The
India Alliance

The Organ of
The Christian and Missionary Alliance
in India.

Contents:

The Sweetest Name ........................................ 97
Encouraging Work, O. Dinham ............................... 98
For His Glory, Charlotte Rutherford ...................... 98
How We Went Touring, Mrs. M. J. Wark .................... 101
Editorials ........................................................ 102
To The Missionaries, Rev. A. E. Funk .................... 103
Lakshman, Mrs. J. P. Rogers ............................... 103
The Boys' Bible Training School, C. Eicher .............. 104
God's Healing Hand, Mrs. M. B. Fuller .................... 105
"In Journeyings Often," Mattie Veach .................... 106
Women Students In India, Miss Liliyati Singh .......... 107
Items .......................................................... 108

SPECIAL DAY FOR PRAYER, LAST FRIDAY OF EACH MONTH.
Christian & Missionary Alliance.

HEADQUARTERS—690 EIGHTH AVE., NEW YORK. CABLE ADDRESS—PAROUSIA, NEW YORK.

REV. A. B. SIMPSON .... .... President & General Superintendent.
REV. JOHN SALMON, ........ Rev. O. M. BROWN, ........ Rev. JOHN MCGAHIE.
REV. O. E. MALLORY, ........ Mr. GEO. MONTGOMERY, ........ Mr. JOHN McGAHIE.
REV. W. C. STEVENS, ........ Rev. JOHN OERTER, ........ REV. F. W. FLINT.
REV. M. B. FULLER, ........ Mr. A. D. JACKSON, ........ Mr. JAS. G. REBER.
REV. A. E. FUNK .... .... General Secretary & Foreign Superintendent.
MR. DAVID CLEER .... .... Treasurer, 690-Eighth Ave., New York.
REV. J. D. WILLIAMS .... .... Recording Secretary.
MRS. A. B. SIMPSON .... .... Superintendent Assignment of Missionaries.
REV. HENRY WILSON, D.D. .... .... Field Superintendent.
REV. HENRY KENNING .... .... Home Secretary.

HEADQUARTERS FOR INDIA—ALLIANCE MISSION, GOWALIA TANK ROAD, BOMBAY.
CABLE ADDRESS—PAROUSIA, BOMBAY.

REV. M. B. FULLER, —Superintendent for India, Bombay.

The affairs of the Mission in the field are administered by the Superintendent and a Council, composed of nine members of the Mission elected at the Annual Convention. The Alliance is unsectarian and its special object is the evangelization of neglected fields; it seeks to unite Christians of all evangelical denominations in its work.

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

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

The financial basis of the Alliance is shown in the following article from the Constitution. "The Alliance will require of all its labourers 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, Gowalia Tank Road, Bombay. Unless otherwise designated, donations will be put in the general fund.

The India Alliance.

This is intended as a monthly message from the Alliance Missionaries to the friends of their work. It will also deal with the general questions of mission work by original or selected articles, and will seek to deepen the interest and stimulate the prayers of all who may read it, by showing the encouragements as well as difficulties of the work.

EDITOR:—MR. E. R. CARNER. BUSINESS MANAGER:—MR. S. H. AUERNHEIMER,

Amravati, Berar. Daryapur, Berar.

Terms of Subscription.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Single Copies</th>
<th>Re. 0 2 0</th>
<th>In England 2s. 0d.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>In all Countries where the rupee is current</td>
<td>Re. 1 2 0</td>
<td>In America 50 cents.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

All payments in India to be sent to the Business Manager.

American subscriptions can be sent to Mr. V. T. Jeffrey, 690, 8th Ave, New York.
THE SWEETEST NAME

"Jesus," sweetest note of any 
In the lowly pilgrim's song; 
"Jesus!" the triumphant music 
Of the bright angelic throng.—Lucy A. Bennett.

Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts, 
Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men, 
From the best bliss that earth imparts, 
We turn unfilled to Thee again. 
—Bernard of Clairvaux.

If there is one word above another that will swing open the eternal gates, it is the name of Jesus. There are a great many passwords down here, but that will be the countersign above. Jesus Christ is the "Open Sesame" to heaven. Any one who tries to climb up some other way is a thief and a robber. And when we get in, what a joy above every other joy we can think of, will it be to see Jesus Himself and to be with Him continually.—D. L. Moody.

Jesus! I am resting, resting 
In the joy of what Thou art; 
I am finding out the greatness 
Of Thy loving heart. 
Thou hast bid me gaze upon Thee 
And Thy beauty fills my soul, 
For, by Thy transforming power, 
Thou hast made me whole.—Jean Sophia Pigott.

At the name of Jesus bowing, 
Falling prostrate at His feet, 
King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him, 
When our journey is complete.—Mrs. Baxter.

Jesus, my all in all Thou'ert, 
My rest in toil, my ease in pain, 
The medicine of my broken heart, 
In war my peace, in loss, my gain, 
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown 
In shame my glory and my crown.—C. Wesley.

Jesus! How does the very word overflow with sweetness and light and love and life; filling the air with odors like precious ointment poured forth; irradiating the mind with a glory of truths in which no fear can live, soothing the wounds of the heart with the balm that turns the sharpest anguish into delicate peace, shedding through the soul a cordial of immortal strength. Jesus! the answer to all our doubts, the spring of all our hopes, the charm omnipotent against all our fears, the remedy of all our wants, the fullness of all our desires. Jesus! at the mention of whose name every knee shall bow and every tongue confess. Jesus! our power—Jesus! our righteousness, our sanctification, our redemption—Jesus! our elder brother, our blessed Lord and Redeemer. Thy name is the most transporting theme of the church as they sing going up from the valley of tears to their home on the mount of God; thy name shall be the richest chord in the harmony of heaven where the angels and redeemed unite their exulting, adoring songs around the throne of God. Jesus! Thou only canst interpret thy own name and thou hast done it by thy works on earth and thy glory at the right hand of the Father. 
—Dr. Bethune.

Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.—Bible.
seen angry men stilled and, in some cases, become our most interested listeners.

We expect to go out again in a few days; and we go with the prayer that God may manifest His power in the salvation of some of these precious souls.

FOR HIS GLORY

BY CHARLOTTE RUTHERFORD

“Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory.”

“Blessing, and glory and wisdom and power, and might be unto our God for ever and ever.”

It was late in November before the way opened for Mr. and Mrs. Rogers and Miss Little and the writer to go out to tour in the neighbouring villages. The annual convention, which preceded the touring season, had encroached upon the time for going out on tour, so that our missionaries were later than usual in getting out. Was it a loss to us or to the work? By no means! God came in power upon His people while they tarried and they were the better fitted to face the heathen darkness awaiting them.

We pitched our camp at Bodwad, a fair sized town about twenty miles from Bhusawal. The people were very respectful to us and always gave us good attention. We were often reminded of Mark 16: 20, “And they went forth, and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the Word with signs following.”

CORDIALLY WELCOMED

In the surrounding villages we were cordially welcomed, and large groups would gather about us and listen so attentively that it was very encouraging. A woman called us one day and asked us to tell her the Name again; she had forgotten it, and when it was told her she repeated it several times over, “Jesus, Lord Jesus Christ.” Oh, that His Name may become as sweet to them as it is to us!

We call to mind two old men (brothers). How they did listen to the preached word! One was a poor tottering man on the verge of the grave. We hope to return to his village before the season closes. His poor sin-marked face looms up before us so often and leads us out in prayer for him.

SATAN AROUSED

One afternoon we had arranged to visit a village about four miles from our camp. Just as we were about to start our driver fell a
victim to chills and fever. We were perfectly clear we were in God's Will, as it proved later. Leaving the sick man in the care of someone, we took the reins and drove ourselves. The enemy seemed to fight us and tried to prevent our going to this particular village. We were not by any means discouraged, but took it as a good sign. We kept getting off the road and were obliged to keep asking the way from the people. We saw night was coming on, and the roads bad and the driver inexperienced with horses, so we felt we had better get down on our knees and commit the matter to God. We were once more helped out of a difficulty. On looking up we sighted the village, we were making for.

A PREPARED PEOPLE

Truly our God had gone before us for we found a prepared people awaiting us. They gathered around us, and listened as though their whole life depended on it. We wish to make mention of a Mahav (a low caste man) and his wife who took such an interest in our message. They sat close by, and as we described the sufferings of Jesus on the cross and for whom He suffered, they looked at each other and said, "Ah, Ah, for us!" and the expression of their faces showed they had understood. Our hearts were drawn out in love and sympathy for them. We visited these dear people the next week and found them just as hungry for more of the Word. As we were leaving them, the woman grasped our hands and said, "We wish to be baptized."

How our hearts leaped for joy, when she said this! She offered us milk to drink, and seemed to feel she could not do enough to show her gratitude.

SOWING AND REAPING

Our third visit there was still more encouraging. It was impossible to keep dry eyes as we watched the dear old faces of the women drinking in the message as it was delivered by one of our workers. One of them turned to me and said, "I have never taken the name of Ram (one of their gods) since you came here." I have taken Jesus' Name." Oh, the joy that welled up in our hearts! Dear old soul, she is so near the grave and has no one to lead her through the dark valley of death! It is all so dark! Dear readers pray that her last days may be brightened by the Light of lights. Mr. Bannister had worked so faithfully in this village, and we are only reaping what he had sown, no doubt with many, many tears.

We had an experience in another village, which we desire to tell for the honour and glory of our precious Lord, through whom the work was done. It was our first visit and the people, not having seen a European lady before, naturally shrank from us and refused to come near us. We were just about to leave the village disappointed, when we noticed two old women sitting by a smouldering heap of straw. It was a very cold morning and they were trying to get a little comfort from the smouldering heap. We asked if we might talk a little to them. They were a little suspicious of us at first, but after speaking kindly to them for a while they yielded to us and allowed us to sit down in the compound.

GAMMI

Our music soon attracted the neighbours and it is about one of these I wish to write. Her name was Gammi, meaning, a nice looking young girl. After sitting awhile, she told us she had lost her hearing and had suffered with her ears for a month. We told her about the miracles which Jesus used to do when upon earth—how He used to heal the sick, give hearing to the deaf, etc. All this was of interest to her and she, of her own accord, said, "If your God gives me my hearing I will cast the idols from my house and will serve Him." We all knelt beside her and asked God to heal the woman and to show His power to the people. We saw nothing to encourage us when we left the village, but a day or two ago we returned to the village to see Gammi, and were told by her neighbours she was healed three days after we had prayed for her. All the people knew about it and it gave us their confidence so that we had a very blessed time with them. I shall never forget my last visit to them. We realized the presence of God there and the faces of the people lit up as we told them of Jesus and His love. Gammi had gone to another village so we did not see her. We returned home to breakfast with hearts full of joy, and praise to Jesus who had done such marvellous things before the eyes of the heathen.

We went into Bhusawal to spend Christmas with our Christians. After it was over, the Lord laid it upon our hearts to have special meetings with our native people. God met us in a wonderful way. He poured out His Spirit upon us, and healed a poor old cripple and others suffering from other complaints. After spending a month at Bhusawal, Miss Little and I went back to the work which was so dear to us. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers were
detained at home much to their disappointment.

