# The India Alliance

The Organ of The Christian and Missionary Alliance in India

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SPECIAL DAY FOR PRAYER, LAST FRIDAY OF EACH MONTH.
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 bore 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."

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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, Gawalior 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.

ASST. EDITOR:—Miss L. Fuller.

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Station Notes

PACHORA
BY ANDREW JOHNSON

It is now more than a year and a half since I sent any station or touring notes to the I. A. There have no doubt been many things of interest since then, but things, though ever so good, to be interesting nowadays, must be new. I will accordingly confine myself to the last three months.

We met at our annual convention last October under specially favourable circumstances. Among the many blessings and encouragements we received there, was the privilege of rejoicing with those who have had revivals in their own stations. Their testimonies and the testimonies of some of the converts were quite refreshing to us, who have been denied, so far, those joys in our own stations.

I had planned to start out on tour as soon as I returned from the convention, but found, on reaching home, that I had contracted a very severe cold on the train. I also heard from several of the brethren that they also had taken colds and fevers, among them Mr. Erickson. I said, “This is surely a trick of the enemy, to hinder us from getting out in the work.”

I took the matter definitely to the Lord, and got the assurance that I was to start out, without concern, either about my own cold, or the bad reports from the brethren. Accordingly I started, with two native preachers, Bhau and Lakshman, and one servant, Tukya. We managed to reach our place and get our camp pitched all right. But the next morning but one, while preaching in the street, I was seized with cramps so severely that I nearly dropped on the spot, and though I had a less than five minutes’ walk to the camp, it was with great difficulty that I got there. Then the enemy whispered in my ear: “I will pay you for your rashness.” But I said, “If I have to die now, I had rather die here under the tree than in Pachora.” The cramps returned several times, sometimes accompanied with vomiting, but by the Lord’s help we went on with His work, as if nothing had happened, and in a week’s time the cramps left me, though I was very weak. There was no direct mail-service where we had our camp, and it was ten days before we got our first mail. This mail brought some cards from Mr. Ramsey, dated December 3rd, 4th, and 5th containing brief accounts of Mr. Erickson’s sickness and departure, on Dec. 5th. Another was from Mr. Camer, telling of Mr. Moodie’s death on Dec. 1st. I don’t remember of any news of that kind effecting me any more keenly. I had to get down and cry to the Lord for sustaining strength, as if they had been of my nearest kin. None seemed in better health at the convention than these two dear brethren. They were the uplifting spirits of the convention. No one present could fail to notice the heavenly fragrance of their messages, either in prayer or exhortation, yet none of us dreamed that they were so soon to leave us and be with Christ. But God makes no mistakes. We praise Him for allowing them to be in India as long as He did, and also for giving sustaining grace and strength to the bereaved ones.

It is now nearly three months since we pitched our first camp. We have moved our camp five times. We have travelled a good many hundred miles by foot or by jungle-cart. We have visited 83 villages and held 120 street-services, with congregations averaging some over 40. We can not go into details of what we have experienced in that time. But this we can say, that all the way the Lord has been with us, a present help in every time of trouble,—Blessed be His name! I wish I could somehow impart to the readers, the inspirations we receive, as we visit these congregations from year to year, and specially what we have received on this tour. Not that we have had no discouragements. We have had many, some almost crushing ones, but the inspirations have come seemingly as much
from the discouragements as from the encouragements. Inspirations of this kind I fear can not easily be imparted by the pen. I am sure though, that those of you who are praying for us and this great work, have already experienced the same inspiration that we have. The Lord help you to continue in prayer more and more. Victory will come along that line if it comes at all. It is by the eye of faith only, that we are able to see victory, whether immediate or of the future. The natural eye can see nothing but failure in the spiritual things. Even revivals, to the natural eye, are full of hobgoblins and demons. That the devil has his most trusted emissaries, whether, demons or others, at revivals, there is no doubt at all, but that only proves that something is in danger of slipping out of his grasp there. It is by faith that lie has to be defeated in danger of slipping out of his grasp there.

"Have faith in God," Mark 11: 22: Marginal reading, "Have the faith of God."

AMRAOTI
BY VIOLET ERICKSON

I FEEL I should send a note of praise for the precious way in which the Lord is blessing in the district work. The first night we were in camp little Victor said, "Jesus and papa are with us wherever we go." And surely we have realized the presence and power of the Lord in our midst continually: and have felt that dear "papa" also was not far away and was helping through the ministry of intercession. Prayer is surely being answered for Berar. The Holy Spirit is working. We find some earnest inquirers wherever we go. In some villages where there has been bitter opposition in the past, the people now listen to the word gladly. We have never before found such general interest all over the district.

It is now not only low castes, but high caste people also who are deeply interested. The Pâtîls (headmen) of several villages have urged us to come often and teach them the way of Life. God has given gleanings here and there but we look for a rich harvest in the near future.

Miss Holmes and Miss Case are bravely standing by the station work which is no light task these days.

Plague is breaking out all about them and appearing in most unexpected places. But our eyes are unto the Lord: He faileth never.

