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

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

The teaching of the Alliance is often spoken of as the Four-Fold Gospel, which means the Gospel or good tidings of Jesus Christ as Saviour, Sanctifier, Healer and Coming King.

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

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

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

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

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

BUSINESS MANAGER:—MR. C. EICHER.
Summer Bible-School, Akola, Berar.
not only be subdued in the esteem of our friends and fellow-workers, but subdued so perfectly that the all-seeing eye of God can look us through, and the omniscient One know that we are subdued. God must conquer the man that He can trust with His great thoughts and plans.

The Holy Ghost must saturate us with a divine conquest before He can use us to conquer other souls. The Lord will begin to subdue us with gentle means, and if we sink lovingly and promptly into His mind, the work will be done, but if we have flint or iron in our nature, and it is necessary, He will use heroic means, and put us between the millstones and grind us to powder, until he can mould us without any resistance to His purpose. The greatest difficulty in the way of God's using His servants, even His zealous, and oftentimes sanctified servants, is that they are not perfectly, and universally, and constantly subdued under the power of God.

We must be so subdued as to stop meddling with other people's matters that God has not entrusted us with, so subdued as not to be calling God's servants hard names, and thrusting at Christians who are doing what they can in their various fields for the Master; so subdued that we can hold our tongues, and walk softly with God, and keep our eye upon Jesus, and attend to our own work, and do God's will promptly, lovingly, glad to have a place in His kingdom, and do a little service for Him.

Oh! it is grand to be absolutely conquered by the Holy Ghost, and swing out a thousand miles from everybody and everything into the ocean of God's presence, and work with Him in humility, without chafing, without fault-finding, without stumbling over others, without religious peevishness, and bend with every plan that God gives to us.

When we are subdued in the sight of God, He will work miracles in us and through us; miracles of mercy and power in experience, in healing, in finance, in opening doors, in widening the fields of service, in gentleness and sweetness of the inner heart life; miracles of
grace that will astonish us, and surprise our friends, and utterly amaze our enemies when they come to know the magnitude of what God has wrought. Let us get subdued in every way, in every thing; so subdued that we can keep still in God, and see Him work out the great, bright thoughts of His eternal mind in our lives. — Selected.

FROM BULDANA, BERAR

HAVING been in India only a few months and having staid at one place most of the time, we cannot say very much about India, but this we do know; the people are in great need of salvation, and for this reason we have come here to help preach the Gospel to those who are wandering in sin and darkness, not knowing there is One so ready to help them if they call upon Him.

While labouring in the home-land among the unsaved who have heard the Gospel so many times and have continually hardened their hearts, we used often to think of the heathen who had never heard of Jesus and His love for them. Many who are anxious to know of a Saviour and are willing to be taught, have no one to teach them.

We have heard of villages around here where the people are anxious for someone to come and teach them. This makes us long all the more for the time when we shall be able to speak to them in their own language, and fill the place the Lord has for us.

We are glad for this time of preparation while we are studying the language, as during this time we learn more about the people and how to deal with them.

The language is very difficult, yet we find it interesting and enjoy studying it very much.

We have had the privilege of meeting quite a number of the missionaries and it made us feel at home to receive such hearty welcomes to India, from them all.

We are glad the Lord called us to this field, and cannot express the joy it brought to our hearts when we placed our feet on India's soil.

This little chorus expresses the exact sentiment of our hearts.

"Bless me Lord and make me a blessing, I'll gladly Thy Message convey; Use me to help some poor needy souls, And make me a blessing to-day, (alway)."

Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Eicher.

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Station Notes

BHUSAWAL
BY CARRIE ROGERS

OUR coming to Bhusawal was very sad. The morning we left Daryapur, (our former station) while our hearts were sore with the pain of leaving the dear ones there, although we knew it was all right, we received the startling news that our beloved brother Mr. Moodie had been called up higher. The next day, while on the way here, we had an added sorrow in hearing of the home-going of dear Mr. Erickson. Our hearts seemed stunned, and at first we could not rest in God about it, but as we were enabled to lift our eyes unto Him, He comforted us, although the waves of sorrow swept over us again and again.

It came to me like a flash that Mr. Carner would be wanted for Amrâoti in Mr. Erickson's place, and we would be left with this double work on our hands; so it proved. In less than two months Mr. Carner left the work here for Amrâoti; but God was with us, and has sustained and given us joy in Himself, and in the work. Miss Rutherford returned from touring in another district in February, and together we have done what we could in the Marâthi work.

We have in our care a little church and two schools, five evangelists, and six Bible-women, besides one colporteur. In February we sent one evangelist and family to an out-station eight miles from here. This man, Nâvaji, had been seemingly in the very jaws of death with pneumonia before Mr. Carner left, but God heard prayer and delivered. Please pray that this light in a new place may shine brightly, and mean souls for God. We have (besides the regular church services,) the Bible taught in the day-schools, four outside Sunday schools, and preaching and visiting in Bhusawal and surrounding towns. Many evince an interest in the Gospel, and there are two candidates for baptism. One woman who came here with us was baptized in December, one of the late sheaves brought in as the result of famine work eight or ten years ago.

