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

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Christian & Missionary Alliance.

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The affairs of the Mission in the field are administered by the Superintendent and a Council, composed of nine members of the Mission elected at the Annual Convention.

The Alliance is unsectarian and its special object is the evangelization of neglected fields, and it seeks to unite Christians of all evangelical denominations in its work.

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

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The financial basis of the Alliance is shown in the following article from the Constitution.

"The Alliance will require of all its laborers a spirit of absolute reliance upon God alone for support, guaranteeing no fixed salary to any missionary after reaching his or her field, but providing them such moderate allowances for their actual expenses and needs as the funds provided from the voluntary gifts of God's people shall enable us to supply from time to time."

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"Every missionary is committed to a life of faith in God for his personal support, and the Home Board is only pledged to send to the various fields what they receive. No debt is to be incurred.

Donations for the General Fund or for Special Purposes or for the personal use of any missionary can be sent to the Treasurer in New York. Donations from friends in India can be sent to Rev. Wm. Franklin, Berachah Home, Grant Road, Bombay. Unless otherwise designated, donations will be put in the General Fund.

The India Alliance.

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

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The Courts of God.

R. Rolle

O Lord, I have loved the fair beauty
Of the house Thou hast chosen for Thee,
The courts where Thy gladness rejoiceth,
And where Thou delightest to be.
For I love to be made the fair dwelling
Where God in His grace may abide;
I would cast forth whatever may grieve Thee,
And welcome none other beside.

Oh blessed the grace that has made me
The home of the gladness of God,
The dwelling wherein Thou delightest,
The house Thou hast bought with Thy blood.
Tis there that Thy joy overfloweth,
I feel it, I take of it there;
By the work that Thou workest within me,
The temple is holy and fair.

In the secret of that inner chamber,
Is Thy settle of heavenly rest:
The stillness of thoughts that adore Thee,
The shrine that Thou lovest the best,
The temple where Christ has His dwelling,
The soul He hath ransomed and shriven—
The temple where I have my dwelling,
Is Christ in the glory of Heaven.

GOD SEEKING WORSHIPERS.

WM. FRANKLIN.

With many of God's choice servants, there is much time spent in service. This service may be prayer, praise, Bible study, work—His work—or quietness. The quiet hour has come into more prominence in the past few years and has been a blessing to many. All forms of this service have their place in God's plan for His people. But He seeks worshipers. God's children are engaged from early morning till late at night in service, while His heart is seeking to bring them apart to worship Him.

Worship is that which God feeds upon, if we may be permitted to use our language to express a divine thought. When we truly worship, God is refreshed. Ex. 31:17. It is in this refreshing that God delights. As He is refreshed by us, He refreshes us. This worship may be in any form of service that we have mentioned above, but that does not necessarily mean that all such service is worship.

We get a glimpse of God's rest, and what worship is, from Gen. 8:21. (Marg.) "He smelled a savor of rest." This is mentioned in connection with Noah offering a burnt offering. Later in the history of the children of Israel, God says with reference to burnt offerings and sacrifices, "To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me?—I cannot away: it is a grief (marg.) I am weary to bear them." So that while "Sacrifice," "Offering," "Calling of assemblies," even "Solemn feasts" are of Divine appointment, something in which God delights, rests and is refreshed, they may be, not a rest, but a weariness to Him. This is as true in our Christian service to-day. All the forms of Christian service may be of Divine appointment, yet rendered in such a way as to cause God no rest, no refreshment and upon which He cannot feed, but which weary Him.

We have been in assemblies where there was zeal, and intense earnestness, so that we felt almost that the earth quaked, but have realised fully "God was not in the earthquake." It is not upon our emotions, zeal or earnestness that God feeds, in which He rests or by which He is refreshed. Nor is it upon certain set, quiet, smooth-sounding, spiritual phrases, nor upon periods of fasting, nor by long seasons of prayer. Any of these may be worship which God seeks, in which He is fed, rested and refreshed, on the other hand any or all of these may be but a weariness to our God.

In God's service, if God is not satisfied, we fail in His highest purpose for us in that service. How many of God's children have gone unsatisfied from services where there has been a manifestation of God's presence and power because there has been a failure to meet God.
in the need. While God's child is unsatisfied how can God rest and be refreshed through that child. Another may go from that service deeply satisfied, pleased with the service wrought, commending all that has been done, but it is the service, or self that he has been satisfied with. God can be no more pleased with this than the other; there is no true worship in which God can rest, upon which He can feed, or by which He can be refreshed. Jesus is God's rest. He is pleased with Jesus. It is when our service is done in the Spirit of Jesus, it becomes worship on which God can feed, in which He rests and is refreshed. The Spirit of Jesus is God's refreshing. The Father, in Him that sent me; it is entire dependence upon the Father. John 5:30: "I seek not mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me;" it is entire dependence upon the Father. John 5:19: "The Son can do nothing of Himself." John 8:28, 29: "I can do nothing of Myself." "I do always those things that please Him;" it is doing God's work in God's strength, by God Himself working in us. John 14:10: R.V. "The Father abiding in me doeth his works."

These lessons can only be learned from Him. May He bring us each in such an attitude before Himself where all our work shall be wrought of God, that it may be true worship, that it may be worship in Spirit, that it may be service which shall refresh the Father, upon which He can feed, and in which He can rest.

