The Christian and Missionary Alliance
in India

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

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

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

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

Donations for the general fund or for special purposes or for the personal use of any missionary can be sent to the Treasurer in New York. Donations from friends in India can be sent to Rev. M. B. Fuller, Alliance Mission, 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.

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American subscriptions can be sent to Mr. V. T. JEFFERY, 690-8th Ave., New York.
Philip Preached Jesus
(Acts viii. 35.)

Preach Jesus!
Is there another quite the same
As Jesus?
Is there a second precious name
Like Jesus?
Soul, hide thy sin beneath that cross,
Bend low awhile and feel His smile,
Content to count the world but loss
For Jesus!

Preach Jesus!
Is there another ever near
As Jesus?
Is there a second voice to cheer
Like Jesus?
When gather storms and gusts of care,
When tempests lift and vessels drift,
When hope and faith seem lost—just there
Is Jesus!

Preach Jesus!
Is there another such a friend
As Jesus?
Is there a second loves to the end
Like Jesus?
I ask no other hand than His
My steps to guide o'er Jordan's tide,
My best of friends in Jeal's
My Jesus!

E. V. K.

SELECTIONS FROM GOLD-DUST

OD beholds thee individually, whoever thou art. "He calls thee by thy name," He sees thee, and understands thee. He knows what is in thee, all thy own peculiar feelings and thoughts, thy dispositions and likings, thy strength and thy weakness. He views thee in thy day of rejoicing and thy day of sorrow. He sympathizes in thy hopes and in thy temptations; He interests Himself in all thy anxieties and thy remembrances, in all the risings and fallings of thy spirit. He compasses thee round, and bears thee in his arms: He takes thee up and sets thee down.

Thou dost not love thyself better than He loves thee. Thou canst not shrink from pain more than He dislikes thy bearing it; and if He puts it on thee, it is as thou wilt put it on thyself, if thou art wise, for a greater good afterwards.—J. H. Newman.

It has been well said that no man ever sank under the burden of the day. It is when to-morrow's burden is added to the burden of to-day that the weight is more than a man can bear. Never load yourselves so, my friends. If you find yourselves so loaded, at least remember this: it is your own doing, not God's. He begs you to leave the future to Him, and mind the present.—G. MacDonald.

What do our heavy hearts prove but that other things are sweeter to us than His will, that we have not attained to the full mastery of our true freedom, the full perception of its power, that our sonship is yet but faintly realized, and its blessedness not yet proved and known? Our consent would turn all our trials into obedience. By consenting we make them our own, and offer them with ourselves again to Him.—H. E. Manning.

God is a kind Father. He sets us all in places where He wishes us to be employed; and that employment is truly "our Father's business." He chooses work for every creature which will be delightful to them, if they do it simply and humbly. He gives us always strength enough, and sense enough, for what He wants us to do; if we either tire ourselves or puzzle ourselves, it is our own fault. And we may always be sure, whatever we are doing, that we cannot be pleasing Him if we are not happy ourselves.—John Ruskin.

He that hath so many causes of joy, and so great, is very much in love with sorrow and peevishness, who loses all these pleasures, and chooses to sit down upon his little handful of thorns. Enjoy the blessings of this day, if
God sends them; and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly: for this day is only ours, we are dead to yesterday, and we are not yet born to the morrow. But if we look abroad, and bring into one day's thoughts the evil of many, certain and uncertain, what will be and what will never be, our load will be as intolerable as it is unreasonable.—Jeremy Taylor.

A root set in the finest soil, in the best climate, and blessed with all that sun and air and rain can do for it, is not in so sure a way of its growth to perfection, as every man may be whose spirit aspires after all that which God is ready and infinitely desirous to give him. For the sun meets not the springing bud that stretches towards it with half that certainty, as God, the source of all good, communicates Himself to the soul that longs to partake of Him.—Wm. Law.

Station Notes

MALKAPUR

BY PETER HAGBERG

SINCE last writing we have had the rainy season and during that season this year cholera was very bad at Malkapur. On this account I have been hindered a good deal from working in the town. We had been praying and searching a good deal for a site on which to build a mission house, as it is rather difficult to live twenty-eight miles away from the centre of the district. The last week of October the answer came and we were able to secure a site, for which we do praise God. We now earnestly pray that our Heavenly Father who "holdeth the wealth of the world in his hands" will soon through some of his faithful stewards, send us the means for building. He is faithful, praise His name!

A few villages located along the Government road have been visited. One large market place along the Malkapur-Buldana Government road has been visited several times and the thousands of people from surrounding villages who gather there every Thursday for their marketing, listen generally with great interest. The people of the village are also friendly. I have tried to rent a house for an Indian helper at this place, but so far have found none available. We pray and believe God will in some way make an opening at this place as an outstation. It is in a central location. While out in the district last touring season among distant villages, I was told by many that they had heard occasionally about our Christ at that market place. I with my two Indian helpers expect (D.V.) to spend the coming three months among the people in the large district of 370 villages. We are the only ones to preach, teach and live the blessed Gospel to this multitude of over 160,000 souls. Indeed "the harvest is great, and the labourers are few," so pitifully few! We expect to see God's Spirit working in these precious souls. Pray for us.

