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"OCCUPY TILL I COME."
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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THE PURPOSE OF THE VISION

By W. Ramsey

"I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision."

HAT is the ideal or “the vision”? If a true ideal, is it not the great Architect showing His plan or a part of His plan, which is as yet only a vision of His own mind, to those who are to have a part in making that ideal visible and real.

When God showed Moses in the Mount the pattern of the tabernacle it was that he might go down and step by step, piece by piece, make that vision a reality. When He told Abraham of the destruction of Sodom, was it not because an intercessor was needed? So with most of the visions and revelations of the Bible: were they not given that those who received them might become intelligent co-workers with God for their fulfilment?

He who receives a vision or an ideal must take steps to realize it or he remains but an idle dreamer, and those steps, though definite and decisive, are often so difficult as to severely test his enthusiasm. Instead of taking it for granted that we are all right and can go smoothly along because we have these visions, let us be sure that in this age, as in the past, those who try to live up to them are candidates for labour, trial and sacrifice.

In many cases it is the first steps that are so discouraging and seem so far from an attainment of the vision that men utterly lose hope; then, this ideal which was meant to be health becomes a poison making them cynical, complaining and pessimistic. We want to see the work of years done in a week and are ready to discount real progress because the goal is not at once reached and thus “despise the day of small things.”

How few are really humble enough to do what they can, knowing that it is by a number of definite though minute actions that life manifests itself rather than by great actions which only come at long intervals. We pray and sigh for “more power,” “more love” yet how vague are our ideas of what these may mean and how unwilling we often are to accept the limitations imposed upon us by the request. Explosives are of very little use in the open, they need to be confined in order to do their work. Steam uncontrolled, accomplishes nothing. Love, unless expressed in concrete acts, if existent at all, remains unfruitful.

Many are so full of genial good nature and the generosity which “wishes well to the whole world” that no single individual is helped or sorrowing heart comforted by them. Many would gladly see the whole world saved who rarely, if ever, speak to a man about his soul. This general good nature rarely accomplishes definite, tangible results. We need to tie ourselves down to some particular service and keep at it.—Acts 6:2. If the “white robe” which we are to wear in that land, is “the righteous acts of the Saints,” Rev. 19:8, R. V., will some of us have enough to cover us? If God has been granting some of us visions and ideals, are they not for the people to whom He has sent us to minister and will not one proof that they come from Him be that they are of practical value to those people?

It was Paul, that man of visions and revelations, who said, “I laboured more abundantly than they all;” and Daniel, the man of visions, who was such a practical ruler that no fault could be found with him touching the kingdom, tells us that “they who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.”

God gave his visions to practical men, who used them for the benefit, not only of their own, but often also for successive ages.

Beloved, let us not only have the vision from God to uplift, sustain and guide us, but let us be, in a definite way, co-workers with Him to bring about the accomplishment of the vision.

“Faith’s meanest deed more favour bears,
Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
Which bloom their hour and fade.”

—Newman.

“Therefore, whosoever heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock.”
In The Vineyard

BOYS OF INDIA AND THE WRITER'S EXPERIENCES WITH SOME OF THEM
BY F. H. BACK

The foreigner might have an idea that the Hindu boy is vastly different from the romping, playful boy of America or of the British Isles, or of any other country, but he is not.

He is about the same boy, but with a brown skin and almost invariably jet black hair and black or sometimes brown eyes.

Heathenism has its deadening, blighting influence upon him, it is true, and it is very sad to see him go to the idol temple to worship, for here as well as in his heathen home is where the blighting influence begins: but the little boy of India is as rollicking, and playful as the boy of any other country.

As a rule he is bright and happy and enjoys many kinds of play and games, some of which require tact and courage to play.

The small Indian boy is not fond of showing his strength at any kind of labour, especially the boys of the high castes, for labour, according to their idea, is for the labouring classes. They usually go to school and when out of school they read and play and sometimes spend their time in bad company, learning to play cards and other injurious games.

The village boy, especially the boy in the small villages, does not as a rule go to school, but if his father is able to govern him he is compelled to work in the fields, for field work is about the only kind there is at a small village. But if the father has not been able to keep the boy under his control, he does about as he pleases and this is to idle away his time with other boys such as himself and perhaps to get into trouble.

The writer became more intimately acquainted with the boys of India when he was called to take charge of a small orphanage. This was in the beginning of 1897. Previous to this he and another missionary had picked up two little boys and a tiny girl, in a village one morning while out preaching.

These three children formed the beginning of real orphanage work of our mission in Gujerat. They were sent to Kaira but later, when children were rescued from the famine in the Central Provinces, they were returned to Dholka where a boys' orphanage was to be.

It was here the writer came into real contact with the little Indian boy and it was quite different from seeing him in his home or meeting him on the street. It meant real business with the little brown chap and this was not always easy. It meant, by different means, to get into his heart, to secure his confidence and love and obedience, for the little fellow did not know, generally, what obedience meant. Sometimes the rod had to be resorted to, for the Indian boy is not generally a conquered child: in his home he is often monarch of all he surveys and recognizes no superior.

