The India Alliance

The Organ of
The Christian and Missionary Alliance
in India

Contents:

Poem: The Coming of His Feet, *The Independent* ...... 37
He Worketh, V.H.F., Selected ...... 37
Station Notes: Kārā, Murtizāpur, Dholā, Shegāon ...... 37
A Note of Praise, Mrs. Peter Moodie ...... 41
Editorials ...... 42
Mission Questions: What is Hinduism? J. E. Broadbent ...... 43
God’s Deliverance, James P. Rogers ...... 46
Robert Frank Bannister, Martha Ramsey ...... 47
Items ...... 48

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

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

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Term of Subscription. In all Countries where the rupee is current Re. 1 2 0. In England 1s. 6d.
{ Single Copies Re. 0 2 0. In America 90 cents.

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

American subscriptions can be sent to Mr. V. I. Jeffrey, 650, 8th Ave., New York.
The Coming of His Feet

In the crimson of the morning, in the whiteness of the noon,
In the amber glory of the day's retreat,
In the midnight, robed in darkness, or the gleaming of the moon,
I listen to the coming of his feet.

Sandal'd not with sheen of silver, girded not with
twoven gold,
Weighted not with shimmering gems and odors sweet,
But white-winged and shod with glory in the Tabor light of old—
The glory of the coming of his feet.

He is coming, O my spirit, with his everlasting peace,
With his blessedness immortal and complete;
He is coming, O my spirit, and his coming brings release—
I listen for the coming of his feet.
—The Independent.

"HE WORKETH"
By V. H. F.

HE translation we find in "Young," of "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass" (Ps. xxxvii: 5), reads: "Roll upon Jehovah Thy way, trust upon Him, and He worketh;" calling our attention to the immediate action of God when we truly commit, or roll out of our hands, into His, the burden, of whatever kind it may be. A way of sorrow, of difficulty, of physical need, some dear one for whose conversion we have been anxious!

"He worketh." When? Now. We are so in danger of postponing our expectation of His acceptance of the trust, and His undertaking to accomplish what we ask Him to do, instead of saying as we commit, "He worketh." "He worketh" even now! and praise Him that it is so. The very expectancy enables the Holy Spirit to do the very thing we have rolled upon Him. It is out of our reach. We are not trying to do it any more. "He worketh." Let us take the comfort out of it, and not put our hands on it again.

Is it some need in your own being? Temper, impatience, worry; concern about your lack of conformity to the image of Christ! Roll it on Him. Refuse to make any self-effort. Depend on Jesus to accomplish it by the power of the Holy Ghost, and say and keep saying, "He worketh." O what a relief it brings! He is really at work on this difficulty. But some one may say, "I see no result." Never mind, "He worketh" if you have rolled it over and are looking to Jesus to do it. Faith may be tested, but "He worketh"; the Word is sure! Begin to roll upon Him one thing after another, and rejoice that "He worketh," and that "He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." II Tim. i: 12.

Station Notes

KAIRA

By Eunice Wells

NE of the teachers at Nyack used to say of Satan, "He is a mean old devil any way." I have always agreed with this sentiment, but never actually realized what it means as I have the past few months.

When I returned to the orphanage in January, everything was in beautiful order and the girls were rejoicing in a new found blessing. The Spirit had been poured out upon them, souls had been saved and Christians had received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. We knew a new thing had been done among us.

Miss Hansen left in February. The hot season drew near and some of the staff of workers were obliged to go to the hills. This is at best always a trying season with us.
We were going on very nicely when all of a sudden Satan struck us such a blow we were fairly stunned. It came in an utterly unexpected way,—of course such attacks always do. Girls who were the most spiritual and had been used most during the revival in bringing souls to Christ were most injured. It spread from one to another until most of our best matrons were more or less affected. I was so distressed over it, at first, that I could do little but weep and grieve, but this was not a remedy for the trouble. I said over and over in my mind and also to the sisters in the bungalow, “Wasn’t that a mean trick of the devil to trip those girls? Wasn’t it mean?” And I am sure you all agree with me.

We continued in prayer. We dealt with the girls involved, but for a whole month we were on our faces pleading for deliverance. At last the break came. We got together and had a time of humbling and confessing, and the breach was bound up. Our hearts were sore for some time, but the Lord has kept healing until now. I believe we can truly say in this case “we are more than conquerers.” We do not believe that God is yet through with us but that he is deepening and broadening the channels to fill them up again. We are waiting still for greater blessing in the orphanage. Please continue to pray with us until God’s purpose for us is accomplished.

Since January we have added to our hospital a small operating room, a contagious disease ward consisting of two rooms sixteen feet square, and broad verandas.

The windmill is up and running beautifully. It has far exceeded our expectations in its power to furnish a water supply. The tank, built of mason work is sixteen feet in diameter and four feet high. The pipes for the hospital and workshops are not yet laid, but we hope before the cold season is over to have them all in running order.

We have also been able to wall up and roof two rooms in the compound whose foundations have been laid for some years.

We have not succeeded in purchasing the field for which we have been praying so long but purchased another field of six acres joining us on the west. We have by no means given up the little field. God will give it to us in His own time.

Some improvements have been made in the weaving rooms. The old weavers were tired of the work when I returned. They had had a three years’ apprenticeship without a change and naturally desired one. So I turned most of them out and put in new girls. This was very disastrous to our weaving for a while but now after six months, the new girls are able to turn out fairly good cloth. There is great demand for our goods outside, much greater than we can supply at present.