WITH joy and with thanksgiving to the Lord for His love and goodness, we report again for Buldana. It is now nearly a year since we came to this station to take up work in this county.

We have had some very real manifestations of the Spirit's workings among us, especially in deepening the lives of our Indian evangelists and Biblewomen inspiring them with fresh love to God and a burden for souls. But to review the work and the prayers of a year and not be able to speak of one soul that has been saved from sin and heathenism to Christ might seem discouraging. Well, to be honest, it has been discouraging sometimes. But His love never ceases and faith does not recognize discouragements. And as we fix our eyes upon Jesus we hear Him say again and again words of assurance and comfort, encouraging us to stand firm in faith until the awful powers of sin and darkness give way to the power of the Light of Life.

There are several individuals who are much wrought upon by the Spirit of God, but for fear of their friends have not yet openly confessed Christ. There are quite a number of others who listen with deep interest to the story of Jesus and His love and who are enlightened by the truth. But they make many excuses and tell of many barriers in their way.

A rich old man, a guru (religious teacher) who has five wives, reads the Scriptures and is convinced that he should accept the truth and be baptized, but he says, "If I become a
Christian what shall I do with my wives?"

Our own servant is at times deeply stirred about his soul's salvation. He reads the Bible by the hour and feels that he should confess Christ publicly, but is afraid to take the step because of the threats of his family and caste-people. Of this kind we could name many.

Beloved, pray for them and for us that we may know how to help them to step out without fearing what man may do to them.

And with these we would also especially commend to your prayers the dear Indian workers, that their hearts may be encouraged and daily filled with His love and grace as they go forth to tell the Gospel.

There are three Indian workers with their families as helpers in the work with us. One is stationed in a village four miles away; another has for his field a large town and about fourteen villages within a radius of a few miles. This one is fourteen miles away from us. The third worker is here in Buldânâ. As we think of them alone out among the heathen we are often reminded of the Scripture, "Behold I send you forth as lambs among wolves."

BAKROL, GUJARAT
By John Read

WHEN we came to Bâkrol this year, we were like many other of our missionaries that had heard of, but never seen the place,—inclined to think that the Mission had made a bad bargain; but a day spent here in March led us to offer our services, and we were promptly appointed to take charge of this station. So, on Monday, April 16th, we arrived here. The way the Lord has blessed and encouraged us since our arrival makes us certain that there was no mistake in our understanding of God's call.

Bâkrol was just like any other Indian village at that time of the year,—dry, white, sandy land, not a blade of green grass anywhere, one small tree only to take the bareness off the compound,—but there was and is good material for us to work upon—I mean the kind of work we are in India to do.

We opened our reign by a birthday party. Perhaps you will say, "Why tell us that?" Well, for this reason. Bâkrol had been neglected, nay, is being neglected. The people living there may have seen one or two other missionaries besides those in charge; but it was only one or two. They felt neglected. When I said to them the first time, "Some Sâhîb lôk (English people) are coming," they said, "Arê (oh) Read Sâhîb, Sâhîb lôk will not come here." But you know, they did come. Eight of us sat down to the Inauguration Dinner, and some fresh faces get here every month. The boys like to see them. They feel the same as others do when nobody pays them a visit. You know what the feeling is. Well, the visitors got away again. They promised to pray for us, and they are praying for us. They are doing more than that even, for God is using their prayers to cheer us up and to stir other hearts to take an interest in us.

Mr. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull and Mr. W. Turnbull had each for a short time been here in charge previous to our coming. They had each assisted in improving the spiritual atmosphere of the place and won the respect and love of the people. For a time after our coming the people worked very nicely. Then some seemed to think that we wanted a little too much work. One boy said, "Bennett Sâhîb and Walter Sâhîb were all right, but Read Sâhîb has come here to kill us." Those of you who know Indian people will agree with me when I say that if I wanted to kill the ordinary Indian labourer with work I should probably succeed in killing myself first. At any rate none of them have died yet from hard work. They eat well (wonderfully!), sleep well, at all hours. Yes, and some, a few, work well.

Some of the less worthy ones soon left and we got down to work in real earnest. Plentiful rains made it possible to get good crops and we got them. Work in the fields goes on from 7 a.m. until 6 p.m. and our stackyard shows how faithful God has been in giving the increase. We expect to get the support of twenty boys as a result of this first year's work; and next year, with a little help, we hope to make it self-supporting for fifty boys. I said "a little help." You can have a share in giving it. We have, roughly speaking, 300 acres of land from Government. Some of it can be cultivated with paying crops. This year we raised bôjîrî, jâwârî, gwâr and tul, and we have growing now cotton, wheat, castor oil-seed and tul, all except the last three growing on Government land. But we have some land which when irrigated will yield three crops yearly, and all at a fair profit. We can sink a well on that land for $30.00, which will irrigate about fifteen acres of land. We have need of four such wells.
Our village will grow. At present it consists of about twenty houses for twelve families and forty single men. Our Sunday school, Christian Endeavour, and prayer services are all held in our own house. A little church to accommodate one hundred people is a necessity. Will you pray about this?

A godown (storeroom) is needed badly. Last June our bâjurí for native bread cost Rs. 2-4-0 (72 cents) per maund of forty pounds. The harvest is just over. I may have to sell some grain because I have no storeroom, the price obtainable for a maund now is Rs. 1-2-0 (36 cents) half only of what I shall have to pay six months hence. Pray about that store-room also.

