The India Alliance.

ALL IS WELL

In the centre of the circle
Of the will of God I stand:
There can come no second causes,
All must come from His dear hand.
All is well! for 'tis my Father
Who my life hath planned.

Shall I pass through waves of sorrow?
Then I know it will be best;
Though I cannot tell the reason,
I can trust, and so am blest.
God is Love, and God is faithful,
So in perfect peace I rest.

With the shade and with the sunshine,
With the joy and with the pain,
Lord, I trust Thee! both are needed,
Each Thy earth-born child to train.
Earthly loss, did we but know it,
Often means our heavenly gain.

—I. G. W.

EDITORIAL NOTES
THE SUPPORT OF A MISSIONARY

Some people seem to have an idea that when a missionary's outfit, which should be as scanty as possible only including bare necessities, and passage money sufficient to transport him and his Bible to the field of his labours have been provided, enough has been done for him and he should be content.

The trouble is that, though the missionary may live by it, he unfortunately cannot live on his Bible; he may live by faith but he cannot live on faith; if he is expected to live and work, he
must have sufficient good, wholesome food to keep him in working condition. He also requires a house to live in and after having expended the money necessary to get him to the field, it is poor policy to maintain him there under such conditions either as to food, clothing or dwelling-place that he cannot be his best for the work. The change of climate, hot sun, malarious districts he often travels through, insanitary towns and villages and filthy homes which he visits are trying enough when he is in good health but become positively dangerous when he is in a run down physical condition so that, even if his life is spared, he is unable to carry on the work without long intervals for change, rest and recuperation.

Suppose our missionary to have reached the field with a more or less generous outfit and living in a bungalow which his supporter or some other interested helper in the Lord's work has provided for him, few will deny his right to a bed, a table and a chair with a few other necessary articles of furniture for household use. For about two years from the time of his arrival on the field the new missionary will require the services of a pandit (language teacher) then, after he has successfully passed his language examinations, he is still to a certain extent like a workman without his tools. In no other line of employment would the mere presence of a skilled artisan be considered sufficient without tools fitted for the work he is expected to perform, yet how many seem to have the idea that everything has been done when the missionary has been put on the field.

It is true that the influence of a good man and his family living in the midst of the heathen means much for the cause of Christ but this would hardly meet the expectations of those who sent him out to

Preach the Gospel.

When he has walked four or five miles in the hot, blazing sun along an Indian road, how much strength will he have left for preaching in a village? And even if this could be maintained day after day without loss of health would it be true economy to spend so much time and strength on the road? And at this rate of one or two villages each day, how long would it take to reach
the hundreds of villages in his district? A much more economical way is for him to have a cart and a good pair of bullocks with a small tent so that he may give his whole time to the people, going from village to village without the necessity of returning home each evening, but these cost money and the bullocks must eat so that a portion of the expense is continuous.

Bibles, Testaments, books and tracts are also needed in village work as the message of the missionary may soon be forgotten unless he can leave it with the people in the more permanent form of a book or a tract which they can study at their leisure and so be better able to understand the message of the missionary when he comes next time, as well as having in their possession a silent witness for God which is able to find its way to their hearts.

Other needs might be mentioned but these are sufficient to show that merely providing him with food and clothing cannot be considered in any sense as the support of a missionary, and as the blessing of God rests on his work, so do his needs and responsibilities increase. The question is

**Who is to Meet These Needs?**

It is easy to ask, as many do, does not the Board supply all the needs of their missionaries? Who are the Board? Are they rich men, millionaires or multi-millionaires? Not so, they are comparatively poor men upon whose hearts God has laid the burden of the world as a mission-field, who give their time and strength night and day to caring for the needs of the missionaries and who suffer more when they are obliged to cut down the missionary-work or send short allowances to the field than do the missionaries themselves.

They are men who had they chosen to employ their talents and splendid abilities for themselves instead of in the service of the Lord for a lost world, might have been rich beyond many. All that they can reasonably be expected to do financially for the mission-field, seeing they already put all their time and strength in the Lord's work, is to pass on the gifts and offerings of God's people; and as the missionaries are men and women who have given up their all to fit themselves for the foreign-field, turning
away from friends, many of them leaving bright business prospects to spend their lives amid heathen surroundings, so it is to God and to His people that the missionaries must look for the supply of all their needs and the needs of the work which God has committed to them.

God has always been and is faithful, may His people also be true to the trust which God and the missionary has placed in them.

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**BACK TO INDIA**

**BY MRS. O. FLETCHER**

Isaiah xliii. 19. "I will even make a way in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert."

During our two years furlough home in Australia, how we have been able to prove the above promise, and especially in regard to our return to India. We know our return home was not in vain, for many eyes were opened to the need of India, and God called some, to the field. We were so glad when on the sixth of December we said farewell to Australia and realised we were once more going back to our adopted land. The Lord gave His grace to say farewell with a cheerful heart to those whom we know we shall never meet in this world again. We were a small company on board, and were the only Christians. We had a very calm voyage, only three days in the Australian Bight were we tossed about so that we could not keep our feet on deck. Christmas Day on board was a time of great festivities, much to our surprise. The native butlers were up all night, decorating the dining saloon, and when we went in next morning, we were given our Christmas greeting. The beautiful paper hangings of all colours and designs were stretched from corner to corner, on the windows, on punkahs, etc.

