The India Alliance.


EDITORIAL NOTES.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains; from whence shall my help come." My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth. Ps. cxxi. 1-2. R. V.

God has graciously provided India with hills. A range called the "Western Ghats" runs parallel with the western coast, a few miles inland, forming the watershed of southern India. Where these hills end to the north, India becomes a desert. On the high, hot tableland of central India a few ranges of low hills raise themselves above the plain. One of these, the Satpura Hills, is visible from most of our Marathi stations. It runs parallel with, and to the north of the Railroad through Berar, and Chickalda is situated on its crest. On the north, India is shut in by the lofty Himalayas with their eternal snows.

India lifts up its eyes to these hills, for from them comes the water supply for the plains—at least, for the northern plains. The great Ganges, the Indus, the Jumna, and a number of lesser streams have their source in the snows of the Himalayas, and irrigation canals from these rivers have redeemed thousands of acres of semi-desert land. So conscious is the Indian of his dependence upon this bountiful water supply, that he worships the great Ganges River, calling it "Mother Gunga," and seeking in its waters to wash away his sins.

The foreigner in India looks to the hills for the restoration of health and vitality. When the hot trade winds begin to blow, scorching and blasting all green life, and driving the foreigner into his house, where he sits with windows and doors closed against the hot wind, under a swinging fan, he loses no time in getting to the mountains if possible. These mountains are dotted with little
towns, spread, like Panchgani, over their flat tops, or dug, like Darjeeling, into their sides. Here the foreigners flock to be away from the heat and above the fever line; and here the children of the foreigner can attend good schools in a reasonably healthy climate. The Government of India moves from Dehli to Simla, and the governments of the various provinces seek whatever hills are available within their boundries.

It is a matter of concern and regret to many that, of late years, the artificialities of civilization have crowded themselves into these hill stations. Large hotels have been built, and the coming of those who do not know how to enjoy themselves simply in "God's out-of-doors" has brought theaters, bands, concerts, style, dances, department stores, sports and the rest of the things which the natural heart esteems as desirable. Thus man ever sets himself up as more wise than God, and does what he can to rob these lovely places of the simplicity that was their charm.

The missionary, in common with other foreigners, looks to the hills, like them, except in greater degree, he needs the mild climate; and the month of May is the sabbath of the year to him. The rest from work eases the nerves, worn tense and almost brittle, and helps to square the shoulders and bring back the spring to the step. A doctor recently remarked that he could do thirteen months' work in ten months, but could not do more than ten month's work in thirteen months. Reunion with ones children, who are away at school, is one of the joys of the hills. Some find the frequent parting from their children, and for such long periods, harder than to leave home and friends to come to India. Meeting with other missionaries is no small privilege to those who are, during about five-sixths of their time cut off from all such fellowship and is mentally and spiritually helpful.

But there is more to be gained from the hills than these. Longfellow says:——

"If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep
Go to the woods and hills."
Unless our being in the hills is in response to the Master's invitation, "Come ye yourselves apart . . . and rest a while," we will derive less from it than the Master intended. It is necessary to realise, like the Psalmist, who looked to the hills, that our help cometh—not from the hills alone, but—"from the Lord who made heaven and earth." Unless in the hills we hear the voice of the Creator of them, we read the lesson that encourages the heart and awakens the soul.

To get the source, not only of the water supply of the thirsty plains, but the source of life and of every good gift; to experience not only the quickening of life in the hills, but also the quickening of His spirit; to live not only in the pure air of the mountains but to mount above ourselves and our ordinary lives, to a place of broader and clearer vision, a place nearer to God's undisturbed creation, and nearer to God—this is worthwhile. Thank God for the hills.

CHAIRMAN'S PAGE.

An Editorial Department Conducted by Mr. Fuller.

THE MISSION AND THE CHURCH.

In a non-Christian land the Mission precedes the local Church as a matter of course, and is the seed from which the church grows, or the mother of which the church is the child, or, as is sometimes said, the mission is the scaffolding which is a temporary necessity for the erection of the permanent building which is the church. Each of the figures of speech has its peculiar and real significance.

The Mission is not an impersonal thing; but at the beginning consists of, say two or more Christian men and women who are like seeds from some church which has become mature enough to bear fruit with seeds which can be carried to distant localities and be planted and become another church, or the missionaries come to the field as potential spiritual
fathers and mothers to find their spiritual children and gather them out from among the non-Christians about them. This relationship between missionaries and their converts is a very real and tender one. The Apostle Paul speaks of travelling in birth again for the Galation Christians until Christ should be formed within them as their security against the Judaising teaching of those who would bring them again under the law and that little word "again" implies that he had travailed in birth for them once before when they were born into the kingdom.