Concerning spiritual things:—The prospect is good. From our own people we have a growing Christian church. Within a radius of three miles we have ten villages, and as they see God prospering this place, it is too much to expect that in the hearts of those people a desire to know our God will spring up. We say, “No.” The future is going to see God entering and dwelling in many hearts and homes where idolatry and evil now reign. Take Bakrol upon your heart. Pray for us. Tell God what its needs are and ask Him as Paul did, “Lord, what will thou have me to do?” You will then get the answer and be able to act accordingly.

DHALKA REVIVAL
BY MARGARET BALLENTYNE

AUGUST 26, 1906, will ever be a red letter day in the history of Dholka Orphanage.
On that day began the revival for which we had prayed and longed.

Sunday afternoon two prayer-meetings were held as usual, one for big and one for small boys. In the meeting for small boys, the speaker, an Indian Christian, the wife of one of the workers, had scarcely begun her talk when a boy of twelve years began to sob over sin. After her talk was finished he rose and confessed sin and asked forgiveness of any whom he had wronged. Then one after another followed till about twenty had done as the first boy. The meeting closed at 4-30. The evening meeting was much as usual, but at midnight we missionaries were roused and called to come.

There in one room where between thirty and forty little boys sleep, were dozens of boys down on their faces before God wailing over sin. A short while before this two boys had been to the Siâlkot Convention in North India, and had been mightily searched and filled by the Lord. Oh, the agony of one on whom God had laid a very real burden for souls! On this special evening he had been explaining Matt. 23: 37 and John 2: 5 to some boys about his own age (eighteen years) and then they began to pray and prayed so loudly that they woke up the little sleepers in the room. These God had prepared and at once they began to pray, and boys began to fill in from all parts of the compound.

That meeting went on all night till 8 the next morning, then began again at 9 a.m. and went on till 12 a.m. During the afternoon singing and praising continued. The evening meeting began at 7 p.m., and went on till 1 a.m. From that time meetings have gone on for hours, sometimes all night.

At first there was deep repentance and conviction of sin; then a week or so later began confession and restitution. About 60 rupees of conscience money has been restored, besides blankets, sheets, coats, etc., down to a needle or pin. One night the last thing to be put down with a clatter was a bucket and rope.

Our head carpenter who receives a salary of 17 rupees per month, in one Sunday evening meeting quietly walked up to the table and put down 10 rupees saying, “I have robbed God.” Since then he has been full of joy and much used to help others. Restitution in some cases has been made Zaccheus-like—four-fold.

God was searching, cleansing, emptying. Then He began to lay on all our hearts a desire to receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Hearts began to groan and sigh for the glory of the Lord to be revealed. As one heard the prayers of some of these boys it reminded one of Matt. 11: 12; “The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent take it by force.”

One felt God must and would answer, and praise be to His holy name, He did. On Thursday night, September 27th, began a fresh manifestation of His glory. Friday the 28th a meeting began in the prayer-room and then went on in the compound till 12 p.m. When all left save one Spirit-filled boy who felt God wanted him to go to another boy in trouble on account of sin. He went. Then began an awful struggle. The sinning boy had a vision of Satan and Jesus Christ. The look of the boy's face was so awful that the boy who had
come to help him cried out in fear. Several Christian boys rushed out and kneeling round the cot on which the boy was sitting, wept and prayed. After two or three hours the boy came to himself and told the others to call a meeting. They rang the bell and called Mr. Andrews. When he entered the church at 3-15 a.m. about one hundred boys were there. The sinning boy made a confession but did not get peace. Next day at noon a meeting was called to give another boy an opportunity of confessing publicly, when this same boy who had the vision had another awful struggle. His face appeared as though he were being tortured. It seems as if the devil's chain has to be snapped link by link, but, Hallelujah! this captive has stepped out into the liberty wherewith Christ doth make us free.

Sunday morning, September 30th, Sunday school was held as usual. Then Mr. Andrews said he had been asked to give an opportunity for some boys to make confession and he now gave the opportunity. Prayer began in concert and increased in intensity till suddenly one boy shrieked out in agony, pierced to the heart with an awful conviction of sin, and he dashed out to bring stolen goods. He brought them and took them one by one telling how he stole them. Then he appeared so abhorrent to himself that he pounded his hands till some thought they must be bleeding, and burst into tears. But, glory be to God, the work was done. In that same meeting two more were so overpowered as to become unconscious of their surroundings and rolled over on the floor in agony. One called after a time for some one to help him up. He had to be helped and held in a sitting position and with difficulty made a confession. It seemed as though Satan were trying to tie his tongue, but as soon as he finished, he said, “The Lord has given me strength. I am all right now.” Two days afterwards he went to the Kaira orphanage and was there much used by God.

In the united communion meeting Sunday morning, November 4th, during the convention for missionaries and natives, he asked Mr. Andrews to make a confession for him in English that all might understand and then he made one in Gujarati, of how he had spoken evil of missionaries and felt he had done wrong. He proved before hand the sincerity of his confession by very willingly undertaking the supervision of the cooking for the convention, which was no slight task.

