The India Alliance
The Organ of
The Christian and Missionary Alliance in India.

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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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SUBMISSION

GEORGE MACDONALD

But thou art making me, I thank thee, Sire.
What thou hast done and doest, thou knowest well,
And I will help thee: gently in thy fire
I will lie burning; on thy potter's wheel
I will whirl patient, though my brain should reel;
Thy grace shall be enough the grief to quell,
And growing strength perfect, through weakness dire.

I have not knowledge, wisdom, insight, thought,
Nor understanding, fit to justify
Thee in thy work, O Perfect! Thou hast brought
Me up to this; and lo! what thou hast wrought
I cannot comprehend. But I can cry,
"O enemy, the Maker hath not done;
One day thou shalt behold, and from the sight
Shalt run."

Thou workest perfectly. And if it seem
Some things are not so well, 't is but because
They are too loving deep, too lofty wise,
For me, poor child, to understand their laws.
My highest wisdom, half is but a dream;
My love runs helpless like a falling stream;
Thy good embraces ill, and lo! its illness dies.

THE GROUNDS OF OUR CONFIDENCE

BY MARTHA WOODWORTH

"Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace." Heb. 4:16.

Syrophcenician woman who was willing to be classed even among dogs. But it was to these two that the Lord could say, "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel," and "Oh, woman, great is thy faith!" So we shall ever find that before we can come thus boldly, there must be the taking of the lowest place in all that pertains to self. When we consider the grounds for this boldness enjoined upon us—grounds which are all outside ourselves—we shall see that the most timid consecrated soul, the one who feels the most unworthy, can indeed, "come boldly unto the throne of grace." The first ground of our confidence is the BLOOD OF JESUS. Heb. 10:19. By this we may enter even into the holiest itself, in our experiences of divine things.

Second, by virtue of our UNION WITH CHRIST, the true Vine, Eph. 3:12,—asking as one with Him, in His name and appropriating His faith. "In whom we have boldness and access with confidence by the faith of Him."

Thirdly, THROUGH THE PROMISES—the 30,000 precious promises—one of which is given in Heb. 13:5—by reason of which we can boldly say, "The Lord is my helper. I shall not fear." What food for our faith in the all-comprehending promises of our God!

Fourthly, by virtue of the INTERCESSORY WORK OF OUR GREAT HIGH PRIEST, Heb. 4:14—16. This last injunction to boldness is in connection with our holding fast and standing in times of temptation. Jesus said to Peter, "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not." So now, He "who was in all points tempted like as we are," is ever interceding for His own in their fierce encounters with the evil one. And surely, in these last days when his power is so great, we shall find that to resist his attacks on soul and body, to overcome his hindrances to our prayers and work and to receive all we need, to be at last presented to the Father, "faultless" and "without spot or wrinkle," we shall indeed need to daily "come boldly unto the throne of grace that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need."
Missionary Work

KAIRA BIBLE TRAINING CLASS

BY VIOLETTA DUNHAM

DOUBTLESS, most of our readers know that there is a Training Class for Bible-women in connection with our orphanage here. Few know much about it, as its teacher has kept all the information to herself.

The training work here is quite different from that at Dholka. There, the school is altogether distinct from the orphanage, while here the girls who take the Bible course belong to the orphanage, live there and have their duties there the same as those who do not.

Course of Study

The course of study pursued in the two schools is the same, with some few exceptions. A study of the Four Gospels with their harmony, a small book of Old Testament stories, and an Alliance catechism on the Fourfold Gospel, comprise the first year's course. We have a class of twenty-two girls who will soon be ready for their examinations in these subjects. Seventeen passed in December, and thirty-two others completed the work last September.

Our second year's course covers Analytical Studies in Acts, I. and II. Cor., I. and II. Thes., I. and II. Timothy and Titus, a book in Doctrine, and a brief study of the Hindu religion. So far, we have had but one class of eight complete this work. Another class of fourteen will take their examinations in March.

Practical Training

We are endeavouring to give all our second year girls practical training in village work. One is now with Miss Woodworth touring in the district and others will be leaving soon. Some go to the little village just across the way and to the Sweepers' quarters, for meetings. They are a great help also in the morning prayers and weekly meetings of the orphanage. Several girls are engaged in the orphanage as teachers and matrons, over the smaller girls. Many of these are strong Christian characters—girls of worth and stability, with a bright Christian experience and a love for souls. Many have a clear call to the Lord's work, while others may or may not become Bible-women. Some are taking the bible course simply in connection with their school work. We hope they will also hear His call and obey.

The Marriage Problem

The question may arise in your minds whether or not these girls will marry. The majority will. The young men in the training class at Dholka must have wives, and wives who will be one with them in service and prayer. Quite a number of our former girls are already wives and mothers and some of them are definitely engaged in street and house-to-house preaching.

Others will soon be married and leave us. We ask your special prayers for these dear young wives. There is such a temptation to them to settle down and be content in looking after their house, children etc. These things rightly come first—we try to teach them what it means to be a good wife and mother, and that their first duty is their home. But

Keeping House in India,

where the houses have one room and little furniture, where seldom more than two meals a day are prepared and very little serving, etc. is necessary, isn't much like keeping house in America. All have much time they can give to teaching the women around them, if they be thus minded. Pray they may be.