### Station Notes

**Dholka, Gujerat.**

**Mrs. Duckworth.**

Two months ago I wrote about the way the Lord had been working in our midst and I am glad to say He is still working but when the sons of God come together, Satan comes also among them and we have of late been very conscious that he is doing his utmost to thwart God's plans in the lives of these boys, but we know whom we have believed and know also that He will keep those whom He has chosen and will vanquish the great enemy. It seems as though the Lord's coming must be very nigh and that Satan realizes how very short is his time and therefore it is not a time for discouragement or depression but of rejoicing for the "time of our redemption draweth nigh."

For some time one of our Christain boys has had charge of one of the classes of the real small boys. His class had always been very orderly and he was known to be one of the most earnest and faithful boys on the compound. But it seems as if in some way he must have allowed the evil one some opportunity to enter into his heart and once in, it did not take him long to take entire possession. One day, a little fellow full of mischief, climbed upon his cot and because he would not immediately get down, he became so angry that he scarcely realized what he was doing and beat the little fellow and pinched him and finally shut him up in a box. The result was that the little boy was quite severely injured. Of course the case was investigated and poor Rama did not attempt to deny anything but said that Satan came in and made him angry and that was the only excuse whatever that he could offer. He is always very particular and neat about his personal appearance and my husband punished him by giving his class to another boy and putting "sackcloth" clothes on him. It was a very great disgrace for him and he looked at the clothes sometime before he could muster up courage to put them on and appear before the other boys.

Shortly after this two small boys, about seven years old thought on a scheme for making money that was certainly shrewd, considering their years, if not entirely successful. When Mr. Fuller was here some time ago he told the boys that whoever was caught climbing the fence at the back of the compound would be fined an anna and that the boy who caught him would receive an anna. Now only boys over eight years old are paid for working, so when these boys came one bringing the other with the story that one had caught the other climbing the fence, it was impossible to take a fine because the boy had no money. So he was whipped and part of his food cut to pay for the anna that we gave from the orphanage funds to the boy who caught him. However, when they started away my husband noticed that the one boy divided the anna with the boy whom he had caught and he thought it rather strange as boys are not apt to be so generous; so he called them back and investigated more closely and quite a deeply laid scheme was brought to light. One had said to the other, "Now when all the boys are eating, this noon, we will go outside and I will climb the fence and then you catch me and take me to the Sahib. Of course he will whip
me but never mind, we will have the anna." It did not take the other boy long to agree to this proposition especially as the propounder of the scheme volunteered to take the part that would include a whipping. But as I said before, they betrayed themselves in their haste to divide the spoil. I think next time they will take a more honest if not quite so ingenious a method to make money.

Those who read this will perhaps understand a little better than before how to pray for the boys and for us. It takes much tact and wisdom to keep up with these boys but we are glad that we have an unfailing source from which to draw, even from "Him who giveth liberally and upbraideth not."

The boys have been doing splendidly the past year in their studies and very few have failed in the classes that have been examined thus far. They are covering in six months the same ground for which they are allowed ten months in the Government schools and the masters seem to be striving to outdo one another and this inspires enthusiasm in the boys.

They are examined by the headmaster of the Government school who comes to us for two hours every day and oversees the work of the schools.

We have very much reason to praise God that so far we have had no case of Plague in the school. There have been two or three suspected cases but each time they have proved to be something else. Pray much that His keeping power may be continued and that we may realize that we are indeed abiding in the "secret place" and under the shadow of the Almighty." Also that the boys may individually realize the responsibility of living in such an attitude toward God that Satan can have no power to draw them into sin.

SHEGAON, BERAR.

J. W. JOHNSON.

"A thousand shall fall at Thy side and ten thousand at Thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh Thee."

These words have become more than a mere theory to us in the past few months. Almost
2,000 people have been swept into eternity at our very doors by the Plague, yet we have been spared. Why? Because our God is a covenant keeping God. “I am the LORD, I change not therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed.” When we meet the Lord then our homeland friends will know what their prayers meant to us. The Plague has seemingly played havoc with the work here. Two Sunday schools and a Bible class closed for three months. The people were so frightened that they scattered and lived separately in the fields and jungles.

For December and January, I could find only a few villages where the people were quiet enough to give any attention. In many small villages of 400 or 500 people I found that 150 or 200 had died in a short time. They say, “Oh! missionary, pray to your God to send a great famine to punish us instead of this Plague.”

I went to a small village of 400 people to get some boys whose parents had died with Plague but they had been claimed by parties who professed to be distant relatives. I found out afterwards by sending our native preacher that they were letting the boys starve in order to take the fields which belong to the boys.

There are more crimes and thefts committed now than in the last famines. They stole my missionary pony. I can’t find any trace of him. I miss him very much for he seemed to understand that I was not riding him for my health but every body he met in the road or field he would halt beside as if he had other orders than mine and not until I had said something would he budge a step except by a vigorous application of the whip. I was reminded of Balaam and his ass, so since then I have tried to have a message for everybody I meet. The pony was often a rebuke to me and seemed to understand that I had no right to pass any without telling the best news this world has ever heard. Do you, dear reader, catch the lesson? There is much missionary machinery at home and abroad in these days, but what about personal work—having a personal message for every one. Some of our Lord’s greatest sermons were preached to individuals.