The writer's first experiences with some of the little fellows, were connected with their health, i.e., in nursing and caring for them to encourage what little life there was in them into activity. Some of them were very much emaciated but by constant attention and care they soon began to mend and in a few months were fairly healthy children. During this time the quiet influence of love did its work and the little fellows became mostly obedient and loving.

There was one especially loving little lad among the Central Province boys. He was rather delicate and on this account solicited our care more than the others, and consequently his heart was soon drawn out and he became a loving, tender child. I remember how one Christmas night, yes, it was the first Christmas night with the boys, explaining to them about the birth of Christ, with a S. S. chart of the infant Jesus before them. How they listened with almost breathless silence, and how the tears flowed down this little boy's cheeks! He became a devoted lover of this dear Jesus later on and knew Him as his loving Saviour. He prayed, once a day, "Jesus, make me strong like other children." He loved the Lord tenderly, but the dear Lord loved him more and after leaving him in the orphanage for about three years, took him to dwell with Him above the sky where he will always be happy and strong.

One day in the first year of the orphanage, a bright but delicate little Gujerati boy put in his appearance. His parents were dead and his brother had recently died, therefore he was alone. His home which had been a heathen one, was now broken up by death but the Lord gave him a home in our midst and he soon filled his little place in it and was happy.

This little lean boy, who was older than he

(Continued on page 43.)
LOOK ON THE FIELDS

By Miss Veach

THIS is our rainy season in India, and sometimes for days together it rains almost incessantly so that we are not able to get out amongst the people. But we can be workers together with God if we are obedient to the Spirit's call to prayer. There are many ways by which the missionary may be bound, but "the Word of God is not bound."

During the cool season we have opportunities of spreading the gospel in written form as well as by preaching it, and "it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." The village people may forget what we have told them, but certainly the Word of God is silently doing its work in many hearts in this land. A Brahmin pundit said to me recently that we did not understand their religion therefore we thought it was false and went about teaching the people ours and got them all mixed up, so that they did not know what to believe! Well, this must be the first work, and while some of us have been impatient because we have not seen the results from the village work that we wanted to see, still, God is working and people are losing faith in their false religions.

The Spirit will use the Word of God to enlighten seeking hearts, and if Jesus tarries there must be a turning to God sooner or later. There is need of much earnest, faithful prayer and you, dear reader, can be a helper together with us by the work of intercession. Jesus said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

How few there are obeying that command for there are whole talukas (counties) on the right hand and on the left that have not one witness for Jesus. I have toured in three of these talukas and have not gone to the same people twice. They are, for the most part, open and willing to hear but there is no one to live amongst them to tell them the way of life. I am impressed to ask God to send men and means to open up in each of these talukas a mission station that there may be some one to go in and out amongst these thousands of people and give them the gospel. The missionaries have left behind them hundreds of gospels and tracts but that work needs to be followed up and men and women gathered out for His name. They have no idea what it means to become a Christian. They can see no farther than that it means defilement to them, and suffering from those who oppose Christianity. The joy of salvation they have not tasted and though many of them have ceased to worship the idol they do not worship the true God and wait for His Son from heaven as the Thessalonian Christians did.

Dear reader, will you ask God to show you what your duty is for these dear people of whom I have told you?

"There is a work for me and a work for you. Something for each of us now to do." God has been and is blessing His Church in India, and I trust many of our young people may obey Jesus' last command and go forth telling the love of God and His plan of salvation to their people, as the Spirit leads, so that Jesus may soon have His promised inheritance.

ABOUT THE WORK

By Mrs. S. H. Auernheimer

OUR last article was written from Daryapur while we were out on tour.

In the latter part of February we finished our touring as the weather became too hot to live in tents. We had a very good season and came home rejoicing that we had been privileged to give the gospel to many whom we believe had never heard it before.

On March 2nd our native worker and his family left us for Akola, where they attended the Summer School and convention; this left us alone in the work.

We visited a number of villages that are close by Daryapur and also worked in Daryapur.

We had good attention, there being no prejudice against us in Daryapur. The people have become accustomed to having the missionaries live amongst them and they do not think we bring plague as they do in the far-out villages.

One part of the work that gave us much pleasure was the evening meetings that we held in the compound.

We used to take our little organ

OUT INTO THE COMPOUND

and the native Christians would join us in singing gospel hymns. The music and singing very soon gathered a crowd and this gave us
the opportunity of preaching the Gospel to them.

Several times the meetings would last from 7 to 10 o’clock and a few would stay and ask questions after the majority of the people had dispersed.