In his letter to the Corinthians the Apostle says "Though ye have ten thousand instructors in Christ, yet have ye not many fathers: for in Christ Jesus I have begotten you through the Gospel" (I Cor. vi : 15). Perhaps there is an excess of teachers or instructors in the mission fields to-day and a lack of spiritual fathers and mothers, but the work needs most of all not teachers who are only step-fathers and step-mothers to their Christian communities, but those who will travail in birth until God gives them children of their own, companies of Christians to whom they can say "in Christ Jesus I have begotten you through the Gospel," for usually the best step-mother is the one who has children of her own as well.

The third metaphor of the scaffolding and the building has also its peculiar significance. The missionaries as wise builders come to a building site or field to which God has guided them and have to begin digging trenches for foundations and gathering materials, and for a time there is little to show; but after the foundations have been strongly laid and the walls begin to rise there must be scaffolding for the workmen to raise the walls and put on the roof and finish off the temple of God, the local church, and the time will come when the scaffolding must be removed and needless and rejected material must be removed, or the beauty and symmetry of the building will not appear.

In all these metaphors the meaning is one. In the first the seed dies, but it produces other seeds and multiplies itself, and these seeds in turn are to die and multiply. Every church is to become mature enough to bear seed which will be if not in name yet in fact a mission a home mission at least to begin another
spiritual children are not to remain children, but are
to grow up till they are young men and young women who are
strong in whom God's word abides who "have overcome the
wicked one" who are potential fathers and mothers who in turn
will find their spiritual children from the unsaved about them.

In the metaphor of the mission as the builders there is the
suggestion of building a church on one field, and when it is com-
plete the mission moving on to begin again and build another
church. This seems to have been the Apostle Paul's method.
In nearly every place which he visited, whether he stayed a
few weeks or months or years as in Ephesus and in Corinth, he
left churches behind him from which the Gospel which he had
proved to them was sounded forth and, as a result, churches
were formed which Paul never visited personally; but to some
of which he wrote letters and which were much upon his heart
in prayer.

The whole matter of the relation of the missions in India
to the church of Christian India to-day is a very vital and far-
reaching one. There are three important questions of self-support,
and self-control, and self-propagation. If we take the metaphor of
the church as the child of the mission, then the question is how
long should a child be supported by its parents. How long
should it be controlled? How old should it be before it should
have a family of its own?

It is painful to see children forsaken by parents and left to
suffer or to depend upon the charity of strangers. On the other
and it is equally painful to see children old enough to help in the
work of the home and sometimes full grown men and women
refusing to take up responsibility or to do anything for their
own support or that of the younger children living upon the
earnings of parents who have supported them from childhood
and who seem to forget that the truest kindness would be to
teach them how to earn their own living and make them do it.

Both these extremes are bad. In some mass movements so
many people have been baptized and the work has spread so
fast and so far that the converts could not be cared for and the
result has been that many have fallen away, but perhaps the
opposite extreme has been more common and a small number of Christians has monopolised the time of a missionary year after and he has thought his work to care for them and they have found it very pleasant to be cared for, but they have had very little influence on the community about them. The missionary has been their pastor of their church with no salary for them to pay, and the mistake of the missionary has hindered the growth of the Church. As long as the church was supported by the mission they have been willing to be controlled by the mission, and the question of self-propagation has not occurred to them.

We may admit frankly that the fault was the fault of the mission, not of the church of the parent nor of the child. Children are not supposed to know how they ought to be brought up; but parents ought to know how to bring up children.

It is always painful to hear parents complain of their children, for generally speaking they are what the parents have made them. If they are disobedient it is because they were not taught to obey when young. If they are lazy, it is because they have not been taught to work. If they refuse to go and start homes of their own it is because of wrong ideas which the parents have taught them or else have failed to eradicate these false ideas which they have learned from others. The undivided household, which has hitherto been so common in India in which three or four generations are always under the control of the grand parents or great grand parents who are two, or three generations behind the times, is not the ideal of a mission. In such household drones and idlers live on those who are enterprising, and there is little inducement to enterprise and hard work, because all that enterprise brings in is controlled by the antiquated head of the house who divides it equally among the drones and working bees alike.

