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**SPECIAL DAY FOR PRAYER, LAST FRIDAY OF EACH MONTH.**
**Christian & Missionary Alliance.**

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The affairs of the Mission in the field are administered by the Superintendent and a Council, composed of nine members of the Mission elected at the Annual Convention.

The Alliance is unsectarian and its special object is the evangelization of neglected fields: it seeks to unite Christians of all evangelical denominations in its work.

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 fullness 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, Gawalia Tank Road, Bombay. Unless otherwise designated, donations will be put in the general fund.

**The India Alliance.**

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

**EDITOR:**—Miss M. Wiest. **BUSINESS MANAGER:**—Mr. C. Eicher.

**ASST. EDITOR:**—Miss L. Fuller.

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American subscriptions can be sent to Mr. V. I. Jeffrey, 690-Eighth Ave, New York.
God’s Sweetness

Lord, we are rivers running to thy sea,
Our waves and ripples all derived from thee;
A nothing we should have, a nothing be,
Except for thee.

Sweet are the waters of thy shoreless sea,
Make sweet our waters that make haste to thee;
Pour in thy sweetness that ourselves may be
Sweetness to thee. —Christina Rossetti

SELECTIONS FROM FENELON

On Knowing and Loving God

It is not astonishing that men do so little for God and the little which they do costs them so much. They do not know Him. They think of Him as a stern and powerful Being. They fear God but do not love Him; as the child is in awe of the master who punishes him, or the servant is in dread of the blows of one whom he serves from fear and of whose interests he is utterly regardless. Would he like to be treated by a son or a servant as he treats God? It is because God is not known; if He were known, He would be loved.

They know not Thee, then, O my God, who regard Thee as an all-powerful Being, separate from themselves, giving laws to all nature, and Creator of everything which we behold; they know Thee but in part! They know not that which is most marvellous and that which concerns Thy rational creatures! To know that Thou art God of my heart, that there Thou dost what pleaseth Thee, this it is that elevates and affects me! When I am good, it is because Thou renderest me so; not only dost Thou turn my heart as pleaseth Thee, but Thou givest me one like Thine own! It is Thyself that Thou lovest in me; Thou art the life of my soul as my soul is the life of my body; Thou art more intimately present to me than I am to myself; this I to which I am so attached and which I have so ardently loved, ought to be strange to me in comparison with Thee; Thou art the bestower of it; without Thee it never could have been; therefore it is that Thou desirest that I love Thee better than it.

He separates me from myself; He desires to be nearer to me by His pure love than I am to myself. He would have me look upon this “me” as a stranger; He would have me escape from its walls, sacrifice it wholly to Him, returning it absolutely and unconditionally to Him from whom I received it. What I am ought certainly to be less precious to me than He by whom I am. He made me for Himself and not to be my own; that is, to love Him and to will what He wills, and not to seek my own will.

O the ingratitude and insolence of the creature! How thou hast reversed God’s order, and madly raised thyself as god; thou desirest to be thine own, to do everything for thyself, or at least to surrender thyself with certain reservations and conditions and for thine own advantage. O monstrous usurpation! Miserable nothing! What hast thou to keep for thyself? What hast thou which belongs to thee? What hast thou which did not come from on high, and ought not to return thither? Everything, yea, even this “I” which would divide with God His gifts, is a gift of God, and was only made for Him.

When I do good, Thou inspirest the desire, and dost it in me and with me; it is Thou who lovest good and hatest evil in my heart, who sufferest and prayest, who doest good to the neighbour and givest alms: I do all these things but by Thy means; it is Thou who puttest them in me. These good works, which are Thy gifts, become my works; but they do not cease to be Thy gifts; and they cease to be good works if I look at them for a moment as emanating from myself, or if I forget that they are good only because they come from Thee.

I have a thousand times experienced that I could not of myself govern my temper, overcome my habits, subdue my pride, follow my
reason nor will again the good which I once willed. It is Thou that must both bestow the will and preserve it pure; without Thee I am but a reed shaken by the wind. Thou art the author of all the courage, uprightness and truth which I possess.

Who but Thee could ever have snatched me from myself and turned all my hatred and contempt against my own bosom? I have not done this; for it is not by our own power that we depart from self.

I know that, even after beholding, I have not changed it; that I am filthy in Thy sight, that my eyes have not been able to discover the extent of my pollution; but I have seen a part and I desire to behold the whole. I am despised in my own sight, but the hope that I have in Thee causes me to live in peace; for I will neither flatter my defects nor suffer them to discourage me. I take Thy side, O God, against myself; it is only by Thy strength that I am able to do this.

I leave myself, Father, in Thy hands; make and remake this clay, shape it or grind it to atoms; it is thine own; it has nought to say; only let it be subservient to Thine ever blessed designs, and let nothing in me oppose Thy good pleasure for which I was created. Require, command, forbid; what wouldst Thou have me do? What not do? Exalted, or abased, rejoicing or suffering, doing Thy work or laid aside, I will always praise Thee alike, ever yielding up all my own will to Thine.