Since the Plague broke out five months ago in our district it has been impossible to assemble even ten or fifteen men, but we have had blessed experiences in personal work. One member of our Bible class has made an arrangement for a few members of the class to assemble at his cornstalk but a mile out of town, so we are going there now once a week. One member of the class has read and is searching the New Testament at home. Pray for him. The light is beginning to shine into his darkened mind.

“I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.” I am more afraid of the unbelief of my own natural heart than I am of the Plague. Continue in prayer.

BULDANA, BERAR.

P. Hagberg.

The work in the Station and district has been much hindered during this cold season on account of untimely rain and the dreadful plague, which carried away nearly 300 souls in this town in about six weeks. Since the outbreak of plague, about ten months ago, there have, according to the report given by the Gov. Medical authorities, been 6,434 attacks and 4,826 deaths from Plague in this district. At present there are 76 villages infected, mostly in the Malkapur Taluka. Though I have been hindered from doing much public preaching, I have spent much time in personal work and have had many interesting conversations with from three to seven persons at a time, when they have more freely than in the case at public preachings, opened their hearts and I have had good opportunities to definitely point them to the Saviour, who carried our sorrows. I earnestly pray and hope, that this service in the quiet corners may bring forth fruit for eternity.

When the plague had been raging here a few weeks it was rumored among the people that “God had come upon” two low-caste Telegu women. They began to dance, jump and pull each others hair, acting as possessed (certainly with the evil Spirit). They said that the “Kalauki devi” (a goddess named Kalauki) had come upon them. The people were now informed by said goddess, that those already attacked by the plague would die, but no fresh cases would appear with the condition that a great offering be made on a certain place at the outskirt of the town. So accordingly fifteen goats and sheep and one male buffalo were slain as a sin offering and a hundred rupees worth of camphor and oil were expended for burning incense. People of all castes, from the educated Brahmins down to the outcasts contributed to this offering. The man referred to above acted as a kind of secretary. When I heard about it (we were at the Akola convention when the said offering took place) my heart cried, as I did not expect at least that man to partake in such God dishonouring things. Needless to say the plague did not disappear but on the contrary increased, so the death rate from being nine ran up to seventeen per day. One of the women upon which “God had come” and her only son both died. The wife
and three children of the above mentioned man were all carried away. A solemn warning to him and others, that “God is not mocked.” He himself got very sick but revived. I have met him several times since and when telling him that I was much grieved that he, who had many times assured me that he had forsaken idol worship had now partaken in such abomination he replied “If I had not done it the people would have become my enemies and you know we must live in peace with all men.” How the evil one can quote scripture even through these Hindus to suit his purposes! I still pray and trust that this man may be saved and I hope the readers of these lines will unite with me in prayer for this.

THE INDIA ALLIANCE.

THE ECLIPSE.
Rev. M. B. Fuller.

ABOUT three o’clock in the morning of Easter Sunday, we looked out at the full moon and on one side it appeared dim and indistinct. A few hours before when we retired it was so bright and clear, the queen of the night, making everything look lovely with its mellow light. As we looked the dimness increased and after a little a dark shadow began to cover its bright face and the shadow grew larger and deeper and the poor moon’s light grew dimmer and dimmer and the darkness all around grew darker and darker till finally we could see only a narrow rim of brightness on one side and then the moon sunk behind a high house and we could follow it no more.

There was stirred in our hearts a sort of instinctive feeling of sympathy and of sorrow for the poor moon. She had been so beautiful and shed such beauty on the face of the dark earth only a little before, and now her beauty was gone and her light was gone and we remembered that she herself has no power to shine but only to reflect the light which the sun sheds upon her. He is her light and while her face is turned toward him and nothing comes between she shines, but now the earth had come between and its dark shadow had fallen upon her and her light was gone. The sun was shining still but she could not see his face. And we thought, what a lesson for us! If we as Christians have any power to lighten the darkness of the night of sin which has fallen upon the earth it is by the light which has come to us from Jesus and as “with unveiled face” we behold His glory, we shine, and those who cannot see His face see something of His light and beauty in us, and the earth about us is not so dark as it would be without us. Those who come to the light which shines from us are sometimes brought to a place from which they too can see His face and they in turn begin to shine. But sometimes a life that has been bright and beautiful begins to grow dim and after a little time its light fades more and more till like the moon during the eclipse its light is gone and what was a joy becomes an object of pity. And what has happened? The world has come between that soul and Christ and its dark shadow has fallen upon it. At first it shows but little and only the soul itself may be conscious of it. Then it grows darker and can no longer be concealed but is known of all around. It is one of the saddest sights that we have to look upon—a soul whose light is going out, and we remember the ringing words of the apostle, “Awake thou that sleepest and Christ shall give thee light.” Let us be watchful lest in some of its many forms the shadow of the world fall upon us and hide the face of Him who says, “I am the light of the world” and Whose light shining full on us makes true that other word of His “Ye are the light of the world.”

