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

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

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

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

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

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

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A Testimony

BY ANNA SCHELANDER

Taking life and strength from Jesus
While I journey on my way;
In my Saviour's gracious presence,
I am happy every day.
'Tis so sweet to walk with Jesus
In this dark and sinful world;
'Tis so sweet to trust His promise
When the darts of doubt are hurled.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
How I love Thy presence here!
But up yonder I shall see Thee—
Unveiled Christ, forever near.
There forever in Thy glory
I shall praise Thee o'er and o'er;
For Thy mercy and Thy goodness,
Thy, O Christ, I will adore.

Station Notes

DHOLKA

BY BLANCHE HAMILTON

After a few weeks of silence we are glad to again give you a little glimpse of Dholka and God's goodness to us. Because "He hath delivered, doth and will yet deliver" we do not want to pass lightly over the blessings received, nor take them as common and matter of fact. At the time of our annual convention it was decided that we take the Orphanage a month and let Mr. and Mrs. Andrews take a much needed rest. During that time God gave us such a love for the boys that we said "yes" without a pang in giving up evangelistic work when called to go to Dholka for a longer period, even until the return of Mr. and Mrs. Andrews from furlough, if need be.

It is now six months since we came and we are very grateful to God for the joy we have had in the work, making every difficult thing seem plain and the rough ways easy. Surely it has been in answer to the many prayers for us which have ascended to the throne. Nothing has been irksome or monotonous about the daily round, even in ministering to temporal needs, for in that there has been much of the spice of existence. Neither has our family ever seemed too large or burdensome, though numbering nearly three hundred.

Sorrow too has had its place among us. One day a big boy was taken sick and though seemingly not very ill, grew worse rapidly and was caught away before we realized he was going. A few days later when called to put his school bag and books away, it was done not without some sadness and though the boys may sometimes seem too many when funds are low, we would rather not be called to part with any of them. We have seen the need of parents' love for these boys and the experience of that day was akin to that when called a few years ago to put away little shoes, toys, etc., after a little one had been taken from us.

The way in which God has kept plague away is surely miraculous. It was raging all about us and we could not cut off all communication nor prevent others from coming near the boys. Our only defence was prayer. Inoculation was not pressed upon us by Government and we were left to look only to God for deliverance. The skies were very dark for a little when we heard so often the cries of mourners passing on the roadside. Our unbelief, in imagination could see horrible things like moving pictures. Plague did enter in one instance but that case was segregated and the disease spread no further. A traveller stopped over night and one boy's generosity and hospitality cost him dear. The stranger died of plague the next day and the boy who had loaned him his cot contracted plague, but was raised up and spared to us. It has turned out to the furtherance of the Gospel in many places, for now the people think that the Christians must have a living God who does all for them. They did all for their gods that
their poor, darkened hearts suggested, to appease them, yet in many places whole villages were depopulated.

One of the prominent things we have to praise God for besides averting the plague, was the way in which He spared Mr. Hamilton to us. We have a constant reminder of it when we glance toward the wind-mill. While erecting it, a large sharp beam fell from the top and struck him on the head, cutting a deep two inch gash. There seemed no alternative but to bleed to death, but God restored him. God is teaching our boys by many kinds of object lessons that it is safe to trust Him. This accident had been preceded by another. Mr. Armson

FELL FROM A CAMEL

and dislocated his shoulder. He too recovered rapidly. We have had a variety of incidents varying from this down to a small boy swallowing a pice (a coin) and having to be stood on his head. One of our four babies who does not yet talk plain, but who can repeat the twenty-third Psalm, sometimes forgets God is his shepherd and a wandering, independent spirit takes possession of him. Being of the gypsy caste, it is second nature for him to run off and stay in the jungle. As a preventive, I have the little partridge tied to my table leg and he may yet over-reach our expectations for him.

Since coming here we have given to all who wish it an opportunity to study English. There was a rush and raid for books. A class of eighty was organized and expected easy sailing, but as we predicted, it sifted down to forty. These have gone steadily on and have recently been examined in the first book. Sometimes we are reminded of our own mistakes in studying Gujarati, when something like the following sentences are produced:

"HE COOKED AND ATE THE GIRL."

"She carries his brains on his back." I have often received a letter begun "My dear Mother," but the rest in the vernacular tongue. However there has been remarkable progress all due to their eagerness to learn. If they were as enthusiastic over the other studies they would soon matriculate.