While we were pitching our tents one of our catechists was seized with violent pains in his chest and side and lay prostrate in the open field, crying. Miss Little and I went to him, and seeing his condition, kneeled in our helplessness and told God our need of His healing touch. He heard our cry and immediately the pain was taken away and in half an hour the man was completely well and about his work, smiling and singing and giving Jesus the praise. It seemed as if Satan came up against us, but was driven back by the power of our God. Hallelujah!

The Gospel to the Poor

Last Saturday we visited a certain village for the second time. We had gone there before Christmas and had had a good reception. Two women told us that they had heard us preaching in the bazaar about Jesus and had taken that name when they dug a well, and said they had found good water. On our return we found a great change. They simply ignored us and would have nothing to do with us, nor would the neighbours. So we had to turn to the low-caste people, who were only too eager to have us. One woman sent her two children to touch my feet, to which I made strong objections. She only meant to pay her respects to me, poor woman! It was most encouraging to see the way these people took in the Word. One woman, in the presence of her people, told us she desired to be a Christian. I trust she will take the step and take up her cross and follow Jesus. When we joined the catechists at the other end of the village they told us of a very sick Kumbie woman (of the farmer caste). Her husband carried her to the door to let us see her, but it was too much for her, so he had to carry her back to bed, and allowed us to go in and kneel at her bedside. We cried to God for her and believed He would heal the woman.

Caste Chains

Next morning (Sunday) we went back to see the woman, but found the man's attitude toward us had undergone a change, and discovered his caste people had threatened to put him out of caste, if he allowed Christians in his house again. He was too afraid and nervous to talk to us, so we had to leave him. As we were leaving the village the Mahars came running after us, begging us to come back and teach them, saying they had a holiday and would like us to spend a little time with them. Gladly did we seize the opportunity and how these dear people did gladden our hearts! I have great faith for these people. I believe they will turn to Christ in a body. They need more teaching and then I think they will be ready for baptism. This is the second village where the people see ready for special instruction.

We are by no means always received in this manner. Miss Little and I went to another village two miles away, and from there we were rudely driven out. It was extremely humiliating to have a domineering man come and, in the presence of a large assemblage of people, tell us to go, waving us off with his hand. Of course we had to leave for there was no alternative. This was the second time those people acted in this manner. They are bitterly opposed to the Gospel.

A White Harvest

In other villages where European ladies have never gone before, the women are terrified and run in all directions at the sight of us. We have had this experience in several villages, where the women would run like frightened deer at the sight of us. It was very hard for us, as it was for them for whom, especially, we had come. Sometimes the men would drive them off after we had succeeded in getting a few together, saying, "What do they know? They know more about making bread, and field work."

We have not written this article merely to interest the readers, but that they may take these dear people upon their hearts. Souls are not easily won. Some one must travail for them. Who will stand with us? Who? Who? God is working and the field is ready for the sickle. The field was never so promising as it is at present: there is every appearance of an ingathering of souls.

Never was the work more precious and sweet than it is these days. Truly the Lord has worked and is working with us. The Lord of Hosts is with us. He has manifested Himself to us in such a way that He has drawn out our hearts in such love to Himself and for the dear people for whom He died and over whom He yearns.

Continue instant in prayer. Will someone take Gammi on his or her heart, and pray that she may keep the vow she made, that is, to cast away her idols and serve God? He has healed her. He has done His part. She has yet to do hers. Pray that she may.
HOW WE WENT TOURING

By Mrs. M. J. Wark

“Are you going camping this year, wife,” asked my husband one sunny June morning, in reference to the itinerating work among the villages in the cold season. “I hope so,” I replied, “we have just bought six enamel plates, toward our outfit.”

Yes, we had six enamel plates, and we still required bullocks, a gardi, (conveyance) a tent, sufficiently large to accommodate us and our two children, cots to sleep on, and numerous other things! There was no bank account to draw upon, and certainly no prospect of our finances covering such a demand upon them; but as we talked and thought of ways and means, we joyously laughed over our six plates, knowing our Father in heaven would provide us with the necessaries for the work. We just told Him all we needed and this is how He answered.

First of all He showed us where we lacked in faith, and the command rang out clear, “Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.” First provide for His kingdom and His work, then for the wardrobe and pantry. “But,” we questioned, “would not the margin be rather small for the latter?” And sweet and true echoed the promise, “All these things shall be added unto you.”

Soon the answers to our prayers began to come. Miss Veach was transferred to our station and she brought the gardi (conveyance) with her; it was the earnest of what followed. Then the bullocks were provided for in the beautiful way our Father does things. A month before the demand has come, He has laid a burden on one and another’s heart to send a gift, quite unconscious of the need here, and surely the quick response to His suggestion must have brought joy to His heart. Touring season drew near, but we could not see where the tent was to come from. Tentmakers catalogues were very fascinating, but rather discouraging literature, for the tent we needed seemed beyond our means; yet we remembered it was not beyond our Father. In far away New Zealand, in a little mining town,

He was working.