Another lesson that came to us. We do not remember ever to have seen an eclipse before on Easter morning, and somehow it seemed an object lesson. How dark was the world with Jesus in the tomb. The hopes of all his disciples were crushed and they were cast down in hopeless darkness. The world had had its way and had crucified Him who came to be its light and the darkest night that ever fell upon it was when its Redeemer lay in the tomb. And yet how near was the glorious Easter morning, when the glad tidings were first proclaimed, “He is risen.” “The darkness is passed and the true light now shineth,” never more to be eclipsed. The hosts of heaven knew that Jesus would rise again and there was no darkness about the throne of God. The hosts of wicked spirits knew that He would rise again and so they took advantage of those hours of darkness to seek to crush out from Christ’s little flock all faith and hope for the future, but Christ who said to Peter “I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not,” did not suffer the darkness to remain too long but came forth from the tomb and appeared to them as they mourned and wept, and dispelled the darkness. He had conquered death and could say, “I am He that liveth and was dead and behold, I am alive for evermore” and who still says “because I live ye shall live also.” “Glorious Easter morning! Thrice glorious Risen Christ!” Never again shall death have dominion over Him.
Editorials.

"Not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection." The anniversary days of the death and resurrection of our Lord, are observed by many in outward form, but in the lives of how many is the power of the resurrection lacking. The Old Testament saints of whom the above statement is made, lived not in their present, but in the future. There were ways of deliverance from the cruel deaths, mockings and scourgings that they might have accepted had they chosen, but in the choosing they would have denied their Lord and their hope. They would have had no part in a better resurrection. They would have testified to the world about them that they were of the spirit of the age in which they were then living. They possessed a power of choice. They chose to suffer affliction with the people of God rather than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. They esteemed the reproaches of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt. They were witnesses of a better resurrection not in mere outward observance, but in living and dying testimony.

We have opportunities every day of witnessing to the same power. The world is in need of this witness from God's people in every phase of life. There are opportunities for us in the family life, in the social life and in the spiritual life to witness to this power, to show to the world that we are witnesses of a better resurrection. We do this when we choose to let people ride over us and have their own way, even against our best judgment; while we wait on God and see Him work out His plan, slowly it may be, but surely; what a glorious deliverance comes to us when we let God work. Shall we not choose to be witnesses of a better resurrection, by refusing the natural deliverances, which may seem to be all right and nothing wrong in them in any way, yet through them there is no power of God manifested and can be no witness of the resurrection?

While there are many hard and perplexing questions that meet the faithful missionaries every day, many things that from a human stand-point would look very discouraging, yet, on the whole, the outlook for the spread of Christianity in India is undoubtedly encouraging. True, the many false religions, the caste system, the purdah and the child marriage customs, and the various heathen superstitions and prejudices, still loom up like great barriers which to the casual observer shows no signs of moving, but hard flinty rocks that did not seem to yield to the least to the soft melting rays of the Sun of righteousness, are being broken to pieces under the heavy strokes of God's mighty hammer, plague, pestilence and famine.

It is often remarked that, "The Plague has come to India to stay," and doubtless it will stay until it has fulfilled its mission and cleansed the land of the vileness from which it apparently emanated. Despite all the efforts for prevention the death rate from Plague the past cold season has been much higher than any previous year, and whereas, formerly it was confined to certain localities and chiefly in the large cities, now it has spread all over India, and many towns and villages have been almost or entirely wiped out by it. The population of Ajudhiya, one of the holy cities of the Hindus, next in sacredness to Benares, has been reduced from 16,000 to about 4,000 in a very short time. A writer from near there states, that, "When the Plague first broke out, the temple and shrines did a roaring trade. Offerings poured in and the ceaseless cry as of old went up, 'O, Baal hear us.'" Now the temples are deserted, the priests left to starve, and they are saying, "We don't know what to make of the gods, they neither hear us or do anything," and rapidly the confidence of the people is being shaken in their false gods.

Almost every day some new god, or goddess, springs up who proposes to stop the Plague, on condition of certain offerings being made, and the horror-stricken people are easily lead to make great sacrifices, but as a matter of course the Plague goes right on, and increases, and the people are more and more perplexed and confounded. While the judgments of God are in the land, and the peoples hearts are quaking and fearing for what is coming next, the principles of truth and righteousness are steadily gaining a foothold, with the educated classes. There is a tendency to deny many prevalent practices, and to be ashamed of superstitious customs, in which they formerly gloried. On the other hand, with Christians, there is an increasing feeling, that prayer, much prayer, prevailing prayer is the pressing need of the hour. There is a growing tendency to lose confidence in every-
thing but the power of the Holy Ghost to bring the heathen to Christ. This is encouraging. Invariably, when Christians pray, God works. "The effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much." * * *

We were delighted to receive from the Publishers Memorials of Mrs. Jennie Fuller called "A Life for God in India," written by Mrs. Helen S. Dyer of England, whose life in India brought her in close touch with Mrs. Fuller for many years. It is the record of a beautiful life, beautifully told, by one in deep sympathy. To those of us who knew Mrs. Fuller it is a fresh inspiration to view her life as a whole and to believe that as God has fulfilled so many of the visions given her for the work, He will yet fulfill many more. To those who knew her not, it will certainly be an inspiration to seek to bring her in close touch with the Mission Board. It is the record of a beautiful life, written acrisis in this matter of SELF-SUPPORT. Boards are finding out that they are approach- ing a crisis in this matter of self-support. Besides, are we not robbing the native churches of this privilege? privilege of supporting their own pastors and teachers on account of which a great amount of blessing is lost to our people here in India.