We were all refreshed and cheered by the coming of a new missionary, Mr. Culver. We are sorry to say that the needs of the work now demand his presence elsewhere. Though not yet able to speak the language, the sweet fragrance of Jesus' life was manifest to all. Our family circle is to be broken. We have also had to part with Mr. Armson who has gone to take Virangaum taluka during Mr. and Mrs. Duckworth's absence on furlough. Misses Ballentyne and White still have their share of the work; the former is still in charge of the hospital. Mr. Turnbull has charge of the Training School. This year the catechists from all our other Gujerati stations have just now gathered at Dholka and we look for a time of unparalleled blessing. Our expectations are at their zenith because so much prayer was offered for this and the need is so great. The Training School and the Orphanage are quite interlinked because they are so near to, and the former is an outlet for the latter and the lives of the students will influence the younger boys in a great degree. The catechists' convention was held here recently. At first the meetings were cold and formal and the week was passing without much blessing. Some got desperate and began to pray earnestly that God would not let them separate without meeting Him. Like the roar of the ocean the simultaneous prayer broke out one day and some refreshing showers came but now we need the "much more" and expect it; but we need the co-operation of your prayers very definitely in this.

One of the changes we forgot to mention in connection with the Orphanage, a change which we consider a step forward, is that we have dismissed all outside help and now, as the boys have learned all the different trades in the industrial department of the work, they are able to teach others and be put in charge as overseers in the carpentering, dairy, tailor-shop, weaving, etc.

DHOLKA BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL

BY WALTER M. TURNBULL

THE summer season in Gujarät is in many ways the best time of the year for preaching the Gospel. The villagers have little or no work to call them from their homes and can usually be found about their thresholds in the evenings, enjoying the cool breeze which are so welcome after the heat of the day. Open-air meetings draw large crowds and there is seldom any need of hurry in closing the services, especially on moon-light nights, for the people like to sit out till the small hours of the morning.

On account of the fierce heat of the sun missionaries are not able to tour in tents at this
season and can only reach such villages as are near their stations. But the native brethren are under no such disability and so summer becomes their harvest time.

This year our missionaries struck their tents and returned to their stations about the last of March, and it was then decided to hold a Convention for the native evangelists before they should take up their summer's work. We were all much in prayer for the meetings and had the assurance of coming blessing before the brethren had gathered. Some of the Orphanage boys had an earnest spirit of prayer for the services and pleaded as those who would not be denied.

The Convention lasted four days and was a time of refreshing for all who attended. We felt that we were all truly one in Christ, brothers and sisters, rather than missionaries and helpers. From the beginning there was a sense of great need and a desire for such an infilling as would mean an overflow of living water for the thirsty heathen round about. The great multitudes who are still in darkness were ever in mind and the burden of most of the prayers was,—

"Lord speak to me, that I may speak In living echoes of thy tone, As Thou hast sought, so let me seek, Thine erring children, lost and lone."

On the day set for closing, God melted many hearts and fulfilled the desire of those who had been longing to meet Him. A praise service was held in the evening, in the open-air, which ran on till past midnight, but so many wanted to witness to God's goodness toward them that we were unable to hear all and had to leave some over till the next morning. Many of the young men are deeply taught of God and their testimonies were given with a spontaneity and gladness that did everyone good. As one young man was giving a ringing testimony to his assurance of salvation through the blood of Christ and his joy in His service, a missionary whispered,—"It is worth spending a dozen years in India to hear one such testimony as that," and the writer heartily agreed.

The boys from the Orphanage attended the services and were much helped. One particularly hard boy was all broken up and humbled before God. For several days he went about in utter wretchedness and seemed unable to lay hold upon God's promises. Very slowly the light of God's forgiving love dawned upon him and he fearfully trusted. He is now very subdued and quiet, but happy. In a recent letter he wrote,—"Whenever I think of God's love for me and the way I have sinned against Him and rejected Him, I can do nothing but weep."

When the workers returned to their out-stations for their summer's campaign we began to hear victorious reports. On every side the people seemed more ready than usual to listen. One young man went home for a short visit to his relatives and wrote back in high exultation because the high-caste people of the town had invited him to tell them of Christ. Eleven new men left the Training School for active work in the district, just after the meetings. They felt their own insufficiency for the work very keenly and earnestly requested our prayers. I pass these requests on to those who may read these lines. It is no light task for a young man to go into a heathen village, alone, to preach Christ. He is sure to meet much opposition which occasionally may amount to persecution. His life will be watched every moment and nothing but the grace of God can keep him true. But if he is true, what a light will break forth in heathen darkness! As you pray for the missionaries do not forget to include those who have been called from the villages, of Gujarāt.