Another feature of the work was the opening of a school for low-caste children. Through some of God’s children we were enabled to hire a teacher for this school. The school continued only two months, yet we believe much good was accomplished for, besides learning the alphabet and to read, a part of each day was given to memorizing Scripture and good gospel hymns. Who can tell but that the seed sown in these young hearts will in due season bring forth fruit and may be the means of bringing them to Christ? A good start was made, and we were sorry to close the school, but as we were transferred from Daryapur to Chalisgaon we brought the teacher with us.

We were sorry to leave Daryapur and the work, and we would ask all who read these lines to pray for that place. The great need there is a house for the missionaries to live in, as the house that was rented, and the only one available, was not a suitable one and its location in the center of the town was most undesirable and unhealthful. It was surrounded by native houses and the noise, dust, smoke and foul smells were such that it was impossible for missionaries to live there and remain in health.

The Government

HAS GRANTED A BUILDING SITE

just outside the town and now the money is needed to put up a house. Please remember this need in prayer.

About six weeks ago we left Daryapur and came to take up work in Chalisgaon where we are at present. Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher leave us for Australia in a few weeks and D.V. we shall continue the work in their absence. Since coming here we have opened a school for low-caste children whose parents have been asking for a teacher for many years. We trust it will mean much for the work as the truth is being sown in their young hearts. We hope to win them for Christ and also through the children get access to the parents.

It would do your hearts good to see the development of some of these children after they have attended school a few months.

Our hearts praise God as we see them bow their heads to the true and living God and we trust ere long their hearts will bow before Him in true worship.

Pray for these young lambs that are out of the fold.

BODWAD STATION

BY MRS. C. EICHER

O UR newest mission station in the Marathi field is the home of the Boys’ Training School, and as very few of the readers of our paper have seen the place, I will give you a short introduction.

It is situated about a quarter of a mile from the little village of Nargaon (Bodwad station) on the Great Indian Peninsular Railway, about nineteen miles southeast of Bhusawal. The mission compound is on the flat top of a little hill and the land slopes away on all sides. The surrounding country is very beautiful and the ranges of hills in the distance, to the north and to the south, make a pleasant background for the nearer objects. A short distance away a little creek of sparkling spring water flows along under the shade of some grand old trees, and tempts one to slip away from the busy cares which engross, and take time in the quiet to let God speak to the heart.

After much waiting on the Lord for over a year, for Him to show the right place for the permanent home of the Boys’ Training School, this site was secured, and everyone who has seen the place thus far feels sure that it is the Lord’s own choice, because in so many ways the boys have opportunities to develop. The surrounding

COUNTRY IS STUDED WITH VILLAGES,

some of which are quite large, and in most of these the messenger of the gospel is welcomed and the people listen eagerly to the story of salvation, so the boys have good opportunities, in leisure hours from studies, to go out and give the gospel to these dear people. The quietness and freedom from interruption in their studies is very helpful, and on the little farm in connection, the boys have opportunities for the most healthful and profitable kind of exercise.

After the site was bought, the next thing was to secure the “building permit” from the Government officials and although that is usually a tedious proceeding in India, the
Lord prospered the business so that in a very short time the permit was granted and all was ready to begin building. During the hot season Mr. Eicher spent most of his time here, living in a tent, superintending and helping in the building of such buildings as were necessary in order to begin regular school work here. The Training School boys also were delighted to come here and help what they could in the building; some of them especially, worked with a will, heartily as unto the Lord. The buildings are built of brick, the roofing being of corrugated iron covered with tile to keep out the heat. This is used on account of the trouble with white ants when wood or grass is used in the roof.

All was ready for use before the rains came in June and as quickly as possible we got everything in order and started with the regular school work. We are occupying two of the rooms until the bungalow can be built, and we enjoy our work and accommodations very much.

The boys rise at four o'clock, have time for private devotion, prepare their morning and noon meals, eat their morning meal and are ready for work and exercise by seven o'clock. From seven to nine they do any kind of outside work which may be given them. At nine they assemble in the school room for worship, and after worship is over their classes commence and with the exception of intermission at noon they go on till four in the evening. Then they have two hours for study and exercise and from six o'clock they have the time free for cooking their evening meal, grinding their grain on the little stone hand-mills or doing anything they may have to do.

Two afternoons in the week are free from school, viz., Wednesday and Saturday. On Wednesday afternoon they buy their provisions for the week at the large weekly market or bazaar in Bodwad town, some two and a half miles away. On Saturday afternoons they clean their rooms, wash their clothes, take their baths and attend to any odd jobs they may have to do.

As this is the rainy season the boys have not had much opportunity of going to the villages to preach, but the Lord has sent along some hungry ones who always listen with the deepest interest to the story of the gospel. An old man, a Patel or head man of a village near here, comes again and again and very often brings one or more new listeners and they always listen intently. The old man is becoming more deeply interested and his visits more frequent. One day a short time ago, I was telling the story of Jesus to him and some of his friends whom he had brought with him and having told as far as the crucifixion and burial of Jesus, I started on some other phase of the subject, but the old man was not satisfied and seemed to fear that his friends might miss part of the glad tidings, so began questioning about Jesus,—where He now is, and what became of Him after He was buried. This brought me back to the subject of the resurrection and as he listened again to the joyful news of a risen and glorified Saviour, his face lit up with joy. Please pray for this old man: he is thinking and weighing matters these days.