The table was decorated as only Eastern people can do. Each person had a bunch of paper flowers on his plate. Three large cakes each three tiers high with the names of the Captain, Chief Officer and Engineer, adorned the table. All that seemed lacking was the fellowship of God's people to celebrate the birthday of our Saviour. We landed at Colombo on the 29th, and having a day to spare we were glad to see beautiful Ceylon, with its gardens of palm trees, its rivers, its curios, and all that goes to make that place an attraction. Surely, every prospect pleased and only man was vile.
We took another boat from there to Tuticorin, but as the boat there could not land us on to the wharf, we had to get into a small launch, which was very much tossed about with the heavy sea. As we stepped foot in the Southern part of India, our hearts just praised God for His tender love throughout all the journey.

After getting through the Customs we started off Thursday morning in the train, which did not reach Bombay till Sunday morning. We enjoyed our journey through the beautiful green fields of rice down in the South, until we came up towards Bombay where rice no longer grew, but different grains. We were welcomed by the dear ones in Berachah Home and it seemed good to meet them once more. For two days we have been going around Bombay purchasing things necessary to start Indian housekeeping. India is still so needy, and we are glad to swell the small number who are on the battle field.

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**KHAMGAON, BERAR**

**BY MRS. P. L. EICHER**

WHERE shall I begin to tell of all God's tender mercies to me during the past months of sore trial! Yes it was indeed a fiery trial, but oh! what joy flooded my soul all through the suffering, even though at times it seemed unbearable. How can I ever praise my Lord enough not only for sparing my life to my loved ones but for the precious lessons He taught us.

Little did I think when I took sick August 24th that I would be on my bed till November 6th, and well it was that I did not know for I am afraid I would have drawn back and not have permitted God to have His way with me, without murmuring.

I never experienced greater joy and peace in my soul than when I lay on my bed suffering, and God proved to me over and over again, that His grace was sufficient for me. I do believe God would have me write this testimony that His name might be glorified; for it is certainly a miracle that I am here to-day, and nothing but the power of God could have raised me from my death-bed.

I was very ill from the beginning, and after about one week of fever and dysentery our precious little boy was born September 1st. He, however, lived only three or four hours, then Jesus took him from us, to be with him forever. Our hearts are sore and we miss him but we dare not grieve for we know that Father did not make a mistake, and we will not ask why he was not per-
mitted to remain with us. It is sweet to think that our little flower has been transplanted into the garden above, where it will never fade.

After baby came, I was at death's door for several days, and one day my fever went up and down five or six times, varying from $101°$ to over $106°$ and I had dysentery severely all the time. My pulse at one time was 150 and later it was so rapid the nurse could not count it. Naturally, there was no hope whatever, but God, Praise Him! He did not want me to leave my work yet and He spoke the word, and I rallied, and from that time I gained rapidly. But in the meantime our darling Mildred got fever and hearing her cry and knowing she was suffering, was too much for my weak condition, and I again began having slight chills and fever, and every day or night I had sinking spells, and lost so much sleep that my nerves gave way. This was a trying time, as Mildred would not allow her papa to leave her, and he should have been with me when I had the sinking spells, I, of course, had the nurse but at times I had to be raised and it was very hard for her alone. Just at this time brother Christian was sick with typhoid at Bodward. He too was very near the border, but God.

I continued having fever and became weaker, and we were advised to go somewhere for a change, thinking it would do me good, so Mr. Eicher chartered a second class car to Lonavla. In this they made a bed of mattress and spring, and I lay on it, almost as comfortable as in my bed at home except for the jolting of the cars.

After we arrived at Lonavla, the chills and fever got so severe that it seemed I could not live, my teeth chattered so and my body shook so, that it seemed my jaws and spine would surely break. This kept on every day without a break for thirty-six days, and through it my spleen had increased about a span and it pressing against my heart, caused me most excruciating pain, and often would I suffer such agony with these attacks that I lay with the cold perspiration streaming from my body. Sometimes after having gone through chills and fever all day, I lay awake at night in this agony. My spleen was so large that at last I could turn on neither side but had to lie on my back all the time. It was marvellous that I lived from one day to the next.

What can I say more that God may be glorified? How good of Him to spare all of our lives; and even though so many of us were sick still not one was taken, Hallelujah! My heart is full of praise to my blessed Lord, and we are truly grateful to all the dear brethren and sisters who stood by us so faithfully in prayer all through this testing time.
THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS AT KHAMGAON

BY ETHEL M. WYETH

THE Christmas Holidays were a time of great pleasure not only to the girls but also to the missionaries. From the very first the spirit of peace in the compound and bungalow seemed to echo the glad tidings which were proclaimed nearly two thousand years ago.

Everybody was as busy as busy could be because there was not only Xmas near at hand, but seven of the girls were working on their wedding trousseau, and though they are very simple, yet when made by hand it takes many stitches.

They looked very pretty Wednesday morning as they filed into the chapel, with their white dresses folded gracefully around them and sat down shyly beside their bridegrooms.

After the ceremony was over and the garlands of gay flowers were thrown over their heads, we went out into the compound near the baptismal font and saw a dear little brown baby dedicated to God; then followed the baptism of an old grey headed man, who had just lately received Christ as His Saviour.

Later in the afternoon a nice dinner of curry and rice was served to the brides and bridegrooms and a few of their relatives.