MUCH has been said and written on this very important subject and much more will not only have to be said, but much will have to be done. At the rapid rate in which the number of Christians is increasing in India, it will soon be a task too heavy for the home Churches to carry, and as each year goes by, and numerous churches spring into existence all over the land, the Mission Boards are finding out that they are approach- ing a crisis in this matter of self-support. Besides, are we not robbing the native churches of this privilege? privilege of supporting their own pastors and teachers on account of which a great amount of blessing is lost to our people here in India.

Some of us have had our hearts stirred as we have read of the great work that has been done in Uganda, under Bishop Tucker. But it is easy to say, "the environments are different, and the circumstances are not the same; oh it is all right in Africa; for they have no caste prejudices to deal with &c." That may all be so, but cannot such a work be done here in India? It seems that the work in Uganda was started and kept up on a good sound scriptural basis. Their people were taught and expected to give, no matter how poor they were, and when any one gave his or her entire time to the preaching of the Gospel, the responsibility of their support was laid on their fellow Christians, and as much as possible the entire management of their churches and schools, raising of salaries and other expenses was in the hands of the Native Church. The result is a miracle in modern missions.

It seems to the writer that one very important point has been missed in most of what has been written on this subject. Before we talk very much about the people supporting their pastors or teachers, let us first see if the Christiant people that we have to deal with in regard to this matter are self-supporting themselves. After eight years experience in India, the writer feels that we must first get our Native Christians to be really self-supporting. It is so easy when you have only a few Christians in your charge and some poor man or woman becomes a Christian, to give them, when they are baptized, a new dhotur or lugardi and at Christmas to remember them with a roast of beef or a new dress and it is so easy for them to come to you in the ensuing year with many small requests, such as Sahib will you please give me a post card, or a sheet of paper, a box of matches, a piece of soap to wash the new baby's head, or a new dress for its dedication? How can it be taken into the church naked? These habits are not confined strictly to the very poor, but to the masters and preachers, and if we give to every one that asks, the whole amount would, perhaps, only amount to a few dollars in a year. But in doing this are we not inculcating a spirit of beggary instead of manliness and true Christianity? The writer firmly believes that every rupee so given is a rupees hinderance to the spread of the Gospel. Must we not help our poor Christians? Yes, by all means, help them all we can. But what is our definition of help? Does it simply mean, put our hands into our pockets every time some one comes and asks for help? I do not think so. It often takes more grace to say, No, than to give a little money, but which is help? Real help is to show them the way to help themselves.

Well, shall we buy fields for them, give them carts and bullocks, build houses etc.,? Some have done this, but what is the result? After buying someone a field, he must have a plow
and bullock. Perhaps the bullock takes sick
and dies and of course he must be supplied with
another, or a wheel will come off of his cart and
it is easy to see that a one wheel cart cannot
furnish food for six hungry children and
necessarily he must be given another wheel.

Then, we build houses for them and the rents
must be put very low or the people will prefer
some other house, or else what advantage is
it to live in our house? If work is not
very brisk, do not press them for the rents.
I have heard of rents not being collected for
months from such houses on account of some
one of the family being sick, or else having to
make a visit to some distant relative, or the
advent of a new member into the family, or
having visitors for a few weeks. Of course all
these things must be attended to and paid for
whether the rent is paid or not. The mission-
ary is easy and so does not want to be hard, and
collect the rent. But if these same people were
living in a Hindoo or Mohammedan house, the
rent would have to be paid. The missionary,
by doing these things, has unconsciously taught
his people to be dishonest, and to think lightly
of paying a just debt, and instead of being a
help he has been a hindrance in their spiritual
lives. In many cases, when such help has been
stopped, some of the people have returned to
their caste and religion, proving that it was
simply the loaves and fishes that they wanted.

Then, what can we do? Is there no way in
which we can help our poor Christians to become
self-supporting? Yes, a great many, and the
ways mentioned above are very good if carried
out in a proper business way. The writer has
had a little experience in helping a few people
to get their own homes, bullocks, carts, sewing
machines &c., but not as extensively as he
would have liked on account of lack of means,
for until our people are really self-supporting,
how much are they going to do for the Lord's
work? Our plan has been a simple one. We
have closely watched the lives of the men and
if they are honest and faithful and trying to
improve their present circumstances, if they
make a request for help and we have anything
to help them with, we do it. But whatever is
bought, bullocks, cart, land, sewing machines,
we give them to thoroughly understand that
they are ours, and not theirs, until every thing
is paid for. We then find out how much they
can pay per month and they must pay that
amount or the property reverts back into our
hands. Whatever has been bought, if movable,
must be brought to us every week to refresh their
minds that they are ours and must be kept in
good condition, and if they are not being pro-
perly cared for they are taken away from them.