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE OF TOURING
BY OSCAR LAPP

TOURING season is the most profitable and delightful time in the year. At this time we have a chance to prove the presence and the faithfulness of our Lord Jesus, when standing before the crowds with a message of salvation. We realize our own weakness more than at any other time; but we know it is "not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

Touring is a new experience for me. Years ago I was amused to hear the missionaries relate their touring experiences; how they moved from place to place with their bedding, cooking dishes, etc. Hearing about these things made them seem as if it were a picnic. At times I dreamed of the hills and plains of India and saw myself walking on them. Now that the dreams and the desires of my heart are fulfilled it is proven to me that God does give us the desires of our hearts.

At present (out on tour) I am sitting under a large shady tree by the side of a running stream. From this beautiful spot I am trying to tell you of a few incidents as they occur to me.

One day I went along with Mr. Auernheimer to a town, named Bárgão. Our thought was to camp there and reach surrounding villages; but the plague was so bad, not only in the town but also in some of the surrounding villages, that we could not get an audience. People had gone from their homes to live in their fields. We packed up our things and were ready to leave for another place.

On our leaving we had a farewell tea-party with our low-caste friends. We provided the tea and they prepared it. I was surprised to see how they made the tea. Tea and cold water were put together on the fire. When the tea had boiled a little while then milk was poured into it, and then sugar. Next the tea was to be separated from the leaves. One of the men pulled off his turban and it answered for a strainer. The tea tasted good to us because we drank with the thought and purpose to win these men for Jesus.

While speaking to a crowd, in another place, I noticed that they steadfastly looked into my face. From that I thought they were eagerly listening and taking in all that I said. Often they don't understand all of my speech, and therefore they ask questions, and then they usually explain to one another what we say.
On this occasion they looked for some time without an interruption. At last one of them broke the silence with a question, “Why have you one shining, golden tooth among the rest?” So you see people are not always listening to what you say, but rather watch how you look.

When we are in a big town we arrange to preach one evening to one caste, and another evening to another caste; because the people of one caste will not intermingle with those of another.

One evening we thought of going to the Māhārs (low caste). We left our tent and reached the town early. The people had not all come in from their different places of work, therefore we went through the town for a little walk. Coming back we saw that a crowd had gathered at the Kuni (farmer) quarters, near the road by which we should pass them. We made as if we would pass them by, but heard them say, “Sing for us.” By this we felt sure that they would listen, since they had called us. We sang a hymn and explained its meaning by Gospel messages. When the general interest was slackening we sang another, and again explained it. This night we left the people rejoicingly.

What a contrast to some places where people listen without interest! One feels that one is trying to feed them while they are holding their mouths shut, as it were. And at times they say politely, “It is getting dark, and night is coming, you had better go home.”

I was selling Gospels in the bazaar and calling out like this, “Books about how to get rid of sin, about how to get salvation through Christ,” etc. At last I was ready to leave the place, but heard a voice calling, “Sahib, tell us the story.” I went back, and found that some had gathered to hear the explanation of the books I was selling.

The hottest time of the day was over, and we went out to walk along the river side. In one place a pathway led across the river. Along side of this pathway sat an aged man. He had laid his load of sticks down and was now taking the needed rest for his tired old limbs. As I came near him I saw on his face such a look of sadness and weariness that it appealed to me. I could not pass him by without speaking to him. There we sat. Soon I learned that his age was about sixty; (very few people in India know their age,) and that he had never heard of Jesus Christ before. There he confessed that the serving of different gods had not helped him a bit. When he had heard the story of Jesus he tried to remember that name. His old lips were too stammering to pronounce it right. He promised to worship and pray to Jesus henceforth. Then to my unspeakable joy he lifted up his shaking hands, and called upon that newly learned name, “Jesus, Jesus.” Finally, he picked up his load of sticks, and started slowly for his home across the river.

MORE VILLAGE WORK

By Charlotte Rutherford

A n article entitled “Village Work” appeared in the last issue of the INDIA ALLIANCE giving an account of our work in Vadasingi and its surrounding villages. Since writing that article, we have left that place and moved our tent to Ashalgaon.

Ashalgaon itself is a fairly good sized town with some thousands of inhabitants, who are left to themselves and their idolatrous practices most of the year. They are not adverse to the visits of the missionaries, but rather receive them gladly, when they get an opportunity. A large weekly market is held here attended by thousands of people. We have sold many Scripture portions in this market, to which reference has been made in the former article.

Annabāi (our Biblewoman) with the two catechists and the writer visited a large fair recently. We were told that eight thousand people were assembled there. The fair was held on the banks of a large river, the waters of which the people deem sacred. They consider it an act of merit resulting in spiritual benefit to bathe in this river. Their bathing performance was an amusing sight, in spite of the sadness of it. Men, women and children, and even the oxen were swimming about in the so-called “sacred waters.” Poor deluded souls! They knew not, or appeared to know not, that by entering the water only their bodies would derive the benefit, and their hearts would be untouched. Some were casting food into the water for the benefit of the fishes, regarding this also as a meritorious act. We succeeded in selling 139 Scriptures amongst this multitude.