To-day, June 3rd, we are having high winds, black clouds and showers of rain which indicate the near approach of the rainy-season. Several classes in the

Bible School

begin work to-morrow and will continue for three months. The students have been pouring in for the past couple of days till they have filled all our spare quarters even to the stable. These men have been out in the district work for nine months, where they have studied in their spare time and are now coming in for a time of review previous to their annual examination in September. We expect to have about fifty men and twenty women present. As soon as their examinations are over we hope to have several days of special services to which all our workers will be invited. God has not forgotten Dholka in the past when kindling the revival flame in the Churches of India, and we are hopeful of being sharers in any further bounties he may bestow upon this land. There is still great need and we ask the intercession of praying people, that God will make these months of Bible study very fruitful of blessing to us all, and that before we part a work of the Spirit may be wrought in our midst stronger and deeper than we have yet seen.
AMONG THE LEPERS
BY ZELLA McCauley

IT is now three months since I came to work among my dear lepers. My heart is full of praise and joy. I cannot express the happiness I have had these few months among those whom I love so dearly. I have waited so long for the way to open for me to work among them. It pays to wait on God and let Him mark out the way, for He never makes any mistakes. For years I have had before me these words, firmly believing He would bring them to pass:—"Delight thyself in the Lord and He shall give thee the desires of thy heart." I realize I am in the will of the Lord and I can truly say these have been my happiest months in India.

When I arrived in Sholapur I was received with a glad, warm welcome by missionaries and lepers. I felt quite at home, and when I met with the dear lepers for the first time, I cannot tell you what an overflowing joy came into my heart and such love filled my whole being that I felt I could give my life for them. It was a touching sight too, to see so many fingerless hands and disfigured faces; yet with it all they seemed so happy and contended, especially the dear children.

To look at the children one would scarcely know they were lepers, but somewhere on their bodies is a brown spot which tells the sad story. With good care and treatment and if separated from the more advanced cases, the disease could be kept from developing in most of these children. Sometimes, however, it is difficult to persuade the parents that this is so and they are unwilling to be separated from their children.

At present there are forty-four men, twenty-eight women, nineteen boys and eight girls. Some are on leave visiting relatives in their villages. One dare not be too strict with them on this line. They will run away unless one gives them a little freedom. Dr. Keskar (who is in charge) uses every means in his power to make them comfortable and happy. They are supplied with good food and clothing and comfortable rooms, although at present they are somewhat crowded. We are praying for another building. Then these will be more comfortable and we will be able to accommodate more of these poor outcasts and tell them the story of Jesus and His love. Many of them would never hear it otherwise.

It is very interesting as we go the rounds in the morning. We first visit the granary where the food is given out for the day, each one coming with pan for rice, flour, dhol, etc. Sometimes they ask for more, but all are served alike. Several times a week they have vegetables which they like very much. Those who are able do their own cooking, and for those who are helpless some one is appointed to do the cooking. Those who are able also do their own grinding and other household duties. The men work in the garden and some of them like weaving cloth. It is best to keep them busy. It whiles away many weary hours and diverts their minds. It is really surprising to see how much they can do with their poor hands.

The children are kept busy in school and some of them are very bright. The teachers are also lepers and are earnest Christians and therefore a help and blessing in the school. It would do your heart good to hear these boys and girls sing and pray. Many are Christians, but some are yet out of the fold. Pray for them for they are Jesus' little lambs and may they grow up to glorify Him. Many are their temptations, but God is able to keep them from every snare of the evil one.

Each morning and evening we visit their rooms seeing what is needed for the day, and that the rooms are kept clean and the wounds properly cleansed, and praying with the sick. We see sad sights some days, but the grace of God is sufficient for all these things. We have several very bad cases which should be separated from the others. We are praying for a hospital where these cases can be much better cared for. Already the Lord has sent something to begin with and we believe this hope will be fulfilled in His way and time.

DUG WITH KNITTING NEEDLES.

There is a very good well on the compound and plenty of good water. It was dug with knitting needles. That is, the money for it was earned by Mrs. Gates with her knitting needles at a time when she was laid aside from more active work. Oh, let us pray for these outcasts, despised of men, turned out of their homes, that they may learn to drink of the Fountain of living waters, that they may realize the love of God and that He loves them freely and will abundantly pardon.

I saw a very sad case when I was in Nasik. It was that of a poor woman who was cast out by her people, forsaken and left to wander on the streets and die. She had been dragged through the street and left under a tree. A
kind Samaritan passing by, had compassion and sent her to the Leper Asylum where she could have care and be made comfortable. She was a most pitiable sight and one could scarcely keep back the tears while looking at her. Worms were in her feet and on other parts of her body and when the Doctor removed them the suffering was very great. I heard that she died soon afterwards, no doubt without knowing Jesus. Does not your heart ache for these poor sufferers? And does not your prayer go out more earnestly for these "least of all?"

One dear, old leper man, after asking God to take away his sin, exclaimed, "Why they are gone! They are gone in the bottom of the sea! Yes, in the sea of God's forgetfulness."

Since coming to Sholapur we have been praying much for God's Spirit to be poured out. He has been blessing much and there are hungry hearts and a deep spirit of prayer. One woman has accepted Jesus and others have opened their hearts to the Holy Spirit. One woman has accepted Jesus and others have plucked by the generously disposed from their carts and tossed to the beggars below. It takes many a handful to make a beggar's bundle big enough to sell. Others have no conception of spiritual truth and they need to be patiently and lovingly taught. Pray for us who work among them that we may be filled with the loving compassion of Jesus, for only this will win them; and that we may be "strengthened with all might, according to His glorious power, unto all patience and long suffering with joyfulness."