A gift marked, “For the supply of some missionary’s need in India,” was put into a friend’s hand and that was forwarded to us. It was just half the amount needed for the purchase of a tent we just then heard of, and which was exactly what we needed. From America came the other half, and so we had our tent. It was all so precious the way He provided just at the right time. Again from New Zealand and Australia came gifts from some whose hearts the Lord had touched, yet who knew nothing of our particular need. Cots, blankets etc. etc. were bought, and now we are out among the villages, telling the good news. “He is faithful.” It was with peculiar joy we set out to our first camping place. If the fear came of what the heat by day and the cold by night might mean to our two little ones, the thought of the Father’s tender provision gave confidence to press on. The good word, “In distresses, . . . the power of Christ may spread a tabernacle over me” (R. V. marg), came to us that morning, and in the darkness of that evening as we drove along, we realized its truth. About half way the bullocks suddenly stopped and on looking out we found ourselves on the edge of a washout in the road—three more inches and we would have been capsized. As the heathen gardi-walla (driver) solemnly remarked, “Truly God’s hand stopped these bullocks for I saw not the road.” A few days later, in the midst of a

TERRIFIC LIGHTNING STORM,

with water pouring over the floor of the tent, and while standing up to our ankles in mud, at midnight, attending our little one who was ill, “the tabernacle of His power” was very precious and real. Then, often, when feeling utterly weak and unable to meet the people in the villages, for Satan’s power is so great, this “power of Christ like a tabernacle spreading over us,” has been a source of rest and confidence. The flesh does shrink from facing the crowd of noisy, or indifferent women, but it is worth anything, any suffering, to be in fellowship with God in yearning for their salvation; to be the bearer of good tidings; to see rudeness, ignorance and pride silenced, as the wondrous story of the cross is told; to see one or two here and there drinking it in, and to hear one of their own people telling them with power, how Christ saved her! We have seen this these days, and we realize ours is the Living God, and it is good to trust in Him for “He is faithful.”
Editorials

"There is nothing too hard for Thee."
"Behold I am the Lord, the God of all flesh: is there anything too hard for me?" Jer. 32: 17, 27.

In a hard place, Jeremiah is praying for God's deliverance for Israel. As much, it would seem, to reassure his own heart as to express his faith he uses these words, "There is nothing too hard for Thee." And after he has poured out his heart in prayer, the Lord seems to lovingly challenge Jeremiah's own statement by giving it back to him as a question: "Is there anything too hard for me? Until fighting days are done, there will always be dilemmas for the children of God—"hard things" that baffle our wisdom and our strength; and it is at such times more than at any other that we may prove the loving resources of our God. In these days of perplexity and conflict do we not hear His tender challenge to our faith and will we not let Him send deliverance full and glorious according to His infinite wisdom and love, and not as our little hearts and minds might like to plan the answers to our prayers?

We believe the letter from the Home Board through Rev. Funk, found elsewhere in this issue, will be much appreciated by our missionaries. It is something to praise God for that He is giving us "the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." We may have variety of judgment with reference to many things of minor importance but the unity of the Spirit is absolutely essential to our health and growth as a mission and as individual members of the body of Christ. May the loving Spirit of God cause us to love and trust each other more and more and give to us that strong, true charity that persists in seeing the good that God is doing in and through all our brethren.

The Summer School for our catechists and Bible-women of the Marathi field is open through March and part of April. These times of special study and waiting upon God should mean much to the workers and their work in days to come. Let us pray for the outpouring of the Spirit's power upon the missionaries who are teaching and the workers who are studying. The convention for the Indian Christians will follow the examinations which come after the weeks of study. The friends at home can have a very important part in these meetings by way of praying for us. Don't forget us. The weather will be very warm and enervating about that time and only as God sustains and enables, can real good be accomplished. The time for the Summer School and convention for the Gujarati workers has not been decided.

In the touring season just closed, there have been many encouraging signs. Some of the low-caste communities have talked of coming into Christianity en masse. Of course we would rather see them coming to Christ individually, but the signs we have seen are hopeful and we believe there is a harvest almost ripe for the reapers. The missionaries who have seen and studied the awful caste system of India are less and less surprised that the results of their preaching are slow to appear on the surface. But the Spirit of God is at work and the faithful seed sowers may not need to wait many more years before their tears will be mingled with songs of joy over an abundant harvest. Meanwhile, let us keep on believing and God will vindicate His Word and His faithful children's service.

As the Lord opens new doors and invites by His providence into larger fields, our responsibilities increase proportionately. There is a strong call for teachers and preachers and a place for their service will be ready as fast as we can supply them. The work of the Training Schools is going to be a very important factor in determining what we shall do with reference to these open doors. Already a good beginning has been made and if we are faithful, God will abundantly bless this undertaking and give us young men and women to prepare for the ministry of His Word. Articles have been published in these columns concerning the Training School at Dholka; last month there was an article by Miss Dunham about the same line of work at Kaira, and this month we publish an article by Mr. C. Eicher with reference to the Marathi Boys' Training School. We commend these worthy enterprises to the faithful ones at home and we are sure they will be glad to stand with us in prayer and in every other necessary way.

A word to subscribers. With the address on the wrappers of your paper, is the date to
which your subscription is paid. Our list
reveals the fact that some are far behind with
what is due. With many this may be an
oversight. Please do not let it be so any
longer. Those whose subscription is run out
should inform the Business Manager not to
continue sending them the paper if they want
it discontinued. Others, who would like the
paper but cannot pay up at once, should write
a card to this effect.

TO THE MISSIONARIES IN OUR
INDIA MISSION

DEAR MISSIONARIES: We desire to take
this public way of acknowledging the
recent letters addressed to the Board
with reference to the questions put into your
hands by our dear Brother Fuller, to be answered
directly to the Home Board.

It was a God given thought to our Brother
Fuller to put you in a position to speak for
yourselves, according as the Spirit led, on
the important matters before you and us, and
we appreciate the Christlike spirit in all the
letters. We are almost surprised at the uniform
conviction you all have expressed, showing the
Spirit was guiding. The reading of the letters
was like holding a conference with you all and
we are sure the Lord will give wisdom and
His full mind in these matters as we hold
conference with our Brother Fuller. We are
glad he is coming to see us as it seemed next
to impossible to spare any one of the home
workers at this season. We appreciate your
sacrifice in sparing Brother Fuller for a short
season and we are not unmindful of your often-
expressed desire to have one of the Board
members visit you. In the Lord’s time He
will open the way for one to go in the fulness
of the Spirit to minister as He wills in things
needful to the workers and the work. The
letters written and the recent conference reports
do, indeed, savour of a spirit of unity and love
in the work for which we praise God with
you.