We are always glad to see the Word of God being scattered amongst the people, as we know that it will speak in greater power than ever we could. The following instances prove to us that the “Word” does not return
old Story, a girl in the crowd asked us to sing—

"The Lamb! The Lamb!
The Bleeding Lamb!
I love the sound of Jeu's Name" etc.

We were surprised at her asking us to sing such a hymn. We asked her where she had heard it. She said she had heard it sung in a bazar once. The singing of that hymn had taken hold of the girl's heart. She asked to be taught more about our religion. Here stands another needy village, and there are many others as needy.

On entering a strange village a queer sensation creeps over one, as one does not know what to expect, i.e. whether there will be a friendly reception or a rude refusal. The latter experience was met by Miss Ashwood and Miss Wiest in one of the villages. When they entered the village, they gathered a group of women who would have gladly listened had they been allowed to. After the ladies had spoken to them for a short time, some men, thinking the women had heard sufficient, instigated some boys to set up a clatter so as to drown the voices of the speakers. When the head man of the village arrived on the scene, he refused to allow the women to listen, and sent them all home. "Have you not work to do?" he said. "Go home, you have heard enough! Go!" Thinking it useless to remain longer the ladies left only to be followed by men and mocking boys, the latter casting dust at them as they left the village. This is the second village in which we have been rejected.

I mentioned in my last article about the visit Miss Wiest and I paid to Ashalgamon some three or four weeks ago, and how Miss Wiest taught some school children to repeat Jno. 3:16. I would like to make mention of a little incident which happened to-day proving that her morning's work was not in vain. Annabai and I visited a small village two miles away from Ashalgamon. As we entered the village we noticed a few women sitting near a well cleaning some grain. We went towards them and asked if we might sing to them and tell them some stories. They consented and a cot was placed for us to sit on. As soon as the people heard the strains of my accordion, they left their work and came and listened to us.

The people listened very well, and as we rose to go a woman said to us, "We have heard that God loves us. This boy" (pointing to a bright intelligent lad near us) "told us. He
knows about it.” The boy turned to us and without being asked to do so, stood up and repeated Jno. 3: 16. With a look of great pleasure on her face the woman said, “You see, he knows.” The lad explained the source from whence he had obtained his knowledge. He said, “The Missi Sâhib told me when she came in the bazar to sell books.”

The boy accompanied us to another house belonging to an aged woman, but she opposed our visit. He turned to the old woman and said, “The stories that the Missi Sâhib tells are true, and if you will believe them you will be saved. Your Guru (religious teacher) tells you lies.”

The woman answered meekly enough, “That is true”; but suddenly she turned angrily on the boy and said, “Are you going to become a Christian?” The lad hung his head and said nothing. Annabâi said a few words in his defence, and we passed on, as we thought, to go home; but a voice from a high wall called to us to stop, and we obeyed. Our little guide and champion said to the woman, “If you will allow the Missi Sâhib to go up to your house, she will tell you some true stories.” She agreed and we went up. We soon had a good audience gathered together in her yard.

The boy sat as near to us as he dared, often making comments on what we said, of course endorsing every word. As Annabâi was speaking, one woman said, “Oh, I don’t understand you.” “Oh” said the boy, “you will understand if you let her tell you. She is telling things about sin. You listen! Our idols are no good: when a man dies, they say ‘Let him die,’ but when Heaven’s God tells a dead man to get up, he gets up and our idols scream.” He said other things of a like nature, which made a woman ask him where he had got to know these things. On leaving the village we gave him a Scripture portion and some tracts which he took with great delight. We saw that a spark of life had been kindled in that young heart. Jno. 3: 16 had entered there and we believe it will remain.

We have come to the end of our touring season, and all these villages must be left without a teacher for another year. Well might they say, as they often do, “We will forget what you have told us by the time you come again.” It has not been a season free from trial, but rather a hand to hand fight with the enemy, who has opposed us on every side, but in spite of it all we have gone through with the Lord’s blessing on our work. We ask the readers especially to remember this very promising field of Jâlgâon tâluka, Bencar.

MY IMPRESSIONS OF DHOLKA

BY THE EDITOR

If you do not love boys, do not go to Dholkâ, for Dholkâ swarms with boys:—

“Big boys, little boys, tall boys, short boys;

Strong boys, weak boys, good boys, bad boys;

Boys with brown eyes, (but none with blue);

Boys who are false and boys who are true;

Boys who love games and boys who love toys;

Boys with sorrows and boys with joys;

Boys, just boys!”

To the lover of boys Dholkâ is a place of endless charm. There is not much else to attract the ordinary globe-trotter or sightseer—only a sandy plain refracting with intense brightness the glare of sunlight, sending up dusty heat-waves into one’s face; cactus hedges, a few scattered trees, a filthy, straggling heathen village, and an old ruined temple—this is the Dholkâ marked on the map. But the Dholkâ we know is a little world by itself. You must ride through those tortuous, narrow lanes lined with babies, goats and oxen, dogs, fowls, and half-clad men and women, on past the dirty drains and the market place where heaps of refuse lie, along more dusty, hot roads until you come to the trim little mission settlement, its white walls gleaming and adding to the blinding light, but such a welcome contrast to the filth of the town. It is not such a small place after all, as one finds out when he tramps the length of the spacious compound several times a day.