Thursday and Friday were spent mostly in grinding, rolling and pulverizing, different kinds of grains, spices, red peppers and such like for their Xmas dinner.

In the evening I slipped down to the cook-house to take a peep in, and the girls all shouted “Come in ‘Aunty Wyeth’ and help us.” Just for fun I went in and sat down on the floor among about twenty girls, who were laughing and working busily; some were kneading pastry, others rolling it out and some putting the goodies in and pasting it together. I tried to make some to please them and how they did laugh at me, when I made a mistake and they said, “Try it again.”

It would do your hearts good to see how much they enjoy making these nice things for they take as much interest in it as any girl or woman does in America, and it is very seldom they have such an opportunity, only about once every year.

Xmas Eve we were invited out to dinner. We followed our hostess out into the compound and found that our rugs and pillows had been transferred from the bungalow to the ground to make us a little more comfortable while we partook of a tasty javen (meal) with the girls; they always think it great sport when we consent to join them at meal time.
The Xmas exercises were a success. The girls did beautifully; the little tots sang their motion songs, repeated Psalms and portions of scripture in a way that would do credit to any school.

Our Xmas tree was only a branch cut from a neighbouring tree with several smaller branches tied on, but when it was dressed up with the beautiful dollies, some kind friends had sent from America; the little red picture books some of the missionaries had made; articles of clothing tied in neat bundles, some good books, and a few other parcels it looked like the real thing.

Everybody was pleased with their gifts and especially some of the older girls, when they received their dolls.

One of the girls had said to me one evening while we were sitting round the table sewing and talking about Xmas,—"Aunty Wyeth, I am praying for a dolly this year, one that goes to sleep." You can imagine her delight when she was handed a doll that really would open and close its eyes. Of all the nice dolls sent out there was only one that would go to sleep.

You dear ones in America may have sacrificed more or less to give these nice gifts to the girls but I am sure you will have great pleasure in knowing how joyfully they received them.

Christmas Day was one of joy and peace. It seemed as if the presence of the Lord surrounded us at the early morning meal and continued with us throughout the day in a very marked way. What joy it is to be in the will of the Lord and what quietness and rest of soul with loved ones far away, when He is near!

On Friday before the New Year—the girls went for their annual outing about two miles from the bungalow, near a large body of water, something like a reservoir at home. The scenery around about the place is very beautiful and the girls thoroughly enjoyed it because they don’t get out of the compound very often and then only when a missionary accompanies them.

When the little ones became weary of their games, in the afternoon, the parched grain and nuts were a very acceptable lunch and served to refresh them for their walk back home.

So end our joyous holidays for this season. The girls have gone bravely back to their school work and some of the missionaries are out on tour.

We as a missionary family at Khamgaon praise the Lord for the goodness, He alone has wrought among us this past year; for supplying all our needs; for loving friends who have stood with us in prayer and sacrifice in the Homeland; for the increase of the spiritual life and quietness among the girls in the compound and for the work we have been able to do in the villages for those who know not Christ! Please continue to pray for us.
THE Marathi people have an idiom which says "gitki guru titki mat," which literally means every teacher has his own way. This is true of so many different things here in India. What might be the common usage in one part of the country may be entirely different in another district of this great and diverse land. This is not only applicable to climate, language, dress, custom, caste, etc., but even in their religious teaching and ceremonies. In one part of the land a god may be revered as holy and worthy of worship, while in another province the same god may be despised and not counted worthy of honour. In one part he may have thousands of followers, while in another he may not have a single adherent. In one place salvation is found by bathing in some holy stream, while in another a person may have to stand between five fires; at one time purification comes to the people through washing, and at another by throwing filth and slime over each other. For some the only way of purification is in eating the five products of the cow, and yet for others in not only bathing some holy man's feet, but in drinking the water used for bathing his feet; these different ways are too numerous to write about in this short article.

While out on tour a little while ago, we saw yet another way of purification, which might interest our readers at home, and make them more thankful that they have been born in a Christian land, a land of open Bibles, where all who care to know of Him who alone can save from sin, may know. Perhaps they will pray a little more for the workers amongst these deluded ignorant people, pray that the Word of God may have free course, that blind eyes may be opened, and that the people may receive Him who is the Way the truth and the life.

In our district work we have many strange experiences and see many strange things. Holy men entirely nude with the exception of a loin cloth, and smeared over with ashes, ascetics who have held their arms upright until they cannot take them down, men lying on beds of spikes, lying between five fires, or burying their heads in the ground. On this tour we saw a new mode of purification which we will pass on to our readers. The writer had just returned from a distant village and was sitting down eating his noon time repast when we noticed a number of strange men gathering in the bed of the river that flowed just beyond where our tents were pitched.
In a little while I strolled down to where they were gathered, hoping to find a chance to talk to them about Jesus Christ.

Entering into conversation with them I found that they all belonged to the Shepherd Caste and that they had gathered from 10 or 12 surrounding villages to perform some special religious ceremony. At first they were a little reluctant to talk freely with me, but seeing I was friendly disposed to them, they told me that they had come to purify (as they called it) a man, who nearly two years previously had run away with another woman and had lived in open adultery with her. A little child was born and at the time of birth its windpipe had been pressed and the little unloved child was killed. This came to the ears of the police and the woman was sentenced to a term of years in the country jail.