It is better in every way that the girls marry. Unmarried girls in this country are always connected with the vile worship of the temples and thus it is considered not only a dishonour but a disgrace for girls to remain single. We would love to see them entirely free for the Lord's work. Sometimes we are tempted to feel that the work in training them is lost, but God is able and He can make these girls not only good wives and mothers, but soul-winners. He can teach them the power of intercession when it is impossible for them to be out themselves and He can make their lives sweet and exemplary.

Millions out of Reach

We hope so much for these dear young people. There are in India 100,000,000 souls altogether out of reach of the present existing missionary societies. Allowing for large increase in the work there will still be 100,000,000 souls who will pass away in this generation without having even heard the Gospel message. Our eyes turn to the Indian church; our hope
is in these young men and women all over India, whom God can so mightily use. No other movement of the past century has been the cause of so much rejoicing to the missionary of all denominations and creeds in India as the organization of the National Missionary Society, Dec. 25th., 1905. This society, born of Indian thought, manned and ruled and financed by Indian Christians alone, has as its object the evangelization of these unevangelized fields as quickly as possible. The Church of India is at last growing sufficiently strong to stand alone. Praise God! We would be so glad to have some of our young people connect themselves with this work if they feel so led. Will you not enter the Training Society, of all denominations and creeds in India, other

But they are

So wrote the sainted Dr. Watts, and oh, from the very depths of our being, is there not an echo of the last word of this hymn—a deep fervent “Amen”—“So be it,” with an added prayer, “Come quickly, Lord Jesus, come and reign?”

Chains and locks, prisons and prisoners, yes dungeons too, far worse than the miry dungeon of Malchiah, in this “land of deep darkness.” Sentiment! No, dear friends, not sentiment but stern, sad, awful reality. Memories are awakened of times when, in the homeland missionary address by a faithful labourer freshly returned from a heathen land, would deeply stir one’s heart—the awfulness, the sadness and misery of millions still without Christ, hopeless, lost. Were such reports exaggerated or, perhaps, a little overdrawn? Alas, no! To-day one’s personal testimony—“All is only too true.”

Chains and Locks.

It is going out time, and to-day we decide to visit Brahminpur—that section of the town where the Brahmins live. We go forth leaning upon our Guide. Reaching the town we turn to the left and then commence a walk in and out of the narrow roads and passages, with hearts longing to find an open door into which one can enter, or a soul to whom one can speak. House after house is passed, door after door being shut, and at the top that little chain, of perhaps only six links, securely fastened to it’s hook on the lintel by a lock! No chance whatever of an entrance into these places to-day.

We are conscious now of a Brahmin following us, and we slacken our pace considerably to give him the opportunity of passing. We prefer to be alone. The women are timid, and should we meet one at the next turning, she might listen if there is no man to see her. But strange, he does not pass, and stranger still, no matter which little turning we take his road lies in the same direction.

Just to the right, and up off the road, by a partially broken down wall, sit two women. This opportunity cannot be missed, so approaching, we introduce ourselves in as simple a way as possible, not wishing to see them arise and disappear into the house. Reluctantly, an entrance is permitted into the tiny compound, and for twenty brief minutes the way of salvation is set before seven precious “bound ones”—bound, oh so fast, by the awful grip of Satan.

Then, unwilling but obliged, we leave and continue our search for listeners, and now have left Brahminpur, and entered another part where the Potters live. Seeing a man and two women sitting by their house door we address the former, asking his consent to our preaching there; if we gain that, we also gain permission for the women to listen. He is willing, and a hymn is started. The people—men, women and children gather, and “chains and locks” are for the time forgotten in the joy of showing to another “band of prisoners,” salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ. Retracing our steps, homeward again, we pass those chains and locks, but is it merely the iron and brass that call forth the sigh? Oh no! But they are so suggestive, regarding the condition of the dwellers within—fast bound in ignorance, caste, superstition and sin.
PRISONS.

Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the whole of the Hindu religion, with its awful systems and caste rules, represents one huge prison, its “cells” filled with an exceedingly great host of captives; its atmosphere, one of hopelessness; the prisoner’s fare, all that is impure, unclean, degrading. Regardful of the Christian’s conception of “home,” can we designate as such, the above dwelling places of the prisoners? We refer not to bricks and mortar or stones and white mud,—but come, to-day, on reaching the town, we turn to the right, and leaving the shops, find ourselves in a quiet street. See, there are doors standing ajar too. It may be a good time lies before us this p.m. But alas, glancing first to right then to left as we go along, sights meet us thaticken the heart—glimpses, one after another, through those “doors ajar,” of hideous, repulsive, freshly painted and bedecked idols, and often of their deluded worshippers too!

“Truly, I knew not that they had such right in their homes,” is the remark of the Christian girl at my side. She was rescued when very young and sheltered and trained in one of our orphanages so that much of the awful Hindu religion is obliterated from her memory.

PRISONERS.

“Let the sighing of the prisoner come before Thee.”

“HE hath looked down from the height of His sanctuary, from heaven did The Lord behold the earth, to hear the groaning of the prisoner.” Let us also listen to some of their sighings and groanings.