We also praise Him for the outpouring of His Spirit upon our native helpers and their wives during the recent revival which has swept over our mission in Gujarât. They see the lost condition of their own people as they have never seen it before. Some have worked because of the salary they were getting; now they are going forth filled with God’s love, because they have seen Gethsemane, and the agony that Jesus had for a lost and dying world. They have also seen Him hanging on the cross for their sins and realize the meaning of it as never before. They have made confessions and restitutions and have asked forgiveness from those whom they have wronged. Our hearts rejoice as we see what He has wrought in each one of their lives, and how we praise the Lord for their bright and shining faces which tell us there is nothing between them and Him who loves them. One of our workers during one of the meetings, while we were praying came to me and touching my shoe said, “I have appropriated money that you gave me for another purpose. Please forgive me, and pray that I may have humility and strength to confess it before all.” He afterwards made an open confession and said that he would pay back the money and pay a fourth part more.

We praise Him for having watered our own souls, and for shewing us a little more of the agony that He went through for us and for those in darkness and sin around us. We believe that the Lord is going to pour out His Spirit upon the heathen in our district as He is doing in other parts of this land.

For two months the plague has again been raging in our city and talukâ. Most of the people have left, many have died, and out of a population of 22,000 there are only about two thousand remaining in the city; and among this number there are about thirty-five fresh cases daily. Three rats and one squirrel died from plague on our compound, one of them in the kitchen. We felt we ought to leave, so we came to our mission bungalow here at Ahmedâbâd, where we along with our workers go out daily among the people telling them of Jesus. There are many college students here, some of whom know more or less of the Gospel, yet do all they can to oppose it, and try to prevent others from listening to the Word. Our hearts go out very much to these. What an influence they might have among their own people if only they would uphold the truth.

One day our three workers and myself went
to a Salvation Army meeting in the bazar. There were gathered together about seventy native Christians, and around them a large crowd of people, between four and five hundred, comprised of Parsis, Mohammedans, and many castes of Hindus. One of the officers asked me to talk to the people. As I looked upon the motley crowd, my heart went out to them as to sheep without a shepherd, without the fold, without hope, without God, lost! O friends how do we endure it? And how does God endure our indifference?

Pray for us and our workers that we may keep in constant touch with Jesus; and also pray for the outpouring of His Spirit upon the heathen, that many may be turned unto Him. These are certainly Pentecostal days; days when we look for God’s power to be manifested among the people as it has never been before. Hallelujah, He is working!

AHMEDABAD

BY JESSIE C. FRASER

"Whatsoever Thy hand findeth to do, do it with Thy might." This motto we have been trying to live out ever since we came here. This being the most central station in our mission in Gujarât, there are many out-of-the-way calls and duties to be attended to. Sick people from the city and the villages come to us to be taken to the Government hospital and to be visited regularly while there. We find this a blessed opportunity to give out the gospel to the sick in the different wards. They often open their hearts and tell us their troubles. Then we tell them about Jesus who can comfort them and who is able to heal body and soul. We find that our efforts in this work are not in vain, and we have had the privilege of seeing some that had truly found Jesus and died rejoicing in Him.

Our village people and workers come in from time to time. They always need our attention. Many times because of other duties I regret that I have not as much time as I would like to spend with them. They need to be taught, prayed with and often dealt with. For this part of the work time is needed, also patience and great wisdom to know how to lead on these precious souls that God has committed to our care. Oh, that we all as under-shepherds may be true to our calling in training and in moulding these characters and to feed these lambs and feeble sheep for Jesus.

We also have the privilege of having the high-caste people visit us. They are always glad to hear the good news of Salvation, but because of their caste it is very hard for them to confess Christ and come out boldly on His side.

Lately we have had a great longing to open zemâ work among the high-caste women of this city and in the villages of our district. We have visited some high-caste homes and have so enjoyed being with these dear women. Many of them are very intelligent and seem hungry to know the true and living God. We have been touched by the questions they ask and the response they give as we tell them the gospel story. One day while having a little meeting outside, one of the women gathered together a little heap of leaves and said, “Our religion is like this” (dead, vain, all a mass of confusion) “but will you show us the true way?” Then after hearing about Jesus the only true way they all said, “O, come again! O, come again!” But because of the work here in this home we have never been able to go back, but we hope that it will not be long until we will be living near these needy villages where we can spend our whole time with the people.

Just before we came in from touring, while having a meeting with some high-caste people there were some women present. That day we were exceedingly happy in the Lord and were so glad to be able to hold up Jesus before the hungry souls that were sitting in front of us. One of these said, after very eagerly listening, “We worship idols but find no peace or joy.” Then pointing upward she exclaimed, “Your religion is true and is from above.”

As we see the need of these dear ones who are living without God and without hope in this dark land, our hearts cry out, “Truly the harvest is great but the labourers are few.” We are sure that the great loving heart of Jesus is touched as He sees these lost ones that have no shepherd. For a long time we have been praying that God would pour out His Spirit on the people of this city and send blessing and refreshing as He is doing in so many other places. We praise Him for the wonderful way He is working in India, and all over the world. We know if we all walk humbly with Him in His perfect will that He will bless us and make us a blessing and use us for His glory. Praise the Lord, He is working!
GOD’S REVIVING WORK
BY ANNIE SEASHOLTZ

"I submit to you that it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh.” We praise God that we are permitted to live in these last and marvellous days when our blessed Lord is so wonderfully fulfilling His promises.