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ONE OF THE DAYS
BY EARL ROY CARNER

THE missionary who works in "hard Beràr" has many an opportunity to learn the meaning of the word "plod." It is not always so but often it is so. If the reader will come with us we will take him briefly through one of the days with more or less of the plod in it—whether more, or less, we leave him to judge.

It is nearly sun-rise and we have got up early because we want an early start. We have had Chota hâzri (little breakfast) to refresh and

strengthen the physical man and we have prayed and have felt the Lord's strengthening for one more day, while our hearts have longed for His coming kingdom, when plodding days will be past. The bullock cart is ready and our lunch, prepared by loving hands is placed safely under the seat. Salaams are said and the jingle of the bells and jolt of the cart tell us we are off. We are going to visit an outstation, over six kos (twelve miles) away. The bulls trot briskly down the dusty street and now the journey is fairly begun with the sun just peeping over the horizon. He smiles very pleasantly at us and the cool of the morning hardly fore-tells that he will be fierce of countenance before he bids us good night on the western horizon. But he will, and because we know it we have a sun hat and an umbrella. We are approaching the walled part of the city and we meet a line of cotton carts coming in from the country to the market. The bullocks draw their loads patiently. Perhaps they are tired, for some of them may have been travelling all night. This saves them and the farmers who drive them from having to do the hardest part of their work in the heat. Some beggars sit at irregular intervals on either side of the road where these carts pass, asking for alms. The "alms," in this case, consist in little tufts of cotton plucked by the generously disposed from their carts and tossed to the beggars below. It takes many a handful to make a beggar's bundle big enough to sell. But scores of carts may pass him in a single morning and so he waits and (I suppose) hopes—evidently not in vain.

Now we have reached the city wall but we do not go within, because our way does not lead through the city but by the road on which the cotton carts have come. We are glad we do not have to go inside this morning because there is death there. Grim plague is holding his reign of terror. Everyday he sends out his victims, carried on litters made of bamboo poles, to the burning grounds where the bodies are converted into ashes. The city is largely deserted, and looking off into the surrounding country we see it dotted over for two or three miles with bamboo huts and tents. Those who can afford it have moved out of their homes into these improvised houses in order to flee from the dark visitor who stalks about looking for his prey. Even "the freedom of the city" does not always satisfy this visitor.

(Continued on page 9.)
In this old story there comes to us a beautiful picture of the graciousness and the faithfulness of the Lord in dealing with man. In the first place we see God voluntarily making a covenant with man. Man had not sought for it. In God's dealings with mankind all the overtures come from God's side. With infinite compassion and pity He seeks to win men back into harmony with Himself. Of His own free will He makes the covenants. He takes the initiative.

It is noteworthy to see that in this rainbow covenant not one thing was demanded of man, but all the obligation, all the responsibility were on God's side, while the blessing was to man. That is a true picture of God. He does not wait for man, but He says, "I will bless that man. I will do everything I can for him, everything He will let me do. The only limitation of my grace to that man shall be his own will. I will bless him even in the things he does not will, in the things which he never thinks about. I love him and I will hedge him about with my love. I will make a covenant with him, and I myself will fulfil it. I will be the responsible party to keep the covenant. He cannot, therefore I will do it for him." We have but to let God do what is in His heart to do.

God gave the rainbow to man as a token of His covenant. He says of it, "I have set my bow in the cloud." It is always there, visible to the eyes of God, but visible to us only when God "brings a cloud over the earth." In our times of rain and tempest let us remember that God brings the cloud, as well as reveals the rainbow shining in it. God is back of all our circumstances. God set the bow as a reminder for Himself for man's sake, for He needed none. Herein is revealed His graciousness. The bow is to us the token of God's faithfulness of the integrity of His word. Every time we look upon it God also looks upon it, and not only on it, but on past it, downward into our uplifted eyes and hearts, and He yearns with His great, intense longing that we might trust Him wholly, that we might see in that many coloured token His love and fidelity, that we might learn to lean upon His word of promise.

When we were children, on seeing a rainbow we used to say, "It will stop raining now." But we had not learned the promise aright. God has not promised that there shall be no more rain or tempest, but that He will be mindful of us in the midst of it and that He will preserve us.—"The waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh." God has not promised us exemption from suffering or trial of any sort, but He has given His word that these things shall not destroy us, but that they shall work for our profit. In the midst of our darkness He flashes His rainbow of promise across the clouds to remind us of His faithful and loving care. We are not deserted nor forgotten. He is with us in the midst of the storm.