The sun is setting, we are returning home: one’s throat feels considerably husky, but the heart has been refreshed in telling the good news to willing listeners. Approaching us is a herd of cattle,—goats, bullocks, cows and buffaloes with their long, suggestive looking horns and peculiar greyish white eyes. We also are homeward bound but preferring not to meet them, we turn into a just now most convenient road and after taking but a few steps are greeted by a woman, a Mohammedan. Her face is familiar. We stop for she has something to say. Can we give anything to cure her daughter’s cough; she has been suffering for weeks and finds no remedy. “Where is she?” we ask. A call—then a sad sad face appears from behind a curtain. One’s knowledge of Hindustani is very limited, but a few questions and then—their answers reveal depths of sorrow, shame, hopelessness.

Christ the One True Remedy for all is set before them, a little company of five, for beside mother and daughter are others here, eager to listen, and then with a beseeching “Do come to us again,” we part.

“Yes it is True”

Again,—we are now standing on the road in another town, in a most unclean locality, among the very poor and low caste people.

One woman, standing busily engaged peeling a jwapi stalk with her teeth, is addressed and as she listens others draw near and listen too. They have heard the Gospel before. The Spirit now plead again with them to accept Christ as their Saviour. Their hearts are touched, (the stalk has now fallen on the ground and the head is hung down) and they say, “Yes it is true, our condition is very bad; we have no peace nor happiness.” More than one’s eyes are moist, and the great Searcher of hearts, doubtless, has heard inarticulate sighs for deliverance from weary hearts, this hour.

In a little out of the way corner, a most uninteresting spot as regards the surroundings, sits a woman looking sad and lonely. A few words with her and the

PAINFUL TRUTH ENTERS OUR HEARTS

that we are face to face with another prisoner bound in fetters of sin through “caste.” “They that are whole have no need of a physician but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance.” Praise God for the Gospel of Jesus Christ! Who can know the intense hunger in that heart for love, the mute appeal for justice? One can, and HE reads its silent yearnings and understands.

We go now in another direction, to an aged, and a young Brahmin woman, announcing our errand, i.e., “to teach them of the true God.” The former replies by pointing at another elderly dame sitting behind in the verandah of the house and saying, “She is my sister and her husband died fifteen days ago. We are in great sorrow. No, no, we cannot listen in sorrow; who can listen in sorrow like this?”

ENDEAVOURING TO POINT

to the true Comforter, we are interrupted by the arrival of a woman friend, come from a distance, having heard of their bereavement. Approaching the widow, she embraces her and simultaneously a wail, most heart-rending and full of that hopelessness, silences all other sounds. We wait, loth to leave, yet,

(Continued on page 94.)
Contributions

FROM ZOROASTER TO CHRIST
BY LAURA GARDNER

"DON'T you accept the Lord, Mr. Maneckjee?" These words, ringing out loud and clear in the midst of a public meeting one Sunday night many years ago in the city of Bombay, simply dazed the young Parsee man to whom they were addressed. The preacher repeated it over and over again, with his eyes fixed on the young man whose name he had spoken so openly, "Won't you accept the Lord, Mr. Maneckjee?" After some moments' hesitation the young man, impelled by some power scarcely known to himself, slowly arose in his seat and said, "I do receive Him." That was all, but it was enough. There was joy that night in that hall, in the hearts of all who knew Jesus, and infinitely more joy in heaven over this sinner who had repented.

This young man, whom many will know as the Rev. M. H. Mody, had been one of the strictest of strict Parsees, hoping like the Pharisees, to enter heaven on the merits of a life of morality and good works. He was brought up to pray, to be sure,—but how? To the sun, moon, fire, water and other natural elements. He had for ten years attended Christian services regularly, seeking the Truth and eagerly drinking it into his thirsty soul. The same night that he was led to make the above confession he was baptized in the house of a Christian friend, and went home rejoicing that he was saved from his sins.

Mr. Mody did not hesitate to confess his Saviour but on the first opportunity, which was two or three days later, he confessed himself a Christian to his family and to a friend who was calling at the house. It caused great commotion, followed by bitter persecution. His family could not understand his confessing himself a sinner, because he had followed his own religion so strictly, had done so many good works, etc., and the hardest thing for a Parsee to do is to acknowledge himself a sinner. His mother felt it to be such a disgrace that she never left the house again during the remaining seven years of her life.

A short time after his conversion he was asked to give his testimony in a street meeting; this, God gave him grace to do. The Gujarati and English papers published it, for the conversion of a Parsee to Christianity was, and still is, a thing of great wonder among nearly all classes. The matter caused great commotion in the Parsee community, the leaders of which set about by every device to bring him back to his old religion; but he had "put his hand to the plough" and would not turn back.

Mr. Mody soon after went to England, where he took a Bible training course in the Dr. Grattan Guinness Missionary Institute. He was much used of God during the three years he attended this Institute. After finishing his course of study he was married to an English lady and returned to India to work among his own beloved Parsees, who were then, and still are, the most neglected race in India. Thousands of people, many of them Parsees, have heard the Gospel from his lips. It has not been all "smooth sailing" for our brother, for he has met much opposition and persecution, stonings and assaults of all kinds, but he has rejoiced that he was counted worthy to suffer for Christ's sake, and God has encouraged and kept him, and he still tells the glorious news of salvation to hundreds of listeners on the street corner at Money School, where he has preached night after night for over thirty years.