Many times in the work out here we have been inclined to feel discouraged, and wonder if we should ever see the fruits of our labours. When visiting the villages and seeing the hardness and indifference of the people, how often have we thought,—Will they ever become dissatisfied with their sinful, weary, empty lives, and turn to the Lord who will have mercy upon them, and to our God, who will abundantly pardon?

And in those dreadful days of famine, when the Lord brought us ragged, dirty little children, who knew far better how to lie and steal than to be true and honest, how often did we sigh, Dear Lord, will they ever be any better? Of course the outside was soon changed. A scrubbing-brush and soap, good food and new clothes make a wonderful change in the outside appearance, but they do not affect the heart which, “saith the Lord,” is “deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.”

Then there were the disappointments among the converts. They had given up idols, accepted Jesus and been baptized: yes they were Christians, but O, such weak ones! Like little children they stumbled and fell, and sometimes those we trusted most failed utterly in the hour of testing.

Yes, this is the way things have been, but

PRAISE GOD, A CHANGE HAS COME!

He has been pouring out a spirit of prayer and intercession on all His children who will accept it, and enabling them to pray the “fervent, effectual prayer” which “availeth much,” and which through great travail and agony brings souls into the Kingdom. The stored-up prayers of many years all over the world, for true prayer is never lost, is now being answered; and the Holy Spirit of God is being poured out in mighty power on this land of India, as well as on other parts of the world.

Now instead of turning us away from their villages, the heathen people are in many places calling us to come and teach them more. Sometimes they beg us to send workers to live among them that they may learn more thoroughly the way of salvation. Many are truly hungry, and longing for something better than their vain idol-worship.

Then in our orphanages, what a change has come upon our boys and girls! Sometimes we can hardly believe they are the same children we knew before. God has certainly been performing miracles among them.

About a year ago the Spirit of the Lord visited the Kairā orphanage, when many girls were transformed and a work done which rejoiced our hearts. This work has continued in a quiet way in many lives during the past year. But now a most wonderful quickening is taking place in the whole school.

The hearts of some of the hardest girls have been broken. They have spent days and nights weeping over their sins and shortcomings. Such a powerful conviction of sin has come upon some that they beat themselves and are almost wild under the awful burden of their sin. Many confessions have been made; stolen pencils, notebooks, rings, pins, bracelets and such other things have been returned to their owners. Quarrels caused by jealousy, envy, hatred and strife have been settled, and the hearts that were filled with these evil things are now overflowing with love and joy.

The elder girls who are matrons over the others have great burdens of prayer and responsibility for the girls in their care. One was so troubled she called her little girls together and begged them to pray earnestly until God had saved their souls. They spent two nights in succession praying and weeping and entreatying God to have mercy upon them. He did so by giving them repentance unto salvation.

Those who have gone through fire and have come out victorious are now beaming with love and joy, their faces and lives alike transformed. They are now giving themselves to prayer not only for the ones they love around them but for their lost sisters in the villages.

At our boys’ orphanage in Dholkā the Lord is working in the same wonderful way. Some who have covered up their sins for years have now openly confessed and got right with God and man. Many who had considered themselves to be something have found themselves to be “wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked” — “Woe is me! For I am undone; . . . for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts.” They have humbled themselves before God, and O, how
He has exalted them by blessing and using them. Whole days and whole nights of prayer are no more exceptions, but ordinary occurrences. Meetings go on as well without the presence of missionaries as with. Most of the meetings are carried on without any human leader: God Himself takes charge.

As to our Christian community, we have much to praise God for with regard to them. We had had a great longing to see the workers among them filled with the Holy Spirit, and a holy concern for the lost souls about them. So a few weeks ago they were called together at Mehmadabad to meet with God. About twenty-five native workers and a few missionaries were present.

Almost from the first there was blessing, and soon God sent down a great sorrow for sin. Many saw how unfaithful they had been and how often they had missed opportunities for helping precious souls to the Saviour. As always in true revival, confession and restitution took place. The meetings continued for a week, often running late into the night and beginning again at daybreak. God put a great burden for lost souls on many, and all received much help for service.

We praise God that His word faileth not. "Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not."

LOST BUT FOUND

BY OLIVE FLETCHER

IT is a long time since I have written for the India Alliance; but feel that God would have me write a little of the life-story of one of India's orphan girls. Two years ago this last September, one night my husband had gone up to the railway station for something which I cannot now remember. This station is the junction for Dhulia Line, which extends for about twenty miles. Whilst walking up and down the platform, my husband's eyes caught sight of a dirty and half-naked little girl of about twelve years of age, sitting by herself, eating some raw rice.