Shall we not learn to think of the cross as the Christian's rainbow, for it is God's everlasting token to us of His love and faithfulness. It is an unfailling evidence. Circumstances may seem to say to us that God is not love; our own hearts may make us feel that He is not love; but the cross stands forever as the proof that He is love and that His love is poured out upon man. Then let us ever look on our rainbow that our hearts may rest in His love.

"Oh store up God's great love within thy soul,
So suffering never shall exhaust thy joy;
So darkness shall but draw out star by star
God's mercies, till the lap of Heaven o'er-flows
With waiting worlds of light the sunshine hid."

How oft amid the changes of the world
When most I seemed to wander and be lost,
Turning some unknown corner of my life,
I found myself stand face to face with God,
And His full-fruit ed purpose waiting me—
My Father, who in secret sees, and works,
And waits, and watches to waylay with love.

(C. A. Fox.)
NEED WE TELL GOD HOW TO WORK?

By Miss Amy Wilson-Carmichael,

SOUTH INDIA

Missionary of the Church of England, Z.M.S., 1895. Author of "Things As They Are," "Overweights of Joy," etc.

THE longing for real Revival has grown in strength all over India during the past year. There are many missionaries now who have thrown all care to the winds and are prepared to go all lengths, fearing nothing, if only souls are saved. But there are some just as true, we know, in desire, who are still a little anxious, a little afraid of noise and irregularity and excitement, a little adverse to any undue exhibition of emotion, a little desirous to conduct even Revival meetings on properly regular lines.

We want a Revival, they say and they pray, we do not want unseemly commotions. It is not noise that saves souls. Let us have a quiet Revival.

Perhaps if one tells simply how the reins were taken out of all human hands at Dohnavur, it may help some one who longs for Revival and yet honestly distrusts much that is now associated with the word in India.

It was Sunday, October 22. Months afterward we heard how on that very day Rev. Barclay Buxton, a comrade of old in Japan, met a friend in Australia, and they prayed together for us the prayer that prevails. We seemed to be specially bereft that day. Mr. Walker was in North India; Mrs. Walker was on the sea. The pastor was away. There was no one of any importance to speak to the people that morning. There was nothing, humanly speaking, to account for what happened. What did happen was this: quite suddenly upon the one who spoke came an overwhelming sense of the reality and awfulness of eternal things—life, death, the judgment to come, seemed suddenly laid bare. It was impossible to go on speaking. It was impossible even to pray aloud. One or two attempted to pray but broke down. Then the sound of bitter weeping began and gained in intensity every moment. There were cries about sin, about the blood of Jesus; cries of fear, too, and of pleading for forgiveness. But it was soon a sound in which separate sounds were indistinguishable, and it grew to a roar like the roar of the sea, or the wind in the woods. The heathen from the village outside rushed round the windows and doors and apparently shouted to each other, but one could not hear what they said. The nominal and utterly careless Christians who chiefly sit in the lower half of the church got up and walked about and talked. Some of the older, staidly Christians were in dire dismay. One old man stood solitary and distressed, gazing at the extraordinary scene. An old woman seized my feet and by signs besought me to stop it. I looked up, as much startled as they were, and asked for clear directions. "Do nothing, do nothing"; this was all I knew of guidance: Do nothing.

The thing was utterly new to me. One had read of it in North India, but to read of it and to see it are two different things. It had never crossed my mind that our Tamils, who are certainly not a weakly emotional people, would ever break down in this visible, audible, quite unrestrained fashion. At that time we knew of nothing of the sort in our district. For the first moment I feared it was just a sudden escape of the Oriental in them, something human and therefore fruitless. I had felt overwhelmed myself before this sudden bursting of the bounds, but then with oneself that had only meant a deeper withdrawal into silence, and the noise perplexed me. Could it be real? Such a scene in church—was it reverent? I was glad when the first bell came and we could sing softly a lyric about Jesus' love and death. The people sang on their knees. Each seemed to sing, as each had prayed, oblivious of one another. Over and over we sang it, tears streaming down the faces of men and women, big lads and little children:

"He died—Jesus Christ, For me—sinner."

The lyric runs "for thee, sinner," but we instinctively changed it to "for me." Then the prayer broke out again, waves and waves of prayer, and for hours that passed like minutes these strange waves rose and fell, and all the perplexity passed, the reiterated "Do nothing" ceased in one's ear, and instead came a new word, and one knew one was not meant to be just a spectator, looking on, praying for it, so to speak, but in it, praying in it, part of it, caught by the same power, swept by the same mind. Oh, how cold one felt beside those glowing people—a stone, an icicle! I have no words to describe the sensation of coldness by comparison.
Meetings of a similar character went on for over a fortnight. There was no preaching. All the conversions during that time took place during prayer, and prayer usually of that tumultuous sort. It was not as intense after the first fortnight, and gradually and naturally things became more normal, but prayer-meetings which for life and power were very different from anything we had ever known before continued for months and in some cases will continue. We are praying now for the real Revival to come and complete the reviving.