Dear friends, won't you pray for him and his work, and for all Parsees and those who work among them? God is speaking to many of them but they lack the courage to break away from their community. He is able. Pray for us and them.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR AT AKOLA ORPHANAGE

BY OSCAR LAPP

"SAHB, I heard that you have a present for me," said the little boy Isaac.

"Yes," said I, "but I shall not give it to you before Christmas."

Isaac continued, "I heard that you had given a present to Moses, why not give one to me?"

Such is the expectation of every child, and parents know best how to meet the expectations of their children in order to make them happy. Here in Akola we have fifty boys without parents to listen to their requests and meet their childish expectations. But who is

(Continued on page 91.)
Jesus...the same...forever.” Heb. 13:8.
“He is faithful.” Heb. 10:23.

Jesus never changes. How sweet and restful is this fact and what assurance it brings to all who have been redeemed by Him! He is altogether lovely, but no attribute of His is more attractive than His unchangeableness. The world is full of monotony, but monotony and unchangeableness are not related to each other and we turn away from the unstable world, weary and heavy laden, to find rest in Him who is the same always.

As we follow on to know Him better, we find deeper and fuller satisfaction in His constancy. He shows us through our experiences how everything and every one but Himself is changeful. A great storm sweeps over our lives, up-rooting everything in its track, and leaving us alone and undone; but as soon as the tempest has subsided we turn our eyes to Him and find that He is still our Rock and our Fortress, and the winds have not been strong enough to shake His love and His care for His helpless child. The fire of trial comes and consumes all that can be consumed, but when its fiery blasts are gone His sweet refreshing love is there, the same as before, but sweeter now because it has been proved in a new way. Through blasted hopes or broken plans, through sorrow and loss, through some calamity that completely upsets all our circumstances or, it may be, through some terrible and humiliating revelation of the inconstancy of our own hearts, we look away to Him and almost wonder if, in the things that have seemed to shake the very foundations of our being, He has not gone from us. But He is the same forever and Oh, how gladly and how gratefully we look up into His face and say, “Thou remainest!”

But the peace and rest we find in His being the same forever, come not alone from His providence and care for our own little lives. Looking out upon broader fields than we have ever trod, beholding larger spheres than those that enter in, we see Him there, the same in His constant providence for the universe of all things as we know Him in the little universe of our individual souls. The same faithfulness that fills the little span across which our lives are drawn and which again and again compels the adoration and praise of our hearts, is found to fill all the ages of time. We wonder at the constancy of love He manifests in the details of our circumstances, that sometimes seem so intricate to us, but our wonder is increased when we find that He is equally constant and careful about the details of the whole creation. Moment by moment, day by day, year by year, generation after generation, from all eternity to all eternity, He is the same faithful, unchanging God. His purposes are everlasting and His plans comprehend eternity. He makes the ages and if His infinite wisdom calls for it He takes a thousand years in which to do the work of a day, because eternity belongs to Him, or He does in a day the work of a thousand years, because He is God, and time, long or short, cannot restrict Him in His working. But whether we behold Him in His work of a day or in His work of a thousand years, He is the unchanging One, the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

He created all things (Col. 1:16) but before He did so He suffered for the world that would break His holy law, for He was the Lamb slain before the world’s foundation. And when the world was created, not all the malignity of satan and not all the sinfulness of man could turn Him from His purpose to be Emmanuel—God with us. Ages roll on and His plan rolls into completion. Scoffers and infidels live and laugh at Him and His Word but they die and are forgotten and lo, it is found that everything that they have done has not made a single change in His plan for the world and for each trusting heart.

And such a One is the Author (beginner) and Finisher of our faith. Oh, how firm is the foundation laid for us; how sure the ground upon which He lets us stand; how comforting the knowledge that He is for time and eternity our faithful God!

The India Alliance is published with the purpose of helping the missionaries to keep in touch with one another’s work and that we may present to the friends and supporters at home, in part at least, a record of what the Lord is doing for them and us in this part of His great harvest field. In order that the
paper may be what it ought to be, it is necessary that we cooperate with one another. We would be glad for practical suggestions from any of our readers that will help us to improve this little messenger and make it more interesting. We also take the liberty of saying to our fellow missionaries that a prompt response to the editor's solicitations for articles will lighten his work materially and save him much valuable time, besides keeping these pages supplied with the things that belong to such a paper as The India Alliance aims to be. Do not wait, either, for the invitation to write, but send, and keep sending, incidents and articles concerning your missionary work.

A QUICKENED CONSCIENCE

ONE thing the missionary finds hard to understand is the readiness with which the people of India can tell lies. It seems to be a kind of second nature with them. Whenever a lie is convenient or advantageous it is almost sure to be forthcoming. And sometimes, it would seem, a lie has been told when there was no reason whatever for it and when the truth would have suited better, even from the falsifier's point of view.

It is therefore a cause for real praise and joy when we find that one who had the habit of lying is found to be breaking away from it. Generally, this is an unmistakable evidence that the individual is being dealt with by the Spirit of God.