Soon after, some Mohammedan men went over to her, and drew her into conversation, part of which my husband heard. The trend of it made him keep his ears open, and his eyes also. Just then the guard of the Dhulia train came up to him, and said, "I wish you would take that girl and put her in a safe place. I found her in Dhulia begging, so brought her along here." She was brought to the bungalow. Her pitiful condition, but especially the pleading look in that little sin-stricken and sorrowful face, was enough to move any heart. Her hair was cut short, and she had a ragged and dirty cloth around her loins. On questioning her, she told me her parents were dead and that she had no other relatives. She did not tell me then, but I found out afterwards, that this poor wee one had been drawn into Satan's net, and had been living a sinful life. I got one of our Christian women to give her a good disinfecting bath, and sent into the town and got her a new sari (native women's dress), and after she was cleansed and clad in this clean garb, she looked more like a little girl. We kept her for a few days, and then getting permission from the Khâmgâon Orphanage, sent her there.

But sin had wrought its work in the child, and she had to be sent twice to the hospital; but nothing availed. Death seemed working in her, and we were expecting to hear that she had passed away. She was so hardened by sin that the story of the Cross had no charms for her, and her one great desire seemed to be to get back to her old life. We prayed much here, and so did the dear ones at Khâmgâon. A few months ago, as a seemingly last resort, she was sent to a hospital in Bombay, and remained there a while. She finally came back again to Khâmgâon clean and well. The Lord then began to work in that hard heart, and she became softened, until at last the great love of Jesus broke her down, and she yielded her heart to Him. The ladies there tell me the work was very real and definite in her heart. Whilst up at Khâmgâon for the dedication of the new church, we had the great joy of seeing our little Sârlu confess Christ in baptism. We had not seen her since we picked her up two years ago, and were agreeably surprised to see the marked change in her. God has been in it all, and there was joy in Heaven when that little sinner came to Jesus. She is only one of the many, but she was worth saving. Will you not pray that the Lord will perfect His work in this young heart, and heal her body completely, so that she may grow up to be a useful woman in this great vineyard.

"Whilst we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."
If we stop to look around the circle of our acquaintances how very few among them all impress us as being really at peace with themselves, or their fellow-men, or even with God. There is a vague restlessness, a sense of strain or shadow of anxiety on most faces. One in America wrote recently, “One thing that has impressed me is the lack of real heart-rest, real mental peace, if I may express it so, of many who profess such deep things.” Now and again we do meet spirits which are like high mountains in their effect upon us, quieting the fever of restlessness, filling us with their own calm steadfastness, infusing into us life and vigor; but such souls are rare. There is no lack of cheerful lightness: indeed there is often too much of it, betraying that the soul’s peace is shallow and superficial. It has not touched the deeps of the nature. Why, then, is all this so? Let us consider one or two of the causes which contribute to this state.

In the same letter alluded to above, the writer says, “The more I see of people, the more I am conscious of how few have any real conception of the love of God. Most people are in bondage to the things they do, and have the idea, perhaps not defined, that the more hard things they do, the better God is pleased with them. Oh, how hard it seems for most of us actually to believe that it is not by works of righteousness which we have done, but by His mercy that we receive all.”—Do we not find here one of the sources of trouble,—a disbelief in the love of God as a warm, personal element in our lives, and a consequent tendency to propitiate by good works. We make religion a series of complex, difficult theories and duties instead of a simple, loving relation with the most beautiful, reasonable and loving Being conceivable, and that gives rise to the strained feeling which possesses so many of us. We fear God more than we love and trust Him.

There is also in this an element of subtle pride. We like to feel deserving of God’s gifts and grace and think to become so by making this life a sort of modified purgatory,—so much sacrifice and suffering equivalent to so much merit. What heartache when we become conscious of the failure of it to bring us God’s peace or to unveil His face to us. Only childlike love and trust can bring to us the revelation of God which our souls continually crave and without which there is no peace.

This lack of understanding God’s love makes us carry burdens too heavy for us. The work which should be a joy to us becomes instead a care and a source of anxiety and consequent unrest. It is not committed; it is “our work” not His, and we toil and worry and find ourselves even struggling with our brethren to maintain the work which we are conducting at the expense of peace and life and love. Baffled feeling, discouragement, wounded spirits follow inevitably in the wake of such service, and we become like Elijah of old under the juniper tree. Ah, if indeed we find ourselves in such a place, let us quickly take the journey to the mountain fastnesses of Horeb and hear the still, small voice of the Almighty in its solitudes, until we like the prophet learn afresh to take our work as a commission from Jehovah for which He remains responsible. He may tell us to anoint a prophet in our stead, but if we have understood the “gentle voice of stillness” outside the cave of Horeb, our calm will not be disturbed. We are in league with the Almighty. That is sufficient, even though our chosen task is given to another and we shut up to something smaller and humbler.

The Master said, “Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you.” Are His words idle words to us, or do we know in the depths of our souls that silent garrison keeping out every foe, preserving us in every wild onslaught of the enemy, mellowing our whole lives with sweetness and restfulness;—

That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see;
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee!

That peace which flows serene and deep—
A river in the soul;
Whose banks a living verdure keep,
God’s sunshine o’er the whole.