Our schools have been thoroughly reorganized and with the exception of two instructors who have been with us for seven years, our own girls are established as teachers. We have discontinued the Government “grant” and are now free to conduct our schools as God directs. Miss Laura Gardner has been stationed with us and has taken up this branch of the work as her special charge.

The Bible classes are progressing. Most of the members of the first class passed their first year’s work creditably and are now hard at the second year’s study under the tutorship of Miss Dunham. Other girls are coming into the Bible training classes, thus showing a desire to be missionaries to their own people.

Again I beseech you to pray for us. The responsibility of this work grows greater every year, for as the children grow up they require the most careful training to bring out the best there is in them and make them useful for God.

MURTIZAPUR
BY LEONARD CUTLER

ANY person visiting Murtizâpur with the object of seeing a large mission work will go away disappointed. All he will see is a barbed wire fence around an ordinary sized bungalow with its outhouses. We have been working here since 1897, yet have nothing to show as men reckon things. But discouragement has no place, or rather, is given no place. “It is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful.”

The state of the people in the town is peculiarly difficult to deal with. In former years the principle classes of people, Mussalmân and Hindu, lived peaceably together even when their several festivals came around. In later years a spirit of antagonism has crept in, and last year vividly manifested itself in open riot. That spirit is still effervescing and on this account government has put restrictions on both sects which necessitate a special permit for any public displays or processions of any nature.

This same spirit is now working like an undercurrent among the villages of the taluka.
In one village called Umbredà, the villagers had a religious dispute similar to the one in Murtizâpur, but learning from example that lawlessness does not pay, they resorted to the Bengali method for revenge and the Hindus boycotted the Mohammadans with the result that the latter were obliged to leave the village.

One thing which sometimes adds to the missionary's difficulties is the unfaithfulness of a native worker. The heathen are quick to take hold of these things and flaunt them in the face of the missionary when he is preaching in the open air.

During this year the hand of judgement has three times been laid upon these people. The first time plague did its awful work, the scourge lasting two and a-half months. Immediately following came cholera, and again after a lapse of two months cholera reappeared in a more severe form. The first attack of cholera was stayed by government disinfecting the wells; the second, I firmly believe, was stayed in answer to the prayers of God's children.

One would think the population would be decreased by these visitations, but it is just the opposite. The emigration from the famine-stricken districts of the Deccan to the Berars has been very great, and some of the emigrants have settled down in this comparatively small place and caused an over crowding. Such a state of affairs brings physical and moral evils in its train.

There are encouragements too: "My Word shall not return unto me void." A man far advanced in years and illiterate came to the bungalow on a little business, and in the course of the conversation gave testimony to the truth of the religion of Jesus Christ. Hitherto when I had spoken to him of religion he had always given me the impression that he was indifferent. But on this occasion he said, "I eat and drink and sleep and give thanks to that God Jesus, the great King who was born in a manger." He then gave an instance of divine help. He had gone to a village without the usual precaution of taking food with him. Doubtful of being able to return the whole journey without food, in his own way he cried to the Lord for help. As he turned himself about, a man met him and said, "Won't you come and dine with me?" "It was the Lord gave me food, not the man who invited me," said this simple witness.

A very attentive listener in the bazaar recently cheered our hearts. One seldom sees so earnest a listener as he seemed. He went away very slowly and reluctantly when finally called.

An instance of caste cruelty recently came to our notice. A woman, a cripple for many years through bone disease, discovered that maggots had got into her wound. It was night when she made the discovery and she called to her neighbours who brought another light and confirmed her fears. Immediately the announcement was made to all her caste-people and they at once out-casted her. When the wound had been cleansed by some methods of their own, she was obliged to pay a fine to be re-instated into caste. A few days later becoming desperate, the woman threw herself into a well, but was rescued and taken to the government infirmary.

"This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." "Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

GOD'S GRACE IN DHOLKA

In a personal letter to the Editor Mrs. Andrews writes about the revival as follows:—

"The Lord has not forgotten to be gracious, even to poor Dholkà,—the revival has come! A week ago Sunday evening, or midnight, I should say (Aug. 26th), we were awakened by the awful cries of repentance of a number of the boys. One of the students who had gone to Siálkot [to a great Christian gathering there] went by invitation to one of the dormitories after the usual Sunday evening service, and was telling them about the workings of the Lord there. Then they began to read their Bibles together and to seek the Lord. A strong spirit of conviction came upon them and soon the whole room and compound was in a stir. We have never before witnessed such a scene.

This continued until about four a.m. when it changed to a praise-meeting continuing until six, when they all came to the little church in the students' compound for the early morning, prayer-meeting, after which they all joined in the usual morning service. . . . This was the beginning, but it sounds lifeless on paper. The meetings still continue every night, often more than one meeting at a
time. It began with the small boys, but on Sunday night a number of the largest and hardest boys gave in. A very few seemed to have received the Spirit. We want for them and for ourselves—all. . . . We have not written to many about the Spirit’s work here. It seems too sacred and we have been afraid we might in some way stop it."

Another missionary at Dhokla wrote,— "The boy whom God is using most is a frail student of about eighteen. I thought I knew something of a passion for souls, but never have I seen anything like that boy’s agony. It made me afraid he would die at first. . . . Meetings go on for hours; boys are weeping over sins, confessing to God and one another and making restitution. Then again God is showing His healing power. Three boys have been healed this week from fever. One boy paid back double some money he had misused. Everyone in touch with God seems to have such a vision of Christ Crucified."

Let us give thanks and pray that the work started in needy Dhokla may deepen and grow until it touches all the surrounding country, and may the Lord add to the Church daily such as should be saved.