Now just a few words of praise to God for His faithfulness and love in all His dealings with us here, but especially for His working in the boys' hearts. Of some of the lives we cannot say anything but "transformed." They have met Jesus and their quiet lives of victory bear the impress of companionship with Him. In some hearts the fight has been fierce and hot but Jesus is victor. Some are as yet only beginning to open their hearts to the Lord but we praise Him for the beginning and are looking to Him to finish in them, the good work which He has begun. There is a mighty battle on in these days but Jesus is victor and in these last few months we have had abundant reason to rejoice that Jesus was manifested to destroy the works of the devil.

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Be Still.

Be still! Just now be still!
Something thy soul hath never heard,
Something unknown to any song of bird,
Something unknown to wind, or wave, or star,
A message from the fatherland afar,
That with sweet joy the homesick soul shall thrill,
Cometh to thee, if thou canst but be still.

Be still! Just now be still!
There comes a Presence very mild and sweet;
White are the sandals on His noiseless feet.
It is the Comforter, whom Jesus sent
To teach thee what all the words He uttered meant,
The waiting, willing spirit he doth fill;
If thou wouldst hear His messages, dear soul, be still!—Exchange.
The Credulity of Heathenism.

Theodorus, bearing the story of Bethlehem and Calvary, is saddened to find that God's simple and beautiful message of love is rejected as a thing incredible, while the most absurd tales and fables about Ram, Krishna and other heathen gods, are readily accepted as true. Not only is this the case, but new lies are continually manufactured and spread abroad which are calculated to destroy or nullify the good the missionary may do by his life and his teaching. From some source or other the hearer of the gospel learns that the missionary is paid a fabulous sum of money for persuading Hindus to forsake the religion of their fathers! that he was rejected by the people of his own country and came to India that he might get on in the world! that he pays large sums of money to all who are wicked enough to forsake the road in which their ancestors walked and become Christians! etc., etc. In a town where bubonic plague is taking hundreds of lives and where the government officials are spending time and money, urging the people to be inoculated and to use other means of precaution, meanwhile running some risk of infection themselves, the story gets afloat that the “white people” do not get the plague but are the bringers of it to the others, and at night walk abroad, scattering deadly “plague-powder” outside the homes of the people. It is not hard to know whence these stories come. Only the father of lies could invent them. The remarkable thing is that he finds so many who are ready to carry them around and so many more who are ready to believe them.

In some parts of India in these days the spirit of unrest and disloyalty to the British government is so pronounced that the missionary comes more or less in contact with it. He may sometimes question just what his attitude should be toward this condition of things. His citizenship is not of this world, it is true, and he has little in common with the kind of patriotism that characterizes the people of the world. But he is a friend of law and order and ought not to shrink from expressing his opinion (in plain terms) of such foul and underhanded methods as have been advocated by some and resorted to by others in their so-called progress toward self-government. God’s Word is very explicit in its
teaching as to what the Christian's attitude should be toward those in authority, and if the Indian Christian needs any teaching about it, the missionary should not be slow to give it to him. Moreover, he should make known to non-Christians, when occasion demands it, that he has no sympathy with the methods of law-breakers. He is an ambassador for a higher court than that of any earthly people and his first work is always to be on business for the King of kings, but this will not hinder him from putting his influence against the spirit of lawlessness that is abroad to-day. He comes in contact with many of India's best people (they are not all found in the high castes) and has a chance to help remove some of the prejudice against the government—prejudice that is largely the result of lies that have been sown broadcast by self-styled patriots. We do not mean by this that he should adopt a course of policy in order to be in favour with both sides. Very probably he will find that he is not in favour with either side. But cost what it may, the missionary of the Cross must always be, to the extent of his responsibility, an exponent of what is true and right, unbiased by the smile or frown of friend or foe.

The financial stress that prevails in many parts of the world to-day, is being felt by those who are engaged in the work of the Lord. Those who have given their service without a stipulated salary are feeling the pressure along with others. At present there is opportunity to learn how very real is Our daily Bread. God's care for us. When the visible supply of our need has disappeared and the source that we ordinarily look to has failed, we need to pray with deeper sincerity, "Give us this day our daily bread." It is good to remember the gracious promise of Jesus, who knew what it meant to trust for the food he ate, "Your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things." God keep us looking to Himself and may His stewards not fail in the part He has entrusted to them.