Our native Christian community in Bhusawal varies, because people go and come as
their work demands, and we thus have the opportunity of touching many lives, and of encouraging them in the way. Several persons have come to us who had left Christian work in our Mission, and gone into secular employment for more pay, but who feel unhappy because they believe God has called them to give out the Gospel of Christ. One such came here in January. We were enabled to take him on, and he has given satisfaction,—gives out the Gospel clearly and is at present studying in our summer Bible-school at Akolā. Another young man has several times been to see us, and to-day opened his heart to me. I believe he is honest in wishing to get back into Gospel work, even although he knows he will receive less pay. We trust sometime to see him spending his time in trying to bring others to Christ.

A young man who was converted from Hinduism in Akolā, and learned the carpenter’s trade in our Mission shop there, but who afterwards fell very deeply into sin, now lives in Bhusāwal part of the time and sometimes attends our services and comes to see us. He seems much touched that we have not given him up, but continue to pray for him. He appears glad to have us pray with him, and once prayed for himself, breaking down and weeping bitterly. The meshes of sin are wrapped closely about him, and he does not know how to disentangle himself from the net into which he has fallen. He is one of those for whom I trusted in the Lord years ago that I should never doubt but that he would be brought back into the fold. Please pray for these dear ones, and the many more whose cases I cannot definitely mention.

The most of our workers are now attending the summer Bible-school in Akolā, and write of having received much blessing there. They often remind us not to forget to pray that they may pass in their examinations. Our church services are encouraging. We usually have from thirty-five to forty-five persons on Sunday afternoons; not as many during the week, but good interest is manifested. We have a number of dependents here; one, a blind man converted a few years ago; an aged sick woman and her grandson; and others. I have helped a little by visiting among the English people, and in the Y.W.C.A. work here. We never had any desire to live in Bhusāwal; but now that the Lord so evidently sent us here, he has given us a very deep, personal love for the people, and the work, both English and Marāthi.

### BHUSAWAL No. II.

**By James P. Rogers**

**MISSIONARY** life is uncertain so far as residence in one place is concerned. A few of our number have been able to stay on for many years in one place, while others have to move to meet the needs of the work. Our appointment to Daryāpur to open up new work there a year and a-half ago, took us from our Akolā home where we had spent most of our years in India. We had hoped that we might stay permanently at Daryāpur but the end of a year and a-half found us on the move for this place to take charge of the building of the new mission-bungalow which had been commenced long months before, but which had been delayed for lack of some one to superintend the work. We were scarcely settled here when the home-going of Mr. Erickson necessitated another change to supply Amrāoti. Mr. Carner went there, leaving us with the double work of this station on our hands, a most unexpected event to us.

This is in some ways one of our most difficult stations. The climate is considered very trying. The work in the past has been largely among English speaking people. Bhusāwal is an important railway junction, and large railway repair shops are situated here which has brought a good-sized resident English community. Their liability to be transferred at any time adds difficulty to the work. Most of these people claim to be Christians, belonging to the Roman Catholic Church, the English Church or to some one or other of the Nonconformist churches. As in other countries, railway operatives have but little time they may call their own. They may be called on at any time of night or day with no regard whatever to the Lord’s Day. Of course this affects the family life as well. The wife must look after her husband’s needs and frequently this falls at the time of the Sunday service, so she too is detained at home.

Our Sunday School work is the most encouraging. Over fifty names are on the roll and the attendance is regular. A steady increase has been noted for several Sundays past. The children show a real interest in the lessons. A few of the parents shew their appreciation of this work by their regular attendance, and without them the school could not be what it is.

We have been able to do some visiting, but not so much as is needed, though enough to show us how glad the people are to be met with in their homes.
There has been comparatively little village work undertaken, nor can much be expected unless another worker is added to the force. There has been no lack, we believe, in the energy and efficiency of those who have been here. If there were two families, one for each branch of the work, this might soon become the part of the field. The English work came into our hands without any seeking on our part. Later on the work among the natives which had been carried on for years by the Free Church of Scotland all came into our hands without any cost to the mission. There are schools, a small church and a number of native workers. The geographical situation on the railway between other points occupied by the mission, these and other facts would surely lead us to think that we are here because God has planned it.

The completion of the new bungalow will make room for the extra worker required, and thus one hindrance, lack of room, will be removed.

Now in closing, we would ask, where is the man and his wife called of God to this place of service? As you read this, ask yourself the question, "Has God called me to Bhusâwal to declare His salvation?"

THE SUMMER SCHOOL
BY THE EDITOR

For seven weeks or more of the Indian summer time, the mission compound at Akolâ was converted into a lively Christian village. The long row of low-roofed houses was full of visitors, and numerous white tents dotted the spacious compound, presenting a pleasing and friendly aspect to the onlooker. The dwellers in these rooms and tents were the Indian "helpers together" with God and us in the work of preaching glad tidings to sin-fettered souls. They were gathered from all of our mission-stations for the summer Bible-School, in which the year's studies are reviewed, and at the close of which all are required to take examinations.

There were two grades of students, those studying first years' course and those studying the second. The latter class was very small, not exceeding twelve in number, I think. Of first year students there were between forty and fifty, ranging in age from mere boys only recently admitted into the Training-School, to gray-haired men and women. A glance at the picture on the first page will reveal the fact that babies too, helped to fill up the classroom; not, however, as students, but very frequently to the distraction of students and confusion of teacher. They were the necessary accompaniments of the married Bible-women, and very diverting and winsome 'wee men and women some of them are.