THE BUILDINGS

There are a good many buildings. First is the small two-roomed bungalow, mischievously called “The Nunnery,” which the young ladies occupy and where I found a welcome shelter from the blazing sun. Then there is a little house used for store-rooms, and latterly one room has been known as the prayer-room. Here at all hours of the day or night boys who wished to unburden their hearts found this a refuge and to many it became a veritable Bethel. Next in line is the bungalow for the missionary in charge of the orphanage, and at the extreme end is the pleasant new bungalow which came in direct answer to prayer for the superintendent of the Training School. The long line of students’ rooms are diagonally opposite. Then there are the buildings pertaining to the orphanage itself. And the church! I must not forget that. Only re-

(To be continued on page 105)
Editorials

OD uses certain words in His Book to express our relations with Him, that at once bring us a sense of sacred intimacy; such words as "family," "household," "dear children," "Father," "brethren," give us a new conception of religion. Our minds naturally suggest a different vocabulary such as "fear," "punishment," "law," etc. That is because sin makes us most conscious of our obligations and our inability to pay them; but God complements our ideas with His. Ours are not wrong, but they need to be interpreted by other words. After we have learned the vocabulary of sonship we find that the terms which once seemed so dreadful to us are love-words too. God's laws are loving laws made for our highest good. Punishment is a merciful means of reclaiming the wrong-doer. Fear is wholesome to one who cannot be restrained by love. All God's actions are the outcome of His perfect, wise love.

When we consciously recognize God as our Father and apprehend our place as His children, it brings a wondrous joy and confidence into our lives. That is childlike. A child is full of faith so long as his confidence is not abused. He fears nothing, is anxious about nothing so long as his father is with him. We should be as care-free, as fearless and as joyous as children, realizing that we belong to a household where there is abundant provision and where each child is dear to the Father's heart and is painstakingly cared for. That will bring calm into our lives.

A most marked characteristic of a natural child is freedom from self-consciousness. All children have this admirable disposition until it is spoiled by their elders. This disposition ought to be the normal state of God's children. Perhaps one of the greatest foes to spiritual life to-day is a highly developed self-consciousness in religion. A constant self-examination, a sharp watch kept on one's growth, a continual outlook for spiritual graces—these tend to unwholesome morbidness or spiritual pride, equally dangerous. A natural child is not occupied with himself. He is absorbed in the life about him—his parents, his companions, his play, his lessons. God's child should be as free. It is God who should occupy his attention first of all, not himself. Next to God our fellow creatures demand all the sympathy and attention we are able to give them. If we fritter away our strength on unwholesome self-consideration, we weaken our power to help others. The strong, helpful personality is the one who is free from himself.

A child may be busy at his play, but he is always conscious of the presence of his parent near by, even though there is no direct conversation between them. He will continually refer things to his parent and play the more happily, realizing that mother or father is near. This is another trait of God's child who has truly apprehended his sonship, viz., God-consciousness. He cannot help introducing God into all his life, referring things to Him spontaneously, or simply going on happily in the knowledge that God is with him. If he lose that sense of God's immanence, he is not at rest until he has got back again to his Father's presence.

A disobedient child is never happy. This is true in God's family too. Sin cuts the disobedient one off from fellowship with his Father and with his brothers and sisters. It does not rob him of God's love, but it deprives him of the enjoyment of it; it does not make him forfeit his sonship but it does take away his privileges and makes chastisement essential. To all children chastising is grievous; to rebellious children it is bitter and hard; but to the true hearted it becomes the restoring of the soul. We often sin impulsively; sometimes we are swept off our feet by the strength of a great temptation. We should thank God that He seeks by loving discipline to bring us back to righteous paths. It is there where the test of our character comes in. If our first purpose is truly to please God, His chastening will yield peaceable fruits; but if we are rebellious and wilful we shall reap sorrow of heart. David is a fitting example of the sinner, whose heart was true in its purpose, but who was overcome temporarily. The trend of his life was Godward, though sometimes he failed. Saul was just the opposite. To please himself first of all, and God when it was convenient, seemed his rule of action.

When a disobedient child is restored to
fellowship, he does not mourn and mope over what has happened, but gladly accepts the restored privileges, and believing the reconciliation to be complete he acts toward his parent with the same happy love and confidence as before his lapse. How often do we see God's children do just the opposite. They forever let the remembrance of past wrong-doing come like a black cloud between them and God. God has cast it into the sea of His forgetfulness, but they hang it like crape upon their hearts' door and live in gloom instead of in the sunny, warming influence of His gracious love.