The wise business man trains his sons to work, and when they are grown up, takes them into his business as partners and puts responsibility upon them or else gives them some capital and sets them up in business of their own and lets them control their own business while he is always at hand to give advice when asked to do so.
He not only lets them control what they have earned, but gives them some capital or if he makes them partners they have a voice in controlling the whole business, and so we believe that the time has come when the control of mission funds should be shared with the Indian church just as fast as possible. The church must be trained as fast as possible in self-support, in self-control, or self-Government and in self-propagation. It may be that self-government may develop more rapidly than self-support, because the Christian communities are largely from the poor classes and may be educated for self-government and to have a voice in the control of mission funds more rapidly than they can be lifted to a plan financially where they can be wholly self-supporting. It is a question whether missions as a whole have kept pace with Government in putting Indians in places of responsibility. In the Province of Berar thirty years ago the Commissioners the six Deputy Commissioners and perhaps a half dozen Assistant Commissioners were Europeans and two or three Anglo-Indians, and several Anglo-Indian Extra assistant commissioners and if our memory is correct only two Indian Extra-assistant Commissioners. At present two of the four Deputy Commissioners are Indians and in the Public Works Department there has been a similar advance and in other departments, as the medical. At one time the acting Commissioner of Berar was a Parsee, this is as it should be and we feel that missions should lead the way in training Indians, men and women for places of the highest responsibility, and when they have proved themselves equal to such positions, to put them into them and to do it gladly. Men who could gain much more money in the practice of law as barristers are serving Government, because they see a career before them and by hard work they can climb step by step to many positions which thirty years ago were held by Europeans only, and in these positions they have the pay and the standing which the European in the same position has. Many Indians who are the equals of missionaries would be willing to receive a smaller salary than the missionary who is a foreigner in a strange land and a climate which is hard for him and especially for his
children, and who for the education of his children must send
them home or to some hill station at a good deal of expense,
but the Indian brother, if the equal of the missionary, should we
believe be given a place and a standing accordingly. We can-
not take the ground taken by some that Indians should be sup-
ported by money given by Indians and should control only such
money. Thousands of churches in America are ministered to
by men supported wholly or in part by the Home Missionary
Societies, and churches in India must be ministered to by men
supported wholly or in part by missions. In some way the best
young men must be induced to enter mission service and the
Indian churches must have better prepared men as pastors who
will be real leaders of the church and it is impossible for the
churches to support them at present. Such men could make the
churches self-propagating and that in turn would make them self-
supporting, for they would be more aggressive and would grow
until they were self-supporting. The subject is too large to
discuss in a few pages. We have only touched it in a fragmentary
way; but there is much room for reflection in the question
whether we as missions have kept up with Government in train-
ing Indians for places of responsibility and in putting them into
such places when trained. It is more a question of status than
of money and yet the Indian worker from the village evangelist
and the village pastor to the Indian missionary whether in the
National Missionary Association or other mission should have
provision made financially not only for his physical comfort so
as to be above real want and be able to keep out of debt, but
also to provide him with such literature, such books for reading
and study and newspapers, as to make him an intelligent citizen
in the community, so that he may be a growing man and able
to feed his flock and to influence intelligent people. Perhaps a
smaller number of workers of a higher types better provided for
would accomplish more, of course the spiritual character and
life of workers are more important than anything else; but
with these there is need of the highest type or grades of
workers, and quality counts as well as numbers, but this must be
left for another time.
"AND THY HOUSE."

By A. C. Cutler.

"This people have I formed for myself; they shall shew forth my praise." Isa. xliii. 21.

This scripture given to the writer very especially one day, for the new converts, has been a source of untold comfort and strength.

They have been formed for God Himself; they are His. Drawn to Him through the Holy Spirit's power washed in the precious Blood of Jesus, they shall shew forth His praise, for He hath said so.

To us it has been most interesting to learn how some of them were led to Christ and how they came. It reveals how God is working—working in ways which we, perhaps, might not think of.

One day last December we visited the village of N—, preaching first, as is our wont, in the Chowdle (village rest-house) to a general assembly, after which we went to the Mahar (out caste) quarters, where we had been invited, for there were inquirers there. When entering our conveyance to return to camp an aged man followed, desirous of speaking with us. This is what he said:

"Last year you were encamped at S—. I met you there; you spoke to me and my heart was gladdened; the message is true. I then said in my mind, when the Sahibeen comes to my village I will give her my three boys; now you have come and I give them to you; take them and make them Christians."

Certainly we were interested! Twelve months had passed since our encampment in the village of S——, and we had not the faintest idea of what had transpired in that aged man's breast, the emotions, the determination, the fears, all unknown to us, and in all probability breathed to no one during all that time! God knew. How often has the prayer ascended "Lead us to the truly hungry hearts, the ready ones," and that morning He surely led us to that village.

The "boys" were not with the father then and we took the opportunity to impress upon him the necessity of his own Salvation, and that Christ wanted him as well as his "boys"—and then we drove on.