At five-thirty in the morning the rising bell called everybody from slumber-land and at six o'clock, before the dawn had fully broken, the sound of singing came from the schoolroom where morning prayers were conducted under Mr. Franklin's leadership. In these early morning meetings Mr. Franklin gave a series of Bible-readings, first on "Regeneration" and later on "Divine-Healing." Many testified to the helpfulness of these morning talks.

The daily school-work began at eight o'clock. On the whole, the pupils were eager and attentive and there were many warm discussions on difficult subjects. Mr. Moyser, teaching Exodus, in his characteristic way crowded such a wealth of information and spiritual truth into the brief time allotted to him that his students felt almost overwhelmed. Mr. Johnson piloted his class through the Acts of the Apostles, the book of methods and first principles in mission work and church-government, as well as of unmeasured inspiration to weary toilers. Mr. Franklin conducted his classes through the thrilling records of early Church history, through some of the deeper mazes of systematic theology, and a brief composite view of the life of Christ, as given by the four narrators of it. Mrs. Ramsey taught the book of beginnings, Genesis, applying its lessons in a practical way to the lives of her hearers, while the writer endeavoured to make plain the elementary doctrines and teaching of the faith once delivered to the saints. That each teacher laid due stress on his own particular topic may be seen from the following conversation:

A Bible-woman, interrogatively:—"Miss Wiest, which do you think is the most important book in the Bible?"

Reply:—"That is a hard question. Why do you ask it?"

Bible-woman:—"Well, Moyser-Sahib says that Exodus is the whole Bible in a nut-shell and that it is the most important. Ramsey Madame claims for Genesis the pre-eminence, and Johnson Sahib says that Acts is the pivotal book. What do you and Franklin Sahib think?" After such an array of opinions I did not venture to give any myself.

The discussions in the classes served to
reveal the dire need of some of the workers to be taught. One was almost dismayed at times with the crudeness of their ideas regarding the simplest truths, and at the strange admixture of heathen philosophy and Christian doctrine. Yet the joy of seeing face after face light up with intelligent acceptance as truth was unfolded to them, quite over-balanced the sense of pain and disappointment of other times. Most of them are yet babes in Christ, yet we have none but these to witness concerning the truth to the multitudes of heathen.

Dear friends, these loving, persistent prayers as much if not one's heart good and drives back the waves of discouragement, but there is not one of them there is a strong, true ring which does not need to be in closer contact with God, to open up his whole being to the flood-tide of divine life. Ah, but we missionaries need it too!

On Tuesday evenings special lectures were arranged. Several times these were magic-lantern exhibitions. The first was converted into a practical class in homiletics. Pictures illustrating Scriptural parables were shown and speakers chosen to give brief addresses on these parables as they would preach to a heathen audience. Then the class criticized and it was astonishing to see the keenness and aptness of the criticisms from those so little accustomed to exercises of this kind. On another evening two addresses were given on how to deliver sermons. One evening was devoted to an illustrated lecture on the Hebrew Tabernacle; still another to pictures of famous places and persons in and outside of India, giving the students a glimpse of the great world outside their own small province. Their ideas of geography are sadly deficient and vague, and very frequently in their minds the Marathi country comprises the world with the other countries and nations distributed about its edge as a sort of ornamental fringe.

Wednesday evening was prayer-meeting evening, one from among their own number being chosen to lead. Often there were testimonies of definite blessing and advance in the Christian life, and sometimes there were humble, heart-hungry prayers.

On Friday evenings all the men went preaching. Dividing into bands of three, they took possession of the town of Akola, north, south, east and west, up and down its streets and lanes, its market-places and courts, and proclaimed salvation from sin in the name of Jesus Christ.

The sunset hour was the time for visiting and chatting, for getting into personal touch and catching wee glimpses of the heart-life and giving friendly counsel and sympathy. It was during these evening hours we could feel the pulse of the school and of the individual as well. Sometimes we caught glimpses of the transformation going on slowly, but surely in some newly awakened heart where God's truth had found lodgement. Sometimes we came away saddened by the lack of response but often cheered and encouraged by the interest shown and the eager questions asked.

One evening after a long chat chiefly about our Elder Brother, as I rose to leave the little group of listeners, the youngest one of all, Biccâji, said shyly, “Missi-bâi, what may we call you?” From the chorus of voices which chimed in I learned that they wanted a special name which would at once express respect and nearness. Some one suggested “Akhâ” (elder-sister) which pleased everybody's fancy. And “Akhâ” I came to be called after that, by many of them. As I drove out of the compound the day my work was completed, my youngest “brother” stood at the gate. “Goodbye, Elder Sister,” he said, and I felt warmed at heart and looked up to thank the great Elder Brother who thus had made of one family children of every race and colour and clime.

“Faith is not working up by will power a sort of certainty that something is coming to pass, but it is seeing as an actual fact that God has said that this thing shall come to pass, and that it is true, and then rejoicing to know that it is true, and just resting and entering into it because God has said it. Faith turns the promise into a prophecy. While it is merely a promise it is contingent upon our cooperation; it may or may not be. But when faith claims it, it becomes a prophecy and we go forth feeling that it is something that must be done because God cannot lie.”—Rev. A. B. Simpson
There are people who never have received freely because they are too proud or too suspicious to yield to offers made them, or too fearful of having to give a return, and they go through life poverty-stricken in soul, if not in material comforts. We must first learn to be open-hearted and receive. God has abundance of grace and joy and love, both human and divine, with which to fill our lives, if we but keep open channels for them to enter; and open channels for them to flow out again, for the blessing that flows merely inward and never outward, soon stagnates in our hearts and brings an unhealthy atmosphere into our lives. "Freely ye have received." Do not occupy your mind with your limitations. Count your blessings—if you ever can number them, and then give freely, out of your abundance.