No wise parent puts arbitrary restraints upon his children, and children rarely think of their parents' commandments as hard or grievous. They accept them and instinctively keep them without being occupied all day long with how they are to be kept. They do not sit wondering how they can please their elders as though it were a mountain of difficulty to be climbed. Yet how foolishly we behave with our Heavenly Father. We sometimes act as though He were an implacable tyrant to please whom all our powers will be continually taxed to the utmost. God would have us to be trustful and happy, treating Him with loving confidence. He is easily pleased. His heart yearns over us and his delight in even our feeble attempts at following Him is very great. Children imitate their parents in all sorts of ways. Even Jesus said of Himself that He did nothing of Himself, but that which He saw His Father do, He also did. Thus we too are to be "followers of God as dear children," not as abject slaves in terror of what may befall them.

A child is simple. Excitement, strain, complex conditions should never belong to a child's life. As we learn to become as little children, we too will grow content with simple duties, simple thoughts, quiet, modest living, and we will avoid complexity and strain and that tense, mad rush which is swaying the world to-day. A child is always learning from everything and everybody about him. He accepts instruction. He who has got beyond being taught has not the child-spirit. "Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child" are the Master's words. Humility, dependence on those older and wiser, these qualities belong to unspoiled children. Perhaps these are the hardest lessons we have to learn, because first we need to unlearn our grown-up sense of superiority and become little children in spirit; and then we need to learn to depend with childlike helplessness on God.

In these days of going to extremes even in religion, the lesson of childlikeness needs to be emphasized and borne in upon our hearts. There is such a tendency among earnest Christian people toward extraordinary demonstrations and abnormal, "highly-colored," religious experiences. Demonstrations should be the spontaneous outflow of an abundant life within, not ends to be sought after, nor tests of spiritual power. They are not essential, and indeed are often a hindrance to some souls whose attention is drawn away from God Himself to His gifts and blessings. It would be a pitiful sight to see a child imploring with agony and tears some gift or favour from a loving and wise parent. It is just as pitiful to see God's children do so. It is an absence of simple faith in God's love. Concerning gifts it is written that the spirit divideth severally to every man as He will. God has sent forth the Spirit of His Son into our hearts teaching us to voice love's cry, "Abba Father." Shall we not follow Him as "dear children?"

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**TWO WORDS TO SET FORTH GRATEFULNESS**

*(Translated from the Marathi.)*

All the missionaries have at some time in particular or in general ways shown me some kindness, and especially has our "Father" Fuller put me under much obligation. Therefore I am indebted to all, and the remembrance of their many favours being continually before my eyes will not permit me to become high-minded.

I ask prayer that because all the missionaries look upon me with kindness and respect, and because outsiders also commend me, I may not become like Herod, but like that leper who returned to Christ; and that I may glorify God by following in the way of those who have set before me so good an example of self-denial and loving service.

One of your orphan boys,

KANWADI M. SWAMI.
Mission Question

PRINCIPLES OF SABBATH OBSERVANCE:
PARTICULARLY AS APPLIED TO INDIAN CHRISTIANS, PART II
BY MRS. J. H. WYCKOFF

As there are many households now where both parents have been religiously well brought up, India ought some day to begin to realize in her national life the influence of "Christian homes." Alas, that the true meaning of that phrase is as yet so little understood! When suggested the other day as the subject for an address at an anniversary, objections were made to it by some, as they supposed reference was made to Christian boarding houses or hostels! Let me quote from an article in a current magazine, which, in writing wholesome words on the business of being a father, speaks strongly of the place that Sunday occupies in the right development of home life:

"The father who is attending to his paternal business takes his children to church. As they walk along the street, as they sit together in church, as they join in the acts and exercises and breathe the air of the place, the family spirit is maintained and strengthened. Quite apart from what is done or heard at church, the assembling there of the whole family Sunday after Sunday is of social value. It makes a difference in the children." "Sunday may be the dullest of days, or it may answer fairly to its name and be the shiniest of them all. Of what sort it shall be depends in large measure on the father."

There are thoughtless parents who care more for their own ease than for their children's welfare, and when Sunday noon comes, emphasizing to themselves the idea of rest, they feel justified in locking themselves into their rooms for a long sleep, while the children are left to play and quarrel in the street. How precious would be the gain in mutual confidence and affection, as well as in character, if the father would devote that leisure time, unobtainable on a week-day, to becoming better acquainted with his children, listening to their talk of the week, telling them Bible stories, and gradually impressing upon their responsive minds higher ideals of truth and purity than those they would have learned upon the street. Oh let the Sabbath mean to all parents a blessed opportunity for turning the attention of their children to things heavenly. Let there be as much rest as possible from the daily toil—let the labours of the house be simplified, that servants too may enter into the spirit of the day, but let not rest mean the idleness that gives opportunity for Satan to sow tares among the wheat. There are many little occupations in a line with the spirit of the day, from those of the kindergarten type in connection with simplest texts and stories to searching for Bible acrostics or puzzling questions in Bible History, that may absorb the energies of restless children of all ages, if only parents will suggest and superintend, and thus the Sabbath may be made anything but a wearisome repression of vitality.