Now because the man also had been arrested he was declared unclean, and so he had to undergo purification. *Note,* the sin of adultery did not defile the man, but the fact of his being arrested *did.* Here was a chance for his caste men and teachers (spiritual) to obtain a feast. The elders of his caste sat in judgment upon him, he was pronounced unclean, and before he could mingle again freely with his caste people he must be purified and fulfill the following requirements, *viz.*—his mustaches were to be shaved off. He must bathe in the river, make a feast of 5 goats, spend 60 rupees for liquor and give a field of standing grain in the village where the woman lived, to acquire merit. After the caste-men had all gathered in the bed of the river, the Guru or acting priest, repeated some verses from his scripture, then he burned some ghee, or clarified butter, and again repeated other verses. The man then waded out into the river, washed his clothes and body; this concluded the ceremony there. The writer embraced the chance and told them of Jesus Christ who died to wash away our sins and tried to shew them the futility of their foolish ceremonies. They all listened very attentively for quite a long time; they then adjourned to the village grog-shop where the man had to buy Rs. 60 worth of native liquor, on which most of them got riotously drunk, the next day 5 goats were sacrificed and a great feast made for his caste people. We thought this was surely the end of the ceremony, but next morning we found that the man was not yet through, he had to buy a standing field of grain ready to harvest, and into this all the cattle of the village where the woman used to live were driven and allowed to eat all the crop. The man was now not only purified but by buying this field for the cattle he had acquired merit both in the sight of God and his fellowman. I
found out that this purification ceremony had cost the man over Rs. 300. Oh how deceptive the enemy is, the man was made to believe that he had not only been purified but had actually a balance of righteousness to his credit, before his people and his god. Not a single sign of repentance for the sin of adultery, no turning away from evil, but washing, feasting, drinking, and giving fodder to the cattle more than cleared off his entire scores and he returned home a satisfied and self-righteous man. I am so glad that we had a chance to tell them of the fountain opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness, and that the blood of Jesus Christ alone can cleanse from sin and who ever climbs up some Other Way is a thief and a robber. Please pray for us as we go from village to village that the Word of God may have free course and that the seed sown may spring up unto eternal life.

Amraoti, Berar.

TOURING

BY C. W. SCHELANDER

We had just been a short time in our camp at Mhusawad when we were awakened suddenly in the night by the sound of rain falling on the tents.

The following days were cloudy and warm so that my mind was not at rest fearing more rain, but in a few days it seemed to clear again so I went home to bring my family out, but while I was yet on the train the heavens suddenly grew black and I could see the rain pouring down on the mountain behind the camp.

When I arrived at Jalgaon it was still raining so I went back alone to camp in the evening.

On entering the field where our camp was I sank three inches deep in the soft mud and at last reached the tents only to find two of them flat in the mud but my own still standing with a light in it.

Thinking my people were there, I entered but found it full of Bhils (a hill tribe) who had taken possession of cot, blankets, sheets, pillows and everything with the exception of an old coat which I took and went to bed in on the drenched cot, but slept well till morning.

My people had stayed till they were drenched and their tents went down in the high wind, then they went to the house of the owner of the field and were given dry clothes, fire and food and a room to live in for a week till their tents could be used again.
DURING the past few months the heavy rains and the flooded rivers have prevented our going to villages as we would have liked, but if one place of service is closed for a time God always has another open; this we have proved.

The main road that passes in front of our bungalow has been of late the scene of many a talk about eternal things. Many pilgrims, on their way to sacred cities or notable idols, as well as many travellers from distant villages where perhaps the missionary never goes, have to pass this way.

One day we set out to seek opportunities as God would give them, and had not gone far before we met two weary-looking and foot-sore women. Their appearance told us, without any questioning, that they were among the number of those who were seeking some sacred city, for they carried the stick and flag that such generally do. We stopped and asked them where they were going, and they named one of the well-known shrines. “Why are you going there?” we asked; and one replied, “To see the god; our people tell us we must, so we are going.” Their case is sad, but by no means uncommon, we might meet such almost every day. These women were so old and bent that one would not think they were able to walk three miles, yet they must have already walked thirty and still had many more to go before reaching the end of their journey. We told them the story of Jesus and free salvation, and prayed as they passed on that the Saviour Himself would lighten their darkness through His Holy Spirit.

Later, we met one of the many widows that are in this land; she was recognisable by her lack of all ornament, and by her closely worn, unbordered sardie. She walked along some distance behind a bullock-gardie laden with people, probably a happy family party, and she told me that she belonged to that party. However, while she was walking I stopped her and asked if she had heard our story. She seemed glad of any opportunity to sit down awhile on the roadside; so I, too, sat and told as fully as possible the story of redeeming love. When I finished she said, “I never heard this before, it is good that you told me.” Seeing her interest I continued to explain that our God wanted all our love, that we could not worship Him and idols too. “Well,” she said, “just tell me plainly what I must not do and I will remember.” Bowing before the idols was mentioned and then I taught her a prayer. Repeating this over she left me and gave a salaam as though she were pleased that we had met. Maybe we shall not see her again but let us by prayer claim such ones for the Master.
Many other incidents might be told; sometimes of companies who have been glad to listen while they rested on their long walks and sometimes of the different ones to whom we have given the message as we walked along with them.—White Already to Harvest.