The second of these trite sayings tells us what should be the manner of our giving; or rather, what it should not be:—"Not grudgingly or of necessity." How it searches our motives! How often we give merely because common decency demands it, or to rid ourselves of some one's importunity—of necessity—not because our hearts are really warm toward the one in need. Perhaps many people do not find it difficult to give gifts without grudging. The sense of having conferred a benefit on another is pleasing, especially if the gift is manifestly appreciated. Few care to give to the unthankful and evil. Yet that is the standard God sets for us and by which He Himself continually acts.

A harder task to some people seems to be the giving of a just equivalent for labour done or for goods received and one who will give liberally to a charity fund, will yet haggle over the price of work well done, striving for the lowest figure possible. Not to grudge money justly earned or for which we receive a full value is a lesson which is needed to be learned more universally than we at first thought suppose. Cheerful, ungrudging giving of whatever we may be offering is the only giving which brings blessing and which is acceptable to God. In the matter of shewing hospitality, in conversation with friends or acquaintances, in our Christian work, in our alms-giving, let us give ourselves whole-heartedly. "The gift without the giver is bare" reads an old saying. You cannot conceal the lack from the recipient of your favours. Paul, in commending the Macedonian Christians for
their liberal giving, said of them that they “first gave their own selves unto the Lord and unto us.” In that lies the secret of all true giving. Giving ourselves to God is the essential first step of being ready to offer ourselves for our fellowmen. It is wonderful what miracles this step will work in hearts naturally hard and selfish.

The last of the three sayings speaks of the reward of giving:—“It is more blessed to give than to receive.” It is easy to believe in the blessedness of receiving, but not every one has learned that giving enriches more than receiving. We have already referred to the reflex results of giving and how essential to all progress and development the practice of giving is. It has its first reward in the mere joy of helping another; next its results on one’s own character are ample compensation, for such giving as we have spoken of inevitably lifts one to a higher level and purifies one’s nature. It relieves life of sordidness. The sweetest of all rewards is to have earned the approval of the Master, to hear His, “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.”

Mission Questions

THE CAMP SYSTEM
IN EVANGELISTIC WORK
BY THE REV. A. E. NIGHTINGALE

The natural growth of the Christian Church in India necessitates so much immediate oversight and personal supervision on the part of the present-day missionary that, unless suitable laymen can be trained to take charge of church affairs, it is becoming more and more difficult to find time and opportunity for evangelistic work in districts beyond headquarter stations. The missionary has to be content with visiting his out-posts three or four times a year, but beyond this there is little else that he can do in the matter of pioneer work.

Preachers of the Gospel a generation ago were able to take extended tours for months at a time, but men of modern methods can snatch a few days only, and that occasionally; for the inspiring and romantic work of declaring the gospel in new places. Nevertheless unless specific evangelistic work is undertaken in the villages, we cannot possibly hope to reach the masses in India. Of the three-quarters of a million people, who live in the present writer’s area of operations, no less than 700,000 live in distant villages, and are practically beyond the reach of the missionary. It is a serious question whether the ‘serving of tables’ in the Native Church has not become a positive hindrance to the propagation of the Gospel. The Swadeshi spirit is now-a-days so rife amongst us that it behoves missionaries to turn what is best in that movement to practical advantage in the Church. Self-help was never so much encouraged as at present, but in dealing with the question, stress, in many cases, is laid upon its relation to finance, when it ought more properly to be laid upon self-government.

The secret of thriving churches at home is that, as far as possible, every member has a definite Christian work and possibly the reason why the Native Church is so sorely lacking in initiative and enterprise is because, in far too many cases, the members have nothing to do.

Unremitting efforts in the direction of training Native Christians in definite church work will speedily release the missionary from his confined condition and enable him to go forth with his evangelists to regions beyond.

The equipment necessary for camp life is exceedingly simple and the cost easily within the reach of all. The missionary will require a tent for himself, another for his evangelists and a third for his servants; camp furniture, which can be had at a very small cost; a magic lantern with effective slides; if possible, a medicine chest containing remedies for the most common ills and a good supply of vernacular literature. This need not cost more than £40 and such a sum is by no means extravagant, when one remembers that through its agency it is possible in most areas in India to reach 40,000 persons within three months, allowing a stay of one week in each camp—to say nothing of the inspiration and impetus given to the workers concerned. Without such camp equipment, the missionary is obliged to occupy Travellers’ Bungalows, which not only increases expense and renders him liable to interruption when his rooms may be required by other travellers, but also separates him from the band of evangelists. Again he is confined only to those high roads, where such bungalows are built, and he is thus prevented from reaching the teeming population of the interior. Moreover camp life has many practical advantages in that the missionary is perforce thrown into intimate relation with his fellow workers and
the mutual benefits thus derived cannot be overstated. Haphazard preaching in the villages, however, able, cannot, humanly speaking, be expected to create more than a transient impression. It is true that a chance word has sometimes taken root in a casual hearer’s heart, which has brought forth fruit in due season, but it will be admitted that in the vast majority of cases those who have been converted to Christianity through open-air preaching, have followed up the impressions they first received by further efforts to hear more concerning the Truth. It must not be taken for granted that every hearer, however seriously impressed, will take the trouble to nurture the message in his heart. Thus, unless followed up, very many of the occasional tours undertaken by a hard-pressed missionary, beyond convincing the man himself of the spiritual hunger and necessity of the people to whom he preaches, are of little practical advantage. It is necessary that we should be prepared to settle in a camp for at least seven days.