During the past weeks our Mission has again been seeing glimpses of the glory of
God. In Mehmadâbâd, during a convention of Indian helpers, the Spirit of the Lord came upon the meeting in a marked way. The same thing happened at Kailâ in the girls' orphanage and again at Dholkâ in the boys' orphanage. Mr. Azariah, one of the secretaries of the National Missionary Society of India, was present at these meetings and was much used of God to impress upon the Christians their duty to their fellow countrymen. Mr. Azariah is intensely in earnest himself and his Spirit soon became communicated to others, with a marvelous prayer-meeting and the surrender of many young lives to the ministry of the gospel, as a result.

With our own eyes we were permitted to see the Lord's gracious workings in Ñâmân orphanage, and all of us who witnessed the spontaneous outburst of confession, praise and prayer, were constrained to say, "We have never seen it on this wise." It came without planning or special effort, in the regular Wednesday-night prayer meeting. The girls had been unusually free in testimony and song. After a time a modest, quiet girl arose to pray, and stretching out her hands toward heaven, poured out her soul in intense, earnest petition. Suddenly, like a tidal-wave, something swept over the entire company, and with a mighty cry the girls fell on their faces before the Lord, weeping and wailing for sin. This was the beginning of a work of God which still continues and is deepening in character.

At Ñâmân on Friday, Oct. 28th, our missionaries of the Marâthi field assembled for their monthly day of prayer. On the 29th at the same place, a business meeting was held in which it was decided that two Bible training-schools should be established, one for Indian young men, and one for women, the former to be (D.V.) at Jalgâon, Khândesh, in care of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin, and the latter at Khângôon in care of Miss Fuller. The money required to erect buildings for these schools is already provided. Thus God has set His seal on the undertaking. We ask the prayers of our friends that the mission may be carefully guided in the working out of the details of these plans.

Sunday, Oct. 30th, marked an epoch in the history of the mission at Khângôon. The beautiful new chapel was formally opened and dedicated. It was a goodly sight to see the roomy building well-filled with Christian men, women and girls, and a goodly sound to hear their lusty voices singing the praises of Jehovah. As we thought of the significance of the occasion—the opening up of another house of worship for the true God in the midst of heathen darkness—our hearts were filled with solemn thankfulness and earnest yearning, that in this house built with hands, many might learn to worship in spirit and in truth Him whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, yet who condescends to dwell in the broken and contrite hearts of men and women and even children when they call upon His name.

Mission Questions

THE NATIVE CHRISTIAN CHURCH IN INDIA

By Rev. John H. Wyckoff, Tindivanam, Arcot Mission, India

Missionary of the Reformed (Dutch) Church in America, 1875.

LOOKED at from every standpoint, the Christian community in India is not only making marked progress, but has in it immense potentiality. We notice a few of the many results that it is accomplishing.

1. In the first place, the native Church is doing more than any other influence to disintegrate the caste system of India. The great vitality of Hinduism is the institution of caste. This may be said to constitute the practical religion of nine-tenths of the Hindus. Now the Christian Church, by levelling up the depressed classes, is striking a blow at caste which must eventually end in its entire destruction as a religious system. It is sometimes charged as a reproach to the native Church that its members are so largely drawn from the lower classes. But it is not hard to see the hand of God in calling these low-caste people first to share the blessings of the Gospel. For had the Brahmans been the first to accept Christianity, the gap that separates them from the Pariahs would have been even further widened, and the latter would have been practically shut out of the Church altogether.
This finds confirmation in Jaffna, where the bulk of the Christians are from the higher classes, and where it is now well-nigh impossible to make any impression on the lower orders, whose presence in the churches and schools is resented by the Christians themselves on social grounds. But by beginning below and working upward, God is preparing the way for the breaking up of the terrible system of caste, and the establishment of a universal brotherhood in India. Nearly all the headmasters of mission schools are now Christians, with Brahman subordinates, and high-caste boys sitting at their feet learning not only English, but also the Word of God. Christians are now found in all the different departments of government, elevated to places of trust and responsibility. It may be gratifying to our pride to see the Brahmins and cultured classes coming into the Church, and many of the friends of missions in this land might look with shame and disgust upon the poor and despised and dirty outcasts that make up so large a portion of the membership of the native Church, many of whom would not gain admittance to our luxurious churches here, and yet with these things which are despised is God bringing “to nought things that are; that no flesh should glory in His presence.”

2. But not only is the Church in India proving a destructive force, it is likewise constructive, establishing in the place of caste a universal brotherhood in India. Although Hindus in these times talk a great deal about the brotherhood of man, honest Hindus acknowledge that it is an idea utterly foreign to their religion. Only a few years ago a Brahman official, to whom the Madras government gave the important duty of writing the “Progress Report” of the presidency, pointed out that from a Hindu standpoint there was no hope for the social amelioration of the out-caste Pariahs within Hinduism. The Brahmanic system, he observed, makes no provision for the uplifting of these races. There is but one way for them to rise, and that is for them to accept either Mohammedanism or Christianity. No Hindu has challenged that statement made in a public report to government. But a still more emphatic testimony has been made by the Brahman census commissioner of Travancore, and submitted in a state paper to the native prince. Speaking of the educational work of missions among the lower orders, he says:

“...The heroism of raising the low from the slough of degradation and debasement is an element of civilization unknown to ancient India. But for the Christian missionaries in the country these humble orders would forever remain unraised. The Brahman community of southern India is not doing for the lower classes what the casteless Britisher is doing for them. The credit of the philanthropy of going to the houses of the low and distressed and the dirty, and putting the shoulder to the wheel of depraved humanity, belongs to the Christian. It is a glory reserved to this century of human progress, the epoch of the happy commingling of the civilization of the West with that of the East.”