During the time when things were at their height it seemed often as if something untoward must happen—something entirely hysterical, wild, fanatic. But I can truly say that nothing of this sort ever did happen, and others who have had similar experiences say the same. There was a curious sense of order in the midst of disorder. The

CONFUSION
never got confused. I can not describe it better than by saying it was as if invisible hands held invisible reins. None of us attempted to lead the meetings until things had quieted down of themselves.

Once, and only once, I tried to still what seemed to me beyond bearing. A poor coolie woman appeared to have lost all power of self-control and I feared for her reason. I touched her gently and said to her not to fear. Jesus would save her. Instantly she stopped her wild cries for mercy and was perfectly quiet. But it was a petrified quietness. For two days she was as if turned to stone. One trembled lest that human touch had been as the touch of death to her. On the third night another woman broke out in the same wild way.

ONE DARE DO NOTHING THEN.
While she cried that piercing cry of fear because of her great sin, the other woman joined in. For three days those two women walked in darkness, and one had no liberty to speak even a word of comfort to them lest one should be healing the wound slightly, saying peace, peace, when there was no peace. On the third night, without interference from us the agonizing despair passed. Peace came through the word of the Lord, "Though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortest me." This incident said once more most solemnly "Hands off."

The pastor who returned during the week was much perturbed at first, fearing the appalling irregularity would get us all into trouble; fearing, too, lest it was mere excitement, though he had to admit he had never seen his people excited about spiritual things before. One of the congregation, a very steady, reliable man, had been converted during the first few days, and this was used to reassure our good pastor. Soon he became as keen as possible, and all the true Christians who had been alarmed at first fell into line, convinced by its fruit that the thing was of God.

Soon, and almost insensibly, one grew into the meaning of the simultaneous praying. In a meeting of, say, a hundred people, chiefly young and very eager, and full to overflowing of a strong desire to pour out their hearts before the Lord, how would there possibly be time for each to pray separately while all the others waited till each long prayer was finished? After all what need is there to wait? If we are praying for each other to hear, of course we must be careful each to wait for the other, but if we are praying for God to hear, what does it matter how many pray at once? He who separates the great sound of all the prayer that rises up

FROM ALL LANDS,

at all times, into little sounds so small, that the tiniest cry of the tiniest child has a separate voice for His ear, finds no difficulty in dealing with the simultaneous prayer of a single Indian meeting. We know this, of course, but do we not sometimes act as if we forgot it? As for our being disturbed by the noise and the happenings about us, why should we be? If we could only let ourselves go, and forget our neighbours and everything else, and remember only the presence of our God, we, too, should pass the place where such things can disturb. The great thing is, that unless we reflect our own feelings upon our Indian people—unless we, as it were, inject our views and opinions into them, they are not disturbed. The Eastern in them responds, and wherever we Westerns have kept our hands off this movement it has swept souls to the Saviour's feet. God save us lest we civilize the Holy Spirit out of our churches. There is more to fear from stagnation than from excitement where the things of God are concerned.

I have purposely omitted all mention of those more evident signs of abandonment of spirit of which much has been made in Revival
writing, because it seems to me that reserve about those things, what my fellow missionary calls "a holy reticence," is more according to the mind of the Spirit than detailed description. We are not told what the men of Acts ii. did to cause other people to say they were full of new wine, beyond the bare fact that they spoke various languages. And perhaps when we ourselves are filled far more than we are as yet with the love of our Lord which is better than wine, we, too, shall be misunderstood. It is true that the East and the West may express the new-found joy quite differently, but however it is expressed, or however the vessel may look when the new wine is poured suddenly in, or however the soul's sudden realization of the facts of sin and hell, Gethsemane and Calvary, may affect that covering of the soul we call the body, surely these are details better left unremarked. They are not essentials, but merely accidental accessories. All that is only that, will pass. The less said about it the better, lest fleshly curiosity come in, and the Spirit go away grieved.

As to the result of the movement, wherever there has been care of new-born life there, all seem to be agreed, the result abides. In our case we can most thankfully say that the work has lasted. As I said before, we have not had Revival in anything like the full sense of the word, but in our own compound the change is very marked. There has been a new intensity of love to Jesus. And there is a new sensitiveness about sin, a new willingness to do common duties gladly, a new earnestness in prayer, and, I think I may thankfully say, a new power to expect to see God work in power. To those who know India, anything that makes sin truly felt, and anything that causes common duties to be honestly and joyfully performed, is hall-marked at once, and for ever placed beyond suspicion. So, friends who still fear, shall we not let go our fears? God give us the grace of fearlessness! If only these whom we love may be saved with such a salvation shall we not let go all, even all our natural inclination and desire as to how God is to work? He who fulfils Himself in many ways works through tempest and monsoon as well as through calm and the silence of dew-fall. So that He works, is it not enough? Shall we conform to His way or ask Him to work only in our way?—Missionary Review of the World.