This gives us ample opportunity of knowing the people and being known by them. Villagers must be induced to recognise that we have a personal interest in them, and we must seek to foster any desire they may have to know more concerning us. A man has often been greatly influenced by the intense earnestness and palpable sincerity of the occasional preacher of the Word; but that influence is infinitely enhanced, if he has had opportunity of seeing the preacher in his private life and judging whether that life is consistent with the message he has heard. If the ryot learns that the preacher will be willing and ready to see him, when the day’s work is done, at some spot easily within reach of his village, it is more than probable that he will make an effort to follow up the good impression he has received; and this can only be achieved by settling for some time near his home. Again, the object of our mission is made more manifest by our dwelling in their midst. If the villagers can see that we are taking trouble on their behalf, they themselves will take more trouble to meet us. As they recognise the definitiveness of our aim, they will be more definite in their response to it, and the missionary who is spiritually discerning will instinctively recognise the persons who have been awakened by the Spirit and will have an opportunity of coming nearer to them. There is no reason why, at the end of the sojourn, such an intimacy should not exist between the preacher and the enquirer, so that correspondence on spiritual matters may be maintained between them after they have separated. All this is manifestly impossible, where haphazard preaching only is undertaken.

If, as far as possible, the whole area in which the missionary operates has thus been evangelised, an opportunity, which could not otherwise be had, of finding out what places are most accessible to the truth will be afforded and the missionary will then be able to concentrate his attention and effort on those parts where there is more reasonable prospect of success. When he first enters his station, his motto should be:

"The good, the fruitful ground
Expect not here nor there.
On hill or dale, by plots 'tis found.
Go forth, then, everywhere —"

And when he has become acquainted, as far as practicable, with the ground, then that motto might be superseded by another:

"To go not only to those who want him, but to those who want him most."

We believe that sufficient has been said to justify the utility and advantage of camp-life in our evangelistic work, and it only remains to recall some practical experiences in this direction to finally convince our readers.

The 700,000 villagers in the present writer’s area have not yet been reached, but attempts have been, and are being made and there is no reason why, in course of time, the whole circuit should not be evangelised. We have already found that four out of every five of the villages visited have purchased Gospels and that religious tracts have been sold in practically every place in which we have preached. One experience, which emphasizes the truth we have been urging, that it is expedient to remain with the people, if any permanent good is to be done, may be recorded. We went into a quarter, which was under strong Brâhman influence and the people in the neighbourhood were very ignorant and bigoted. Five years prior to our arrival, a European missionary lady had paid a visit and preached to the women in the village. Unfortunately, almost immediately after, plague broke out and the superstition of the people was such that they promptly attributed the calamity to the Christian preaching and they warned the lady in question that, if she went to those parts again, she would be stoned to death. Thus, when the Brâhmans saw the missionary camp, their prejudices were aroused and they set themselves to counteract our influence. Accordingly, after we had been preaching in one of the villages in the immediate neighbourhood, a Brâhman
came up, as we were leaving, and scoffed at our preaching. All the good that we had attempted to do appeared to be lost; for it was only too evident that fear of the Brâhman was prompting the villagers to enter into the laugh against us. To those who are experienced, it is well known that a Brâhman's ridicule of the Gospel can go a long way to dissipate any good impression that may have been made on a simple villager's mind and that this effect was produced that morning was only too apparent. Had we been passing on, not to meet these people again, it is probable, humanly speaking, that our efforts would have been in vain; but since we had come to stay amongst them for a time, we were so able to counteract opposition and bring our influence to bear upon them, that every evening enquirers gathered at the door of the tent and far into the night talked with concern of their spiritual state, and we have remained in touch with some of them ever since. Repeated invitations to revisit them have been given to us and requests have been made that Gospels may be sent to them by post. So great was our success in that camp that the local pujârî, fearing his craft was in danger, did his utmost to work against us and was greatly relieved when we took our departure.