It is absolutely necessary that we hold hard
and fast to the letter of the agreement or they
will so often have an apparently good excuse
for not paying the money. Nearly all whom I
have helped have confessed that this is the best
way. I have held all with one exception to
this rule. Helping some and not others will
perhaps at first make a little trouble; they
will be apt to think that the missionary has
favourites and is partial, but they must be made
to see that we help those who are faithful,
and that the Lord himself teaches us to reward
faithfulness. For instance, a young man came
to me some time ago and asked for rupees
fifty to set up a carpenter's shop. The request
was at once refused. The man then said that I
was partial. This charge I repudiated. He
then asked if I did not help a certain man
some time ago? I said, "yes." Then he replied,
"is not that being partial?" I drew his atten-
tion to the fact that about a year before he
had borrowed rupees fifteen from a brother in the
church and promised that the amount should be
returned in three months and that now a year
had passed by and this debt was as yet
unpaid; not only that but when the man
asked for his money, he had insulted him,
and so under these circumstances I did not
care to loan him the few rupees that we had
on hand, and that if he was not helped it was
his own fault, as he had been unfaithful in his
Christian walk, and dishonest to a Christian
brother. A few days ago a woman came and told
me that she had been praying very much for a
pair of bulls, as her husband was not very strong,
and could support his family better if he only
had a pair of bulls and cart for hauling, and
that the Lord had told her to go to her pastor
and he would supply the need. I told her
that there must be a mistake somewhere
as the Lord had not told me, or even sent
me any money for a pair of bulls. Yet how
we would like to help them all (I mean the faith-
ful Christians) to own their own homes, horses,
bullocks, carts, and rent fields for farming but
we are limited for lack of means. This seems
about the only way in which we can help the
first generation of Christians, who have left dumb
idols to serve the living God, and lift them out
of their grinding poverty. It is almost an utter
impossibility for the Christians from the lower
castes, who live from hand to mouth, to ever
have a cent at the end of the month unless we
device some methods to help them. Consider
for a moment a man with several children
earning four annas a day (eight cents) and then
having to pay for house rent about sixteen to
twentyfour annas per month. He is a Christ-
ian and must not steal from the fields as he
formerly did, nor work on Sunday, besides he
wants to send his children to school and give
them an education, then on account of be-
coming a Christian he is not given a job as
quickly as he formerly was on account of caste
prejudices. This is an important subject and
needs to be carefully gone into if we wish that
our Churches should become self-supporting.
We should set our faces like a flint against indis-
criminate giving. See that the church takes care
of its own poor and has a poor funds committee.
They can administer the funds very judiciously
when the funds are their own giving. In this article
we have not touched upon the industrial ques-
tion from the orphanage stand point, but simply
suggested a few things that will help our con-
verts from Hinduism to become self-supporting
and a means of blessing and help to the Church
of God. The writer, apart from famine work
has not given more than two dollars to the
Native Church in the last eight years, but has
tried by precept and practice to teach his little
flock to give, and the result is that our little
company of Christians here in Akola, in the
last six years have raised for the Lord's work
about one thousand five hundred Rupees. Let
us get our people from begging to giving, for no
matter how poor they are they can give a little.
The Lord loves and blesses a cheerful giver.

Glimpses from the Field.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF VILLAGE WORK.

VIOLETTA DUNHAM.

L ast Sunday was one of those days of
new experiences which come so often
in the life of a new missionary. For
several weeks I longed to go out to some of the
native villages "to see how the people live." In
an Orphanage like this, one gets but a
meagre idea of Indian life.

Misses McDougall and Seasholtz were going
to a village some six miles distant for a Sabbath
evening meeting. To reach the village they
found it necessary to drive bullocks and travel
on native roads. On this account I delightfully
anticipated the privilege of going with
them. Although the hot season is only begin-
ing now, it is hardly safe to go out in the heat
of the day, so arrangements had been made to
start for the village at half past three. Accord-

ingly at that time the driver arrived with his
bullocks, and soon we were on our way.

Our ghari is a two-wheeled vehicle with two
seats, the backs coming together and protected
from the sun by a huge canvass covered top.
Our driver is a Hindu from a near village,
dressed in the characteristic Hindu garb. Our
bullocks are big clumsy creatures which start off
in a manner that insure us that we were wise
in allowing ample time. From the driver's
seat, which was built over the tongue of the
cart, constantly proceeded peculiar little grunts
as he poked the bullocks to hasten them on.
Soon we were off the main road and as the
bushes, briars and thorny cactus scraped the
sides of the bullocks and ghari I knew I was
on a native road. Here and there we wound
around through one field after another, one
wheel often going into a deep rut and nearly
tippling us over. However we had gone but
a little way when one of the bullocks thought
he had gone far enough, and refused to proceed.
Here we saw a little of the cruelty of the Hindu.
On one end of the driver's goad was a sharp
nail. This he used to punch into the animal
making the blood trickle down its side.

In vain did we remonstrate. We were women
—what did a Hindu care? Even the threat
of withholding his pay failed to have any effect.
What could we do but sit still and ask the
Lord to help us. This treatment was repeated
many times, all the way there. The sight of
it made us sick. As someone has said, "It
hurts so to live in India."

When we first turned on the native road and
I saw how narrow it was, I asked how two
vehicles could pass. The question was soon
answered by an object lesson. Suddenly as
we came to a bend in the road, in front of us
appeared a large cart filled with bricks, and
drawn by two bullocks. What we were to do
we did not know, and as for the drivers, they
acted as if they did not care. They sat and
looked at each other and when asked what
we would do, said they did not know. On
either side of the road, was a steep bank and
we knew it would be impossible for us to turn
around. After quite a time and nothing had
been accomplished Miss Seasholtz climbed up
the bank, went ahead and asked them to take
the bullocks from the cart and unload the bricks
so the cart could be turned around. This they
did and soon the road was cleared and we were
again on our journey.