SHEGAON
BY THE EDITOR

It is some months now since Mr. and Mrs. Johnson returned to America and Shêgaon was left to be occupied by Miss Ashwood and myself.

There was one visit worthy of note made before we left for cooler retreats during the hot season. This visit was to the family of a dêshmukh, a leading man in this district who is noted for his great wealth. We went by invitation, by far the most comfortable method, but not the most common.

The dêshmukh sent his oxen to draw our tongâ and took us to his encampment some distance from the town where he had taken refuge from the plague. We found the women prepared for our coming, and the dêshmukh’s graceful, pretty wife welcomed us shyly and with a certain charming reserve and dignity that pleased me much. The other women were coarser in their greeting, but not less kind.

We were given a seat upon a cot and then our audience ranged themselves in a comfort-

able group before us, taking care to keep a proper distance away for fear of defilement. Then each of us took our turn at telling the old, old story which these women heard for the very first time. They seemed interested and asked some intelligent questions, but finally their interest centered more in ourselves than our story.

We were introduced to another wife soon after our arrival, a young, ordinary looking girl who covered her face in a shamed sort of a way at first, for I think she was afraid of the older wife and felt her unspoken scorn. I shall not soon forget the look of insulted dignity that flashed over the older woman’s face when this rival was pointed out to us. It was but an instant, but it revealed the little tragedy being lived within the four walls of that Hindu home and, alas, many another home like it! The first wife had died, leaving one child, but the dêshmukh, in a terror lest this only son should die and be left without an heir, hastened to marry the comely woman before us. It was easy to see that she is still his favourite, but—mortal sin—she is childless, and so the girl-wife has been added in the hope that through her the dêshmukh’s race might be more securely established, a hope as yet unrealized. Her position in the house is not enviable, and perhaps she too is destined to be set aside.

The dêshmukh’s face is not a good one. We shrank from the man with instinctive dread, but were as much drawn to his wife as we were repelled by him.

They served us a royal meal of their very best, our hostess preparing with her own hands the savoury viands. And then at the last, our hostess suddenly overcame her shyness and her fear of defilement and taking us cordially by the hands, she drew us into the inner living room, using her whole stock of English to emphasize the feeling of warmth,—“Come on!” We were indeed delighted to come. Such familiarity is very rare. Usually we are made to feel only too keenly the barriers between us, and sometimes when we long to give expression to the sympathy and love in our hearts in the natural way, we are compelled to draw back by the chill breath of caste.

We begged the dêshmukh to bring his wife to see us, but our entreaties were in vain. He came himself, but would not consent that his wife should come out of her accustomed seclusion. We have not seen her since, but
THE INDIA ALLIANCE.

41

we hope to some day. The catechists are occasionally invited to address the men-folk of the house, but of course they cannot reach the women with their message.

One feature of our Shegaon work is the little English meeting held each Lord's day evening when from six to twelve people gather, "strangers in a strange land," to worship at the feet of Him who loved us and loosed us from our sins with His own blood. An occasional word let fall from lips usually reserved on such subjects shows us that these little meetings in the mission bungalow drawing-room have been a blessing to at least some hearts.

There are other little items, but they will keep for another telling, or may be they are scarcely worth the paper and ink except to us who live in the midst of them and whose lives are made up mostly of little, simple things. We pray that in these "least" things the Master may find us faithful.

A NOTE OF PRAISE

BY MRS. MOODIE

We praise the Lord for all His goodness to us since coming to India. "Who so offereth praise glorifieth me." Saying "Praise the Lord" is not enough; but letting the Lord do something for one and then praising Him, this is enough.

After spending over a month in Bombay we came up-country to Akola where we are studying the language. It has been a time of preciousness to us and we have enjoyed it, knowing we are in the will of God. Of course the longing comes over us to be able to tell the story of Jesus in this new language. We are thankful for the few sentences we are able to put together.

Before coming to India we were told that India is the children's grave, and truly it would be but for the overflowing life of Jesus. We are in one of the hottest places in India. When the first hot season came on we had to keep very near to the Lord and trust Him especially for the little one He has given us since coming to India. The Lord was very gracious. He was indeed underneath, above and round about us. It seemed very strange indeed to us as we sat in the bungalow and heard the wind whistle around it as on a wintry day at home, the doors and windows shut to keep out the heat. When we opened the door the wind was like a blast from the furnace. But, thanks be to God, in the evening the air would cool and we could go outside and enjoy it. Ina, our eldest daughter would sometimes say, "Mamma, what can I do now?"

She was used to being at school in America and to have so little to do here, seemed very irksome to her. But this very experience prepared her and us for what seemed impossible at first—her going to school at Poona over 400 miles away. The Lord doeth all things well. He knows how to prepare us for what lies before.

Another hot season has come and gone and the Lord continues to bless us. It means something just to live in India, but we find that very fact a means of keeping us near the Lord that we may receive all He has for us both spiritually and physically.

We enjoyed very much going out with Miss Veach to the surrounding villages during the hot season. We were glad to be able to help in the singing and give a very few words of testimony. What a joy it was even to do that much, realizing the possibilities of those brown upturned faces as we looked into them. We are praying for and looking forward to the reaping time in Berar, where the seed has been sown for a quarter of a century and then the tears of the sower and songs of the reaper shall mingle together in joy.

At our All-day of Prayer this month there was a precious little word spoken,—"Thou shalt not die but live and declare the works of the Lord." I believe it is for this we are in India, not forgetting the awful power of the enemy which can be felt on every side in this dark land. Satan is indeed the prince of the power of the air, but, praise God, we have One who is mightier far than he. Pray for us that we may walk in the works that God has prepared for us from the foundation of the world, that we should walk in them.