On another occasion, as the result of remaining with the people, we were able to make more intimate acquaintance with persons who had met us previously at car-festivals in the district and thus, at our leisure, had opportunity to enforce our unauthorized intrusion. The village fires had smouldered out and all was quiet, save for the occasional plaintive, human cry of jackals and the hooting of owls in antiphon. A fitful rustling of the leaves in the tree overhead made the silence which followed only the more intense. Suddenly the light of flaming torches and the frantic shouts of men, accompanied by wild beating of drums and the clanging of iron arms, burst upon us. The villagers, creeping stealthily out in the dead of night, had surrounded the sacred tree and the tent to give vent to their feeling in howls and cries. In the centre of the group, the figure of Mari, the goddess of disease and calamity, mounted on her wooden horse painted in colour of blood, was borne aloft on the shoulders of swarthy devotees, who danced in rhythmic fashion to the strains of wildest music. Torches blazed with a ruddy glare beneath the vengeful deity, while the smoke which they emitted enveloped her in a murky haze. Fearing that a torch might be thrown at the tent any moment, we prepared ourselves for further hostile movements. But the people contented themselves by thrice circumambulating the camp and patients, administering remedies and giving advice in the matter of nursing. Thus by remaining at their side in the time of adversity we were able to win their confidence. But we are not always favourably received and in some places we have to walk warily. On arriving, one evening, at what we thought would prove a suitable centre for a camp, we decided to pitch our tent under the grateful shade of a giant tree. While we were making our preparations, the villagers gathered at a distance to watch our proceedings. At first we thought that simple curiosity had drawn them to the spot, but their anxious looks and sullen whisperings soon convinced us that something more than curiosity was prompting them. We thought it advisable to speak to the headman and he timidly begged us not to touch the tree, as it was considered sacred to their god. Since he did not go so far as to urge us to remove the spot, we readily gave him an assurance that we would respect his wishes. Upon this, he retired apparently satisfied; but we were conscious that our presence was unwelcome, and we determined to move on as early as possible the next day. It was well that we did so; for that night was one of the weirdest in our experience. We discovered that the tree was supposed to be haunted by a devil and that the villagers had feared that the fury of the god might come upon them on account of our unauthorized intrusion. The village fires had smouldered out and all was quiet, save for the occasional plaintive, human cry of jackals and the hooting of owls in antiphon. A fitful rustling of the leaves in the tree overhead made the silence which followed only the more intense. Suddenly the light of flaming torches and the frantic shouts of men, accompanied by wild beating of drums and the clanging of iron arms, burst upon us. The villagers, creeping stealthily out in the dead of night, had surrounded the sacred tree and the tent to give vent to their feeling in howls and cries. In the centre of the group, the figure of Mari, the goddess of disease and calamity, mounted on her wooden horse painted in colour of blood, was borne aloft on the shoulders of swarthy devotees, who danced in rhythmic fashion to the strains of wildest music. Torches blazed with a ruddy glare beneath the vengeful deity, while the smoke which they emitted enveloped her in a murky haze. Fearing that a torch might be thrown at the tent any moment, we prepared ourselves for further hostile movements. But the people contented themselves by thrice circumambulating the camp and
letting off a few rude fire-works. They had been seeking to avert disaster by propitiating the devil in the night and in the morning we departed to their intense relief.

The greatest advantage of the camp system in evangelistic work lies in the fact that, instead of requiring a candidate for baptism to come to Head-quarters to visit the missionary, the missionary is able to go to the inquirer and settle near his home. Thus, in the event of his receiving baptism, the convert is enabled to witness a good confession before his kith and kin. When a man has contemplated baptism, the merest suggestion of the Evil One may be sufficient to thwart him from taking the final step and leave his home to interview the missionary for that purpose. In our great Mission centres in England, every effort is made to encourage and strengthen the penitent to make a public confession of sin. No smoking flax is allowed to die out; it is rather fanned into a glow by every art of persuasion and sympathy. Praying men extend a ready hand to welcome and all that love can devise is done for the weak and broken-spirited wanderer. Only rarely does a man in England, without persuasion or encouragement, boldly come forth to witness his contrition. Are we to suppose that those of an alien race and creed, simply through hearing preaching of the Word, spoken to them perhaps imperfectly in their own vernacular by the wayside missionary, will forthwith renounce all sacred ties of blood and customs dearer to them than life and seek the missionary to receive baptism at his hands? We are expecting the ignorant ryot to do what not one man in ten thousand in Christian England could or would do. That some have done it, is a testimony to the living power of the Gospel and a proof that miracles do happen after all. God expects his servants to combine reason with their religious fervour. We must go out to seek and to save. We must stand by the side of the earnest enquirer and night and day, with prayers and the winsome gentleness of Jesus, endeavour to persuade the conscience-stricken one to abandon all for Christ. That three such enquirers have received baptism in the course of our camping campaigns is the strongest incentive the present writer has to urge the utility and advantage of the system of evangelistic work upon all who have an interest in the winning of this country for Christ. Surely there are men to-day who would readily and gladly subscribe forty times £40 to see such inspiring work as this carried on throughout the length and breadth of the land.

TO ASHAPUR ON A VISIT

BY THE EDITOR.

GOING to Ashapor is like going to the country at home. It was after the rains in the month of November that Miss Fuller and I paid a visit to our mission-farm there. It was not harvest time, though to my inexperienced eyes the sturdy "til-seed" and castor-oil plants looked as though that time of rejoicing were not far off. In this land of perpetual summer seasons are not marked as clearly as at home and crops of some sort are gathered at almost any time; if not of grain, then fruits.

THE ROAD TO ASHAPUR.