There is not one boy left untouched. By that it is not meant that all have yielded, but we who live and work amongst these boys know the difference between this and former times. The hope and belief of the boys in touch with God is that every tongue in this orphanage shall “praise Him from whom all blessings flow.” There have been several cases of healing. When the coming of the Lord is mentioned, some almost dance for joy. As in other places where God has poured out His Spirit, the Cross is seen as never before and they enter into the spirit—and meaning of the crucifixion. Since the visit of Mr. Azariah, Secretary of the National Indian Missionary Society, a burden has fallen on many of the boys for their own people.

One night at 12 o’clock Mr. Andrews was suddenly taken very ill with heart-seizure and asked that the boys might be called together for prayer. The bell was rung and boys and students hurried from all parts to gather and plead for the life of their much loved “Papa Sahib.” No missionaries could go to the meeting as another one had been lying sick for some weeks with fever, thus leaving only two to stand by with Mrs. Andrews. That scene will never be forgotten, as we prayed beside the sick one, knowing that we were facing death and utterly powerless. But God delivered. From the church through the still moonlight came the cries and prayers of those boys for whom he had given his life daily. Some who had been very hard, wept and sobbed out, “We have killed him with our hardness, because we would not yield to God.” Their lives since have proved the reality of their repentance.

It seemed to be the crowning point when we all gathered in the church on the Convention Sunday, to meet around the Lord’s table. Many tears of joy were shed that morning as many who in former days always stayed away from communion, now stayed to partake. Afterwards, some joyous testimonies were given. Pray much that the work may deepen. When one realises that only ten short years ago none of these boys knew anything of Jesus, it makes one feel most humble, and like sitting at the feet of some of these so taught of God.

Pray, that each boy who has yielded may go on from “glory to glory”; that those who have not yielded, may do so before they become more entangled by the bondage of sin; that we whom God has called here to work for Him, shall be so entirely “channels only” that by merely being here we missionaries shall help each boy nearer to God.
“Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light.” Matthew 11:28, 29, 30.

In these wonderful verses—so familiar, yet so unceasing in their charm because they are the words of eternal truth and eternal life, the words which meet the need of tired hearts in every generation,—two stages of the Christian pathway are indicated to us. The first is simply our coming, our entering into a new world of rest and peace; the heart-burning and soreness, the weary restlessness, healed and soothed by the gracious touch of the Master’s hand. In the first joy of our coming we think that henceforth life is to be one blaze of glory, a series of pleasurable emotions, a time of delighting ourselves in green meadows, and for a time God lets it be so.

Not at once does God lay upon us the yoke. There are the days of our spiritual infancy when we do little but drink in nourishment and grow. A little later comes a more active period. The calf does not at once become the ox, strong and able to bear burdens. There are long summer days in green pastures, days of sunshine and playful gamboling, not wasted, though seemingly so; they are days of development. Strength and suppleness are the outcome of these long months of freedom, but it is untrained strength, undisciplined litness of movement, and so of no practical use. Here begins a new stage in life—the time when the neck must be bowed, the yoke borne, that the acquired energy may become useful in the toil of life.

Just here is where so many of us fail. We are stiff-necked and stubborn and when God would fit us on an easy yoke, we make it hard by pulling the wrong way, by rebelling against the guiding-rein in His hand, until we have forgotten that the sunshine is just as golden, the air as balmy, and life as full of enjoyment as ever, because we have bent our whole attention on avoiding the yoke and in going on in our way. It would never gall if we were submissive. The burden would never be beyond our strength if we but “bowed our shoulder to bear” as it is written of one of old time. Some of us learn this after a time while others go a life-time “kicking against the pricks,” all so needlessly and foolishly.

Those who surrender soon learn that their powers are multiplied by that which at first seemed bondage and that by harnessing their strength they can help to bear the world’s burdens.

There is one special point about this which ought to settle once and forever the question of our submissiveness, and that is, that we do not pull the yoke alone, but along side of us, patient, strong, gentle, steadfast, is yoked the Lord Christ, and always the brunt of the burden falls on Him. Some of us have seen a young ox, unused to service yoked to a sedate, old ox who has learned meekness under long training. Sometimes the old ox is as much the trainer of the young, wild thing as the one who holds the reins, and his quiet, steady pull gradually tames and brings into control the mad careering of his partner, fuming against the cutting off of his liberty. Thus the Lord Jesus walks beside us, patient and true, though our clumsy efforts must often add to His burden and even give Him pain. He waits until we have learned, and bye and bye, how glad we are to pull along evenly with Him, glad to notice the sunshine again, glad to live even to bear burdens. The way is no longer hard, nor the yoke galling; we find the rest of which the Master spoke.

“Rest is not quitting the busy career; Rest is the fitting of self to its sphere.”