THE MANAGER'S NOTICE

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Editorials

“Now ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular.”

In the Scriptures are set forth three ideals of unity, or rather, union. The first refers to Christ and the individual; the second to Christ and His church as a whole, and the third is the binding together into one the individual units which compose His Church. There is a union of Christ and the believer the moment faith is first exercised, no matter how incipient that faith may be. It brings with it the introduction of a new life which cannot again be severed from that soul; but it also brings with it a condition of warfare which St. Paul describes as follows:—

“For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit and the Spirit against the flesh; for these are contrary the one to the other; that ye may not do the things that ye would.” Gal. 5: 17 R.V.

But there is a deeper step, a more vital union in which the strife between God’s Holy Spirit and our own unchastened spirits shall cease: “He that is joined to the Lord is one spirit;” no longer two, but one; one purpose, one motive, one love, one power, one will actuating every thought and deed. It is the absorption of the weaker by the stronger until there is no weaker or stronger, but one mighty, invincible Spirit swaying the whole life, filling the whole being of the one who thus enters into union with the living Christ. This is the end toward which God is ever working, the ideal of Jesus which He sets forth in the analogy of the vine and the branches.

At first the entering into this union will seem to us like a subjugation, and in a sense it is that, for we must capitulate, we must surrender the citadel of the heart and will before the divine amalgamation of spirits can take place. Too often, like stubborn children who expect from their parents fellowship and confidence when they themselves are un submissive and utterly unsympathetic with all their parents’ desires, we too expect God by some strange abrogation of the claims of justice, to overlook our foolish stubbornness and self-will and admit us into the privileges of intimate union with Himself. As a wife is united to her husband by the surrender of herself, so are Christ’s people united to Him by surrender. The more complete the surrender, the more perfect the union becomes.

What is true of the individual’s relation with the Lord, is true of the relation of the church as a whole with the Lord.

The Church . . But before this second ideal . . HIS BODY can be fully reached, the third must be realized, i.e., the union into one harmonious body of all the members, and this in turn is dependent on the first ideal. The truer the union between Christ and the individual, the closer will be the confederation of individuals. Yet this last ideal is more than a confederation. Confederation may mean merely the uniting of various distinct units under one leadership, each unit still retaining its own special prerogatives independently of the others. Christ’s thought was deeper than that. It was for organic unity, for each part to be dependent on every other part, to be nourished and strengthened by every other part, to suffer or enjoy with every other part; therefore the figure of the body is frequently employed to express this idea of intimate connection and mutual dependence.

To say that we have come far short of this ideal is simply to acknowledge an indisputable fact; but that we shall some time attain to it should be realized? the firm faith of every child of God, and to that end he should direct his efforts. Perhaps never since apostolic days have we been nearer this ideal than at present. There is a deep and wide-spread movement within the Church toward unity, which is manifesting itself in the confederation of many both larger and smaller denominations, and in the breaking down of sectarian barriers in a manner heretofore unknown. It would be hard to name all the agencies which have contributed to this desirable result, but two or three of the more important may be mentioned. The spirit of the world at present is for organization, gigantic associations to control material, political and moral forces and strengthen worldly power. The Church recognizes that to meet such an
antagonist and wage war successfully, she too must lay aside all conflict on minor issues and unite all her strength for this supreme contest. It is a sign of the rapidly approaching end of the age. . . . No doubt the great religious conferences held in so many centres throughout the world have done much to dispel prejudice and draw Christian men and women together.  

Probably one of the strongest agents of all has been foreign missionary work. In heathen lands the need for Christians THE MISSIONARY to stand together is doubly AGENCY emphasized and men whose creeds may differ in minor points find themselves united by attacking a common foe with a common weapon, “the blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony.” Their isolation, their common difficulties and the needs of native Christians and missionaries alike draw them together. We are getting back to the true ideal of Christianity by getting back to loving and trusting our brethren; but that love and trust must be based on a personal humility which is only learned through being yoked to the meek and lowly One, and to be thus yoked is means for us to be united to the Son of God, Christianity by getting back to loving and difficulties and the needs of native Christians in every breathing of the natural body until it throb, in every working of the busy brain, being rooted and grounded in love, may be true blessedness.

We can never possibly fathom all that it means for us to be united to the Son of God, to have our destinies irrevocably linked with His, to be THE LAMB’S LIFE so much a part of Him and of His life that His history cannot be written without including us, to have His life flowing through us at every heart-throb, in every working of the busy brain, in every breathing of the natural body until it is no longer we who live, but the Christ who lives in us! This is the heritage of His people, but let us not try to enjoy it alone. St. Paul tells us others are necessary to our enjoyment of the fulness:—“that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend WITH ALL SAINTS . . . . the love of Christ . . . that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God.”

The annual convention of the India Branch of the Christian and Missionary Alliance will open the last week in October, D.V., at Dholka, Gujarat, where our largest boys’ orphanage and also a training-school for catechists are situated. Just as this number of the INDIA ALLIANCE reaches our American readers the convention will be in session. We ask our friends to pray that upon us may come what God means by the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire. These are solemn days fraught with privilege and opportunity, and yet it is possible to pass through them and miss their true import and blessing. “How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?”

### Mission Questions

### WHAT IS HINDUISM?

A Résumé of the Information in the Census Report of India, 1901

**BY J. E. BROADBENT**

The decennial census of India is a unique opportunity for the investigation of many problems, besides that of mere numbers, connected with the population: problems of race, religions, social institutions (including caste), and the material and economic conditions of the life of the people. The report is a volume of rather formidable dimensions, which is not likely to be read by many. It will, therefore, be of interest to give a brief résumé of the information it contains concerning the Hinduism of the present day.