In continuance of the example of our Lord there is another class of deeds that should find place in our programmes for the day, viz: those known as works of mercy. No Pharisaic traditions were strong enough to keep Him from responding to every call for the exercise of his power to heal those that came to him on that day, though nothing else he did so angered and alienated from Him the Scribes and Pharisees. They could listen unmoved to His wonderful teaching in the synagogues, but they could not look on without protesting against the disinterested love and kindness that loosed a woman from her bonds, that restored a withered arm, that cast out a devil, that made a lame man every whit whole on the Sabbath day! Oh callous hearts we think—but no more hardened than ours, if with eyes opened to His sin, we yet stand aside as they did, and make no attempt to hallow the day by loosing those bound in sin, or helping fallen, helpless, sin-sick humanity up from the depths, and restoring man to his lost communion with the Heavenly Father. Let us then work for individual souls on this blessed day. Much good is done by volunteer work in holding Sunday schools for Hindu children, and in preaching bands on Sabbath evenings—but undoubtedly not a tithe or a hundredth part of what our Lord and Master is calling us to do. Should every Christian layman give some portion of every Sabbath to scattering the good seed among those who have not yet received it—and what good excuse can he give to the Lord of the harvest for not doing so—
think you that there would be no rich harvest to follow? In such work we shall oft-times best realize the divine purpose of the day, for in service we are drawn nearer to our Master, and communion with him becomes our joy and strength.

We, as missionaries, may sometimes fail of the Sabbath blessing from various causes. We are perhaps so occupied with the machinery and routine of Sabbath work that we lose its spirit. We forget that the injunction to bear no burden on the Sabbath day is as good a rule in our time as in Nehemiah's, if we are to understand by burdens anything that prevents our entering into His gates with thanksgiving and into His courts with praise, and that makes us weary and heavy-laden in heart. Moreover there is a tendency to occasionally do that which we do not really approve, but gradually allow, for convenience sake. We certainly do not countenance much that our irreverent white neighbours do—in Sunday games and dinner parties, but how about Sunday travelling? Could we not make better use of the hours of the Sabbath in almost all cases, than by spending them in the train, to save the week for other uses. Keeping the Sabbath does not consist in a series of prohibitions but it does include the principle of planning to do nothing that shall prevent our neighbour from keeping his Sabbath. And how shall we answer our neighbour that runs the train and the trolley, if he accuses us of helping to rob him of his Sabbath? It is a difficult question to settle for the public, but individually we can almost all of us meet it in a way that is consistent with our teaching, if it is a matter of conscience at all.

Let us seek most earnestly to preserve the day from the encroachments of the world, and from all that tends to secularize it, and to take from us the Sabbath-keeping spirit. With that in the heart, the physician, the nurse, the mother with little children, the soldier on the march, the sailor in mid-ocean, the engine-driver, and many other workers in forms of labour that cannot be wholly suspended on the Sabbath, though deprived for weeks together of all opportunity to join with others in public worship, may yet keep holy the day unto the Lord, finding God Himself their sanctuary. While without that spirit, the very services we attend become insincere and unacceptable unto God. Let us keep before us the vision Isaiah saw, of the ideal Sabbath-keeper, "who turns away the foot from the Sabbath, from doing his pleasure on God's holy day; and calls the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and honours Him, not doing his own ways nor finding his own pleasure, nor speaking his own words"—and thus may we realize what it is to delight ourselves in the Lord and to be exalted by Him.—Selected.

MY IMPRESSIONS OF DHOLKA
(Continued from page 101)

cently an appeal for help in the enlargement of this place of worship appeared in our paper. Before there was time for any response from the homeland, the boys and students contributed most of the money required. Some fasted on certain regular occasions. Others gave of small earnings, and thus, to the great delight of the boys and the pleasure and comfort of the missionaries, the improvements were all complete by the time of our annual convention, even to the laying of new matting on the floor. God bless them for their gifts of love!

The Boys

You may be introduced to the boys as soon after your arrival as you like, for they are everywhere and quite ready to respond with smiling salam to any kindly advances. It is very bewildering at first and one says "salaam" to the same boy a dozen times before realizing he is the same, until one gets accustomed to the three hundred dark faces with their fascinating eyes, some dancing and mischievous, others wistful and shy. I remember one boy whose eyes were particularly entrancing. He could look like an angel, but I learned he was a slippery young eel in character. In America it is said that a deceiver can never meet steadily the gaze of an honest person, but this is not true in India. The most consummate rascal meets one with such a look of injured innocence and saintliness that even though one is sure of his guilt, one begins to doubt it. The witchery of Indian eyes is almost irresistible.

Where the Boys Live

The large compound is divided into smaller compounds or courtyards, all of these being of good size. One of these courtyards is the boys' own special domain (though they have the liberty of all) where they eat and work or play or rest as they choose, during their hours of freedom from school. The cook-room with its immense cooking vessels, the school-room—a
spacious, pleasant place often used as a meeting-room as well, the dormitories and the workshop, all border on this compound.