The orphanages are a very important part of the work of our mission. Up to the present time, most of our converts have been from them and many of our catechists and Bible-women were orphan boys and girls. At present there are a goodly number in these institutions who are looking forward to lives

Orphanage work not Finished. Others who are still very young will no doubt be called into definite service when they come to maturer years. Still others will be building Christian homes and be a part of the growing Indian church. No work that the missionaries have done has yielded better fruit than that for the orphanages: no money given to God's work in India has yielded better interest than that invested in orphanage work. What has been done is good but we must not stop now. This branch of the work needs help and needs it now. Reader, have you pledged the support of an orphan or of a number of them? If you have, do not lightly turn your money into other channels: if you have not, it might be well to begin now. The amount of money sent to the field of late for this work has been pitifully small. Do not let this burden rest too heavily on the faithful ones in charge of the orphanages. Do what you can. Do it now. At Khamgaon, Berar; Kaira, Gujarat; Akola, Berar; Dholk, Gujarat; Sarkhej, Gujarat,—at each of these places is a company of young lives that were saved from starvation in times of famine. At each of these places is a little number of missionaries who are giving their lives to the care and education of those in their charge. They trust God and have proved Him over and over again as the One who supplies their needs. Perhaps God trusts you, dear reader, and seeks to prove you as one who will help to bear this burden.

BOYS OF INDIA

(Continued from page 38)

appeared, had never seen the inside of a school but he was soon seated with the other boys before the master. About the first day he surprised us with his quick, bright answers and it was not long till he was up with and ahead of the most of the other boys in his studies. A year or so later we sent the boys to the government school and here this little fellow and others with him not only worked their way to nearly the head of their class but also into the hearts of the town boys. When this boy and some others had studied to the fifth standard, they were admitted into the English school and here they came in contact with the higher element of the town, and although they were counted by some as outcaste children, they won their way and became
friends of some of the boys, and this lad even became friendly with the mamalatdar's son.

This little boy, still little, though a few years older, continued in the English school till he reached the fifth standard, and then on account of not being strong he was obliged not only a disappointment to him but to others as well.

In the meantime he became a bright Christian and as time went on he became earnest in the study of the Word of God and later he entered the Bible Class. Not being able to apply himself constantly to hard study he was given some work in teaching the first year's class in the Bible Training School. In this work he is still engaged in connection with his Bible studies.

This little man was married when he was but a child, as most men are in this country, and after he had been in the mission a few years he desired to have his wife brought to the Girls' Orphanage at Kaira. His request was granted and the girl was in the mission school and in due time reached the fifth standard. After passing the sixth standard examination he became a teacher in the mission school, but having a desire to be a boy with character and some natural ability. He had been in the school in the mission at Kaira and was therefore somewhat acquainted with our ways. He was also studious and bright and he marched along with the brightest of the boys in the government school and in due time reached the sixth standard. After passing the sixth standard examination he became a teacher in the mission school, but having a desire to be an evangelist he soon entered the Bible Training Class and is now a faithful and earnest worker in our blessed Master's service.

This lad soon after he was saved was made a blessing to some of the other boys, and I believe he was used to bring some of them to see their need of a Saviour, and to give their heart to Him and to follow Him. Thus I might write about a number of the boys who came under my care, for there were many of them, at one time about 500; but there were many who came to be with us for only a few days and were then laid away to rest, and we trust that many of them are resting in the bosom of our gracious Lord, about whom they heard a few messages.

The Indian boy's heart is quite easily reached when he is taken away from heathen and caste influences. The writer knows of instances when from ten to twenty-five or more of the boys were on their faces before the Lord seeking salvation. One Sabbath in particular remains in my mind. In the afternoon service a number of the boys' hearts were touched and a few sought the Lord. We were led to have a meeting in the evening and in this meeting after a short message we had prayer and in a few minutes nearly the whole orphanage of boys was agonizing in prayer and crying for mercy. Some of these were backslidden ones who were again seeking the Father's love, while others were Christians who were seeking to know the Lord in a deeper way.

We have known more about such meetings in later years and we know, too, what the Lord has wrought through them in the hearts of many of the dear boys and girls.

Oh how the writer wishes he could write as favourable an account of all the boys as he has of the few mentioned, but everybody knows that boys are not all alike neither do all become bright, earnest, obedient lads, as one would like. Some have scattered here and there but our prayers go with them wherever they have gone and whatever they may have become, trusting that they will yet give their hearts to Him who died for them and about whom they have heard many messages from many lips. Many hearts are praying and trusting that these messages will not return void but that they will accomplish that which the Master pleases.

Will not many join with us in these prayers and trust that the wayward and backslidden sons will yet return to Father's house, where they will find enough and to spare?