This New Year time, will we hear the voice of the meek and lowly One inviting us to be His yoke-fellows? Fellowship with Jesus means yoke-bearing and yoke-bearing means service. And sometimes—it was so in Christ’s case—it means sacrifice. Elisha offered up his oxen, the yoke and the plow furnishing the wood for a burnt-offering. Paul knew something of this side of yoke-bearing. In his own words we have it,—“Yea, and if I be offered upon the sacrifice and service of your faith, I joy and rejoice with you all.” No regrets in Paul’s heart, only joy! It was for the world’s need—and for Jesus’ sake. Are we following in his train and in the train of the One who went all lengths for us? Are we between the plow and the altar, ready “for service or sacrifice?”
We have had a double sorrow during the past month. God has permitted two of our loved brethren and fellow-workers to be taken from our midst, Mr. Moodie and Mr. Erickson, Mr. Moodie was first taken on the morning of Dec. 1st. and Mr. Erickson followed him five days later. We feel bereaved indeed. Each in his own way has been a tower of strength to many and it seems like an irreparable loss to the mission. May God give His own consolations to Mrs. Moodie and Mrs. Erickson and the fatherless children. We thank God for the help and blessing which we have so often received through the ministry of our brethren. It is blessed to think of them in the glory, with the Lord they loved with such devotion, but it is hard to see the breach made by their going and to miss their fellowship in our mission life and work. But the days are few before we shall join them. “The night cometh when no man can work,” the night of the world’s tribulation when God’s own shall be safely hidden away. Then shall come that “morning without clouds” of the new age, when Jesus will be here in person, and sadness and sighing shall flee away.”

Touring parties have gone out from many of the stations into the distant villages reached at no other time of the year by the gospel message. Pray for these workers in the heart of the enemy’s territory. The editor’s office, too, has been removed to the shade of trees hoary with age, in a far-off jungle, and all around are heathen souls, hundreds, thousands of them, steeled in sin, blind to their own needs, yet needy beyond telling. Oh, pray that the net daily let down (God’s own precious Word) may bring up a draught of fishes. Perhaps we have said, like Peter, “Master, we have toiled all night and have taken nothing;” but let us add with Peter, “Nevertheless at Thy word, I will let down the net.” He will not disappoint us.

A little account of Mr. Erickson’s life and work in India was to have appeared in this number, but by some mischance of the post it has been delayed in coming. It will (D.V.) be printed next month, for many of our readers knew Mr. Erickson and wish to know something of the good work God wrought in and through him, especially in this last wonderful year, for which God be unceasingly praised.

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The principal agent in reform movements of late years has been the Rev. Thomas Evans of Landour, Mussoorie, a Baptist missionary, who is an authority and an enthusiast on the subject, and to him I am indebted for some of my information. He dates back to the Mutiny, having arrived in India in 1855, and after 30 years’ missionary labour at different stations retired to Mussoorie. After the very partial reform just referred to, he sent letters to England which resulted in the formation of the Anglo-Indian Temperance Association. Of this Mr. Samuel Smith, m.p., was President, and Mr. W. S. Caine, Honorary Secretary. Mr. Caine visited India, gathered information, and on his return to England the Association resolved to move the House of Commons on the Indian Excise question. Mr. Smith brought forward a motion in the House, strongly supported by Mr. Caine, involving a censure on the Excise Department. In spite of strong opposition this was carried by a majority of 10 on April 30th, 1889. The result was a despatch from Lord Cross, the Secretary of State for India, urging that the extension of the habit of drinking should be discouraged, but it has remained a dead letter, excepting that out-stills have been abolished in the Province of Bengal. The Government of India indicated their policy in March, 1890, agreeing to high taxation, regulation of the traffic, limitation of the number of shops, and to the ascertaining of the existence of local public sentiment, and that a reasonable amount of deference be paid to such opinion. Mr. Evans challenges Government to produce a single instance where the procedure indicated has been acted on. The wishes of the people have been disregarded, or where protests have been made against the opening of shops, they have never been attended to.

Mr. Evans complains that Excise officers sanction the settlement of more stills and more liquor shops than they can get liquor dealers to take up, and that licenses are sold at public auction and knocked down to the highest
affirms that the drink habit is spreading in Western India, and draws attention to the great melas or fairs, where thousands assemble and where the outward and visible sign of the great Government is a booth, reeking with the smell of the country spirit, and filled towards evening with intoxicated people.

Mr. Samuel Smith visited India a second time at the end of 1904. He wrote to the Times and Westminster Gazette from Bombay. In the last-named under date January 14, 1905, he says,—“Religious sentiment in India is utterly opposed to the use of alcoholic liquors and the mass of Hindus and Muhammadans obey the dictates of their religion. Yet the drink habit is growing and is attributed by the people to the influence of Europeans, and the policy of the Government in encouraging the sale for the sake of revenue.” He refers to his Resolution, condemning that policy, carried through the House of Commons in 1889. That Resolution followed upon his previous visit to India and the visit of Mr. Caine. Remark ing upon the four principles enunciated by the Government of India in reply to the Secretary of State’s despatch, he says that he fears it is beyond doubt that these principles have not been fully carried out. He quotes from Sir Fred. Lely, “Abkari revenue, though it represents the chief means of repression in the hands of the Government, yet bears a stain upon it. The money could be better got in almost any other way. There are large numbers of young men of the better class who are lost to the State and their families by acquiring the habit. I have never met a native official or non-official, intelligent or otherwise, who does not firmly believe that Government fosters the traffic for the sake of revenue and would not willingly let it go.” Mr. Smith closes his letter by saying, “I find there is little faith that Government will do anything that will lead to a loss of revenue. I have not a doubt that if the principle of local option were to be attended to, the municipalities of India would generally suppress the liquor shops.” He considers that a loss of revenue from the source could easily be endured, considering the large surpluses of the last five or six years.