ISAIAH xliii. 19
BY O. DINHAM

"Behold, I will do a new thing." Who is speaking? verse 14, "The Lord your redeemer, the Holy One of Israel," He it is that thus speaks. Who desires this new thing that the Lord is willing to do? Desire is the forerunner of acceptance! One must desire this new thing, or one will never experience it. Instead of hatred—love, instead of gloom—joy, instead of turmoil—peace, instead of darkness—light, instead of bitterness—sweetness, instead of pride—humility, instead of self—Christ. A new look, a new voice, a new hand, a new walk and a new heart. The new sight will see new things, the new voice will give new messages, the new hand will do new exploits, the new walk will lead in new ways and the new heart will live a new life.

"Now it shall spring forth," not after long, weary waiting—but Now, "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." This New Year's Day reminds us of the eighth day after Christ's birth, which was the day of His circumcision. Let this New Year's Day be the day when we yield our hearts to the Lord to be circumcised. Circumcision is a symbol of separation. Are we willing, and do we desire that God's knife should enter our hearts and thus bring about this holy separation? He is ready, He is willing, listen, as He speaks once again—"Behold, I will do a new thing; now it shall spring forth; . . . . . . I will even make a way in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert." The only way to get to the place where water is; is to be separated from that place where there is no water. It is no good talking about the good clothes we are wearing, while we stand stark naked! Let us get dressed, or keep still, let us change the nature of things, or else change the name thereof. We can't change ourselves, but Christ can change us: I can't, but He can, yes, He can; listen to His words yet once more—"Behold, I will do a new thing; now it shall spring forth;" and as these words fall upon our ears for the third time, let the language of our hearts be—I commit my way unto the Lord and trust also in Him, and He brings this "new thing" to pass. Hallelujah.
A CHALLENGE
BY E. R. CARNER

WE had driven eight or nine miles through dust and heat, stopping just outside the town, at noon, to eat our lunch—an appetizing lunch consisting of unleavened bread, with some native curry, good and strong with red peppers as sauce. Now, we had come into the town and our faithful bullocks were resting, lying peacefully in the shade of a big tree, while we made our way to the shop or store of a Mohammedan merchant, near by, where a number of people had been standing and watching us curiously as we approached.

Missionaries were not so common in the town as that we could come and go without attracting attention and it was not long until a large crowd had gathered to look at the sahib and to hear his story, whatever it might be. There were Hindoos and Mohammedans of various ages and stations in life, making up an audience of more than usual intelligence, for these parts.

The old Mohammedan merchant, who looked as if Ishmael might, indeed, be his ancestor, was very hospitable and after we had passed a few friendly remarks, offered us a cigarette and a box of matches. This we refused as politely as we knew how and gradually getting the attention of the crowd, we told them as best we could, the wonderful story of love.

Some listened interestingly, others lazily. The Mohammedans raised their old questions as to how Christ could be the Son of God since God is only One. We tried to explain the Trinity, using such illustrations as we could think of and feeling, the while, that no explanation in mere words could adequately explain how God is only One but Three in One. Still, we believe that many of our auditors were convinced that what we said was truth, for God's Spirit is at work to show hearts their need and the Remedy for that need.

Then came the challenge: "If Jesus Christ is God let us see a proof of it. Our town is stricken with plague. Four or five die of it every day. If Jesus can stop the plague within eight days and heal those now sick with it, we will believe that He is God.”

We knew not how much of sincerity there was in this. The speaker, perhaps, was not very much in earnest and was of the same generation that followed our Lord, “seeking for a sign.” Yet, there were other hearts more humble there, we believe, and for their sakes we boldly declared that Jesus was the Son of God with power to heal the ones there sick of the plague and to stop the ravages of the disease in the town. Then we asked, “If
Jesus Christ, the Son of God, should stop the plague, as you, say, and heal the sick ones, would you be willing to forsake your sins and follow Him as your Saviour and your God?" Then came the old answer which convicted them at God's bar as liars, "We have no sin: we need no Saviour." Not all, however, were like that—we feel sure—and again, for their sakes, we felt led to say, "We will ask God in the name of Jesus Christ, to stop the plague, but you must seek Him for yourselves and repent of your sins and then He will prove to you that He is indeed God."

As we left the town a little later, and that evening as we prayed in our tent, we felt that God would be willing to prove by a miracle—to those willing to receive a miracle—the truth of the gospel and the power of His Anointed One.

Will you pray with us, so that when there is the opportunity of "the glory of God" through a miraculous demonstration of His power, the missionary may not be wanting in the humble but daring faith which will "commit God" to the keeping of His gracious promises?

MASS-MOVEMENTS TOWARDS CHRISTIANITY

BY W. R.

It would be interesting to know how many in India to-day are waiting until their neighbours and friends are ready to become Christians before stepping out themselves. If there is one thing an Indian cannot do it is to stand alone. All his life he has been accustomed to look to his caste for guidance. How often some in the villages have told us "Yes! India will become Christian but we will all come at once." The writer has seen a village panch (council) actually sitting discussing the question as to whether the village should become Christian or not but the decision was "a sufficient number are not ready, we will wait."