Not years nor sorrows make us old, but selfish cares.—Elizabeth Rundle Charles.
“Christi” man’s house. We talk to them a little and tell them to come back in the afternoon, when we hope to tell them the gospel story more fully. Through the hot noon hours we rest. Then we have a talk with the catechist about himself and his work. He tells us of the difficulties in reaching the people; of the opposition of some who fear the influence of Christianity upon their business, which is that of befouling ignorant ones to pay money to the temple of a goddess near-by. We call and prayer. The persons we invited in the morning come just inside the door and listen for a while but some one calls them away and we have to go on without them. Toward evening we begin our homeward journey. It is almost dusk. The driver has evidently got away from the main road a little and is passing quite near to one of the burning grounds. There are some fresh ash heaps and we seem to distinguish the forms of some of the bodies that have just been consumed. Bits of old clothing lie about and our cart passes right over one of these. We almost shudder at being so near to the touch of it and tell the gardi wallah (cart driver) to hurry on. It is now dark and lights gleam from the huts outside the city. We must pass through the way of the morning and up the same street. We are nearly home but somehow our hearts have grown heavy with the deepening darkness, perhaps, because it suggests the deeper darkness that hangs over the people. How dark that darkness is, only those who can know who have seen and felt it. God has sought to win the hearts of these people. How dark that depth of sin reigns on. It has the

freedom of the city and of the country—of the people’s hearts. Dear reader, will you pray for the people of Amrâoti and of all India? Oh, that they might see Jesus! Oh, the sinfulness of sin and the sad, sad stowness of the human heart to see it! Pray for the missionaries that they may live in the will of Him who loves sinners and can save them. Pray that we may have grace to plod with joy and faith till He through us has won the people here for His name, Pray!

INDUSTRIAL TRAINING CENTRE
OF THE ALLIANCE MISSION, AKOLA

BY MR. R. S. M. STANLEY

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—We wish to put before you the present condition of theIndustrial Training School buildings for the industrial training of the boys who came to us in such numbers during the famines of 1897 and 1900, believing it to be a subject which will interest many, and that those who gave so nobly of their money and substance at that time to rescue the boys from starvation and death, would not now desire to see them turned adrift in the heathen villages, with their opportunities of making a livelihood greatly reduced, by reason of the Christian principles instilled into them while under our care.

Some of the older boys, who first passed through our training school, are already earning better wages in the mills and factories than we could afford to give them; indeed, keeping a sufficient number to carry on the work for the training of the younger ones, has been one of the great difficulties of the past few years; however, in one case at least, a young man who is an excellent fitter and carpenter and also holds an engineer’s certificate, and is now our head teacher, is a noble exception, he has repeatedly refused double the wages that we are paying him. Besides he is a good preacher and takes the church services in the pastor’s absence.

A word to show how this work is appreciated outside of missionary circles may give some idea of its benefit to the community at large:—

About two years ago the Hon. Sir Frederick Lely, His Majesty’s Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces, visited us on one of his tours of inspection, and was so pleased with our work that he presented the School with a substantial donation, with which we
purchased a machine for shrinking and bending tires for carriage wheels; the manufacture of wheels being one of our special industries. He also proposed that the boys be taught technical drawing. Later on the Government provided the master's salary; so that we have now a promising class in the subject.

In a letter dated Nagpur, 18 Sept., 1906, the Director of Public Instruction, Central Provinces, writes:

For the past two years I have been acquainted with the Manager of the Alliance Mission Workshop in Akola. Two years ago Mr. Stanley built me a tonga (carriage) in which my wife and I have travelled over two thousand miles on all manner of roads, and as far as I can see, the tonga is as good as ever, and numbers of Europeans have asked me where it was built, as in strength, comparative lightness and comfort it surpasses anything procurable elsewhere in the Central Provinces. I mention this merely as a specimen of the kind of work Mr. Stanley turns out; but I consider his workshop one of the most educative institutions in the Provinces. It is not that Mr. Stanley introduces what we English call "American Jims," but he teaches his boys how the application of English and American contrivances can add to the strength and durability of articles constructed on Indian lines, and so helps to break down that Oriental conservatism which is so baffling to all efforts towards progress.

I understand that Mr. Stanley's chief difficulty is to keep his boys when he has partially trained them: there is such a demand now for skilled artisans, that a few years in Mr. Stanley's workshop enables his boys to earn wages of full-grown men in the adjacent mills. This entices them away because they have not sense to see that a further training would put them ultimately in a much better position. Consequently Mr. Stanley is exposed to great and frequent disappointment, but all the time the reputation of his work is increasing, and as the general educational level of the country rises, it is possible that he will get a better and better class of men. In India things move slowly, and to those who know India, the marvel is that they move at all, and in India amongst Government officials, bound down as they are by hard and fast rules, it is very generally recognised that as often as not the motive power comes from sources with which Government has little to do. In the Central Provinces I think we owe a very large debt to Missionary bodies as pioneers in the technical and industrial education of the people. - (Signed) S. CHARLES HILL, Director of Public Instruction, Central Provinces.