A few weeks ago an Indian Christian came to one of the missionaries with a troubled look on his face, and the missionary wondered what was wrong. He expected a request for some kind of help or favour and prepared himself to meet it. The Indian brother is a man of unmistakable Christian character and is looked upon as one of the most spiritual men in the mission station where he lives.

But that morning there was something wrong. The missionary left him for a few minutes on the verandah of the bungalow while he went inside to look after something. On coming back he found the brother kneeling in prayer and when the prayer was finished the missionary was approached and addressed with a confession somewhat as follows:—

"Sahib, do you remember the hen you bought from me a few days ago?" "Yes, I do remember." "Well, I told you I paid twelve annas for it, but the fact is I paid only eight.

I told you, too, that the hen was laying, but she had not laid an egg from the time I got her. I came to tell you I am sorry that I lied for four annas (eight cents) and I want you to pardon me. Last night I could not sleep for thinking about this and I feel very sorry." The man's voice broke and the missionary almost felt like being glad that he had lost the four annas because it brought out the fact that this man who once, no doubt, could tell lies without any uneasiness of mind had now such a quickened conscience that a lie and deception could keep him from sleeping comfortably. It is needless to say the missionary forgave the man, and together they prayed for grace to be truthful always.

A MISSIONARY'S MESSAGE

IN our last issue we reported the death of Mr. H. E. Penman, a young man of the Kurku and Central Indian Hill Mission. Some time before his death, Mr. Penman sent the following message to friends in his home land—a message worthy of being read by a wider circle, and so we take the liberty of passing it on. He wrote:—

"One of the chief difficulties of a true messenger of the cross in a heathen land, is to keep the spirit bright and pure, and in touch with unseen things, while in the atmosphere around him the 'Prince of the power of the air' has full sway. When I landed in Bombay, one of my first impressions was 'what a contrast between this atmosphere and that of Keswick during convention week'? At Keswick the air seems charged with the Holy Spirit Himself. Prayer is delightful, and it is so natural to speak and sing of the Lord and His love. But in a heathen land how different it is! I have often thought that should the Lord ever give me the privilege of helping by advice any of His servants who hope to enter the foreign field, my chief word would be:—

'Learn the secret of being dependent on the Lord alone, with your heart at the source of every precious thing, in the secret place of the Most High. If we live there, the surrounding influences will only drive us deeper into the heart of God.' Please pray for us Kurku missionaries [and all others, we would add] that our lives may be such as are undisturbed by the devil and his work, and that we may daily learn what the Lord Himself can be to a waiting soul."
OUR ORPHANAGES
BY E. R. CARNER

SOMETIMES as we have looked at a group of the bright, promising young lives in some of our orphanages, we have thought of their preciousness. What an infinite difference between what they are and what they would have been if there had been no orphanages, no missionaries, no supporters at home, and no “foreign missions.”

If the friends at home could see these young men and women now, and then see what they would have had if they had lived among the heathen people of their own castes, it would drive away forever the question, “Does it pay?”

Saving souls and saving lives is an expensive enterprise, it is true, if we count the money and prayers and lives required to do it, but when we count the value of the souls it is a most profitable enterprise. In our four or five orphanages, over a thousand homeless children have been given a home and have been taught clean and wholesome habits, with regard to the care of their bodies. They have been taught to read and write, and to think higher thoughts than they ever would have known had they lived and grown up among the villages from whence they were taken, and have had opened up to them a field of knowledge which they can go on exploring to good advantage for all time to come,—this for their minds. They have been instructed carefully in the way of truth, have been taught to despise and shun idolatry and a large proportion of them have learned to know the only true God and Jesus Christ whom He has sent,—this for their souls.

Any one of them is worth more to God and to us who are His children, than all the money and time and sacrifice we have given to the cause of foreign missions. And this is not all; many of them now stand at the threshold of life and are about to go forth into their chosen fields of labour. What will it mean to us and to India and to the world, that they have been taught higher ideals than heathenism can teach? Some of them have felt the warm yearnings of God’s love for a lost world beginning to kindle in their hearts. Out of this number, some are already preaching the gospel, others soon will be, and still others are waiting for special training for this great calling.

We would like to impress upon the minds of those who have supported the orphans the fact that they have done a good work. Further, we would like to impress upon their hearts the fact that they ought to go on with this good work. It is not wise, to say the least, and it is not fair to these young men and women that their support should be dropped at this stage. We believe it is speaking conservatively to say that no phase of our missionary effort has given more immediate and satisfactory results than has the work of our orphanages.

We wish that more of these rescued ones were consecrated to the ministry of the gospel, but the call to such a work must come from God, not from man. We do believe that if the friends at home will continue to stand by this cause with money and by faithful prayer, many more out of the number in our orphanages will be led into the ministry.

It pays to invest money in the young men and women of India. God has more Baba Padmanjis and more Pandita Ramabais. He may want to call them to the front through your prayers and your money. Are you willing that He should? At any rate, be faithful to the work you have begun on this line, and help to see that the boys and girls who have had your support thus far, shall have a chance to go on until trained and equipped to do effective work as preachers and teachers and soul winners.