The classification of the population by religions, as shown in the census, is as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Religion</th>
<th>Number</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hindu</td>
<td>207,147,026</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sikh</td>
<td>2,195,339</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jains</td>
<td>1,324,148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buddhists</td>
<td>9,476,759</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mussulmans</td>
<td>62,458,077</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christians</td>
<td>2,923,241</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jews</td>
<td>18,228</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zoroastrians</td>
<td>94,190</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Animistic</td>
<td>8,584,402</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Minor religions</td>
<td>129,900</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total: 204,361,310

Over two hundred and seven millions of people call themselves Hindus. What is the faith or religion which has such a vast body of followers?

Probably most people who think about the subject at all have a general impression, more

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*Condensed from the Church Missionary Intelligencer, February, 1905.*
or less indefinite perhaps, that there is such a thing as the Hindu religion or creed. Mrs. Besant, who has specially identified herself with the movement for a modern revival of Hinduism, would apparently wish us to think so. She is reported to have recently said that “in every religion worship is paid to the same Being, though a different name is used;” and in a letter published in the Guardian of August 31st last, she states that the object of the Central Hindu College is “to make good Hindus, men faithful to their own religion and courteous to alien creeds.” But the Hinduism presented extracts. In the following paragraphs this is every religion worship is paid to the same Hinduism, would apparently

limits of our space.

Being, though a different name is used which would naturally be suggested by these
described in the actual words of the census
Hindu College is ed

of

even an approximate idea of the elements out of
pantheism combined with a system of transcen-
dental metaphysics.

which seeks by means of physical disasters, and which looks no further
the world of sense. At the other end is
pantheism combined with a system of tran-
scedental metaphysics.

Illustrations of the former set of beliefs are, among the wilder tribes, the peculiar oaths which witnesses are sometimes (illegally) required to take in a court of justice, such as holding a tiger skin in one hand and devoting himself to be devoured by the power of the tiger if he tells a lie; and higher up in the social scale, the observances at the festival of Shri Panchami, when almost from the top to the bottom of Hindu society it is considered incumbent on every religious-minded person to worship the implements or insignia of the vocation by which he lives: the soldier worships his sword; the cultivator his plow; the money-lender his ledger; the Thugs had a picturesque ritual for adoring the pickaxe with which they dug the graves of their victims; and, to take the most modern instance, the operatives in the jute mills near Calcutta bow down to the Glasgow-made engines which drive their looms.

At the other end of the scale, in the higher regions of Hinduism, the dominant idea is pantheism—that is, in the words of Sir Alfred Lyall, “the doctrine that all the countless deities, and all the great forces and operations of nature, such as the wind, the rivers, the earthquakes, the pestilences, are merely direct manifestations of the all-pervading energy which shows itself in numberless forms and manners.” It is everywhere intimately associated in India with the doctrine of metempsychosis, supplemented by the theory of self-acting retribution, which is known as karma. “According to this doctrine, every action, good or evil, that a man does is forthwith automatically recorded for or against him, as the case may be; there is no repentance, no forgiveness of sins, no absolution. That which is done carries with it inevitable consequences through the long succession of lives which awaits the individual soul before it can attain the pantheistic form of salvation and become absorbed in the world-essence from which it originally emanated.”

Between these extremes of practical magic at the one end and transcendentental metaphysics at the other, there is room for every form of belief and practice that it is possible for the human imagination to conceive. Worship of elements, of natural features and forces, of deified men, ascetics, animals, of powers of life, organs of sex, weapons, primitive implements, modern machinery; sects which enjoin the sternest forms of asceticism; sects which revel in promiscuous debauchery; sects which devote themselves to hypnotic meditation; sects which practise the most revolting form of cannibalism—all these are included in Hinduism, and each

\* The exceedingly crude form of religion in which magic is the predominant element.

\* Report on the Census of India, 1901, par. 633.
finds some order of intellect or sentiment to which it appeals. And through all this bewildering variety of creeds there is traceable everywhere the influence of a pervading pessimism, of the conviction that life, and more especially the prospect of a series of lives, is the heaviest of all burdens that can be laid upon man. The one ideal is to obtain release from the ever-turning wheel of conscious existence and to sink individuality in the impersonal spirit of the world.†

How, then, is Hinduism to be distinguished from the other religions indigenous to India? The most obvious characteristics of the ordinary Hindu are his acceptance of the Brahmanical supremacy and of the caste system. But there are various offshoots from orthodox Hinduism of which the distinguishing features are, in their earlier history at least, the obliteration of caste distinctions and the rejection of the Brahmanical hierarchy.