The next day a young man of nice appearance came to our camp. We welcomed him and inquired his village, name and errand, etc. Imagine our feelings when we learnt that he, a married man, with two legal wives and a child, was the youngest one of the three "boys" offered us on the preceding day by the
old father! His simple message touched us—"my father has sent me to become a Christian." Needless to say that we realized that another, a higher than the earthly father, had sent him!

He spent the day with us and listened eagerly to the message of Salvation, all so new and wonderful to him. Intensely interesting it is to watch the effect upon such souls of the entering in of The Word that giveth light, the countenance that before looked so dull, lightens up, anon a sigh escapes the lips, and then a smile, all indicating that a wondrous work is being wrought in the heart. At last it was time for Kushal, to leave, and with deep joy and thankfulness we heard him say "Now I become a Christian, not because my father desires it, but because I myself choose to do so."

What about the other two boys? Well, we did not meet them at that time, but we prayed much for them—prayed that their youngest brother might pass on to them what he had learnt.

Our helpers in the meantime visited their village occasionally, instincing the enquirers in the Way of Righteousness. Not until March could we ourselves go there again, then we encamped at a town three miles off. While there a party of men came to us from Kushal's Village. They meant business and came ready for baptism. One was a very tall man, a veritable soul, towers above the other men. He also seemed to be the leader and his face was beaming. Addressing him I asked "What is your name?" "My name, Mother? why, I am Kushal's oldest brother; my name is Bairam." And thus I found myself talking with our second "boy" a married man with a family! And there I concluded, and rightly as the third, the middle brother, would be the same. To be brief the three men are saved and rejoicing in Christ their Saviour. The two eldest are baptised and Kushal's baptism is pending. Pray especially for him, he has great desires to be trained and to become a preacher of the Gospel. Having two wives at present makes him non-eligible for that office.

A word in conclusion about the old father Buswa. In his heart he is a believer—how could he be otherwise. He is happy in the fact that he has given his whole family to the Lord, happy that they are happy and saved. Said he the last time he visited us, "I said I would give them all and I have given them; and Bajirao (Bairam's new name) gathers the other people together and opens that book you gave him, and preaches like the Sahib does!!" But again we say, "Buswa, it is not enough. You too must give your own self to Jesus." He seems surprised. "Why?" Just here we encounter a belief that is deeply imbeded
in the Hindu mind. That of propitiation, of appeasing their gods by doing something or giving something. They make loves, they give their children, etc. We detect the taint of this belief in such persons as old Buswa. They hear the Truth, they accept it as Truth, they give their children willingly, gladly, and then it seems so strange to them that God is not satisfied! Pray, dear friends, for such ones! Praise God not all are like them, many aged ones have first of all given themselves to the Lord and then encouraged their families to follow their example.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE WORK.

By M. Ramsey.

It was a Sunday afternoon in January. We had been husbanding our strength in the forenoon, for we knew that strenuous hours were ahead. Camped in a cotton field under some shade trees a couple of miles from "the front" the noise of drums and other sounds could easily be heard, but the smells could not traverse the distance!

It was our intention to give all our time to the women, many of whom had come long distances to worship the snake-god as their foro-mothers had done.

So we two lady missionaries and one Bible-woman separated at the edge of the yatra (fair) and as we wound out and in among the carts and the cooking utensils, we had to be careful to not let our shadow fall on the latter, or if we came near the danger line, a voice of command, as to a dog, would startle us enough to cause us to turn away and try some other group.

It is a gala-day for the women, and they are indeed "mad on their idols" but the Spirit-trained missionary is quick to scent a hungry heart and is more than repaid for all the rebuffs, by seeing light dawn on the groping needy sister, who never heard before and may never hear again; and as she bows her head and repeats her first prayer after us, we are sure that the tender, loving Saviour, Who is Himself inviting her, is not turning her away. Praise God for some who did pray that day!

When we came back to the idol-temple again, we sat down to rest on the lower wall, near a woman selling flowers for the decoration and delight (?) of the idol.

There is always some point of contact between two women and of one of these we took advantage to weave in the story of the Love of God, and ere we were aware a number of men were
listening too, while a debate was going on in our mind, “Shall we? or shan’t we?” It was short but real, for this was the first big crowd of men we had faced since coming back from the homeland a short time before.

A bit timid at first we launched out singing “Plunged in a gulf of dark despair” with the chorus “I have salvation through the Blood of Jesus.” One sat and prayed while the other two stood side by side, with spirits united as one in His work. We waxed bold in God to proclaim the way of salvation and as the crowd of men grew, they seemed oblivious to the fact that a woman was the messenger.