He came down to earth from Heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

—C. F. Alexander.
PERHAPS some would hardly use this word to describe the home-going of a Christian brother, but to those of us who knew Peter C. Moodie, the subject of this sketch, it seems appropriate. Character cannot be written in words, few or many, and a life like his must be seen and seen again to be appreciated.

We first met him some years ago and recognized in him a man of God with more than ordinary spiritual calibre. We soon learned that he was well acquainted with God, and followed Him closely like the "dear children" of whom he was surely one (Eph. 5:1). Even then one was impressed that he had left far behind him his spiritual baby-hood and was rapidly becoming the grown up son that all his friends have known him to be in these later days. But how, oh how, can we give an idea of what this noble spirit was in the little space we may use here?

A few years ago he left most tempting prospects in the business world and launched farther out into the deep, proving God as direct temporal Provider for himself and family, in order that he might give all his time more definitely to Gospel work. Speaking of this recently, he said, with that genial Scotch humour that was so beautiful in him, "Father saw I was at the end of my tether and that unless He drew me in, then, that was the last of Moodie." Those who came under his ministry after that have reason to be thankful that Father "drew him in." He met the tests that followed in a wonderful way, and developed a sturdiness of faith that stood him in good stead in hours of trial, and made him a tower of strength to many a weary and discouraged soul.

Two years ago he came to India, and all the way from the time he heard God's call till he stepped on board the ship it was walking by faith. How we praise God that his faith was of that sturdy type that would not be daunted. Into the two short years he spent with us in India, he crowded so much of loving, faithful service that we hardly see how we can get on without him now that he is gone.

He lived in the sunshine of God's smile and taught others (all unconsciously to himself) to do the same. We can never forget his beaming face as he would often say with his big, deep voice, out of a heart bigger and deeper still, flowing over with the love of God, "Isn't it fine? Hallelujah!" And these were not worn out phrases with him. They came from the overflow of his heart. He had a tenderly familiar, but deeply reverent way of mentioning his heavenly Father. Many of our missionaries will remember to eternity that through his word and life more than through anyone else they learned to know the Father-heart of God.

There does not seem to be any one word big enough to gather up and hold in meaning, what he was. One who loved him much, said in speaking of him before his sickness and death, and before there was any thought that he was going to leave us, "He impresses me as one who is pure." This was certainly true of him. The blessing of "the pure in heart" was manifestly his; and one could not be with him long without feeling, "Here is a man who lives in fellowship with God." We have been thinking in connection with him of that verse in 1 Cor. 13:13, as telling his character well,—"Faith, hope and love, these three; but the greatest of these is love. "These three" graces shone out in his life. He had faith that was strong and practical, and his prayers were the kind that avail much. His heart was big with hope too. He could see the good in those around him, and hoped great things for souls that to some would have been unpromising. And he hoped patiently for the glory of the Church and the kingdom of Christ upon earth. But "the greatest of these" was, in him, love. He was pre-eminent loving. And it was not the weak, sentimental, human substitute for love that fails in hard places; but the love of Christ that could bear to be misunderstood in order to be true,—the love that could suffer and be silent.

Of his sickness and death we can say only a little now. He attended our convention and witnessed quietly, but with great joy, the spiritual victory there that, more than we can know till we stand at the judgment seat of Christ, was the direct result of his intercession beforehand. He did not speak much publicly in this convention but his messages were with power. After convention he waited for some special meetings in Gujarât and then with Mrs. Moodie went to Poona to be for a day or two with their little daughter, Ina, who was there in school. More meetings were arranged for him there, and, already very tired, he continued to pour out his life in loving service. He came home completely tired out and with his body full of fever. This rapidly developed and was of that malignant form
that so suddenly and so often takes precious lives.
Yet none of us for a moment would let ourselves believe that Brother Moodie would leave us. We had so often seen him pray “the prayer of faith” for others that we somehow thought he would soon be up and about. Yet we who saw him knew he was very sick, and naturally in danger. His suffering was intense, and the pain in his head was such as only those who have experienced such fever can ever know. But there was no childishness. He was the same noble, humble child of God that we have always known him to be. On Saturday morning, December 1st, 1906, after a hard, dark night, his brave spirit-winged its way into glory to behold forever the face of the Father he knew so well and loved so much.

And now for him it is far, “far better.”
Our hearts are lonely and it seems as if a big part of our lives had gone out. But our big, brave brother is still ours, and his God is ours. Shall we not go on with stronger faith than before? “I shall see Him face to face, and tell the story, saved by grace,” was the last message in song our brother gave in public,—this with peculiarunction and power. Let us be true and faithful till we, too, with him shall see and sing in the presence of our Lord.

A LITTLE ALLEGORY OF INDIA
By KAPPA

WHILE travelling in the realm of a great king I came to a land that looked wondrously fair. There were great mountains and beautiful valleys and long rivers and broad plains. Luxuriant trees, shrubs and grasses grew out of the fertile soil, and leagues and leagues of rich grain and cotton fields, with fruits and vegetables abundant, told how well endowed with nature’s blessings was this part of the king’s great realm. The sun-sets were like visions into the glory-land and the moon shone as if she had anticipated herself and already donned her millenial robe. The stars, too, blinked down at me with remarkable brightness.