Some who regard the change as inevitable look forward to it with fear and apprehension, doing all they can to oppose and retard it, while others cherish secret hopes for its success which they dare not openly confess or hint at even to their most intimate friends. The selfish materialism which is fast taking the place of the old idolatrous Hinduism among the educated classes will do little for the outcastes or even the lower castes and what little they are doing, or will do, is forced from them by their efforts to combat the progress of Christianity in its constant endeavour to raise these depressed classes. Sooner or later these must see that their only hope of permanent advancement lies in the acceptance of Jesus Christ. With this explanation it is
not hard to understand what we in India are accustomed to call "mass-movements." He would be a bold man who would contend that when such a movement takes place, every individual taking the step is a convinced Christian. The most that is to be expected from a large proportion is that they are willing to renounce idolatry, and even here, while the actual worship of the idol is discontinued, there remain in the mind a good many of the old idolatrous customs and superstitions. The choice has been made to worship and serve the true God instead of an idol, but how much this involves is so little understood at the time that when explanations and details have to be faced, numbers turn back. One man, truly convicted of sin and intelligently trusting in Jesus only as His Saviour, is much more likely to stand and be a true witness for God and a light to those around him than many such. The most we can say of many in such movements is that they are perhaps from having made this choice, a little more susceptible to teaching but have yet to take the step as individuals of coming to Jesus and knowing for themselves the sweetness of sins forgiven.

BODWAD TRAINING SCHOOL

BY C. EICHER

DEAR READERS of the India Alliance;—The editor tells me that a word from the Training School is in order, so, as we are leaving this blessed work for a time and going on furlough to the homeland, it is my privilege to write a few farewell lines.

We have now been in charge of this work for three and a-half years and we praise God for what we have seen of His transforming power in the lives of the students, several of whom are now out in the Lord's work and doing well.

It has been our aim to help the young men to learn the dignity of working with their hands as well as studying the Bible and so each young man is expected to put in at least three hours daily at some form of manual labour in addition to the practical training for his life work which he obtains by going out into the surrounding villages to witness for Jesus. This gives them greater influence among the heathen and adds weight to their testimony. Friends will better understand this if we say that in India, age generally commands respect and a young man's opinions are not generally considered worth much.

In many villages and especially the nearer ones, the people pay the greatest respect to the young men and appreciate their
message because they know how the young men live at home. The other day a leading man from one of these villages came and thanked us for having as he put it, "Mercy on their village in sending the young men to point out to them the way of eternal happiness" and sometimes heathen men even, when sick, send for the young men to pray for them.

The Station-Master has invited us to come to the railway station to preach the gospel and says he will see that we get an audience. Thus the influence of holy and righteous living attracts the attention and wins the respect of the heathen.

I expect to leave India for a time on 11th of February with my family and shall be glad to meet our friends and supporters in the homeland. Mr. A. Garrison takes up the work of teaching in our absence while Mr. and Mrs. Garner look after the evangelistic work. We trust you will faithfully remember these dear ones in your prayers and continue in the future, as in the past, to loyally support the work.

EDINBURGH WORLD'S MISSIONARY CONFERENCE

The following, taken from the Bombay Guardian concerning the findings of Commission I. of the above Conference concerning "Carrying the Gospel to all the Non-Christian World," will be interesting to every one engaged in foreign mission work whether at home or in other lands.

(1) The Commission, after studying the facts and after taking counsel with the leaders of the missionary forces of the Church at home and abroad, expresses its conviction that the present is the time of all times for the Church to undertake with quickened loyalty and sufficient forces to make Christ known to all the non-Christian world.

It is an opportune time. Never before has the whole world-field been so open and so accessible.

It is a critical time. The non-Christian nations are undergoing great changes. There have been times when the Church confronted crises as great as those before it now on certain fields; but never before has there been such a synchronising of crises in all parts of the world.

It is a testing time for the Church. Nothing less than the adequacy of Christianity as a world religion is on trial.

This is a decisive hour for Christian missions. The call of Providence to all our Lord's disciples, of whatever ecclesiastical connection, is direct and urgent to undertake without delay the task of carrying the gospel to all the non-Christian world.
(2) The utter inadequacy of the present missionary force to discharge effectively the duty of world-wide evangelisation is evident. The present mission staff in the foreign field is not sufficient even to compass fully the work already in hand; much less is it prepared to accomplish any adequate expansion. On almost every field the efficiency and lives of the workers are endangered because of this effort to accomplish a task altogether too great for their numbers. The present status in some fields represents practically a deadlock; in many other fields there is no evidence of notable progress.

I.—The Church's Duty.

It is the high duty of the Church promptly to discharge its responsibility in regard to all the non-Christian world. To do this is easily within the power of the Church. Not to do it would indicate spiritual atrophy, if not treasonable indifference to the command of our Lord. Without attempting to estimate the necessary increase in income and foreign staff, it is the conviction of the Commission that the Church of Christ must view the world field in its entirety and do it full justice. There should be nothing less than a vast enlargement in the number of qualified workers, a thorough and courageous adaptation of means and methods to meet the situation, a wise unification in plans and forces, and a whole-hearted fulfilling of the conditions of spiritual power.

II.—Fields where there is Special Urgency.

The Commission, after a careful study of the missionary situation, and of the various considerations which should govern such a recommendation, would direct attention to the following fields as of special urgency in respect of the prosecution of missionary work:

1.—Fields on which the Church as a whole should concentrate attention and effort.