LOST IN THE JUNGLE
BY O. DINHAM

JESUS is giving us many victories and wherein I have failed He has met me in love and mercy. Praise the Lord.

Mrs. Dinham and I with Shantwan set out in the tonga yesterday for Sarhli bazaar which is about six miles from here. One of the bullocks took sick on the way. Shantwan and I got out and walked, the tonga following slowly, so that Mrs. Dinham arrived in due time.

We preached in the bazaar, sold one or two Scripture portions, and were about to start for home, when we found that the sick bullock was unfit to make the return journey, with a load. We then tried to hire another pair of bullocks but no one was willing to let us have any. Thinking our own might be able to follow slowly, I left Mrs. Dinham in the tonga while the catechist and I started for home on foot, across the fields. Through a misunderstanding Mrs. Dinham left the tonga, going to
a village about half a mile from the main road, expecting to find us and in this way save time in getting home. Of course we were not there and in the meantime it got dark. A man of the village put her on the wrong road, by mistake, and instead of going toward the tonga she was getting farther and farther from it. After walking a long distance she became alarmed, (we had left the children at home). God very graciously drew near and comforted her, and brought a man that way who proved to be a friend indeed. He went to the end of the road with her and then all the way back to the other road where the tonga was standing waiting for her, with a very anxious gardie walla (bullock driver).

I had hurried on home to the children, little dreaming of Mrs. Dinham's adventure in the dark fields. But God brought her home in safety and we praised Him together with glad hearts.

CHRISTMAS ON PROSPECT FARM
By ROBT. G. GREENGRASS

OUR family here being rather larger than the average family at home, we, anticipating Christmas, felt somewhat like the old woman who lived in a shoe. However ere Christmas was upon us we had decided what to do so as to make, if possible, all happy, and at the same time avoid carefully giving rise to any feeling of envy or jealousy, which is common among boys when the orthodox method of distributing presents is adopted. This difficulty solved we were confronted with another and a greater one. For our precious little son, who was so promising, was taken from our arms on 11th Dec. by the Death Angel and carried away to Paradise; leaving us with sad, torn hearts and spirits rather low. How we could become cheery enough in so short a time to make our village people and orphan boys happy for Christmas day was no small thing to face. Nevertheless, somehow, we managed to appropriate sufficient grace to carry us through.

Late in the evening of Christmas eve, our faithful old helper, having left that morning before dawn, arrived with an ox-cart heavily laden with good things for the morrow.

No one had at all learned what was to take place on the eventful "Natal-no-divas," neither did anyone till Christmas morning. It was at once interesting and amusing to see how the people and the boys did watch every movement in the vicinity of the "bungalow" (so-called, by virtue of its being a European residence).

The morning was bright (as is usual in sunny India) and the air was filled with the cooing of the turtle dove, etc. Phœbus had not climbed very high before the curiosity was partly satisfied as, early, the four monitors of the orphanage, with many willing helpers, were busily engaged preparing a sumptuous feast for the entire colony. By noon all was ready and the gong was struck which called everybody to the here-in-before-mentioned bungalow. Although about one hundred people were gathered and seated (in rows facing each other—outside the house), there was no confusion. It is quite gratifying to begin to see some fruits of discipline. No matter what roar of chattering and confusion etc. there may be at any time, in an instant perfect silence can be obtained; and at a second word (properly uttered) all, in less than half a minute, are seen with folded arms standing in a (remarkably straight) line, like soldiers waiting orders. After the principal course was served there came sweet-meats, fruits, popped rice, etc. The feast over, we pleased all by announcing a magic-lantern talk for the evening.

There was no rest for us in the meantime, as in a work like this, there are always so many little as well as big things to attend to that we are in a constant go-go-go.

Evening found us very tired but we braced up for the occasion. All was ready at dusk, when the gong again was sounded. Most of them came in a scattered manner like sheep (though not unmixed with goats, I assure you) but the smaller boys, about thirty in all, whose ages average nine years, marched to the house in a double file, hand-in-hand, singing (in English if you please) "'On a Christmas morning the angels sang for joy.'" We first used the "Life of Christ" slides, then "The Prodigal Son." All were intensely interested and we trust helped. After prayer the married people were dismissed. Then that wonderful word, which we said must be properly uttered, was heard, with the result that in a minute there were four straight rows of boys standing with arms folded, each row being headed with its respective muchadum (monitor). Next, we had these four rows form one long line, the "muchadums" each staying by their respective charges. What was about to happen they did not know. First the boys had thought the big
feast was all, and were agreeably surprised by the announcement of the magic-lantern views (the East-Indian has a marked weakness for pictures). The last picture seen, they thought, "surely this is all." But they were soon made curious by being detained in this manner. Having seated the long, anxious line (except the muckadums), we started with a box of small silver coins in hand and delivered one to each boy. During this process not a sound was heard but the "thank you" of the boy receiving the money. The last boy reached, a few words of encouragement for good behaviour were spoken and we gave them leave. No sooner was the word spoken than, before any had moved, there came thundering down the line out of the darkness into which the far end of the line pierced, a word which sounds something like "marbonni" (thank you). Then the small boys again got ahead of the big ones by sending up at one instance a tremendous cheer.