What a beautiful and wonderful land it is, I thought, but—Ah! I had not been in it long before I learned that its beauty was marred. A malicious work of some hidden and awful enemy seemed ever and everywhere in progress. Up from the fertile soil, where grew those rich, green trees and fine crops of grains, rose poisonous vapours that brought sickness and death to many of the inhabitants. Through the hours of the day the same sun that filled the heavens with glory at rising and setting, smote with his beams so strongly that his victims often died. It was even said that the gentler moon had power to “smite by night.” Then, often, the rain-clouds did not come or, if they came, refused to give their rain for months at a time; and the trees and grass shriveled in the hot, dry air, till the greenness was all gone, and the brown earth became split up with heat-cracks and panted with open mouth for a cooling drink. Sometimes this went on for a year or more and then the crops, of course, did not grow; the goats and cattle died of hunger and thirst, and thousands and even millions of the people of the land famished. Then pestilence would come and millions more would lie down in pain and die in a few hours. Seeing and hearing of all this made my heart very, very sad and if I had not known that the King was kind and wise and good and stronger than all His enemies I should have been filled with despair. But I had met the King and I knew that He “so loved” the people of this as of all other parts of His great realm that He had sacrificed the best He had for them. It was sad—O, much sadder than all the suffering of the people, to see that they did not know of this love of the King and were giving allegiance to His and their enemy. And the enemy was hiding the King’s love from them.

The King’s great heart craved the love of His people and not their enforced obedience; so He left it to each of them to choose whom he would follow. Each one who did really choose to obey and trust the King found new and delightful surprises ever coming into his life, as the King, little by little, unfolded to him His plan for each and all of His subjects, and how richly each loyal heart should be endowed.

This remarkable country was very large and contained many millions of people, yet I learned that only one in three hundred made even a profession of loving the King. And of all the millions only about one in three had ever heard of their real King. This may seem strange to those who read these lines and indeed it was strange and sad, too, but it was through no fault of the King. He had commanded those who knew Him to “go” and tell “all” the people that He loved them and wanted to save them out of the hands of their enemy. I knew of other lands more favoured,
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where the people knew of the King’s love and knew, too, of this land so ignorant of Him. They had money and leisure and pleasure but not many of them cared to give to the extent of sacrifice, and the number of them who were willing to go and fulfil the King’s great commission was pitifully small. Only about three thousand, I think, had come from these great lands that liked to be praised for their enlightenment and called by the King’s name. Yet there were nearly two hundred and ninety millions waiting here in bondage to a usurper.

It all seemed strange and sad and made me wonder very much. Then I dreamed; and in my dream I saw two mighty armies contending for this great land. The one was headed by a wicked prince of darkness, one of the court of the great usurper. And every member of his army (and there were myriads of them) was a hater of the King and His people. The other army was made up of bright beings who loved the King and all His loyal subjects. The battle between these two armies was not like any I had ever heard of in the history of nations. It had gone on constantly day and night for days and years and as I presently learned, for many centuries. Silently but desperately the King’s enemy fought nor ever laxed in vigilance. He and his army fought as if the issues of eternity hung upon the outcome of this mighty conflict. And indeed it was so. They were contending for the souls of the people of the land. Now, as I watched the awful struggle, I understood why the people suffered so and why they did not turn to the King and be saved. The army of evil angels directed their power always, to hide from the people the love of the King. And they (the people) could not see these contending armies. They could only feel the conflict. Yet, only those who gave allegiance to the King could understand that there was a conflict. Often, as I saw in my dream, a soul would come under the power of the King’s benign message and be on the point of openly declaring his love and faith in the King and, then, through a hundred subtle lies of the enemy (given directly through some one of the army of evil angels or else through some inhabitant of the land whom they had influenced), that soul would be filled with fear of consequence and turn away from the good news into the darkness with a heart harder than ever before. Then those friends of the enemy would laugh a fiendish laugh of triumph and gloat over another victim of their wiles. This happened, not once but hundreds of times and always when it did happen, the King’s messenger who saw it would have a hard battle to keep his own soul from becoming discouraged with the apparent defeat to the King’s course. And this was not the only way the usurper delayed the end of the battle. Often when an inhabitant of the land had been won for the King, the enemy would succeed in arousing such hatred against him, from those who had been his friends before, that they would bitterly persecute him, or secretly take his life by poison or foul murder. Then timid ones who had thought to follow the King would turn away and be lost to His love. And so in a thousand ways the King was kept from the allegiance of the people. One’s heart ached as one saw this tragedy of the ages still in progress. Why was it such a prolonged struggle? Every loyal subject of the King knew that His resources of power had never been measured and that no enemy could stand before Him. Why, then, did He not close the conflict which He had really won long, long before? In my dream great questions like these filled my mind and, presently, I think I saw the answer to them.