May the year be fraught with personal
fruitage unto God, a rich harvest of souls, and
the edifying of the body of Christ until we all
come in the unity of the faith, the full know-
ledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man;
unto the measure of the stature of the fulness
of Christ. We send our united good wishes
and love in the Lord to you all.

In behalf of the Board,

A. E. Funk.

LAKSHMAN, ONE WHOM GOD USED
BY MRS. CARRIE ROGERS

ABOUT twenty years ago a man and his
wife heard the Gospel in their little
village in western India. Both professed
to accept Christ. They endured such persecu-
tion that they were obliged to leave their
home, and after a time came to Akola for work,
where we became acquainted with them.
The wife did not give evidence of real
conversion till some years afterwards, when
she was truly saved. Soon after, she was taken
ill and went peacefully home to be with Jesus.
Her husband, Lakshman, had been soundly
converted, but was very ignorant, and did
many things that would have shocked those
who did not know what influences he had been
under all his life. However, in many ways he
was radically changed. He was from one of
the very lowest castes, whom the higher
classes consider outcasts. He had been brought
up to steal part of his living, going into the
fields at night to take grain etc. His idea
was, as so many of the people express them-

selves, that if he could not steal he would
starve. The common thought among many
being that the only sin in the matter, consists in
being found out.

ALL THIS WAS CHANGED
when he renounced Hinduism and became a
Christian. Ever after, he was known to be
a truly honest man.

Over fifteen years ago, when we opened
Khamgaon station, we took him on as
bullock driver and general servant. He
was very faithful and it seemed a treat indeed
to have some one we could trust. He had a
great desire to learn to read, so we hired a
teacher for him. It took several years for him
to learn to read readily; but through prayer
and perseverance he accomplished it, and also
became able to write. He took in with child-
like simplicity the truth of divine healing.
One time when I was very ill, he used to want
to come into my room every day to pray with
me. How I thanked God for those earnest
prayers.

From the first of his being with us he showed
an intense desire for the salvation of the people.
I used often to go to the villages with only
Lakshman, and

HE DELIGHTED IN GIVING
out the Word of life. He was a great help to
me in the work, and was able even then to
messages I bunglingly tried to give out, and present clearly the plan of salvation through Christ. He was very quick to pick up the messages I bunglingly tried to give out, and would often repeat them at the next place, clothed in much clearer language than I could use in a foreign tongue. We gave him Bible lessons as we could, and it was precious to me when he would make use in a foreign tongue. We gave him Bible lessons as we could, and it was precious to me when he would make use in a foreign tongue.

He was very quick to pick up the habit of bringing our mail, and was often obliged to wait for it to be distributed. He improved these opportunities to preach Jesus, sitting upon the ground with the other waiting ones. He said to me one time, "Auntie, I do not wish to talk of the things the others do;"

I ONLY WANT TO TELL

them of Jesus." Our Brahman (high caste) teachers would say to us, "Lakshman is a true Christian." He and his wife were the only professing Christians in the town at that time, except the missionaries. After three or four years he was taken on as a regular mission preacher.

He worked under different ones of our missionaries, and for some time was with me after I had returned to Akola. He had many failings, but always his one consuming desire was to try and bring people to God. He was recalled again to Khamgaon, where he spent the last six or seven years of his life. Numbers of us felt that he was the dearest and most faithful village preacher we knew. Often when on tour the people would gather around his little tent and listen to him by the hour, even after he had worked hard in other places the same day. In the hot season when he could get a few weeks' vacation,

He USED TO TRAMP

off many many miles to villages where lived relatives and former caste-people whom he knew, and would earnestly strive to bring them to Christ. I am sure many are in the fold to-day through his efforts. Last October, after a sudden illness, our dear, faithful Lakshman went peacefully home to be with the Lord he had so ardently loved. His place will not be easily filled. He is missed on all sides, by missionaries, Indian Christians and the heathen. His must have been an abundant entrance into the Kingdom. The memory of his faithful service is an inspiration to many of us. Will our readers please pray for his large family, and that God will thrust out many more labourers into the vineyard.

THE BOYS' BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL

BY C. EICHER

MANY readers of our paper may not yet have been informed about our Marathi Bible Training School for boys, opened last year. It is a pleasure for me to write concerning this new and important work in connection with this side of our India field of mission work.

A little over three months ago we moved from Buldana to Akola, to take up this work. We began with two students; up to date we have twelve names on our roll, and new applications are coming in. We are glad to say that each one of these boys has had very definite dealings with God about his being here, either before or since he came here to study the Word.

A Revival.

With the beginning of the year the Lord began to work mightily in our midst. There has been much of deep conviction and confession of sin. Letters have gone out, errands many have been made to confess sins and to make wrongs right; volumes of intense prayer and deep yearnings have gone up for the Spirit's cleansing and infilling power. Many of the scenes could not be described. But, oh, it is blessed to hear the sound of a deep heart-cry after God, for that brings heaven's smile and blessings down!

We feel we have not yet received the enduement for which we are looking and which we need, but we believe we have as a school, taken our bearings for every day of the new year before us—we are to wait upon God and to keep clean and humble before Him.