Of sects there is a legion. They fall into two main categories—viz., those who advocate the rival claims of one or other of the great Vedic deities, or of Pauranic accretions to the orthodox pantheon, such as Durga; and those who either neglect or deny the regular deities. To the former belong the Saivas or Smârthas, Sâktas, Vaishnavas, etc.; and to the latter the followers of Kabir, Nânak, Darya Dâs, and Seomârâyan, the Stanâmis, the Pânhpiriyas, and others. The causes of schism have varied from time to time according to circumstances.‡

Buddhism, Islam, and Christianity have all exercised an influence. The Vaishnavism of Chaitanya reflects the influence of Buddhism; he ignored caste and enjoined great regard for animal life, forbade sacrifices of all kinds, and taught that the true road to salvation lay in bhakti, or fervent devotion to God. The influence of Islam made itself most strongly felt in the revolt against polytheism and idolatry which distinguishes so many of the religious movements of more recent times, such as those inaugurated by Kabir, Dâdu, and Nânak; these have usually a pronounced monotheistic tendency coupled with the condemnation of idols. “One marked peculiarity of Hindu sects is their tendency to relapse into orthodoxy as soon as the zeal which inspired their earlier adherents has grown cold. . . . It is only where a movement is social rather than religious that it retains its vitality for any length of time.”¶

The forms of worship vary and sects are numerous, but the actual religious ideas which underlie the outward ceremonial are much more uniform than might be supposed. In belief, though seldom perhaps in practice, most Hindus are henotheistic, and recognize the existence of one supreme God. Their other deities fall into two categories, major and minor, and those of the latter class are regarded as of most importance from a personal point of view. They have an implicit belief in the doctrine of karma, the theory that a man’s future life depends on his actions in his present state of existence. The belief in metempsychosis, though general, is less universal, and some of the lower castes have an idea that when they die they will go direct to heaven or hell.§

In recent times two sects have been formed, the founders of which clearly drew their inspiration from Western thought, the Brahmo Samâj and the Arya Samâj, the former founded in Bengal by a Brahman, Râjâ Râm Mohan Roy, who died in England in 1833, and the latter originated in the United Provinces by Dayânând Saraswati, also a Brahman.

The Brahmo Samâj is divided into three sections, the Adi or original, the Nababidhân or “New Dispensation,” and the Sadhâran or “common” Samâj; but all believe in the unity of the Godhead, the brotherhood of man, and direct communion with God in spirit without the intervention of any mediator. The differences are ritualistic and social rather than religious. The Adi Samâj is the most conservative; while discarding idolatrous forms, it follows as closely as possible the rites of Hinduism, and draws its inspiration solely from the religious books of the Hindus. Inter-caste marriages are not allowed, but in other respects the restrictions of caste sit lightly on its members; they are careful, however, to describe themselves as Hindus. The Nababidhân Samâj, or Church of the New Dispensation, was founded by Keshab Chandra Sen. It is more eclectic and has assimilated what it considers just, not only in the Shâstras, but also in the religious teachings of Christianity, Buddhism, and Islam. Inter-caste marriages, though not greatly disapproved, are rare. It is not clear whether members of this communion would return themselves as Hindus or Brahmans. The Sadhâran Samâj is the most advanced of these churches. It relies, like the Nababidhân, on the teachings of all

† Ibid., par. 635. ‡ Ibid., par. 633. ¶ Ibid., par. 637. § Report on the Census of India, 1901, par. 639.
religious systems, but is more uncompromising in its disapproval of ritual and set forms of worship. It rejects caste altogether. It is also strongly opposed to the pardah system, gives its women a liberal education, and allows them an equal voice in all matters of church government. It freely permits inter-caste marriages. Most of the members of this section doubtless described themselves as Brahmos in the census schedules.

The Arya Samaj has laid down its fundamental beliefs and social aims in ten Principles, and is thus a more fixed and definite creed. According to these Principles, there are three eternal substances: God, Spirit, Matter. God is defined in a series of terms expressing man's highest ideals; He is All true, All knowledge, All beatitude, incorporeal, almighty, just, merciful, unbegotten, Lord of All, and so on. The Mantras, or hymns of the four Vedas, are stated to be the only inspired Scriptures, and were committed by God to four Rishis. These Rishis were human, but were distinguished by having completely passed through the cycle of rebirths in the world immediately before this. The Brâhmanas, Upânishads, Purânas, are not inspired, but have a position and use similar to the Apocrypha in the Church of England. The soul is incorporeal and unchangeable, but always distinct from God. It is subject to rebirth. Salvation is the state of emancipation from endurance of pain and subjection to birth and death, and of life, liberty, and happiness in the immensity of God. The sixth of the ten Principles of the Society declares that "the principal object of the Samaj is to do good to the world by improving the physical, intellectual, spiritual, moral, and social condition of mankind." The Arya Samaj holds to the fourfold division of the people into Brahmans, Kshatriyas, Vaisyas, and Sudras; but the general trend of opinion seems toward the doctrines on this point in the Institutes of Manu and the Mahâbhârat, that caste should not be regarded merely as determined by birth. The Arya Samaj directs special efforts to reconvert as Aryas persons who have been converted from Hinduism to Christianity or Islam, and the descendants of such. According to the census returns of 1891 there are 92,419 Aryas; in 1891 there were 39,952. The increase, therefore, in ten years is 131 per cent. The Samaj is recruited almost entirely from the educated classes, and the higher castes greatly predominate among its members.

The progress of the Brahmo Samaj is less rapid. At the census of 1901 it claimed only 4,050 members, compared with 3,051 in 1891, an increase of thirty-three per cent. nearly. More than three-quarters of them are in Bengal. This apparently slow growth (compared with that of the Arya Samaj) seems attributable partly to the circumstance that many who are really Brahmos, other than the Sadhasan Brahmo Samaj sect, prefer to describe themselves as Hindus; and partly to the greater latitude of thought and practice allowed by modern Hinduism, especially in the case of persons living in Calcutta and other large towns.