Marvellous strength was given and the only element disturbing our equanimity was the sight of the Chief of Police as he came striding along on duty. With averted gaze and inward cry to God we kept on until he would have time to pass; but woman’s innate unconscious curiosity turned the eye in his direction and there he stood drinking it in, one of the crowd.

It was not easy to speak in the din, heat and noise that came from the surging masses just beyond us, and the first speaker, tired out, whispered to the little Bible-woman (mother of seven children) to know if she had a message, and oh, how we thanked God that she was ready to put her shoulder under, taking up the burden just where we had dropped it, and going on as long as her strength would hold out. Would there were hundreds like her! but there are not. Her husband with another worker was holding a crowd some distance away.

When it was time to return to camp we still had the walk before us, for the cart with the missionary-in-charge, had been called in another direction on important and urgent business. However the buoyancy of spirit acted on the tired bodies, and so when we came to the table spread with common necessities before the tent door we were ready to enjoy them to the full.

A night of rest and off in the morning to sell books and preach as we go. It was as we knew it would be, i.e., not one person where there were twenty the evening before, and we knew that we had made no mistake in “buying up the opportunity.”

The farmers with their wives had started on their return journey long before daylight and they would arrive at their homes tired and cross and dissatisfied, but stolid and plodding as before.

Those who had got a ray of gospel light will retain it only as we claim it for them and, friend, this is where we need you, and one of the places where we cannot get on without you.

A few days ago returning from the morning's work, a farmer, an old acquaintance, accosted me as he sat on a little bridge in the
town. After a few neighbourly questions, he wanted to know if we had seen anything of the war, and with a real zeal for Britain’s welfare, because it included his own, he said “Don’t you believe we will win the victory!” This opened the way to tell him of the “wars and rumours of wars” preceding the return of our Lord. He said “Please sit down on the bridge and tell me about the Living God, something to which I will not be able to give an answer.” Down I sat, some body held my umbrella so as to shade my head and his own, and in rows at my feet sat the elite of the farmer community of Chandur. You would smile at some things about them, I did, but then you have things nearer home to amuse you. My immediate object is to get you to love them enough to let it cost you a good deal, for love always costs if it is real. Please read again in “India Alliance” for March that splendid article on “The Kunby,” and as you read just let the Lord show you what He would have you do, especially you young men and young women of America. Will not some of you resolve, in face of the need and of the shortness of time, to give up the pleasures and luxuries with which you are satiated and do what you know you ought to do? Do it for these you are reading about. Do it for Him to Whom you owe your all of peace and joy, of strength and life itself, and that because He died for you bearing your load of guilt.

He bore theirs too. Do you really care whether they ever hear about Him or not?

Answer Him.

THE RICHLY GLORIOUS MYSTERY.

[“CHRIST IN YOU THE HOPE OF GLORY.” Col. i. 27.]

Notes of a sermon by Rev. M. B. Fuller, at convention 1915.

There are riches of glory and glorious riches in this mystery which we shall never fully comprehend, but the mystery itself is no less a wonderful fact because it is a mystery for it is the foundation of all true Christian experience—Christ in you the hope of glory.

There is the mystery of God manifest in the flesh, God in Christ, and there is the mystery of Christ and the church and other mysteries, but this is the mystery of Christ Himself living in the individual believer.

In another place the Apostle Paul says “I live yet not I but Christ liveth in me.”

He does not speak of it as a rare experience reserved for a select few, but in 2 Col. xiii. 5, he says “Know ye not that
Jesus Christ is in you except ye be reprobates?" The great fact is, although not recognized by all Christians, nor even by all would-be Christian teachers, that real Christian life is not simply an attempt to imitate Christ in our life, but is the life of Christ Himself who lives in us.

This is the central teaching of the Alliance, and is the message that God revealed to Mr. Simpson nearly forty years ago, and hungry souls in all the churches welcomed it and came into a new experience. It was not a new message, for the New Testament is full of it, but the church needed it with a new emphasis, and God found a messenger.

There are those who always say that Christ lives in us by the Holy Spirit, but the language of the New Testament is that Christ lives in us with the Father and with the Holy Spirit. "If a man love me he will keep my word, and my Father will love him and we (I and my Father) will come unto him and make our abode with him." Where the Spirit lives the Father and the Son live and they are not separated.

The fact is that Christ enters the heart of every one who opens the door to Him. (Rev. iii. 20) and does not leave until He is driven out and the person becomes "reprobate" (2 Cor. xiii 5). Christ comes to live in the heart of the simplest villager who opens his heart honestly and receives him and this is our only hope for them or for ourselves. It is not a question whether they can succeed in living a Christian life in such awful surroundings, but a question of His power to cleanse and to save them and keep them to live in them the life which is impossible to them or to the most refined and cultured without His indwelling presence and life.