The following letter concerning the same article is good corroborative evidence by one who is a good judge of such work:

Rev. R. S. M. Stanley, Akola.

Dear Sir,—The other day Mr. Hill of the educational department called here and I took a great fancy to his tonga. He told me it was built by you. I now take the liberty of asking you, if you would be so kind as to build me a tonga of the same design, only lighter. If so what would be the cost? and how long would it take to make it?

Should you be kind enough to build me one, I should prefer it built in such a way that I could use it as a bed for night travelling as well.

If you cannot undertake to build one, perhaps you would lend me your plan to enable me to get one built of the same design.—Yours truly, (signed) THOMAS P. YEOMAN, Mining Engineer.

These two letters clearly show that not only are customers satisfied with the work done by our boys but that it so commends itself to those who see it, that they also gladly become purchasers, and, in turn recommend it to others.

The training given to the boys in this school enables them to earn from twice to ten times the amount of wages per day, according to their ability, that they could earn as common coolies, which would, most probably, be their lot in life without such training.

From the missionaries' point of view, the man who is capable of earning good wages is in a better position to support his family with self-respect in decency and comfort, and also to help support the Church to which he belongs.

I may here say that while the training school is primarily for the boys of our orphanage, yet it is open to all classes without regard to their religious beliefs, in fact even since the school was opened we have always had both Hindus (from the highest to the lowest castes) and Mahomedans learning right alongside of our orphan boys.

A large part of the building in which the training school is at present carried on has become more or less dangerous. Many of the pillars are rotten and worm eaten, and the walls of the lower storey overhang and, worst of all, the roof has spread.

The pillars and roof have been braced, but as the wood is rotten we are compelled to provide a new building as soon as possible.

Again our present buildings are not large enough to accommodate our school, and in view of this we have secured an adjoining site on which to extend our buildings.

We need a considerable sum of money to put up such a building as we require now. Two years
Many of the missionaries who have been sojourning at the hills for the hot-season, have returned to their stations and taken up the routine of ordinary missionary life. By the end of June no doubt all will be in their places.

The missionaries' vacation is usually not all play. Most missionaries use the hot-season as a time for "catching up" with accumulated letters waiting to be answered; others study the language; others use the time for special Bible study to be passed on later to the people in their various stations. To almost all missionaries the hot season is the time of special waiting on the Lord for the renewal of spiritual strength.

In the hill stations one meets with missionaries of many different denominations. It is most helpful to compare methods of working, difficulties to be dealt with, results, etc., and many go back to their work with fresh inspiration and some valuable hints of how to best further the work of the Lord in their districts.

The annual conventions for the deepening of the spiritual life held in most hill-stations mark epochs in the lives of many missionaries. Most of the year they are away from all the spiritual privileges of a Christian community and they are constantly giving out to others. These conventions are a time of refreshing and of taking in new life and new food from the Word.

The catechists and Bible-women of our Gujerati district are gathered at Dholka for their annual season of special study, to be followed by examinations. Pray that the season may be of great profit and blessing to all.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Rogers hope to be occupying the new bungalow in Bhushwali in the near future. The work of that difficult station needs your earnest, continued prayer.

Pray that, the Lord willing, there may be abundant rains and good harvests for the poor people of India. The rainy season is just beginning and, if normal, will continue until October.

The vowels in Indian words as spelt in this magazine should be pronounced as follows:

- a as u in but   i as ee in beet
- æ, æ, cart    o, o, bone
- e, æy, day     u, oo, boot

The four chief diphthongs ai, ai, oi, ui are pronounced like their component vowels smoothly combined.

On Friday 14th June, at Igatpuri, Mr. and Mrs. Schelander welcomed a little son as a companion for Fred. May he be spared to be a blessing to all.

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Items

We are sorry to hear that an epidemic of whooping cough is prevailing and a number of the little ones of the mission have contracted it. Freddie Schelander, the four children of Mr. and Mrs. Hagberg, Mr. and Mrs. Dinham's two little ones and the Eicher babies are all suffering from this troublesome malady. Pray that they may be speedily delivered.
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. Ramsey  
Mrs. I. Moodie

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

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

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

Murtizapur.  
Mr. and Mrs. L. Cutler

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

KHANDESH—

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. Hilder  
Miss V. Dunham  
Miss M. Woodworth  
Miss C. Hansen

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

Mehmadabad.  
Mr. F. H. Back

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

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

Yiramgam.  
Mr. S. Armonson  
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. Sholāpur.) 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. Dockworth

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