On reaching the village we received a hearty
welcome from the Native Christians who had
gathered for the service. They had seated
themselves in little rows on the ground and in front of them had placed a cot for us to sit on. It was quite unlike any gathering I had ever witnessed before. To the right and left of us were little low mud huts and between them we sat with the people. There was the heathen tailor too busy to stop his work so he brought it along. There were little low huts and between them we had a very slow journey as our driver was not a very good man and had a very good hand, so the bullocks just crept along. Mr. Moyser tried his hand also at driving. The people going along the road thought it was very strange for a Sahib to drive a bullock cart but for all that he had good success. We sighted our camping place at about eight o'clock in the evening; I can tell you we were glad to get there, and have the shelter of two tents, and were especially glad of the dinner which the cook had prepared for us. We started to go to a village the next morning at about seven o'clock and had a few pleasant hours there speaking to the people. Mr. Moyser talked with the men; Mrs. Moyser, Mrs. Stanley, and myself went to the women. They received us very gladly. There was an old woman among them who, when she heard the story of salvation, told us that she had no sons therefore she could not be saved. The Hindoos believe that if they have sons they will surely be saved but without sons they are eternally damned. We went out again in the evening but could not get any women as they cook at that time so as to have the dinner ready when their husbands come home.

Mr. Moyser spoke to the men for sometime and had a very good time. In this way we went out every morning and evening to different villages. Once when we went to a village the women there were so interested that they asked us to sit down and tell them some more about God. At the same place the women said they knew that their gods were false, and also acknowledged that they had not helped any during the terrible famines. They seem to be ready for teaching. We usually go just once to a village as there are a great many of them and we must go to every one by turns. We also sold some gospel cards at the different villages. We know that the word of the Lord will surely do some good if perhaps ours do not, because the Lord has said “My word shall not return unto me void.” Mr. Moyser gave a magic lantern exhibition three times. The subjects were, “Prodigal Son”, “Good Samaritan”, and “The Wheat and the Tares.” The people were very much interested and were especially glad to see the pictures of their late Queen Victoria and also the pictures of their present King and Queen. Some of the men who came later asked Mr. Moyser to show it to them again which of course he gladly did. We also went to the bazars which were held while we were out. Though they were not very large yet we had a very nice time and sold quite a number of gospel cards. Mr. Moyser preached usually to a large crowd in these. While we were on our way to a bazar we saw an ant hill which completely covered a tree. It was a strange sight to see a few green leaves peeping out of a rather large hill. It showed how little things can accomplish great things, as it is written, “Line upon line, precept upon precept,
here a little and there a little.” As soon as we got into the village we went to the bazar. It was an unusually small one on account of the plague being prevalent there. We sold a few gospels. The school boys generally buy the gospels, but at this place they said that they had bought them before and found them of no use. It does seem sad to hear little fellows speak that way but they just say what their fathers and elders say. We saw a little boy at the same place who had just one finger on each of his hands and a toe on each foot. We felt sorry for the little fellow. He seemed quite happy because he was the son of a rich man. We came into Akola for a week and then went out again. The Lord has been very good to us and has helped us in every thing, therefore we praise His Name.

AN INCIDENT IN ORPHANAGE WORK.

Mrs. King.

Our Orphanage matron was one of our Christians, and had looked after the girls for ten months, but her husband wanted to go to their village, so I had to let her go. In her place I put the wife of one of our Christian servants. She is rather young, and the former matron and she had not been on good terms. The girls knew it, for she had talked freely before them about her, and I am afraid had made them dislike her, so I hesitated to put her in that place, but there was no one else and there was no other reason why she should not try the work.

It was hard for her and little troubles would come up, but could always be straightened out again. She got on so nicely that we felt it was only a matter of time and she would be better than the former matron, as she is herself a rescued famine girl and while she was looking after the little ones we could see that her own character was being developed.

It was harder somehow for the larger ones to forget, and it seemed as if two of them Junmi and Bandri could not learn to love her. One day Baskalia (the matron) came to me; she was very much distressed and said that Junmi and Bandri had spoken quite rudely to her. Bandri has a sweet disposition, but Junmi is high-spirited, quick-tempered, but otherwise a bright and good girl. I felt that this must be dealt with, and prayed for wisdom to do the right thing, then sent for them. They were both angry, for the matron had spoken crossly to them. I talked seriously with them for a little while, and told them not to come to me again until they had asked Baskalia’s forgiveness—so they left. I felt it would be hard for them and it might take two or three days for them to get down to that place, moreover, rather than do that, I knew they might take it into their heads to run away and I have no walls to keep them in. I certainly did not want them to do that, for they are two of the brightest girls, now in the 3rd standard, but I would be firm with them.

I did not see them again until the evening meal. They were helping as usual. I asked seriously, “Well, have you asked to be forgiven?” And to my surprise they both said, “Yes, Mama, we went straight to Baskalia and asked her to forgive us.” How my heart rejoiced. I loved them more than ever. Bandri dropped her head and began to cry. I could have done the same for joy. It was more than I had expected. But it was now the matron’s turn for reproof, for when they had asked forgiveness she would not answer them, so there in my presence, she told them that she forgave them, and it was perhaps an object lesson to the other girls.

Oh, what wisdom we need in dealing with these dear children. We have to deal differently with each child. As Paul could deal with the Jews, as to the Jews, and with the Gentiles as to the Gentiles, as he could meet successfully the different classes of people, so we, though in another sense, have to meet and deal with each individual child, must meet their different temperaments, and deal with them accordingly. Thank God, we not only need wisdom, but as we ask it of God, He gives it to us. Firmness and love must go together, one without the other will not do.