There is much preaching in these days about the beauties of the Sermon on the Mount, and both Christian and non-Christian teachers praise it and hold it up as the standard for imitation. But the man who takes it as his ideal and tries to live up to it without Christ enthroned in his heart will soon find himself in the seventh chapter of Romans. Crying out "Oh, wretched man that I am," and will say from experience "I know that in me that is in any flesh dwelleth no good thing for to will is present with me but how to perform that which is good I find not." Like the law of Moses, the much higher law of Christ in the Sermon on the Mount, reveals duty, but apart from Christ Himself living within can give no power to do it. So again we repeat, all true Christian life is the life of Christ Himself living in us.

But while it is true that Christ is in every sincere Christian, yet it is also true that there is more or less of the flesh of
the self life that hinders Him from revealing Himself through his people to the world about them and with many of them they have not been taught clearly about His indwelling presence, who have never learned to think of Him as living in their hearts (Eph. iii. 17). Notice Paul does not pray that Christ may dwell in the hearts of the Ephesian Christians by the Holy Spirit, but that Christ may dwell in their hearts by faith, as he was received by faith, (Rev. iii 20), when He came in to live to sup with them and they with Him. We must preach Christ in this way in the village. We must preach Him as crucified for us on the cross, and we must show this as His finished work once for all to put away sin and to wash us from our sins in His own blood. We must preach Christ risen again for our justification, and the one who ever liveth to make intercession for us. But we must also preach continually Christ living in the heart, the fountain of all real Christian life.

The fact that the risen and glorified human body of Christ is at the right hand of God making intercession for us does not limit his omnipresence or contradict His promises “I am with you all the days even unto the end of the age.” “All things have been created through Him and unto Him and He is before all things, and in Him all things hold together.” (Col. i. 17. R. V. marg.) His presence at the right hand of God no more limits His omnipresence that it does the omnipresence of God the Father.

It is the Christ who was born of the Virgin Mary, who died on Calvary, who rose again and intercedes for us at the right hand of the Father, in whom “all things hold together,” Who lives in the heart of every true Christian. He is very dimly apprehended by many and His presence is too often forgotten or the significance of it too little understood and we need by constant study of God’s word and by meditation upon it, to become acquainted with the Christ who lives in us. The written word reveals Him to us, and in the written word, “We all, with unveiled face beholding as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory even as from the Lord the Spirit” 2. Cor. iii. 18. R. V.

As many as received Him to them He gave the power to become the sons of God (John 1. 12), and as they are able to apprehend Him He enables them be like Him and to act like him and to reveal Him to others. He not only imparts life, but He is our life. He not only imparts righteousness, but He is our righteousness.

A young disciple who loved his Bible was troubled because he could retain so little of it in memory, and went with
his trouble to an old saint for help. The old saint gave him a basket and told him to bring some water from a stream near by. Again and again he dipped the basket in the stream, but before he could reach the place the water had all leaked out, and he become discouraged. The old saint took the empty basket from him and looking closely at it said, "You brought no water, it is true, but the basket is clean." And so the devout study of God's word cleanses the heart and life even when the memory retains little of it.

But it is the Christ of the Bible who lives in us. The Christ of the higher critics lives only in the imagination of the critics.

It is Christ in us who crucifies us to the world and crucifies the world to us. It is He who reconciles us to God, to God's will, and to His holiness. God cannot be reconciled to the selfwill or carnality of even Christian people, but as the death of Christ reconciles us in our wills to the will of God, so the life of Christ in us conforms our lives to God's will. "It is God that worketh in you to will and to do of His good pleasure."

"The God of peace who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight through Jesus Christ our Lord."

The indwelling of the Holy Spirit would form another theme a very precious one, but we cannot enter upon it here.

---

**GOD'S WORKINGS IN SOME FAMILIES.**

By Lillian M. Prichard

ABOUT a year ago we referred in an article in this paper to a family living near our night school, who were interested in Christianity. The father, who seemed to be an intelligent man, came to our bungalow and bought a Testament. Since then we have found that he has been in touch with Christianity more or less for some years, but has never before taken a decided stand. They are asking to be baptized.

Soon after we became acquainted with him he was taken ill with heart trouble and has been unable to work, which has, of course, been a great test to them, but we feel that through this God is dealing with the whole family. We found a position for the wife as nurse in the family of the post-master here in Ahme-
dabad. They, being sincere Christians themselves, do all they can to help her in the right way. They tell us she is faithful and trustworthy and that they believe that she is sincere in her desire to become a Christian. The little girl of ten attends our day school for Christian children here in our compound. She came to me the other day and asked me to cut out the six brass earrings from her ears—said she did not wish to wear them any longer.