WHERE THE BOYS WORK

The workshop is presided over by Suleman, formerly a Mohammedan, now a bright and earnest Christian, an excellent workman trained in our Akola work-shop. I think I scarcely ever saw him when he was not smiling. If his lips did not smile, his eyes did, and his cheery face was always pleasant to look at. This man knew persecution in the early days of his Christian life. He was obliged to leave his country and people and go to Gujarat, where he so fitted into the needs of the work there, that the missionaries would feel it a great loss were he to leave them. But Suleman is quite as content to stay with them as they are to have him, and his influence over the boys is good and helpful. He teaches some of the boys carpentering.

The tailor-shop is next to the carpenter shop, and there some boys are learning to make plain, simple garments such as shirts and coats. All the sewing for the school is done in this little room, but the young tailors are much hampered by lack of good machines. Two good machines would be a great boon.

AT MEAL-TIME

It is quite a treat to see the boys assemble to eat. They are marshalled in companies according to age, each company having its chief. The chief is responsible for the good behaviour of his company; also for the good condition of the dormitory in which his squad sleeps. He must marshal his boys at meal-time and see that all are properly cared for. The boys of each company seat themselves on the ground in long lines which form quadrangles with one side open, their plates placed before them. The bigger boys in charge of the "commissariat" deal out the food. After all are served a signal is given and instantly the noisy crowd is hushed while some one gives thanks to God who cares for the fatherless, the God of whom these boys had never heard only a few short years ago. Then the merry crowd falls to and in an astonishingly short time the plates are empty. The boys are delighted if the visitor will take a morsel or two from their plates. They will gladly share,—especially the little chaps.

Govind, the chief over the wee boys, at once attracts the visitor's attention. His face is as pure and winsome as any boy's I have ever seen, and the missionaries say he is as good as he looks. He is faithful to his little charges. Said one missionary, "I can never find any fault with Govind." During the revival he received great blessing and the out-shining light of his face is from the inner Light in his heart.

THE BABIES

There are four babies in dresses. Jacob, a round-faced, chubby little fellow, sober and smiling by turns, is the youngest of them all. I can picture him now as he sat in the front row of boys assembled in the school-room, and struggled so bravely to keep awake through the long service. He succeeded long after many bigger boys had succumbed to drowsiness, but finally he too fell in a little, soft heap on the floor and slept soundly. There was another wee boy scarcely any older than Jacob who had a face which haunts me. There was something so pitifully pathetic about it, such a love-hungry look in his eyes and yet a patient look too. Dear little lad! He has known very little of cuddling and caressing in his short baby life. Even now though well cared for he is only one of a family of three hundred.

THE HOSPITAL

Then there is the hospital. That is in a compound by itself. There are two long, sunny dormitories with their rows of red-blanketed cots where the sick boys live. Fever is rife in Dholka town, but Miss Ballentine, who is in charge of the hospital-work, assured me that in the school they had had comparatively little fever this year, owing, she believed, to God's special blessing and guidance to a means of prevention. There are two "chiefs" in the hospital, Rama and Ajbo. The former is a quiet, plain featured boy who wins one's heart by his simple goodness and faithfulness. He is not so clever as Ajbo, but he can be depended upon. Ajbo has gained the title of "Doctor," by his skill in dressing wounds and in administering remedies. One is reminded of the Bible language, "wounds and bruises and putrifying sores," when he pays a morning visit to the dispensary where the boys gather for treatment. Many of these boys have an inheritance of corruption in their blood which breaks out in most loathsome ulcers and running sores which eat into the very bone. Others were reduced to such a state of weakness in famine times that they have never recovered from the effects and this horrid corruption is the result. Ajbo handles these boys with surprising deftness and with the gentleness of a
woman. The boys are very brave, although when the deep wounds are being cleansed the pain is sometimes excruciating. This young “doctor” has great ambitions. He longs to take a proper medical course, but there is a threatening obstacle. He himself has a decided tendency toward consumption which only God can keep from developing. One cannot help loving Ajbo, though he is not without his faults. A good boy in his behaviour, his besetting sin is pride. His eyes look with bold frankness into yours, and he carries himself in a nonchalant, high-headed way that at once fascinates and makes one sad, for one sees what a struggle he will have with himself and how very hard it will be for him to learn the futility of human strength and the need of dependence on God. Will you not pray for Ajbo?

The Training School

The Training School is really a separate institution from the orphanage, but it is so intimately connected that one finds it hard to separate them in thought. Many of the Training School boys have grown up in the orphanage and have passed from it into this school of higher discipline and are learning to be teachers and preachers of God’s Word. Foremost among these students in scholarship and perhaps in character too, are Eliyā and Mangal. As I talked with the latter one day and he related to me the story of God’s dealings with him, God’s Spirit was so evidently shining out in his face and speaking through his simple, broken words, that I could not keep back the tears of joy which filled my eyes. Contact with those boys made me more hungry for Jesus and I can pay no higher tribute to one than the missionaries. There is one reason why he is able to meet them.

There are other good boys among the students. There is Virā who waited on us all so patiently and faithfully during the convention, and Sundar who cooked. They did it so gladly, for love’s sake, never shirking, though often very weary in body. Others, too, helped freely. Then there is Rāma Durā, the boy who is not eloquent of speech, but who prays. He spends whole nights sometimes in eager, earnest pleading with God. He is not prepossessing in appearance, but there is that same radiating light illuminating the dark face and softening the plain features, making them fair to seeing hearts.