Thus ended our Christmas at Ashapur or Prospect Farm.

Everybody was happy. We, when we turned in at 10-30, were—well, "tired" is no word for it. But in laying aside our personal sorrow and feeling, to make others happy, we ourselves were made happy and received a real blessing. "Isn't the Lord good!"

P.S.—We received, through brother Andrews, our portion of the "Dime Collection," taken at the Institute, for the orphans. This was quite a help to us and we were thankful for it.

CHAINS AND LOCKS

(Continued from page 88.)

praying that some ray of light from Him who is The Light of the World may penetrate the thick darkness. Who can tell?

Yet another place—not this time the towns but the train. When we enter the compartment, there are other occupants, a Brahmin widow and three children. The train starts; we break at once that silence which exists between strangers, and soon in our Brahmin sister we have a deeply interested listener. She is from a well-to-do family, a nice refined woman, taking her three little grand children home, seemingly happy and contented and quite animated in her conversation. Ah yes, but ere long this changes. "Truth" touches her heart, she becomes more silent and then exclaims, "It truly is fate that you allowed me to remain in your carriage. I have never heard these things before; while listening I have quite forgotten my sorrows, and what you say I feel must be true." Tears choke further utterance for a little and then she adds, "Yes, when my husband lived, I never went anywhere alone but always had four attendants. Now, oh the contrast!" And she pulls her lugarda further over her shaven head and tighter over her poor bare shoulders, as if the awful indignities heaped upon her,

BECAUSE A WIDOW,
were afresh, cruelly piercing her heart.

Enough, is it all too dark? Oh, but it is true!

Dear friends, pray on; pray for us. "The conflict is not with mere flesh and blood but with the despotisms, the empires, the forces that control and govern this dark world—the spiritual hosts of evil arrayed against us in the heavenly warfare."

Pray on, too, for the people. "They that dwell in the land of deep darkness, upon them hath the light shined." The Gospel is in their midst. Jesus is being preached unto them. Oh, pray that, soon, they may accept Him and be saved.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR AT AKOLA ORPHANAGE

(Continued from page 89.)

to listen to them?

We are glad that there are some who have these orphan children on their hearts, and even though in far away lands are meeting their expectations for a happy Christmas. For instance a day or two preceding Christmas, a letter came from America with these words:— "I am constrained to send you the enclosed draft to help give the boys a Christmas, knowing the high prices of things with you."

Christmas arrived and we met it in the children's way. The children had charge of the meeting. Each had a Scripture verse to repeat and the smallest even, had a sermon to preach, and they at least held the attention of the audience for about an hour. Then they sang a hymn composed by one of the boys for the occasion. This was followed by the annual Christmas offering by the native Christian
community. Among the things offered were eggs, chickens and a male buffalo. 

But the offering was not limited by the boundaries of the Christian community, but Hindus from the town of Akola and the neighbouring villages as well, brought their contributions in the shape of sweets, money and other things.

The climax of the evening was reached when the gifts began to be distributed, and you should have been here to see the sparkling eyes and joyful faces, as at last their long cherished hopes began to be realized.

You might like to know how the gifts of a native boy compare with those of boys at home.

Well, for the older boys there were pencils, pens, towels, warm undershirts and caps, and for the smaller boys' handkerchiefs, combs and rubber balls. There were sweets for all, which are always much appreciated.

Even native boys cherish their pice (copper money) with the anticipation of indulging their sweet tooth, just as American boys do. For instance, one of the small boys asked permission to go to the bazaar one day. When asked his reason for wishing to go he said that he wanted to do some bazaaring (marketing). When questioned more closely, it was found that he had in his possession three pice, about a cent and a half, which he wished to invest in sweets.

The distribution of gifts ended one of the happy events in the lives of the orphan boys. It will doubtless he remembered and discussed until the next holiday season draws near enough to turn thoughts toward future events.

This New Year will long be remembered because it marks an epoch in the lives of some of the boys, especially in the life of one who left the orphanage before Christmas. He was wandering around for about two weeks and finally found his way to Chandur. He writes, "Mrs. Ramsey’s preaching impressed my mind and broke my heart so that I confessed my sins.” He is really doing this in asking forgiveness of missionaries whom he has wronged, making confessions to Miss Yoder and Mr. Moyser, even writing to the latter in America, to make things right. He also asked forgiveness of boys at the orphanage whom he had deceived, having told them things that were not true. He asked the privilege of having a meeting with the boys on the second day of the New Year, and read Scripture to them, referring to the duty of confessing sins to one another. He then asked their forgive-

ness and urged them to begin the year with a clean record.

A series of meetings was conducted for four days, during the holidays, and several confessions were made and wrong things made right. This is a cause for much thanksgiving to our God who hath wrought in our midst.

Satan’s Shadows

By R. J. Bennett

Very little can be done at present in some parts of this district in preaching the gospel in the villages.

Plague and famine are now distressing the people to a great extent, and it seems that these calamities are producing no small result in regard to showing them the gross wickedness of trusting for salvation in such duties as their Shastras speak of.