Some days ago the two Bible women and I went to see this sick man. If ever a man looked dejected and cast down and unhappy this man did. We sat almost in silence for some time. I felt that I had in the past said all I could to encourage him, and wondered what I could say to help him to-day. In fact I felt a bit discouraged myself, so I thought, “I will just say ‘Salaam’ and go home.” Just then the text came to my mind “All scripture...is profitable for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness,” and the Spirit showed me my unfaithfulness. I thought how many times I had received comfort from the Word and prayer in times of trial and the same source from which I had been satisfied ought to comfort him. So I asked him if he wished us to read and pray with him before we left. He readily consented and we read to him a portion of the fourteenth chapter of St. John and the last two chapters of Revelation. As we read and talked of heavenly things, his face lit up with joy and hope, and when we left him he thanked us, saying he felt very much better. Also we had a song in our own hearts.

There have been a few things in connection with this family that have caused us to feel a bit disappointed and discouraged at times, but we have to take into consideration that these people have generations of heathenism and idolatry back of them. We know Paul had such things to meet. In his Epistle to the Galatians he writes “my little children of whom I travail in birth—” for how long? till he found some of them had deceived him?—No, “till Christ be formed in you.” Oh how many times we give up when we should hold on in faith and prayer just a little while longer for some struggling soul. Some one has said, “Do you see the image of God in a professing believer? It is your duty to love him for the sake of that image.” It has been said of a portrait, however poor the painting, however coarse and unseemly the frame, yet if the likeness be faithful we overlook many subordinate defects. So it is with the Christian, however plain the exterior or even manifold the blemishes still found clinging to a partially sanctified nature, yet if the Redeemer’s likeness be feebly and faintly traced there, we should love the copy for the sake of the Divine original. May
God give us more of His love and patience and perseverance in dealing with these people.*

We find a few who accept with child-like faith. In another part of the city is another family in whom we are much interested. The father is home very little, as he is employed by an English official and travels from place to place. The three boys attend our Sunday School regularly. Whenever we went in this quarter for a meeting this woman always seemed much interested in all we had to say. Some months ago she was very ill, had slight hemorrhages of the lungs. I tried to persuade her to let me take her to the civil hospital. Finally she consented to go. But when I called for her the next day, I found her walking about and she told me she had decided not to go, for she had asked the Lord Jesus to heal her and she believed He had; said she would take no more medicine. I asked her how she came to take that stand, she replied, "You have read to me how Jesus healed sick people when He was here and did such wonderful things. So I have prayed and I believe He has healed me."

A short time after this she went away to be with her husband for a few months, and I had almost forgotten her till a few weeks ago she came here to the bungalow. At first I did not know her, she had changed so. On my remarking how well she looked, she said, "yes, the Lord did heal me." This woman's faith was just simple enough to take Him at His word. She says her husband will be home in a few weeks and he has told her that she must bring him here to see us and talk with us about these things. We ask you to pray that these two families may be truly saved. God is able.

ONE GIRL'S CONSECRATION.

What one girl's consecration will do is beautifully told as follows: "In the latter part of the last century a girl in England became a kitchen maid in a farmhouse. She had many styles of labour, and much hard work. Time passed on, and she married the son of a weaver of Halifax. They were industrious. They saved money enough after a time to build them a home. On the morning of the day on which they were to enter the home the young wife rose at 4 o'clock, entered the front yard, knelt down, consecrated the place to

* Since the above was written the man mentioned above has been baptized.
God, and there made the solemn vow: 'O, Lord, if thou wilt bless me in this place the poor shall have a share of it.' Time rolled on and fortune rolled in. Children grew up around them and they became prosperous. One, a member of Parliament, in a public place declared that his success came from that prayer of his mother in the dooryard. All of them were wealthy—four thousand hands in their factories. They built dwelling houses for labourers at cheap rents, and when they were invalided and could not pay, they had the house for nothing. One of these sons went to America, admired the parks, went back, bought land and opened a great public park and made it a present to the city of Halifax, England. They endowed an orphanage, and they endowed an almshouse. All England has heard of the generosity and good works of the Crossleys."

It is worthy of note that the Crossleys have been foremost in spiritual work in England and that the holiness work at "Star Hall," Manchester, has been sustained by them for many years.—Christian Witness.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE
Conducted by Addie Garrison.

A QUEEN.