Our native Christians are foremost in this philanthropic work. Rev. Dr. Nárâyán Shesháhádre, a distinguished Brahman convert, spent the last thirty years of his life in a mission established by himself among the out-caste of Jālnā. Rev. M. N. Bose is conducting a similar mission in Bengal. It is a standing marvel to high-caste Hindus how Christians from even the Brahman community can bring themselves to move and to labour among the lower orders, as it also was to the proud and exclusive Jews to see the apostles labouring among the Gentiles. In the native Christians, then, we see a body of people bound together by ties of common brotherhood. It is not hard to conceive what a power they must become in enforcing this ideal upon India, and what a standing protest they are against the caste assumptions of the Hindus.

3. Again, not only does the native Christian stand for universal brotherhood in India, and reach out his arms to the despised and the depressed, but the native Christian Church is a social force among the people. It is not simply interested in saving individual souls whether of high caste or low, but it also aims to benefit men collectively as members of organized societies. The highest philosophy of the Hindus teaches selfishness. The supreme end of life, according to the Hindu, is the attainment of Módshá (heaven) for the individual Jivatman. Handicapped by the karma of past births, each Jivatman has to accomplish his union with the Paramatman as best he can. The most direct way is to cut himself loose from society altogether, and in the retirement of the forest seek by contemplation to realize his oneness with the Supreme. The other way, which allows a man to remain in society and work out his salvation by certain prescribed methods, is scarcely less selfish, for...
it makes the accumulation of personal merit the aim and end of all religious and social obligations. For unalloyed selfishness, I am sure the Hindu stands supreme. A Hindu commenting on the absence of the sociological idea in Hinduism recently said: "There was never in India any such organization as a Hindu Church corresponding to the Christian Church in Western countries. The mutts and monasteries established here and there are centers of spiritual education to keep alive ecclesiastical authority and ancient tenets, but they never professed to concern themselves with the general condition of the people."

Hence, not only in its cruel treatment of the out-caste does Hinduism stand condemned, but it has no mission to society in general. Organizations for the alleviation of poverty, the suppression of vice, the detection of crime, are foreign to Hinduism, as are hospitals for the sick, asylums for the poor, institutions for the insane and the blind. All these institutions may now be found in India, but they are the product of Christianity, not of Brahmanism. We see, then, that the Christian Church has introduced another altogether new idea into India, and that the native Christian, as the living exponent among the Hindus of this spirit, stands unique among the people of that land. He it is that is showing to his fellow countrymen that "none of us liveth unto himself," that we are our brother's keeper, and that to be indifferent to the evils that threaten society is criminal.

4. Again, the native Christian in India is introducing among the Hindus the true ideal of the family. Nothing has been so much extolled by European writers on India as the Hindu family system. It has been said that the Hindus have been practically the only people who have solved the problem of pauperism; that by a law which requires each family to provide for all of its inmates, the state is relieved of the burden of caring for the indigent, which is such a tax upon the governments of the West. This is not the place to enter into the discussion of this question, except to show that while it is admitted that the Hindu family system is not entirely wanting in good features, yet it has other characteristics which are positively hurtful, and condemn it as one of the greatest impediments to India's advancement. Its tendency is completely to annihilate individuality. This will be made clear when I describe the life of the Hindu child.

The Hindu child finds himself in a family consisting of grandparents, parents, uncles and aunts, and cousins to the second or third degree. His grandfather, or possibly his grandfather's eldest brother, is the head of the family, and when he dies he is succeeded by his younger brother, or the eldest of the second generation. He finds that he has been betrothed before he could understand anything about it, or when he is seven or eight years old the head of the family chooses a wife for him, and the betrothal takes place with great rejoicings. He hears nothing but the affairs of his caste; he looks forward to no career but assisting his father or uncles in their trade or profession; and when he gains anything it does not belong to him individually, but is thrown into the common income of the family. When he is seventeen or eighteen he takes his wife to his father's house, and a new branch is added to the family. As his grandfather, father, and uncles, elder brothers or father's elder brother die—for all these relationships are distinguished by separate names in India—he floats into the patriarchate of the family to look after the duties and marriages of the younger members.