“The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, who is given unto us.” God opened up a new meaning to me from this passage, one morning, from the “Daily Light.” Surely the love of God comes into our hearts when the Holy Ghost does, so that if we havn’t love, or havn’t much, He must bring it in by His presence, and if it is in our hearts it must come out in our lives. And then in his epistle, John says, “He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love.” To me it seems impossible to be Christ’s and not to have this love in our hearts.

“Behold let us love: for they who love, They only are His sons, born from above. Beloved, let us love: for love is rest: And he who loveth not, abides unblest.”
Items.

N account of the illness of the editor, and the sudden calling of the Manager to her, some mistakes were made in the mailing of last paper which have been cheerfully corrected as far as known. Also the article in the paper entitled "Mrs. Lida Allen Phelps," was written by Miss Holmes, but by mistake was credited to J. W. Johnson.

Miss Wells is still with Miss Phillips, after a long hard pull in the Kaira Orphanage, resting, and gaining strength physically and spiritually for another one.

Our dear Sister Downs, who has been in a very bad state of health for some weeks, is at Mahabaleshwar, and Sister Krater is with her to care for her and to stand in faith with and for her.

This being the hot season many of our missionaries are seeking a shelter from the heat of the plains on the hills. In various parts of India God has been pleased to give these hills, and they are a great blessing.

Miss O'Donnell, who went to Simla quite broken down, writes that she is getting strong and able to take nice long walks. Mr. and Mrs. Duckworth are also at Simla for rest and study, and dear little Eunice Back is with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson and children, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews and children, and Miss Peter, are at Igatpuri resting. Our new missionaries, Miss Knight, Miss Weist and Miss Veach are also there studying the language.

Miss Fraser has returned to her station quite refreshed by the rest and blessed fellowship at Mt. Alun. She was in the home of Miss Phillips, a dear child of God whose home has proved a place of rest and blessing to several of our dear workers in Gujarat in the last four years.

Mr. and Mrs. Dinham, Mr. and Mrs. Bannister and baby, and Mr. and Mrs. Schelander and baby are at our Mission House at Chikaldna, a beautiful hill station in Berar, a quiet restful place. Mr. Dinham had a severe sun-stroke before going but we praise God that he is fast recovering, as is Mrs. Bannister who has been suffering from fever.

Mrs. Franklin edited the April number of the paper, but before the paper was made up she was taken with heart difficulty, that has necessitated her laying aside all editorial work for a time. It was caused from a worn out condition of the system. She had been under a severe strain for a long time during the sickness in the home in Bombay. God has blessed in her healing, but we feel that she needs a complete rest for some time that the system may be restored. Mr. Franklin was called to Mahabaleshwar on account of her illness, but is back in the work.

Miss McAuley was taken with small-pox in March. She went to God early in the stage of the disease and received a very definite touch of healing. The fever left her and did not return. God was pleased to let the pustules develop and scale off so we thought it wise to send her to the hospital where she would have the proper care without a greater number being unnecessarily exposed. She is fully recovered. The Lord mercifully kept others who were exposed in the Home from taking it. We praise God for His goodness to our dear sister and to all of us. We had the Home thoroughly disinfected by the city authorities.

The following from the Bombay Gazette will show the awful ravages of plague in India in the last seven years. "Over a million and a half people in India have died of plague since the disease first made its appearance in Bombay in 1895. In 1896 there were 2,700 deaths. The mortality increased to 5,000 in 1897, to 11,800 in 1898, and to 135,000 in 1899. The following year there was a big drop, the number of deaths going down to 93,000, but the hope that the end was in sight was quickly dashed to the ground, the year 1901 seeing no less than 274,000 deaths, while the total rose, in 1902 to the terrific figure of 577,000. Since then matters have grown even worse, the first three months of the current year adding roughly another three hundred thousand to the list of those who have perished from the disease." We have often thought of a remark made by a native gentleman in charge of a Government dispensary. After discussing the various theories he said, "I do not think that the plague is a disease but that it is a judgment from God. If God has brought it on India, only God can take it away."

REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

Praise for the healing of Miss McAuley from small-pox, and keeping others in the home from catching it.

""" the healing of Mr. Dinham from sun-stroke and restoring him to his former strength.

""" His supply of every need.

""" His provision of so many of our Missionaries during this season.

Pray """ all our Missionaries.

""" all the native workers.

""" the supply of the Mission, temporal and spiritual.

""" the orphans given to our care.

""" the recent converts.

""" those under conviction and wisdom to lead them on to know Christ.

""" the special money needed at this time for the Bombay Home.

""" a revival in all India.

That the people may hear God's voice at this time through the plague.
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**Missionaries on Furlough:**

- Mrs. Woodward
- Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton
- Mr. and Mrs. Borup
- Mrs. Cutler
- Mrs. Simmons
- Mr. and Mrs. Erickson
- Mr. and Mrs. Rogers
- Miss Holmes
- Miss Simmons
- Mr. and Mrs. Erickson
- Mr. and Mrs. Rogers
- Miss Holmes
- Miss Hoffman
- Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey

There is held in all our stations every Friday evening a workers' meeting whose object is to pray for the work and the workers. Allowing for the difference of time between Bombay and New York, this meeting comes five hours before the three o'clock Friday meeting in the Gospel Tabernacle.

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