(a) In China there is at this moment a unique opportunity which is fraught with far-reaching issues for the future not only of China and of the whole East, but also of Christendom.

(b) The threatening advance of Islam in Equatorial Africa presents to the Church of Christ the decisive question whether the Dark Continent shall become Mohammedan or Christian.

(c) The national and spiritual movements in India, awakening its ancient peoples to a vivid consciousness of their needs and possibilities, present a strong challenge to Christian missions to enlarge and deepen their work.
(d) The problems of the Mohammedan World, especially in the Near East, which, until recently, received little consideration from the Church at large, have been lifted unexpectedly into prominence and urgency, as well as into new relations, by the marvellous changes which have taken place in Turkey and Persia. One of the important tasks before the Church at this time is to deal adequately with these problems.

THE DHOLKA BOYS' ORPHANAGE

BY H. V. ANDREWS

VARIETY is called the spice of life, but if the spice of life consists wholly in variety, a boys' orphanage in India is not the place to look for it. Spice our boys do have at the rate of half a pound of red-peppers with other spices at one meal for 100 boys. When there is nothing else to eat with their bread a few red-peppers does what jam does for an American boy. However with a scanty literature, and a knowledge of only what a poverty stricken and partially civilized country can produce, variety in life is scarce indeed. Each day begins with a half hour of public worship. Then follows school, work and play. The latter we regard a necessity in every boy's life and good for both mind and body.

There are however special days that give special interest. One of these special days is when the All India Sunday School Union examination is conducted at the same hour, all over India, on the six months' Sunday School lessons. This year about 100 of our boys and young men took this examination. Out of this number only five or six failed. In the Senior Division out of 19 candidates 18 obtained over 75 out of 100 marks. We rejoice in this not because of the certificates the boys will receive but in the good this Scripture knowledge is sure to do most if not all of them all through life. Those of us who as Sunday School scholars were encouraged to memorize at least a part of each Sunday's lesson, and repeat it in S. School, have reason now to be grateful.

Owing to heavy Bible teaching work in connection first with the Bible Training School, and later, with the Summer Bible School for native preachers, I have not been able to give myself to the boys as I had desired and there have not been the spiritual results we hoped for. There has been however a real softening noticeable in some who seemed hard and unyielding and we believe God is working. Most of our native preachers in Gujarat have come from this orphanage and we now have boys advanced in school who entertain no other thought than that they spend their lives in gospel service.
ONE morning we went out to preach in the village of Binnamangala. Plague had been ravaging the place, carrying away its victims. The people left their homes for safety, and built booths out in the fields; and there they lived until the epidemic passed away.

"We went to a group of outcaste huts, gathered the people, and told them the gospel. While we were speaking, a farmer, who was winnowing his grain, saw us, and drew near out of curiosity. He listened attentively to the story of Christ. Although it was new to him, it touched a deep chord in his heart. He now saw One Who could satisfy longings which had never been satisfied before, and his heart went out trustfully to Jesus from that first morning.

Munniappa was the man's name, and he was elderly, though still hale. We visited him, and he visited us again and again to get more teaching about the Saviour. It was beautiful to see his simple faith and personal love to Christ growing as he learned more about Him.

Munniappa was once a prosperous farmer, but he was generous beyond his means in helping others to marry, and in paying debts for people in difficulties. Now he is reduced to working under others for a livelihood. His home and family are in a more distant village than the place in which we met him. He was working in this village for a time only.

When he went to his own village he told his wife and family the good news and all he knew about Christ. Soon afterwards his wife fell ill, and Munniappa, in his extremity, began to pray for her. Her

DANGER MADE PRAYER REAL

to him, and Christ also real. The very need led him into the discovery of the reality and blessedness of prayer, and it was a happy discovery. After praying daily for a month his wife got better, and he told all freely that Jesus had done it.

Munniappa cannot read, but he finds communion with Jesus very precious. He said one day, "I set aside one hour each day to meditate upon Him." This is in addition to his morning and evening prayers. He assembles his family daily and prays with them, and prays before he begins each meal.

After this one of his daughters became seriously ill. Again he had recourse to prayer. Jesus answered him before about his wife, and he believed He would again. Munniappa
persevered in prayer, and again had the joy of seeing his prayers answered. All these things strengthened his faith in Christ and his love for prayer.

A son-in-law of Munniappa's got him to work for him on his farm, and then cheated the old man out of six months' pay. This probably was done because Munniappa was following Christ.

He then felt he must leave that village and go elsewhere for work. That night he had a dream. Jesus came to him, robed in white, and said kindly, "Fear not,

I will help you,

I will come to you to-morrow at 12 o'clock noon."

Next day at 12 o'clock a farmer came to Munniappa and said, "I will give you several acres to cultivate for me, and we shall share the crops, and you will have enough for yourself and family." Thus the Lord appeared to Munniappa and provided for him. He is now cultivating this land.

One day he came in to Bangalore to see us, and brought the headman of the village with him. We began to tell the headman about Christ, and he said he had heard before about Him. We asked who had told him, and he pointed to Munniappa. He spoke of him with much respect, and we were also glad to see that Munniappa testifies of Christ in his own village.

He is not baptized yet, although there is no doubt about his being born again. He is all alone in the midst of a sea of heathenism, and needs our prayers, that he may be kept faithful to Christ and obey Him in everything.—B. Davidson in "Darkness and Light."