Thus throughout his whole life there is no room for any play of individuality. His whole course is marked out for him by the lines of inexorable custom. He can not disentangle himself from family ties, much less break loose from caste fetters. That this system also puts a premium on indolence is likewise evident. In every family there are members who are utterly indolent and worthless, and who yet have a claim upon the hard earned gains of the educated and industrious ones. A father may feel that the best thing he can do for his stupid son is to keep him single until such time, at least, as he is able to shift for himself, and earn enough to support himself and his family. But such is the tyranny of the system that his father is bound to marry him as soon as he arrives at man's estate, even though he has, to the last day of his life, to support the son, his wife, and all the creatures they may bring into existence. In not a few Hindu families as many as fifty souls are dependent on the earnings of a single member. I happened to be present at a railway station some time ago when a Hindu friend of mine, a government official, was moving his family from one town to another to which he had been transferred, and he had actually to charter two compartments, at a cost of thirty tickets, to move his numerous family, consisting of wife and children, uncles and aunts, grandparents and grandchildren, and other
relations, any one of whom would curse him
and his posterity to their latest day if he
failed in his duty to them as members of a
family of which he was the constituted head.
But this system will pass away. Already a bill
has been introduced into the legislature, called
the “Gains of Learning Bill,” by an orthodox
Hindu, whereby an educated man can claim
exclusive right to ownership of all properties
acquired by him through his education. The
bill has met with great opposition, as it is
a serious blow to the joint family system, and
what will be its fate we can not predict; but
it is interesting, as showing the tendency of
the times.

But greater than any other influence—and
this is what I want especially to emphasize—
that is being brought against the Hindu family
system is the Christian home that is being
reproduced in India. All over the land, in the
cities and towns and villages, are ideal homes
being founded by native converts. Marrying
at suitable age, the wife educated as well as
the husband, the young people go to their own
home, and the children, as they appear, are
nurtured in Christian truth, while the voice
of family prayer and sweet Christian hymns of
praise show that God the Father and His
eternal Son are honoured beneath the roof.
We can appreciate the remark made by a Telugu
mother whose son had become a Christian:
“My Christian son’s home is heaven, and I
would never wish to see a better heaven; but
my Hindu son’s home is a dunghill—yea, hell
itself!” Not that every Christian family erects
the family altar, nor that every Christian home
is what it should be, but every year shows the
number of such homes increasing, and shedding
their fragrance, not only on the inmates of the
family, but also on the heathen neighbours
around. The influence of this new factor in
the life of India can not be overestimated.
And what with the rapid advance of female
education among the native Christian
community, have we not the most sanguine
hope that this result will, in an increasing
measure, be realized?

5. Lastly, in the native Christian com-
community alone lies the hope of the develop-
ment of a true national spirit in India. One of the
keenest criticisms made by the Hindus against
the Christian converts is, that they are wanting
in patriotism. By abandoning the ancient
faith and attaching themselves to a foreign
religion, they have brought against themselves
the ill-will of the orthodox Hindus, and are
regarded as the foes of a restored India. This
is a very natural criticism for the Hindu to
launch against the Christian. St. Paul had to
endure in his day, as had, indeed, all the early
Christians of the Church; but the injustice
of the charge will be manifest on a little
reflection. Patriotism, as it is known among
Western nations, has been wholly wanting
among the Hindus. Max Müller well observes
that “the Hindus never knew the feeling of
nationality.” Caste has quenched all feeling
of national unity. In recent years a strong
feeling of nationality has been rising in the
country, but it is the product of Western, not
of Eastern, thought. On its religious side it
has manifested itself in a revival of ancient
Hinduism. Put on their mettle by the advanc-
ning power of Christianity, the Hindus have
fallen back upon their ancient philosophies as
the main support of their religion, and are
now seized with the patriotic attempt to
harmonize its higher ideals with those of
Christianity. It is the old story of Julian
in the fourth century attempting to revive
paganism, and what was said of Julian
applies exactly to the present-day Hindus, that
“they turned their faces to the past and their
backs to the future.” On its political side, the
Hindu revivalism is manifested in the Indian
National Congress, which meets in large
numbers every year to discuss the burning
questions of the day, and, feeling that they
belong to a great historic nation, they proudly
attach themselves to the historic religion of
the land. But right here lies the weakness of
the movement, for “while the Hindu revivalist
looks to the national faith with regard to
religion, he yet turns to the West for his social
and political ideals. In this strange diver-
gence, he confesses the utter weakness of Hindu-
ism as a social force, acknowledging that
there is nothing in its ancient institution to
revive which will fit the nation for its keen
struggle for existence, but that for the estab-
ishment of a better order of society it must
look outside of himself. This severance of
religion from sociology, this failure of Hind-
uism as a reforming agency, as a regenerator
of society, an instrument of progress, robs it of
half of its strength,” and checks the develop-
ment of a true national spirit. One of the
most impressive sights that I have ever wit-
essed in India was the meeting of the Indian
National Congress at Madras a few years ago,
when as many as a thousand delegates from
every part of the empire assembled for their