The Purpose of the School

is to encourage and help our Christian boys and young men into immediate, active service for the Master. We work with the hope that they may become qualified and useful helpers, evangelists and pastors in the church of Christ in India. This we feel is one of the greatest needs, hence a very important part of our mission work.

These young men, filled with the Spirit and with love for souls, can spread the gospel unhindered by trying climate, etc., and since they can live among the people and understand their needs, they can help them in a way the missionary cannot.
Course of Study.

We are planning for a three years' course of study, (the Bible our chief text-book), covering the study of the Pentateuch, Prophecy, Israel and Church History, Christian Doctrine, Theology, Studies in the Gospels, Epistles, etc. Besides we have language studies in English, and in Marathi where needed. We take up English not merely because it is the Government language of the country, but it will aid in developing the mind, and will be most useful in enabling the student to read the best of Christian literature and thus keep in touch with world-wide Christian movement.

The Students

The students all have a vital Christian experience. Our school is open only for such. So far, most of the students have come from our own orphanage school.

One of the boys from outside was a Mohammedan, who got saved and was baptized within the last few months. He is of high standing Mohammedan parentage and is very bright and well educated for his age. He can read and speak in five different languages. He read much and compared Hindoo religions with his own; sought salvation, but found it not. The Lord led the staying one to Bhusawal, where he came in touch with our missionaries who were ready and looking for just such opportunities to help souls into the kingdom. Our sister, Miss Bushfield of Bhusawal, feels richly rewarded in her work of ministering the gospel to the sons and daughters of Ishmael. It is wonderful what the Lord has done during these three or four months in this life,—saved, baptized, healed in body, delivered from bad habits, and baptized with the Holy Ghost! And he is growing in grace, with one consuming desire and earnestness to preach the gospel and to see the salvation of his fellow-men.

More could be said of God's dealings with this one and with others, but this will enable you to see what the Lord is doing and what He wishes to continue to do in connection with many such young lives.

Place for Bible School.

Having the Bible School here at Akola is only a temporary arrangement. We are at present negotiating for a site at Bodeward station, upon which to build permanent Training School buildings. The money, four thousand dollars, for building, was given by a dear friend in America. The Lord knows him and will bless him. And we do praise God for this need supplied.

Bodward station is situated about eighteen miles south-east of Bhusawal. It is near the centre of many villages. From it about thirty villages can be reached within a radius of five miles. This would afford splendid opportunities for the students to preach the gospel in the evenings and to hold Sunday Schools in these villages.

We also hope to have gardening and fruit-growing land. This can be cultivated by having the students put their hands to manual work for two or three hours a day, and by means of this they will do a little toward the expense of their support at school.

The Students' Support

Dear friends, we have given you quite a lengthy account about the Bible Training School for our Christian boys of the Marathi field. We hope you may feel a closer relationship with this work, and that you may be blessed and inspired to help us more earnestly by your prayers and gifts. At present, we have supporters for only a few of the boys. The support for each of these boys is only twenty-five dollars per year. Money may be sent to Rev. A. E. Funk, 690, Eighth Ave., New York City, or direct to us at Alliance Mission, Akola, Berar, India.

God's Healing Hand

Mrs. Fuller sends the following testimony of answered prayer:

"I am the Lord that healeth Thee." I do want to praise God for His healing touch to our little girl, Frances. While I was in Gujarat she contracted a heavy cold and upon my return to Bombay the cold grew worse and settled on her lungs. A few days later the cough developed into what we thought to be whooping-cough. For several days, at times, the child coughed very hard and the cough was not an ordinary one but was such as to cause her almost to strangle, several times.

Much prayer was being made by all the dear friends in the Home. In our Friday evening meeting we had the little one anointed in the name of Jesus, for healing. God heard prayer. As we prayed He touched her body and rebuked the fever and gave her a good night's rest. The cough did not bother her that night. She breathed with ease and comfort. The
next day and night, however, the cough bothered her very much.

On Saturday night until midnight she was quite ill. Her lungs seemed to close up and it was difficult for her to breathe. For several hours she was threatened with convulsions. It was a dark hour to the mother as she sat alone with her little one in her arms. About midnight God quieted the mother's anxious heart and spoke words of comfort and assurance. Faith again took hold of the faithfulness of God and rested in the merits of the atoning Christ for healing. Frances fell asleep, and continued to get better and within a few days the cough had disappeared almost entirely, and her lungs were healed. She is now free from the cold and the cough. Our hearts do praise the Lord for His divine touch in this body. We give Him all the glory. Unto Him belongeth honour and praise forever and forever.

"IN JOURNEYINGS OFTEN"
BY MATIE VRECH

A FEW days ago I was asked to write an article for the INDIA ALLIANCE. My first thought was, "Why should I be asked to write an article in the middle of the touring season?" I was tempted to say, "no, but instead, turned to the Lord and said, "Jesus, can I please Thee by writing an article?" I seemed to hear Him say, "Haven't you been saying you had not time to write to the dear friends from whom you have received such good and helpful letters since you came out on tour? Now I am giving you an opportunity to send a little message to them all in one article, which will serve for the present." I at once accepted the opportunity and here I am, sitting in our little tent with book on lap attempting to give you some idea of what touring in India means. Seven weeks have slipped away since we started out. I wish all of you who are interested in this work and who are praying for it, could take a peep at us some of these cold mornings when we are rushing about by the light of a lantern to get a cup of tea and our cots made up so that we can invite our native helpers in for prayers before we start off to meet—we'll, we never know what we will meet. "What?" you say, "cold in India?"

Yes, after passing through a few hot seasons in this country, one feels the cold very much when the temperature goes down to sixty degrees. The rise and fall of temperature in twenty-four hours is forty degrees. Therefore we think the early mornings cold.