OLD LAKSHMAN'S LAST DAYS

By Frances Bannister

ONE bright morning as the writer of this article was standing in the doorway of the little house in the town, [Bhusawal] attending to some business matters, an old dejected looking creature stepped
up to “ask alms.” Obeying the first impulse, a bit was given him and he was told he must go. What was our surprise in the afternoon to find that he had not gone, but was still seeking more help. He had some papers which he showed us, locating him in a neighbouring mission, he having received baptism there at the hands of Mr. Bannister some two years before. Our hearts softened for the helpless creature, as remembrances came of the happy day spent by Mr. Bannister in his town, and of his words on returning, “This has been my happiest day in India.” This old man had been one among many to receive baptism at his hands that day and, we trust, to have their names recorded above. A tender chord in our hearts had been touched and as memories of the past came flooding in, we had not the heart to turn away this needy one. Our hearts and hands were already full but lifting up our hearts to God for help we arranged to take in this “stranger” and care for him. On hearing he was to have a home with us and be cared for, tears poured forth from his eyes, and falling at our feet he tried to express his thanks which were choked with sobs and tears.

He was not destined, however, to remain in our midst long, as the ravages of disease had already done their work in his poor emaciated body and poor Lakshman, as that proved to be his name, was in the last stages of consumption. All that could be done was done for him, but one month sufficed to finish the work of the disease already far developed, and one morning just before daylight his spirit had flown to be, we trust, with Jesus his Saviour and ours. This one month was not in vain. As strength would permit he would be seen pouring over his Bible and hymn-book which were ever kept by his side and held sacred. It was pathetic to hear him try to sing as in other days. He loved to repeat the name of him, who had shown him the way of life, and would be heard to say, “When I was in Satan’s snare, Bannister Sahib drew me out and showed me the way to heaven. He is in heaven now, and I am going there too.”

He was ever appreciative of all that was done for him, and uncomplaining and thankful. His last Sabbath on earth he was too weak to attend the service, therefore the Lord’s Supper was administered to him in his room, of which he partook with solemnity and reverence. The next Saturday in the early dawn he had gone. Just before the end he said to those in attendance, in answer to the question, “Lakshman, are you going to leave us?” “Yes, I am going to my dear Saviour. He has forgiven all my sins, you forgive my faults, and mamma Bannister Sahib, forgive my faults, and now I am going to Jesus for He is calling me.” So saying his spirit took its flight.

That evening a service was held for him among our native Christians, and it was with a feeling of assurance that we sang, “Shall we gather at the River?” and “The Sweet by and by.” On reaching the European Churchyard which was to be his last resting place, a European Roman Catholic funeral had just gone in before us. Waiting a little for their service to finish we proceeded and met them half way. It was a large funeral, and seeing there was to be another service they turned back and joined in giving honour to this departed one.

It was truly an unusual spectacle. A large crowd of European Roman Catholics standing reverently with bowed heads, while the burial service was being read by a native protestant Christian. As the coffin was lowered into the grave, in respect they joined in, in throwing dust into the grave and then quietly withdrew. A Hindu servant standing by and observing all, was heard to soliloquise as follows, “What a wonderful thing! Lakshman when alive had nothing, no friends, no home, no money, not anything, but after death, everything” naming over the different things that had been done for him, and ending up with, “even sahib lok (people) to throw earth into his grave.” His heart was softened and we all realized that this man, who though like Lazarus, in this world had nothing, on leaving it had God’s special care.

The friends of the mission where he had received baptism, who had used their influence in guiding him in the way of life, on hearing of the Lord’s care for him, rejoiced and took fresh courage. For although Lakshman had wandered away from them, going out into temptation and perhaps into sin, yet at the last he was brought in by the great Shepherd and safely folded with His sheep, never again to wander. Should this not encourage us to toil on and to “sow beside all waters?” In “due time we shall reap if we faint not.” Now as to the material side. We had asked God’s help, and the day before Lakshman died a letter came from a dear friend in America containing double for all that had been expended. Praise His dear Name! This friend on hearing the account, rejoiced that she had been
permitted to have a part in helping this needy one for whom Christ died. She with us was a helper together with Him, and we hear the sweet words even now saying, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto Me." What greater recompense could be desired? May the Lord help us to work while it is day for the night cometh when no man can work.

NEEDY ONES
By Mrs. O. Dinham

WHEN we came to Buldana about ten months ago there was a nice Sunday School in a flourishing condition, but the house in which it was held was ready to fall down. A few weeks after our arrival the plague broke out and the people were all scattered into the jungles and fields and a number of them died, and when the survivors began to return to their houses the house where the Sunday School had been held was partly fallen down and we opened our Sunday School in a small living-room in another part of town. But the majority of the former scholars did not attend, and it was a difficult task to get the Sunday School started again; but with God's help we were enabled to bring the attendance up to between forty and fifty. Since the rains began the number has varied and we find it a hard matter to keep up the average.