* T. E. Slater.
annual gathering, to discuss grave questions relating to the political and social welfare of India. Bengalis and Panjabis, Maharrthis and Sikhs, Parsis and Gujrattis, Tamils and Telugus, Malviyas and Canarese, Brahmans and Rajputs, Jains and Sudras, clad in varied Oriental attire, met to discuss, in the English tongue, as to how best the progress of the whole of India might be furthered. The sight, I say, was a truly impressive one, and yet not unmixed with sadness; for one who apprehends the real situation knows that nine-tenths of the talk that emanates from this Congress has its source in a pseudo-patriotism, and is not prompted by feelings of true loyalty. What avails it that a Brahman orates eloquently in faultless English concerning national unity, while at the same time he clings tenaciously to caste, refusing so much as a glass of pure water from a foreign ruler, for fear of personal defamation? How unseemly for a man to clamor for political self-government who marries his son to an infant, condemns his widowed daughter to a life of cheerless desolation, and keeps his own wife hid behind zenana walls! The truth is, the modern Hindu is trying to make the good fruit of Christian civilization grow on the corrupt tree of paganism. Vain attempt. Those great principles that the Anglo-Saxon has won after centuries of struggle and bloody sweat will not take root in a soil so utterly foreign to that which gave them birth. "Either make the tree good and his fruit good, or make the tree corrupt and his fruit corrupt; for the tree is known by his fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" The native Christian also hails with expectation the advent of a united India, but he is conscious that it can only be realized when the seeds of a common brotherhood have not only taken root, but have blossomed in the hearts of his countrymen. When caste shall have been dethroned; when woman shall have been elevated to her rightful position; when the out-caste shall have been reclaimed; when infant marriage, polygamy, and idolatry shall have been overthrown; when personal morality and the altruistic spirit shall have become dominant factors in the life of the people—then, and not till then, will the Hindus be competent to take the reins of government and rule a united India.

In conclusion let me give a word of caution against expecting a too speedy accomplishment of our hopes respecting India. It is quite time that this principle of the Divine working—the time-factor in missions—be fully grasped by the Church. Changes so radical, and reaching so deeply into the life of society, can not be hurried and rushed by artificial methods. What are fifty or even a hundred years in the plans of God? Think of the long ages required for the physical universe to assume its present condition, or contemplate the slow development of nations. How many centuries elapsed from the calling of Abraham till the time the Jew was sent on his mission to the world. See how slowly the Roman race was compacted by eight centuries of discipline before it was fitted to take the rule of the earth. The Anglo-Saxon race is the product of events which have been distributed over a period of no less than thirteen centuries and a half. Dr. James Martineau in one of his noble passages says, "In proportion to the excellence and dignity of any form of existence it is long in coming to maturity. The cycles of things are great in proportion to their worth. The most rapid of social changes is found in the progress of material civilization. The expansion of intelligence is a slower process, but slower still is the religious civilization of a country."

We are too apt to assume that the rate at which we travel and erect buildings and make fortunes must have its counterpart in the work of missions, and hence the impatience for immediate results. "Architects and builders adjust their work to the temper of the day, but the Eternal Workman heeds not the varying moods and fashions of His creatures, but in spite of the demand for rapid production is at this hour as slow and sure in His work as at any past time in His history." Does the sun shine any different from what it did in Adam's day? Do the trees of the forest grow any faster than in Solomon's time? Do the tides ebb and flow with more rapidity than when Alexander I. beheld them on the shores of India?

When the Church realizes the task committed to her, and enters upon this work with the consecrated zeal and unflinching energy which characterized the early Church, then will the day of India's redemption be hastened, and it will be found that the success which has hitherto been attained is only the first-fruits of the harvest that is in store for us. Yes, the harvest time is coming—such a harvest as has not yet been dreamed of—when the Lord Himself "shall see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied."—Missionary Review.
HOW BETHANY CHAPEL WAS BUILT
BY ALICE YODER

THIS is a continuation of the story we told some months ago of how we needed a place of worship in Khāmgāon, Berār, and how the girls and widows sacrificed for the building of it and at that time offered their service any way it might be needed. "So we built the wall and all the wall was joined together, for the girls and the widows had a mind to work . . . and every one with one of his hands wrought in the work." (Neh. 4:6, 17.)

We shall never forget when the first stone was laid for the foundation. The size of the chapel is thirty by seventy feet. The service opened with a song sung by the brown girls in English,—"Christ went a-building to prepare a house, not made with hands." The whole service was conducted in English except the recitation of the 84th Psalm which the girls gave in Marāthī.

The next morning we gathered together to witness the baptism of eighteen persons. One was a "prodigal" a boy who returned to us some months ago. The others were girls and widows some of whom have experienced glorious conversions. Then followed the Lord's Supper and the dedication of ten little brown babies. That same day and the following morning most of our guests left us.

But we were not yet satisfied. Our hearts longed to see the dedication of some of the human temples in our midst, to be set apart for God's service. On Oct. 3rd at the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting we realized that the presence of God was with us in a new way. Suddenly, after the meeting had been going on about two hours, it seemed that the very windows of heaven opened and the Holy Spirit came in power and blessing. The meetings have kept on night and day. All the usual work stopped and the school closed until Monday. We never saw anything like it. The work is deepening all the time, and the praises of "Him who loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood" are ringing all over the place. Our hearts are hushed before God, and we pray Him to continue to work until Jesus comes, and we cry, "Amen! Even so, come, Lord Jesus!"

To work fearlessly, to follow earnestly after truth, to rest with a childlike confidence in God's guidance, to leave one's lot willingly and heartily to Him—this is my sermon to myself. If we could live more within sight of heaven, we should care less for the turmoil of earth.—John Richard Green.
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