Pray for the Boys

We cannot begin to speak of all, even those whom we came to know in our brief visit of two weeks. Each boy’s life would make a chapter in itself. Perhaps we may relate some of these chapters some other time. We want you to take these boys on your hearts to love them and pray for them and to believe in and for them. I would like to mention one more boy by name Lakā, not one of the good boys, but a boy one cannot but love, especially when one knows of his bitter fight against Satan and sin. He is not always victorious. Perhaps it is because he is not quite willing to yield himself wholly to God. His heart is full of hungry longing, but his will is stubborn. Pray especially for Lakā.

The Boys’ Religion

One thing especially impressed me and that was the simplicity and freedom from constraint or self-consciousness with which they did everything in their informal meetings. Their religion seemed so natural and spontaneous, not strained, as the following incident will show. In one of their meetings an older boy, a teacher in the school, was exhorting his companions. Meanwhile an uncontainable burden of prayer came upon Mangal, and without any hesitancy he was on his feet in a moment, pouring out his soul to God with tears and most earnest petition. I wondered what the speaker would think of this interruption, whether he would not resent it; but no, he quietly waited until the prayer was finished and then resumed his address. A little later he and Mangal sat with arms about each others’ shoulders and then they got up and sang a hymn together with such naïve simplicity that I was greatly touched. Sometimes there would be a sudden outburst of prayer when dozens of boys would be on their faces at once voicing aloud their petitions.

The singing, too, was enthusiastic and heart-stirring. Their favourite song seemed to be
Mr. Andrews’ translation of that solemn, old hymn—
“I saw One hanging on a tree” with the modern chorus,
“Oh, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb,
The Lamb of Calvary,
He who was slain and liveth again
To intercede for me.”

**THE MISSIONARY**

I must not fail to mention the one who has been the guiding spirit in the orphanage and school for some years past, Mr. Andrews, who truly has given his life to the boys. They know it too and they love him. As I watched him walk to and fro over that long, hot compound, his frail body scarcely able to drag itself along, his face so pale and weary, yet so genial and cheerful, I felt glad that the boys had such a friend. One day he said to me, with glad tears in his eyes, “It is worth all the twelve years of labour and suffering to see just one such boy as Mangal as a result.” He has gone home now with wife and little ones on a much needed furlough. Others are taking their places. Many have toiled in Dholká. To-day we are seeing some of the fruits of their devoted toil. Perhaps the Mission has no work which has brought so many trials and difficulties as the Dholká work and which has had a ministry from so many missionaries. Yet that seems to make it belong to all of us in a more definite way than other stations which have cost us less of care and prayer. God grant that Dholká may furnish joy with as full a measure as it has ever given of sorrow.

I shall remember my pleasant visit to Dholká for a long while. The cordial hospitality was fully appreciated, and though I carried away with me a taste of Gujarátí fever, I shall never regret my sojourn with loving missionary friends and my acquaintance with “the boys” of whom I acknowledge myself a true lover.

**YOUR SIDE**

The story of my visit to Bäkrol properly belongs to this recital, for Bäkrol is really only a branch of Dholká. However I am reserving that for a separate tale which it richly deserves. Meanwhile do not forget that these places need your support both by prayer and means. The present special ambition at Dholká is to buy cots for all the boys who sleep on the ground, and at Bäkrol the urgent need is well-digging; these beside the regular running expenses. Remember that with the passing of the famine the need has not passed. This is your opportunity.

**Items**

HERE have been two weddings in the Mission this new year. The first took place in our mission house at Ahmedabad on January 9th when Miss Martha Barr and Mr. Robert Greengrass were united in marriage by Mr. Franklin. After the wedding Mr. and Mrs. Greengrass went to their station at Porbandar, in the neglected Kathiawar peninsula to the west of Gujarát.

On January 30th at Khámgon Miss Laura Downs and Mr. Earl Carner were married by Mr. Fuller in the new mission church which was well filled by the orphanage girls, Indian workers and handful of missionaries present. Mr. and Mrs. Carner after a few days at the pleasant little hill-station of Igatpuri went to Amròti to co-operate with Mrs. Erickson in the work lately laid down by her beloved husband.

The long-prospected Marāthí training school for young men is fast “materializing.” Mr. and Mrs. Franklin went to Akolá to take charge about the middle of February, and seven young men are at present under instruction. It is hoped this number will soon increase under the blessing of God, for whose glory the school has been opened.

Miss Patten left Bulāná about the middle of January and went to Bombay to recruit her health which had suffered by too close application to her Marāthí studies. On February 26th she went to our girls’ orphanage at Khámgon for a month’s special study before her examination in the vernacular.

Mr. and Mrs. Fuller rejoice in the gift of a little daughter, Frances Lindemuth, born on February 11th.

On February 22nd Miss Gardner left Kairá for Bombay where she will work with Miss Knight among the many Parsis to be found there. Pray for this very needy work.

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