We greatly need a little chapel to hold our Sunday School and other meetings in. Will you not unite in prayer with us that God will send the needed money for this great need? Some months ago I started a class for the poor and helpless, giving them the gospel and a little temporal help weekly. I soon found that the number was not small and that I would not be able to continue the temporal help, (though very little) so I began to look over and wondered if there were not some that I could exclude. But as I looked and saw the blind, lame, crippled, the leper without toes or fingers, the weak-minded, the deaf and dumb, the aged, I felt I dare not leave any out and looked to God for help. Soon He did send help and has enabled me to keep them all except one whom He called from this life to be, I believe, with Him, for she often openly confessed that her faith was in Jesus, and a few hours before she died she said her hope was in Him and she had no fear.

There are others in this class that seem greatly interested in the gospel. We hope that ere long they will not only confess with their mouths but really accept the Lord Jesus in their hearts and take a public stand for Him. In conclusion, will the readers of this brief account please remember this class in their prayers that they may be willing, not only to accept the little temporal help but that they may accept the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour?

THE HEALING OF LITTLE RUTH
By Violetta Dunham

WE write this testimony of healing to the glory and praise of Him who "took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses."

Ruth is the tiny baby daughter of one of our orphan girls who was married some years ago to a catechist named Bhudar. Previous to Ruth's birth, God had been pleased to give them two other little ones but neither had lived to be more than a few days old. A disease of the mother's was thought to be the reason for their death. She was told she could never have a child that would live. This summer, the father and mother began praying earnestly and asked the prayers of others that God would let the newly expected little one live to His glory.

When little Ruth was born, her body was covered with white spots which indicated the same disease of which the others had died. Earnest prayer was offered for her and the spots disappeared. For a few weeks she grew rapidly and seemed quite healthy, then symptoms began to appear that the father and mother understood only too well. In addition pneumonia developed, and in a few days baby was at death's door.

We had had this case laid specially on our hearts but now could not pray. Day by day Miss Peter came back from the hospital with the news that she was failing rapidly. Still we could not pray. One afternoon when we asked the reason why, the Lord whispered, "Let this child go to the gate of death and see what I will do."

We waited—a few days later He told us His time had come to work and asked us to go, lay hands on the child, with the promise that the prayer of faith would save the sick. We went in obedience to His command, fully expecting Him to meet us.

We found the child much worse even than we had anticipated. For two days she had
lain in a stupor, limp and apparently lifeless. We laid hands on her and prayed. At once her eyes opened and consciousness was restored. Soon she was nursing like a well child. We offered a note of praise and separated for the night.

All night long I kept waking and could see the little hospital room with Jesus standing by the bed. I prayed Him to keep until the morning feeling that the victory was not yet won.

In the morning, I found Miss Coxe had had a similar experience. She had also been wakened several times, had seen the same things and had offered the same prayer.

We dressed and Miss Coxe went to the hospital only to come back with the news that the baby was dying. Still, we believed God and would not let go. On our way to the hospital, the Lord told Miss Coxe it would be a whole day's fight—and so it was. Indeed, baby was dying—the eyes were set, the tongue stiff, finger nails, lips and other parts of the body had turned black. We threw ourselves on the floor and wept mightily before God. Such agony of feeling that the victory was not yet won.

We went back and what a transformation there was! The stomach had been prone before and became normal. We were filled with joy and thanksgiving to God. The father and mother nearly wept for joy. Baby took her food again and sank into a quiet, peaceful sleep.

We staid on hour after hour, waiting quietly or praying as He led. The father had been waiting for the baptism of the Spirit and during the morning hours, the Spirit fell on Him mightily and he had a vision of heaven. Through it all baby slept quietly.

About two o'clock we noticed a change. The baby's lungs seemed to be filling up and heavy breathing and rattling of the lungs set in. We put our hands on the little chest front and back and it was filled with the death rattle. Again the tongue stiffened and the eyes set. We understood then why God had kept us waiting. Again we cried unto Him and said we would not leave the room until the rattling stopped and the child was able to nurse again.

Again we laid on hands and prayed. The child coughed and raised a quantity of phlegm. With this all the rattling ceased and the breath came naturally and easily. However, she was not able to nurse. We continued in prayer. Fever came on and rose rapidly.

About six o'clock, the Lord spoke to me about bathing her body in cold water. I waited to see whether God had really spoken or not and the conviction deepened that I was to do it. I spoke to Miss Coxe about it and she said the Lord had told her the same. I took cold water and began bathing the face and chest. There was no sign of life; the little head and hand fell back when I lifted them up. Suddenly the eyes opened and she looked about, the hands moved slightly and she began to stretch. The mother picked her up and she nursed again.

God had answered prayer and we felt the work was done. It was then seven o'clock and we left and came to dinner. After dinner we went back and what a transformation there had been. These lay a perfectly well baby. She didn't look as if she had ever been sick. All the black colour had gone out of the body and she was stretching and cooing and laughing. The father and mother's faces shone with joy.

Ruth was never sick a minute afterwards. Not one bad symptom reappeared. She grew very plump in two or three days and is now the pride of the mission. Every one calls her the "Lord's child." The news of her healing spread far and near and the Son of God has been glorified thereby.