The railway station, Sârk'hâj is six miles distant from the farm. It was our good fortune to arrive there at sunset to start on our pleasant drive through narrow lanes lined with thorn-bushes and trees, interspersed with taller trees whose branches were silhouetted in feathery outline against the golden glow of the Western sky. It was a charming picture. We enjoyed the cool, fresh evening air, the tender green of the hedges so close to us that we were almost reluctant to reach our destination. Wild vines covered the hedges, trailing gracefully along the sandy road or festooning the trees. The sweet smell of the country filled the air. The birds were twittering their good-night when we started on our ride, but as the bullocks jogged along to the sound of tinkling bells, the glow faded from the sky, the short twilight deepened and turned into night, and in the dark, calm depths above us, God's stars shone out, witnesses to His eternal power and Godhead. I sometimes fall to wondering how it is that India's heathen multitudes fail to read the message of the glory of the invisible God which the heavens daily declare. I find the answer to my query in God's book, the answer to all queries about sin—"They did not like to retain God in their hearts." It is unutterably sad—man rejecting God!

So abandoned were we to the enjoyment of the beautiful night about us that we were almost reluctant to reach our destination. Our hearts responded to the soundless voices of the night, bringing us into sympathy and harmony with God's world and filling our souls with earnest longing that we, like His material creation, might fulfill His will and shew forth His beauty,—the true end of existence. However when the cheerful gleam of a lantern and the hearty voice of our host
penetrated the darkness, we were very glad to accept the kindly hospitality offered us. Mr. and Mrs. Read welcomed us cordially and entertained us during our stay in the same spirit.

The Mission House.

The "bungalow" was something of a surprise to us. It is not a bungalow after all, but a native house made with mud walls, mud floors, etc., all so spotlessly clean and tidy that I felt I had found my ideal missionary home at last;—that is, the ideal I had before coming to India. For a little while I was inclined to think we had missed the mark in our better built bungalows in other stations, but I soon learned otherwise. In the rains, part of the house fell down, a common occurrence to native houses. In dry times the birds found it easy to burrow into the walls much to the discomfort of the tidy house-wife. In the hot weather, the house would undoubtedly be very hot. These and other disadvantages appeared to me, and I saw that one of the needs at Ashâpur is a marked improvement in the present house or else a strong, new bungalow. Otherwise our missionaries must suffer from heat and damp and many inconveniences. In the present house there is only one large room with a bathroom and store-room built on, and at one end on the veranda is a wee "prophet's chamber," which we found prepared for us.

Gujerati Air.

What a delicious sense of content I had as I lay drinking in the exhilarating breeze which came rustling through the tall green things growing outside the window. Then I fell asleep, to wake up at midnight shaking with ague, followed by fever and an ache in my bones which is, as some one once expressed it, "like having the toothache all over." Who would dream that those sweet breezes were full of malarial poison? Poor, fever-cursed Gujerât! By morning, though feeling a little shaky I was ready to follow our enthusiastic host on a tramp over the farm. Mr. Read is truly an enthusiast. He believes in Ashâpur and its possibilities, and the place and the boys are dear to him.

Why we Have a Mission Farm.

Here we must stop for a word of explanation. The mission farm is a place where boys from the Dholkâ orphanage who cannot go on with their studies, may come and learn farming and earn their own livelihood. When they are old enough and have enough money to their credit, they are allowed to marry and farm for themselves, the mission renting them ground and helping them to procure the necessary implements. Thus we have already the nucleus of a Christian village at Ashâpur. There are several married couples and about thirty unmarried boys of all ages. Ashâpur has been unpopular for various reasons. For a time it seemed as though it was a sort of dumping-ground for bad boys, and good boys did not care to go. However, wise discipline, kindly good-fellowship and constant oversight have done much to correct this impression and Ashâpur is getting a status of its own among missionaries and Indian Christians. After the convention last autumn some of the Ashâpur boys paid a visit to Dholkâ and gave their testimony to their old companions as to the delights and advantages of the farm; whereupon several more boys volunteered to go, much to Mr. Read's delight, as he had been praying for fresh recruits.

The Farm Itself.

Our visit of only one day was scarcely sufficient to acquaint us thoroughly with the place and its needs. I have forgotten how many acres of land comprise the farm. There are wide fields of valuable grass land, and there are some acres of very fertile soil known as the bottom lands from their position along the river. In these bottom lands we rambled on the day of our visit, Mr. Read expatiating on the merits of the place and explaining its needs. There were great clumps of jungle grass fully fifteen feet high, shivering and sparkling in the sunlight like long, silvery plumes. This grass is used for house-building, chair-making, etc. . . . There were healthy looking crops growing. The boy farmers were plowing and preparing the ground for the wheat. We each sowed a handful of grain and laughingly claimed our share in the harvest to come.

The Wells.

Some years ago there were several good wells in these bottom lands, but the river rose in mighty flood, inundating all its borders so that all these wells were filled up and covered over with sand and refuse. So changed was the face of the land that until recently no one was able to locate these wells. Quite by accident, seemingly, yet no doubt by the guiding hand of the Lord, two of these wells have been found and cleaned out at very little expense and are now used for irrigation purposes. Several more wells are urgently needed, for
India is a dry land and Gujarati sands will not bring forth the precious fruit of the earth without being well watered. Will not our readers pray that more of the old wells may be found or means provided for digging new ones.