I noticed that the evil prince and His army did not confine their tactics to working against those who did not know the King. On the contrary, special attention was given to the little number who had come from other lands to bear the King’s message, as if they and those who sent them, held the key to victory for the King. Sometimes the enemy sought to kill them through what was believed by the people to be the hard climate. (The King’s enemy was directly responsible for the evils of the climate and the deadly diseases that came among the people). In this he often succeeded. But worse even than the sickness and death of a large percentage of the messengers was the division of their strength and the nullifying of their power. This the usurper accomplished by many a stratagem. The evil prince and his followers seemed to take a special pride in breaking the unity of spirit that should have prevailed among the King’s messengers. Their attention was drawn away to side issues and it seemed sometimes as if they could even be made to forget that they had come solely to bring the King’s message. Often the enemy succeeded in creating division of opinion among them as to how the King’s campaign should be conducted. And he could even succeed in making them be jealous and suspicious of one another. This
evil work among the messengers of the King was the saddest of all—far sadder than the famine and pestilence, sadder even than the indifference and opposition of those who had never given allegiance to the King. I saw that the King was grieved most sorely over this and that it hindered Him from the prosecution of His plan more than all the mighty army of the enemy. But He was very patient with His people and sought to lead them to clearness of vision and closeness to Himself with a love that amazed me more and more as time went on. If only the little company had stood as one with eyes upon the King, His power would have been multiplied in them a thousand fold.

And I had reason to believe that the lands who sent this meagre number of messengers were to a great extent responsible for their being so weak in the presence of their stupendous task. In my dream I could see across the oceans and continents that stretched between this and the parts of the realm that complacently bore the King's name. There I saw hundreds, thousands, millions of the King's so-called subjects living in carelessness and pleasure. True, there was a goodly number of noble souls among them who were very jealous for the King's name and who shared equally with the messengers who had gone out for the King the burden of publishing His message. In the King's wise plan they could do this. First they could send the messengers and then the money needed to carry forward this mighty enterprise. But there was still another way they could help more than by giving money. As we have said, the King wanted the love of His people, and without that He could do nothing. He advanced His kingdom through the operation of His subjects, sharing with them all the joy of victorious conquest against the enemy. And so it was that He wanted those who stayed at home to bring to Him their desires for His work in the far away land of battle and for each individual who had gone there for Him. (And every fervent and faithful petition to the King for the work or for the workers was graciously answered; and, I beheld in my dream, that the evil army had no power to stand before the good army when the subjects of the King petitioned Him for the deliverance of His messengers.) But strange—O, very strange, to say, few seemed to care to do this. Some would give a little money and then sit down complacently as if they had done all; or, they would go off to their personal interests (?) and forget that there was a land of millions to be reached with the message which only they could hinder in its delivery. Others gave scarcely anything and never sought an audience with the King in behalf of those who had gone to bear His message. And many who might themselves have borne the message gave it no thought or else excused themselves with some trivial reason not at all commensurate with the call to go. Thus it was that the little number who had left friends and earthly prospects to go with the King's message of freedom to those in bondage, together with the few brave, noble souls who stood with them from over the waters, had such heavy odds against them. And thus it was that the great King had to wait on His people before taking to Himself power to reign.

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Items

"In all things it behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren." Hebrews ii. 17.

MAY each Christmas as it comes, find us more and more like Him, who as at this time became a little child for our sake, more simple minded, more humble, more holy, more affectionate, more resigned, more happy, more full of God.—Dr. Newman.

Miss Peter, whose unselfish devotion to "The Work" is notoriously beyond her strength, was in a very serious condition a few days ago, but, Praise God, is now much better. She writes that God has done more for her than she can ever thank Him for. This is due in considerable measure to the earnest prayers of our Gujarati people for whom she has so lavishly poured out her life these eight years.

Mr. Walter Turnbull has gained much the last month. His fever is broken and his strength increasing daily, but he is far from his usual good health. Prayer is asked that he may be restored as speedily as God will to his work, which is God's work.

A Christmas present—Not the less acceptable because a trifle tardy!—came to Mr. and Mrs. Eicher on December 26th in the shape of a new, wee son. May much blessing be tied up in his bundle of life.
MAP OF INDIA
Showing Stations of the Christian Missionary Alliance
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. Auerhmeier
Mrs. P. C. Moodie
Mr. O. Lapp

Amraoti. Mrs. V. Erickson
Miss L. J. Holmes, Miss E. Case

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

Chandur. Mr. and Mrs. W. Ramsey

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. Buldana.)

Murtizapur. Mr. and Mrs. L. Cutler

Shegaon. Miss E. Ashwood, Miss M. Wiest
Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Wark

KHANDESH—
Bhusawal. Mr. E. R. Carner
Miss C. Rutherford
Miss Z. McAuley

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

Jalgaon. Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Schelander
Miss L. Becker

Pachora. Mr. A. Johnson

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

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

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

Kaira. Miss E. Wells
Miss A. Seasholtz, Miss C. Hiller
Miss V. Dunham
Miss L. Gardiner

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

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

Sabarmati. Miss H. O'Donnell,

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

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

KATHIWAR—
Porbandar. Mr. R. G. Greengrass

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

ON FURLOUGH:

Mrs. M. Dutton
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Johnson
Miss C. Hansen
Mrs. Simmons

Miss M. Woodworth
Miss M. Compton
Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Turnbull
Mrs. F. H. Back

Miss C. McDougall
Mr. and Mrs. O. Dinham
Mrs. F. M. Bannister

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