The Lord taught us many lessons that day. He showed us the necessity of identifying ourselves with the one prayed for. We had never known such love as filled our hearts that day for that little babe. It seemed as if it were our very own.

Another lesson was the necessity of strict obedience to the voice of God. Every time we acted in obedience to Him, He met us in a marked way. A third lesson was the need of "praying through." We saw why we had so often failed in prayer for the sick. We had prayed, gone away and left the suffering one to fight through alone. We saw that faith spurs on until there is a visible and tangible answer. We accepted the promise the evening before by faith; we tarried in prayer until the consummation. Is this not true faith?

As we close He whispers that, "yet greater things than this" He will do. Shall we let Him do them through us? "All things are possible to him that believeth."
EXTRACT FROM LETTER OF THE
REV. R. McCHEYNE PATERSON,
dated Gujerat Sept. 8th, 1908.

ONE thing is lying heavily on my heart—
God knows how heavily. I have had it now in my thoughts day and night for a fortnight. At first I wanted to write to you about it; but was prevented. It is this—that every Convention should have a practical end in view. Let each one look upon the Convention as a means to an end—so many see in it an end in itself and so nothing comes of their attending it—nothing permanent I mean. The simultaneous Mission in Southern Asia suggested one like this all over India, towards which each Convention will be a Pentecost. Christ before Pentecost revealed a systematic plan of campaign for preaching the Word. Acts 1: 8.

"Ye shall be My witnesses in Jerusalem and in all Judaea, and Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." When? After they would receive power at their Convention in the upper room, which lasted 10 days.

The Apostles carried out this plan on the very day of Pentecost and went forth compelled by the Spirit and also by persecution to do what they did not do willingly: leave Jerusalem and go about systematically.

Jesus Himself did this same sort of systematic evangelistic work after Pentecost. He sent out His own in the same systematic way after giving them power.

So also in the Bible,—Prayer and the Ministry of the Word are always connected, Acts 6: 4, Acts 2: 1-14, Eph. 6: 17, 18; with all prayer, with verse 19. Col. 4: 2, with verse 3. 1 Thess. 3: 1, 1 Tim. 2: 1-6, "the testimony to be borne in its own times."

This Plan is God's. I have found myself far too weak to suggest it to each of the various Convention Committees—so I have left it to Him to carry out in His own Way. How He will do I do not know. It is mine to enter the Watch Tower and wait for the vision, Hab. 2: 1. It does not tarry long to the prophet though he is prepared by God for delay:

"The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Glory of Jehovah as the waters cover the sea."

Yes this is the knowledge of the Glory. The prophet sees that Glory come to the earth, Hab. 3: 3, "Praise"—earth full of. It lifts him up and leaves him in the Heavenly places, Hab. 3: 19. Let us enthrone Him—prepare His Throne in this His plan of campaign for Asia, for India—for the earth by and by.

Oh that every Convention from now onwards had this systematic preaching of the gospel in view as its goal. Then we would have not only Pentecosts but Pentecostal results: 3,000—5,000 and so on gathered in.

We will praise Him together,
He will work. We appeal to Him directly.

Contributed.

Items

E rejoice to hear that little Bert Eicher who had been very sick is now well and gaining in strength each day.

Let us not forget to pray much for the coming convention, which begins on October 30th.

The Darjeeling Christian Convention will be in session from October 12th to 16th 1908, under the auspices of the Bengal and Assam Prayer Union.

Mrs. Moodie has had a very serious illness with fever and acute indigestion. Such an ordeal can hardly be appreciated by one who has not experienced it in India. The pain and weakness, and the awful spirit of heaviness that settles down upon one, are not describable. A few days and, sometimes, a few hours suffice to so sap one's life that weeks in the natural course of things are required to regain what has been lost, if indeed the result be not fatal. Pray for our sister Moodie. (Later) We rejoice to hear that God has brought our sister up from the gates of death and she is rapidly recovering.

NOTICE

As we wish to revise our books and find out how many orphans are at present supported, we request all who have been supporting children in the Kaira Girls' Orphanage, Kaira, Gujerat, India, and have been receiving letters from us in regard to them, to please write us within the next three months whether their support is being continued or not. Otherwise the names will be dropped.

Eunice Wells.

Kaira,
Sept. 24-08.
## List of Alliance Missionaries.

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<td>Mr. O. Lapp</td>
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<td>Miss L. J. Holmes, Miss E. Case</td>
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<td>Chandur</td>
<td>Mr. and Mrs. W. Ramsey, Mrs. I. Moodie</td>
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<td>Miss L. Fuller</td>
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<td>Malkapur</td>
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<td>Miss M. Veach</td>
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<td>Khandesh—</td>
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<td>Bhusawal</td>
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<td>Jalgaon</td>
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<td>Dholka</td>
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<td>Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Turnbull, Mr. J. N. Culver</td>
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