False Priests Praised

While preaching to a crowd in Sanand one day, two Hindu priests came and stood close beside us and began to speak in Sanskrit, Hindustani and Gujarati. They spoke with great fluency in favour of Hinduism and against Christianity. The people applauded them and shouted and yelled at our defeat, for we had no opportunity to say anything more after they came. But their rejoicing was soon to be turned into weeping and mourning because they were trusting in man and putting him in the place of God. These two priests, who were only visitors, were considered as holy, and were almost worshipped, as God. Meetings were held every day during their stay in the town and great devotion was shown to them. Many vows were made and much fasting was done by the people.

Vain Vows

Eighty persons fasted for eight or ten days in succession and eight women fasted for sixteen days; but it was too much for one of them to go without food so long and on the sixteenth day she died. In the midst of these demonstrations of Hinduism, the monster plague came stalking into the town and claimed many of them for his victims.

Eager to Escape

The people soon found that the two priests in whom they put so much confidence and whom they considered to be almost as God, were quite powerless to help them in their great suffering and distress; and saw that they
were as eager to escape as they themselves were.
The town was soon vacated and many of the people are now living in huts in the fields. But even there the judgment of God seemed to follow them, for a fire broke out among their huts and three children were burnt to death and a thousand dollars worth of property was destroyed.

WILLING TO LISTEN
As we now go to them in their lonely places and talk to them of Jesus, they are quite willing to listen and are more inclined to believe that there is something real in Christianity.
They are gradually losing faith in Hinduism and are becoming more receptive to the gospel. The simple preaching of the Word, accompanied by the earnest prayers of God's people and the power of the Holy Spirit, will soon bring about a great change in their lives.
At noon to-day a high caste man came to the bungalow and listened for an hour or more while I talked to him of Jesus, and when he was leaving he promised to read the Bible and do his best to find the true Light. Unite with us in prayer that God will help him to believe in the Light.

STRIKING WORDS

WOULD God we could lose sight for a time of missionary organizations and every human agency and could get one clear vision of Jesus Christ; then the whole problem of missionary finance and missionary workers would be settled. I do not ask you to pity the heathen, for pity is often a weak thing that spends itself in tears, and then forgets the object of it. But I do ask you with all my heart, simply to trust Jesus Christ right. I submit the question: "Is it right to receive the eternal life from those scarred hands, and then give Him only the spare change we happen to have left after we have supplied ourselves with luxuries? Is it right to receive heaven at the price which He paid, and then give Him the odds and ends, the convenient service, the things that cost us little or nothing? The crumbs that fall from your laden table are not enough; they will not do to meet the need of the world that gropes in its ignorance, without God. You have no right to crucify the Lord Jesus Christ afresh upon the cross of your convenience."—Willis R. Hotchkiss, in Christian Worker.

ANSWERED PRAYER

MRS. CUTLER of Murtizapur, in a recent letter, sends the following words of thanksgiving and praise:
"I feel like telling you that our Lord has answered prayer and our little Faith is healed. Her trouble started suddenly in September and we had her anointed during Convention in Akola, but until Saturday last, we saw no change either for better or worse. I felt it was a test of faith, though at times the mother-heart has felt perplexed. Praise God for His goodness. Many have been standing with us in prayer and we feel we would like them to unite now in praise to our faithful Lord. . . . Nothing is too hard for Jesus."

Items

HERE are now 5,000 missionaries in India and 50,000 Indian workers. The Christian community is said to number 1,250,000. The number of workers is, then, about five per cent of the total number of Christians.

We are glad to welcome back to the work, Mrs. Bannister and Miss Compton who have been on furlough.

A new missionary, Miss Coxe, was added to our number recently. May the Lord bless her with a long and useful term of service in India—if Jesus tarry.

India has 728,605 villages.

Dholka has had much real blessing in the past month; Akola has lately seen and felt the gracious working of the Spirit of God; prayer is being answered in Bhusawal and a revival is in progress; and Kaira is not forgotten by the One who sends revival.

The INDIA ALLIANCE will be sent free to every one who supports one or more of our orphans. It is also given to those who support native workers and students in the Training Schools. If you are one of these supporters and do not get the paper regularly, write the business manager, who will be glad to enter your name on the subscription list.

Mr. Schoonmaker has already had his initiative experience with Indian fever. We trust he may not have any more of it soon.
### Gujarat

**Ahmedabad.** Miss J. Fraser, Miss A. Fraser

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

**Dholka.**
- Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Hamilton
- Miss M. Ballentyn
- Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Turnbull
- Mr. J. N. Culver
- Mr. Alfred C. Sneed
- Mr. Schoonmaker

**Kaira.**
- Miss E. Wells
- Miss C. Hilker
- Miss V. Dunham
- Miss M. Woodworth
- Miss C. Hansen
- Miss Mary Compton
- Miss Coxe

**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

**Viramgam.** Mr. S. Armson

### Bombay

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Fuller
Miss K. Knight, Miss E. Morris
Miss L. Gardner

(P.O. Sholapur.) Miss Z. McAuley

### On Furlough:

- Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Johnson
- Mr. and Mrs. W. Moyer
- Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Turnbull
- Mrs. F. H. Back
- Mr. and Mrs. J. Read
- Mr. and Mrs. W. Franklin
- Miss A. Seasholtz