**THE PRAYER-MEETING.**

After a quiet walk to the river at sunset, we gathered together in the mission-house for a prayer-meeting. Some of the boys had been to attend some special meetings at Dhofka and had come back with blessing in their hearts. They were glad to tell it out in song and prayer and testimony. Only one boy's testimony remains in my memory. He was a lad of about eighteen, I suppose, with piercing black eyes under straight black brows, and a naturally defiant look. His name is Jémà. He rose to his feet with evident embarrassment, jerking and twisting his arms, pulling the corners of his tunic, shifting from one foot to the other and looking here and there in a distressed manner. He was silent so long that we began to wonder; but finally he blurted out his story in quick, jerky sentences, and then we understood. It was a confession of wrong-doing of long standing, stealing and lying. God had touched his heart and he asked forgiveness and offered restitution. Jémà is of a hot-blooded, independent disposition, I am told, but there is a certain strength in him that is wholesome. Let us pray for this lad, that God may tame the wild fierce nature and fill him with the gentleness of Jesus.

After the meeting Miss Fuller and I had a song service with the boys into which they entered heartily. The Indian people delight in music or any semblance of it—sometimes more in the semblance than the real art.

**MORE NEEDS.**

Another need at Ashapur is a place of worship. There is at present no meeting place but the one big room which constitutes the bungalow. In March Mr. and Mrs. Read went home on a much needed furlough. Mr. Read had been in India over fifteen years and Mrs. Read more than half that time. Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Greengrass have been obliged to leave their much loved field at Porabander to take up the work here. Pray for them in this new and difficult station. The Gujarati work is greatly handicapped for lack of missionaries. Young men are urgently needed. "Pray ye therefore." And will not the word to some, be "Go ye!"

**Items**

In the month of March, on hearing of the famine in China, the boys of our Akola orphanage voluntarily agreed to forego one meal a day for a month, the money thus saved to be devoted to the relief of the famine sufferers in China. This was their own plan without any suggestion from any one outside their own number. The boys' offering amounted to Rs. 35. The resident Indian Christians added to this about Rs. 15 making a total of Rs. 50 ($76), a sum which represents an ordinary man's wage for half a year.

Our mission farm and the Christian village on it, hitherto known as Bâkrol, have been re-christened. The place is to be known henceforth as Ashapur (Prospect Village). Bâkrol, the old name, applies to a heathen village nearby. The post-office for this mission-station is Sârkhej. Please all take note!

Quing to the return of Mr. and Mrs. Duckworth to America on furlough, Mr. Armonson and Mr. Culver have been appointed to the work at Virangam and its surrounding villages. Mr. Duckworth's health demanded a complete rest and change of climate. He sailed from Bombay with his family on April 16th.

Mr. Oscar Lapp has been transferred from Akola to Darâpur, where he will continue his studies and assist Mr. Dinham in the work of that place.

Mrs. Franklin and Miss Patten are staying with friends in Mâhâbîshwar for the weeks of the hot season. Mrs. Erickson and Victor, Miss Holmes and Miss Case have chosen Pânchgâni as their resting place. Miss Knight and Miss Htherford are in Coonoor.

Miss Peter is taking a six months' furlough in Simla. Misses Bushfield, Milham, Veach and Little are spending the hot season at Simla. Mrs. Schelander and Mrs. Dinham and their little ones are in Igatpuri to escape the heat of the plains. Miss Seasholtz is at Lanaudi. Mr. and Mrs. Greengrass are at Landour.

Because of plague in the town, dead rats being found on the premises (that being the sign of the presence of plague) Miss Yoder was obliged to move out into the fields with all of the orphanage girls. This is extremely trying in this season of the year, when the heat is so intense.
List of Alliance Missionaries.

BERAR—

Akola.  Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Moyser
       Mr. and Mrs. R. S. M. Stanley
       Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Franklin
       Miss M. Veach, Miss A. Little
       Mr. S. H. Auernheimer

Amraoti.  Mrs. V. Erickson
          Miss L. J. Holmes, Miss E. Case
          Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Carner

Buldana.  Mr. and Mrs. C. Eicher
          Mr. and Mrs. P. Eicher
          Miss B. Eicher

Chandur.  Mr. and Mrs. W. Ramset
          Mrs. I. Moodie

Daryapur.  Mr. and Mrs. O. Dinham
           Mr. O. Lapp

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

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

Murtizapur.  Mr. and Mrs. L. Cutler

Shengaon.  Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Wark
           Miss M. Wiest

KHANDEŚH—

Bhusawal.  Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Rogers
           Miss C. Rutherford

Chalisgaon.  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 A. Seasholtz

Ashapur.  Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Greengrass
           (P. O. Sarkhej.)

Dholka.  Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Hamilton
         Miss M. Ballentyne
         Miss A. White
         Mr. W. M. Turnbull

Kaira.  Miss E. Wells
        Miss C. Hilker
        Miss V. Dunham
        Miss M. Woodworth
        Miss C. Hansen

Matar.  Mr. and Mrs. McKee
        (P. O. Kairà.)

Mehmadabad.  Mr. F. H. Back

Sabarmati.  Miss H. O’Donnell
           Miss C. Peter

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

Viramgam.  Mr. S. Armson
           Mr. J. N. Culver

KATHIAWAR—

Porbandar.

BOMBAY—

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Fuller
Miss K. Knight, Miss E. Morris
Miss L. Fuller, Miss L. Gardner
(P. O. Sholàpur.) Miss Z. McAuley

ON FURLough :—

Mrs. M. Dutton
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Johnson
Mrs. Simmons
Miss E. Ashwood

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

Miss C. McDougall
Mrs. F. M. Bannister
Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Andrews
Mr. and Mrs. A. Duckworth

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