The impression of Hinduism produced by a perusal of the sections of the census report relating to it, is that of something amorphous, fluid; terribly difficult to deal with because, like the waters of the ocean, it engulfs and chokes all merely human teaching directed against it, and can almost dispense with the necessity of offering active resistance. It would seem to be almost impossible to formulate any article of belief or ritual which a man must hold in order to be a Hindu, or which if a man holds he would necessarily cease to be a Hindu. But the inquiry into the actual religious ideas of the ordinary man carried out by Mr. Risley's orders in connection with the census has elicited information showing that in India, as in China, "the upward yearning of the soul for God, and the insatiable desire to know something about the soul and its future, and the unseen spiritual world," has not been altogether stifled. Movements like Brahmoism and the Arya Samaj are pathetic and tragic, showing the unrest of the unsatisfied soul; yet the search after something higher is directed on two wrong lines which will carry them, like all the movements of the past, into one or other of the arms of the sea of Hinduism, the evil One using the lever of the things which are seen and temporal to switch the seeker on to the line that leads back to this world.—Missionary Review.

GOD'S DELIVERANCE

BY JAMES P. ROGERS

OUR lives usually run in a very ordinary groove and there is not much worth remembering. Perhaps some have learned the difficulty of keeping a diary. There is so much sameness in our lives that we become rather stereotyped. Yet occasionally something worth recording does happen and such an occasion came to us on August 29th.
It had been raining heavily for several days until many rivers were in flood and ravines usually dry had become the beds of rushing torrents. Our missionaries within certain geographical limits regularly maintain a monthly day of prayer. This had been appointed to be held at Murtīzāpur on this occasion, some fifteen or twenty miles distant from Daryāpur by government road.

Mrs. Rogers and I made an early start in order to be on time to help arrange for the meeting. About six miles from home the road leads through a ravine which is flagged in the usual manner of government roads in such places, where the banks of the ravine are not sufficiently high to warrant bridges. The water of about knee-depth was rushing over this channel of about thirty yards width. Several men were on the opposite side afraid to venture across and it seemed best to us also not to attempt the crossing and we turned to go back. But about this time a party of men succeeded in wading across and seeing this, we also decided to make the attempt. When part way over the horses took fright at the swift current and rushed off the road into water of such great depth that they had to swim. Providentially it was only a distance of about fifty feet when they again struck bottom and I was enabled to drive them to the shore; but at that juncture the current caught the wagon and turned it around down stream. I jumped out and caught the horses' bridles. The wagon swung round and turned partly towards the shore. The two men who had been helping us were swept down stream quite a distance, but swam ashore and returned to our assistance. They held the horses while I helped Mrs. Rogers on to the bank. Then we took out all the contents of the wagon and removed the top which served as a shelter from the still heavily falling rain, for Mrs. Rogers.

The horses were tangled in the harness, and the wagon, held by the strong current, was tipped against the bank. We were obliged to cut a trace and release the animals, whereupon they scrambled up the bank. The wagon, in spite of our efforts, floated some little distance down stream, sometimes in water so deep that it was quite hidden from sight except for the pole of which we kept hold. Sometimes I was in the water chin-deep, but all our efforts to land the vehicle were unavailing until we sent and obtained a pair of bullocks from a neighbourly village and then we managed to accomplish the landing.

Even then all was not clear sailing. There was quite a distance of deep, black, cotton-soil to be crossed and the wheels sank into the mud half way up to the axles, filling up the wheels with this deposit so that they would scarcely turn. After much screaming at and beating of the old bullocks, the road was reached and our preparations to return home quickly made. Of course we had to settle with the men who helped us. They think it quite legitimate to exact the last cent. (India does not serve for love or even because there is need.)

Home was never so welcome as when we finally reached it and we were extremely grateful for food and dry clothing. Even then our trials had not ended. The wall of an old neighbouring house fell down with a crash and partially filled our doorway, leaving a generous gap for wind and rain. The account of our adventures may seem rather dry, but our experience was anything but dry.

As we go over the story, again and again, we see God's great mercy to us. Had we been driving the light tongā as we usually did we would surely have been swept away. But fortunately on that day we had chosen the heavier vehicle. Scarcely anything was lost of what we took with us, and we had dry blankets with us which proved a great comfort and protection after our drenching.

The question may arise, could not God have spared us this experience? Yes, He could have, but there were lessons to be taught through it. One lesson we have learned is not only to keep from things which are forbidden, but to have an equally clear conviction of His approval on the things we do undertake. We should be so quiet as to hear the voice at all times. But how blessed that even when we fail He deals in love and mercy, not in judgement. "He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust."

ROBERT FRANK BANNISTER

BY MARTHA RAMSEY

It was July 21st he came to us with his mother. They had spent several weeks at Coonoor, and while there, Mrs. Bannister had seen her dear husband laid to rest "till Jesus comes." But Frankie was still left.

We had heard of Mr. Bannister's dream before his own Home-going,—of two chariots having come, one to take himself, and the other, he thought, for baby. But as we looked at him on the following Sunday evening, and listened to his peals of laughter we thought, it was only a dream after all.
It was not long before the change from the cool climate of Coonoor to the hot plains of Berar, began to tell on him, and when hard teething set in, the little fellow seemed to fade away rapidly. During the night of August 21st convulsions seized him, and before the dawn had broken, our hearts had got used to the thought that the “chariot” was nigh at hand. A touch of sweetness that we could never put a name on, as we watched him day by day, seemed to develop more and more as he lay there breathing his little life out. And when at 7 o’clock in the evening we knew he was “safe in the arms of Jesus,” that look was still there, but intensified and subdued. It was a long day as we watched his every breath, but we would not have shortened it, for the calm and quiet of the presence of God were just as real as if we could have seen Him face to face, and the house seemed full of angels.