We want to tell you about a queen. At once you have a mental picture of a fine lady in flowing robes, a golden crown, seated on a bejewelled throne. But this queen is never thus arrayed, though she has jewels and wonderful garments and lives in a house called a palace by her people.

Our queen, moreover, is very old, white-haired and dark-skinned. She is usually dressed in a very clean white sari, not another garment on, not even shoes. The first time I saw her she came to visit us at our bungalow. Her carriage was not a coach and four, nor even a motor car, but just a plain, slow-going bullock cart, like the one in which Jacob rode to Egypt. The Rani (this is what a queen is called here) had six or seven servant women with her. Well-to-do people in this country have many servants. This queen and her son have fifty.

Once while we were visiting her she told a servant near her to bring a certain article. He told the servant next to him, and he the next one, until every servant present had received the order, and the last servant brought the article. In the meanwhile, the Rani sat on her mat indifferent and unmoved. Evidently this was a well-established custom.
To come back to the day she visited us. To entertain her we brought out our photos and some pictures. How she laughed when she saw a picture of some woman selling fish in a market in Antwerp, Belgium, remarking, “They have bazaars in those far-off countries, too.”

The other missionary talked to her about Jesus. She liked to hear the singing and talking, but she could meet many of the best thoughts presented with Hindu philosophical arguments. She has given many gifts to religious teachers, hoping to lay up merit with the gods, and for all her simplicity as far as western ways are concerned, she is deeply versed in their religious teachings.

However, she is a very keen observer, and it is only a short time since she came in touch with the teaching of Jesus. Already she has noticed the unselfish nature of Christianity. Who knows? She may repent, believe and be saved before she is called hence. She has had much sorrow and family trouble, and often asks to be prayed for. Will our readers pray, too?

After she went away a servant soon returned with a large tray loaded down with rice, ghee, chicken and fruit. We knew she would expect a small gift in return, so we arranged the following things in a box, a case of American toilet soap, a few needles, and a box of talcum powder. We heard she was much pleased, because the things came from our country.

It is not a disgrace to beg in this country, so every one, from the Queen down, takes advantage of this privilege. A few days after the above visit the Rani sent for something. Now what do you think it was? Bear in mind that she has expensive jewelry, beautiful silk garments, and pretty brass dishes, so much prized in this country. Well, her request was, “Would the honorable ladies who had brought a light to palace and village, please be so kind as to give her two safety-pins?” A day or two before she had seen one of the native Christian girls with her sardi caught up at the shoulder with such a pin.—E. Cowherd, in Missionary Tidings.

ITEMS.

Mr. A Johnson who has been connected with the mission since 1893, has retired and sailed for U. S. A. by the Italian Sine on May 7.

A new church was dedicated in the village of Baroda in the Matar taluka in Gujarat on Sunday, May 21. The people were full of joy, because their humble little building, the walls of which they had built with bricks which they had made with
their own hands, was finished. But the greater joy was because of the spiritual work in their hearts which made the building possible.

Friends of Miss Edna Prichard will be sorry to know that she has been very unwell and is at present in a private hospital at Mussoorie, a beautiful hill station in North India. She is happy and restful in her mind and will have good care, and we hope will soon have a real touch of life from God in her body. We ask the special prayers of all who know her. There were signs of tuberculosis which made it seem best to put her in a hospital both for the safety of others and that she might have proper diet and care.

Mr. and Mrs. Fuller have been spending the month of May in Bombay, looking after the Home because Miss Bishop who has taken it over as a general Home for Missionaries had to go to look after her Hill Homes for the hot season; but they will return to Akola after the rains begin, and friends will kindly note that hereafter their address will be at Akola, Berar, which is the Headquarters of the Mission.

The friends of the work will see that there is an abnormally long list of names of people on furlough. This is accounted for by the fact that for two or three years before Mr. Fuller's return to the field furloughs due and over due were put off; because of financial pressure, and for the last three hot seasons we have been trying to get the matter of furloughs straightened out which has now been accomplished, and we hope hereafter never to allow so many to accumulate on the field worn out with furloughs over due, as it means confusion and financial pressure to get things right again, beside the suffering and prolonged furloughs of those who were not sent home before they broke down.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

That all who are on furlough and who are physically able to return to the field this coming autumn may be sent so as to reach India by Oct. 15, to attend the yearly convention, and to put in a full cold seasons work in their districts. It is a great pity to have them lose one half of this touring season when more than one half of the year's work can be done.

Notes.

All correspondence intended for Rev. M. B. and Mrs. Fuller, should hereafter be addressed to Akola, Berar, the Headquarters of the Mission.

The absence of the editor from his station, and some delay in the mails, have caused the great delay in this issue of the India Alliance. M. B. F.
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