We hope to stay out in the district until the last of February. When we first came out we expected to stop at a place where the missionaries had pitched their tents before, under a large tree near a well. Our carts were loaded and sent off, we following. When we reached the spot we found that it had been turned into a watering place for animals. What were we to do? It was getting dark and there was not a suitable place to be found to pitch even the large tent which the family were to occupy. The children were sleepy and there was no place to put them. One of the helpers' little tents was soon pitched and a place made ready for Mrs. Wark and the two little ones. We had to let the men that took out our samon (luggage) unload their carts as they would not consent to stay until morning. Miss Krater and I slept in the gurdie (cart) and the rest of the folk spread their blankets on the ground near us and slept until morning. With the first rays of light we were up and soon ready to go off in search of another place to camp. By the next night we were in a much better condition. Having found a place, our tents were up and the three stones placed, fire made, kettle on and dinner ready and all with one accord sat down to eat. Cots were made ready and a place to sleep, when we were no longer so much of a "spectacle to men."

How happy we felt that we were again really settled for a few weeks among the village people. We had made only a few visits into the near-by villages when to our astonishment we were wakened one night by the rain pattering on the tents—a thing very unusual in India at this season of the year. The best shade had been sought for the family tent that the children might not be exposed to the midday heat, and that happened to be in the lowest part of our camp ground. Children soundly sleeping and mother quietly resting, knowing nothing of their approaching difficulty. Mr. Wark was in Bombay at the time, and I went over to see how they were and the water was flowing through their tent like a river. We waded around for hours, the water being over our shoe tops. Before it was light we had begun to make preparations for mother and children's going home and early in the morning two pairs of bullocks were put to a cart and they were off for She-
travelling. When we thought it best to change more like camels' or elephants' tracks than the decision that no country could have walked about the place. Of course had to make other arrangements for those of men.

The rest of us stayed by the stuff and tongue so that it carts upset in the road, breaking out the waiting quietly down in place, we found carts, men and all our things repairs. After a few days more one of our drivers took his bullocks and went home. We of course had to make other arrangements for travelling. When we thought it best to change our camping place in order to reach other villages, Miss Krater and I went to Shegaon for more clothing and sent the carts on before us, expecting that the tents would be pitched when we arrived. But that expectation was too good to be fulfilled. On our arrival at the river bank was one lone tree which would afford shade for one tent, and no road to get up to it. We soon decided that there was but one thing to be done, and soon we and all our little company were carrying our belongings up the steep bank. By evening we were again settled for a few days among other people. While there, again, the tonga (vehicle) was upset on the road; this time no damage was done and on one was hurt. Again and again I have been reminded of II Cor. 11:26-27 (look it up).

"Does it pay?"

some one asked in a letter that I received last week, speaking about missionaries leaving all that they held dear in this life. I say, "Yes, a thousand times, yes." How else can the heathen hear the gospel and how else can one be happy if God has called him or her to carry the good news to the regions beyond? We hope to tell you something about our work among the people and their attitude toward us and the message, as we have opportunity.

WOMEN STUDENTS IN INDIA

Miss Liliavati Singh,
Principal of the Isabella Thoburn College, Lucknow.

WOMEN STUDENTS in the proper sense of the term are so few in India that we can scarcely with truth speak of work among them, unless in India, as in South Africa and parts of Australia, you are willing to include work among school girls under this head.

At the Tokyo Conference of the World's Student Christian Federation, when I heard the decision that no country could have a member on the general executive committee of the W.S.C.F., unless it could produce one hundred and fifty bona fide Christian College students, my heart sank within me. How could we produce one hundred and fifty college women belonging to a Christian Student Movement? Remember that in India only seven out of a thousand women can read or write. When in Japan I visited several girls' schools and talked with many leading educationalists, I felt discouraged over India when I learned that 91.16 is the percentage of the women in Japan, who at least receive a primary education. Still, this difference is not hard to account for. Primary education has been compulsory in Japan for thirty-five years. In 1872, the code of education was promulgated, and in the introduction to this code occur the following striking words: "It is designed henceforth that education shall not be confined to a few, but shall be so diffused that there may not be a village with an ignorant family, nor a family with an ignorant member."

Compulsory education for girls is impossible in India with its child-marriage, its purdah system and its sacredly held opinion that girls have no brains. It has been the fashion of late years, especially since the Parliament of Religions of Chicago, to idolize and exalt everything Indian. English and American women with fine education, and tired of the material tendency of the West, have visited India, have studied our books, have travelled with our pilgrims in their quest for mukti or salvation, and have come to the conclusion that Indian women, free from the strenuous life that leaves their Western sisters no time for God and for spiritual things, are happier and more enviable. There is a fascination about India and things Indian—a charm that cannot be defined or described; and these ladies, with their lives full of the rich gifts that Christian Europe has given them, and with the liberty wherewith Christ has made them free, have come and for a time and as an experiment have lived in the zenana, and have pronounced it an ideal place. Their captivity was voluntary; they had books, and, what is more important, a love for books, and with such companions one can live in any cell. Then, again, they had an interesting social problem
to study, and this problem presented in the shape of the Indian woman—the most gentle, the most patient, and the most lovable of her sex anywhere. They are not the right judges of what life in the zenana means. There is a mean between the exaggerated account of some few missionaries, who picture the lot of the Indian women as all dark and dismal and the others who point to it as the ideal of the womanhood of the world. Statistics tell us that there are forty million women shut up in the zenana, that there are twenty-five million widows, and that of this number, six thousand in Bengal are under a year old. What Miss Noble has written in her clever book is rare, indeed. I wish it were not. "An incomparable moment in the history of a Hindu family is that of the return to it of a young daughter freshly widowed. Unspakable tenderness and delicacy are lavished upon her."

