June, in company with a few other missionaries.

THE 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.

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