ASCETICISM

The Revd. B. T. Badley writing in the Indian Witness speaks truly of a change in the attitude of the Indian people toward asceticism.

"There can be little doubt that the old Indian ideal of asceticism is giving way before the new Indian ideal of progressive and aggressive patriotism. Not that there is any dearth of ascetics yet, but the intellect of India is no longer seeking an outlet for itself through asceticism. Where modern education has not penetrated, there the old type exists, only slightly modified, but the educated community is not adding to the number of religious monks or ascetics."
"The religious devotee has not the sanctity with which his person has for centuries been vested, but the enthusiasm of the rapidly-growing educated Hindu and Mohamedan community is not any longer aroused by him as in his palmy days in the past. Public service is what now calls forth the admiration and applause of new India. Let a man show that he served and is serving his land, and his people will listen to him, whether he has mortified the flesh or not: let him busy himself in the haunts of men, labouring for civil progress and moral regeneration, and no one will ask any questions as to whether he has spent months or years in the jungles in religious meditation."

FORWARD MOVEMENT IN BOMBAY

MR. J. Lampard tells of much encouragement. There were enquirers on one occasion at the new Gospel Hall up to 1 a.m., and the meetings going on six nights in the week with the same enthusiasm as at the beginning. Services are carried on in four or five languages, and even then all listeners cannot be reached, so cosmopolitan is Bombay. Among recent baptisms is that of a young man of seventeen named Lachman, a Hindu, who works in a large cotton mill. He is an orphan, has lodged for some time with an old woman, and was attracted to the hall by the native music. He began to come regularly on his way home from work. After a time he mustered courage to speak to a worker about becoming a Christian and was at length taken to Mr. Lampard as a candidate for baptism. Lachman appeared to really have "the root of the matter" in him and was baptized a few weeks later. As soon as his caste people (who hitherto had shown little care for the lad) heard that he was becoming a Christian they began to persecute and beat him. The old lady with whom he had boarded suddenly conceived a great affection for him, coming to say that he was like her own son, and that she was arranging at great expense to get him married, that to be a Christian would be the ruin of all her hopes, etc., etc.

Lachman was advised to hold fast and trust his Saviour, and even though some of the workmen at the mill threatened him with a severe beating the brave lad announced his determination to stick to his work at the mill and to there confess his Saviour whatever hardship might be involved. Will those who read these lines pray that he may be kept faithful?—All Nations.
THE WOMEN OF INDIA

It is said that the women of India of various castes are coming to have a realising sense of their needs, and are seeking for education and light. The zenanas are open to a degree which could not have been foreseen a few years ago. There is a desire among the men also for the education of their daughters, sisters and wives. Here and there thoughtful, earnest, spiritually-minded Hindus are reading the words of Christ and seeking to understand Him. If Christian intercourse with these important men could now be multiplied, large numbers of them would be led into full and open discipleship. At the same time, the reader is carefully reminded that, notwithstanding the well-known facts about the movement toward Christ among the educated classes, great numbers of them are rapidly passing into a condition of practical agnosticism. There is most urgent need for more vigorous and systematic effort on their behalf while they are yet in a comparatively receptive attitude.—The Christian.

CHRISTIAN COURAGE

Workman of God! O lose not heart,
       But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle field
       Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
       The instinct that can tell,
That God is on the field when He
       Is most invisible.

Blest, too, is he who can divine
       Wherein real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
       Wrong to man's blind-fold eye.

To learn to scorn the praise of men
       And learn to lose with God;
For Jesus won the world through shame,
       And beckons thee His road.

—Faber.
ITEMS.

We would ask our readers to pray for our brother Leonard Cutler who is still suffering as the result of a serious breakdown. He has worked hard, taking long journeys during the rains when travelling is especially difficult and often having to stop amid unhealthy surroundings in the villages he visited.

Mrs. Erickson also has been passing through a time of fever and long continued weakness, we trust that our sister also may be remembered in your prayers.

News has just reached us that brother and sister Lapp who were out touring in Akola district have both been stricken with fever and had to break up their camp and return to the station. Perhaps God will lay the burden of their need upon the hearts of some of “His remembrancers.”

Brother and sister Fletcher with their little one have just returned from Australia after quite a long furlough and have gone to their old station at Chalisgaon. We are so glad to welcome our brother and sister back to another term of service.

Furloughs have been kindly granted by the Board for brother C. Eicher and his family, brother and sister S. P. Hamilton and brother and sister Stanley; we hope some or all of these can very soon have a time of needed rest and change in the homeland.

Miss Bushfield writes “Plague has visited our orphanage compound and rats are dying. People from infected parts of Akola have swarmed around us and probably brought the infection with them. We are busy disinfecting. Pray for us.”

We have just received from Mrs. F. C. Lawson of the Industrial Evangelistic Mission, Allahabad, a copy of her book on yeast and bread-making in India, which should prove a boon to many missionaries in lonely out-of-the-way stations. Many of these have either to obtain bread from great distances, in which case it is often stale before it reaches them, or live on the native chapaties (cakes made of flour and water) because of the difficulty in obtaining yeast.

Mrs. Lawson tells us how to make the yeast out of materials which are obtainable in almost all parts of the country, giving several recipes for different kinds and also describing in detail how the different kinds of bread may be made from it. The price of the book is Re. 1.