The lot of the widow is hard, indeed. Let anyone disguise herself and live in Muttra and Bindraban, and she will learn something concerning this matter. The Indian woman is shy, and she will not readily open her heart to a European woman. Still, in spite of these various difficulties, education is making some progress. It is only a little over fifty years ago that Dr. Duff made his oft-quoted remark, "As well try to scale a wall fifty feet high as to educate the women of India." And remember that Dr. Duff was a Christian optimist. The wall has been scaled, and in the following manner. Schools have been opened in the villages under some shady pipal or tamarind or mango tree, and groups of girls have been collected, and instruction of the most elementary type has been given them.

Then, again, famines that sweep periodically over this great continent-country of ours have led missionaries to gather the homeless and friendless into big orphanages. These orphanages have done for Indian boys and girls what Dr. Barnardo and George Muller have done for British children.

We have a third type of school represented by those known as district boarding schools. The girls in these are the children of very poor parents, who cannot afford to pay more than two shillings at most per month towards the board and education of their children. They are trained as Bible readers, and many of them go to the Agra Medical School, and graduate as Hospital Assistants.

*(Continued in next number.)*

---

**Living the Story**

**By Violette Erickson**

Let us live out the gospel Story,
The Story so sweet and true;
Let the power be felt and the love shine forth
In all that we say or do.

Our lives, as known and read by men,
With greater power than tongue or pen,
May tell of Jesus' love so free;
Of all He is to you and me:
Then we'll live out the gospel Story.

Let us live out the gospel Story
As we tell it in Jesus' name;
Let our lives confirm by a witness true
The message our lips proclaim.

O Spirit of the living God,
Possess these temples, Thine abode:
Melt, mould according to Thy will,
In us Thy purposes fulfill,
Till we live out the gospel Story,
The Story so sweet and true;
Till Thy love is felt and Thy power is seen
In all that we say or do.

---

**Items**

R. AND MRS. M. J. WARK, with their two little ones, have started for their home in Australia, on furlough. They have been in India over eight years and need rest. We wish them God's best for their journey and while they remain at home.

Mr. Greengrass has suffered from a severe attack of nervous prostration. We are glad to hear that he is much better.

Miss Jessie Fraser of Ahmedabad and Miss Hattie O'Donnell of Sabarmati expect to sail from Calcutta the 26th inst. *en route* for America, by way of China, where they hope to stop for a few days. May the Lord go before them and use them while they take the rest and change they need.

Brother and sister Bennett also are among the number going home on furlough. They expect to leave us in this month, and we bid them God-speed with the hope that they may be thoroughly refreshed and strengthened and permitted to return to the work in due time.

The hot season is nearly here. The dust grows deeper and the air hotter. The missionaries will have to leave the villages of the out-districts and live under thicker roofs than those of tents. Pray that they may be kept through the trying coming months.
# List of Alliance Missionaries

## Berar—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Missionaries</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| Akola    | Mr. and Mrs. R. S. M. Stanley  
|          | Mr. and Mrs. C. Eicher  
|          | Miss A. Little  
|          | Mr. O. Lapp  
|          | Miss B. Eicher  
|          | Mr. and Mrs. P. Eicher  
| Amraoti  | Mrs. V. Erickson  
|          | Miss L. J. Holmes  
|          | Miss E. Case  
|          | Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Carner  
| Buldana  | Mr. and Mrs. O. Dinham  
| Chandur  | Mr. and Mrs. W. Ramsey  
|          | Mrs. I. Moodie  
| Daryapur | Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Auernheimer  
| Khamgaon | Miss A. Yoder  
|          | Miss E. Krater  
|          | Miss M. Millham  
|          | Miss M. Patten  
|          | Miss L. Fuller  
| Malkapur | Mr. and Mrs. P. Hagberg  
|          | (P. O. Buldânda.)  
| Murtizapur | Mr. and Mrs. L. Cutler  
| Shegaon  | Miss M. Veach  

## Gujrat—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Missionaries</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| Ahmedabad | Miss J. Fraser  
|          | Miss A. Fraser  
| Ashapur  | Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Greengrass  
|          | (P. O. Sarkhej.)  
| Dholka   | Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Hamilton  
|          | Miss M. Ballentyne  
|          | 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. Kairâ.)  
| Mehmadabad | Mr. F. H. Back  
| Sabarmati | Miss H. O'Donnell  
|          | Miss C. Peter  
| Sanand   | Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Bennett  
| Viramgam | Mr. S. Armson  

## Khandesh—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Missionaries</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| Bhusaval | Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Rogers  
|          | Miss C. Rutherford  
|          | Miss H. C. Bushfield  
|          | Mrs. F. M. Bannister  
| Chalisgaon | Mr. and Mrs. W. Fletcher  
| Jalgaon  | Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Schelander  
| Pachora  | Mr. A. Johnson  

## Bombay—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Missionaries</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
|          | Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Fuller  
|          | Miss K. Knight  
|          | Miss E. Morris  
|          | Miss L. Gardner  
|          | (P. O. Sholâpur.) Miss Z. McAuley  

## On Furlough:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Missionaries</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Johnson  
| Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Moyser  
| Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Turnbull  
| Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Wark  
| Mrs. F. H. Back  
| Mr. and Mrs. J. Read  
| Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Franklin  
| Miss C. McDougall  
| Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Andrews  
| Mr. and Mrs. A. Duckworth  
| Miss A. Seasholtz  

*BOMBAY GUARDIAN* MISSION PRESS, Khetwadi Main Road, Bombay.