Loving hands made the casket out of a box and while it was still night we started for AmrAoti, to lay his body away in the cemetery within a stone’s throw of dear Miss Olmstead’s resting place. As the coffin was covered from sight, the lonely mother felt in her soul the echo of the words, “Oh death, where is thy sting? Oh grave, where is thy victory? But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

A CONTRAST

Yesterday afternoon a girl of a rich family came to the bungalow with her uncle. We wondered why they came, as they never needed favours from us, and we could but smile when the man begged us to let him have a piece of a tiger’s liver. The smile however died away on our lips as he explained it was to cure a sick child he wanted it. We told him, of course, we would freely give him anything we possessed, but tiger’s liver we did not have, and might we call and see the child? He assented, and soon Mrs. Bannister and myself were on the way to his home. The mother of the girl who had come, called us, she said, to fall at our feet, if necessary, if only we would give the tiger’s liver, to be hung around the child’s neck. As often before, we felt burdened to give her again the Gospel message, but only to receive the answer, “Come to-morrow. That is enough.” We were welcomed by the man who had called on us, and soon found ourselves in a well-lighted and ventilated room. A strong man sat on the floor with legs crossed holding his six months’ old baby boy in tender, loving arms; near by sat his mother and the baby’s mother who sat aside while we looked at the child. Little darling! he too had had convulsions, and as we looked at him and then at each other, it needed not words to say he would soon be where wee Frankie is. And in words the parents could understand, we tried to tell them that the Good Shepherd was gathering their lamb with his arm, to which the father replied that he had already given him over to —, naming a heathen deity, but hadn’t we the tiger’s liver to give him? No ray of hope in that home; no comfort from words about the resurrection as we spoke them; no desire to know the Risen One, nothing but darkness and despair. They are on our hearts to-day. Not five minutes’ walk from where I sit, lies a young man of twenty years, son of a rich Mohammedan, at the point of death. His father in his despair is spending hundreds of rupees on every kind of treatment, but will not pay the price of peace for his own soul, nor allow his boy even to hear of the Saviour who died for him. Utter despair and no ray of light! Is it not a contrast? Beloved, there they are to-day. Here are the missionaries yearning over them, longing to see their hearts softened and to bring comfort to them. Do they not need your prayers? Will you withhold them seeing that the price has been paid for their ransom as for yours and mine?

Items

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“LET your hopeful hunger on God,
and you will possess God with an ever-increasing fulness. That law is the surest of all sure things, and it will never be broken. Amid all the fickle changes of our days this great fidelity abides, and can be relied upon all round; we can put our full weight upon His ever-offered love.”—


Miss White, Mr. Turnbull and Mr. Carner who have been suffering from fever are much improved and fast recovering; but Mr. Armson who had gone to Dhokhà from his station at Porbandar in order to care for Mr. Turnbull is himself now down with fever. Prayer is asked that he may speedily recover.

The last week in August will be a busy week for our missionaries in Berar and Khândesh. A very important Council-Meeting, the annual examination of native workers and the dedication of the new church at Khamgàon forms the programme.
List of Alliance Missionaries.

BERAR—

Akola.  Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Moyser  Mr. and Mrs. R. S. M. Stanley  Miss M. Veach, Miss A. Little  Mr. S. H. Auernheimer  Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Moodie  Mr. O. Lapp

Amraoti.  Mr. and Mrs. C. Erickson  Miss L. J. Holmes  Miss E. Case

Buldana.  Mr. and Mrs. C. Eicher  Miss M. Patten

Chandur.  Mr. and Mrs. W. Ramsby  Mrs. R. D. Bannister

Daryapur.  Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Rogers

Khamgaon.  Miss A. Yoder, Miss E. Krater, Miss L. Downs  Miss M. Millham  Miss H. C. Bushfield

Malkapur.  Mr. and Mrs. P. Hagberg  (P. O. Buldâna.)

Murtizapur.  Mr. and Mrs. L. Cutler

Shegaon.  Miss E. Ashwood  Miss M. Wiest

KHANDESH—

Bhusawal.  Mr. E. R. Carner  Miss L. Becker, Miss Z. McAuley

Chalisgaon.  Mr. A. C. Phelps  Mr. and Mrs. W. Fletcher

Jalgaon.  Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Schelander  Miss C. Rutherford

Pachora.  Mr. A. Johnson  Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Wark

GUJARAT—

Ahmedabad.  Miss J. Fraser, Miss A. Fraser  Miss M. Barr

Bakrol.  Mr. and Mrs. J. Read  (P. O. Ahmedâbâd.)

Dholka.  Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Andrews  Mr. W. M. Turnbull  Mr. S. Armon  Miss M. Ballentyn  Miss A. White

Kaira.  Miss E. Wells  Miss A. Seasholtz, Miss C. Hilker  Miss V. Dunham  Miss L. Gardner

Matar.  Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Hamilton  (P. O. Kairâ.)

Mehmadabad.  Mr. F. H. Back  Mr. and Mrs. McIver

Sabarmati.  Miss H. O'Donnell,

Sanand.  Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Bennett

Viramgam.  Mr. and Mrs. A. Duckworth  Miss C. Peter

KATHIAWAR—

Porbandar.  Mr. R. G. Greengrass

BOMBAY—

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Fuller  Miss K. Knight, Miss E. Morris  Miss L. Fuller  (P. O. Kedgâon.) Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Franklin

ON FURLOUGH:

Mrs. M. Dutton  Miss M. Woodworth  Miss C. McDougall  Mr. and Mrs. O. Dinham

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Johnson  Miss M. Compton  Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Turnbull

Miss C. Hansen  Mrs. F. H. Back

Mrs. Simons