The India Alliance

The Organ of
The Christian and Missionary Alliance
in India.

Contents:

Poem—One little Hour... ........................................... 49
The Two Essentials. By Mrs. A. Duckworth ... .................. 49
Station Notes:—Dholka, Khangaon Convention. ... ............... 50
In Memoriam. By Mr. R. D. Bannister... .......................... 52
Locusts in Gujerat. By Miss Woodworth... ....................... 53
Editorials ... .......................................................... 54
Our Obligation and Privilege. By Mr. Hamilton... ............... 55
How a Parsee Girl Lives. By a Parsee Girl... .................... 56
Progress in Women's Work. By Miss Abbott... ................. 57
Tokya, or Some Famine Fruit. By Mrs. Stanley ... ............... 59
Items... .................................................................. 60

SPECIAL DAY FOR PRAYER, LAST FRIDAY OF EACH MONTH.
Christian & Missionary Alliance.
HEADQUARTERS—690 EIGHTH AVE., NEW YORK. CABLE ADDRESS—Parousia, New York.

Rev. A. B. Simpson ... ... PRESIDENT & GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT.
Rev. C. N. Kinney ... ... Rev. John Salmon.
Rev. O. E. Mallory ... ... Rev. M. B. Fuller.
Rev. W. C. Stevens ... ... Rev. O. M. Brown.
Mr. Geo. Montgomery ... ... Mr. Emmons Mockridge.
Mr. Ulysses Lewis.

Rev. A. E. Funk ... ... GENERAL SECRETARY & FOREIGN SUPERINTENDENT.
Mr. David Crear ... ... TREASURER, 690-EIGHTH AVE., NEW YORK.
Rev. J. D. Williams ... ... RECORDING SECRETARY.
Mrs. A. B. Simpson ... ... SUPERINTENDENT ASSIGNMENT OF MISSIONARIES.
Rev. Wilbur F. Meminger ... ... FIELD SUPERINTENDENT.
Rev. Henry Wilson, D.D. ... ... do.

HEADQUARTERS FOR INDIA—Berachah Home, Grant Road, Bombay.
CABLE ADDRESS—Parousia, Bombay.

M. B. Fuller,—SUPERINTENDENT FOR INDIA, BOMBAY.

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

The Alliance is unsectarian and its special object is the evangelization of neglected fields, 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.

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

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

“The Alliance will require of all its 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.”

“Accepted candidates are required, before leaving for the field, to sign an agreement stating that they cordially approve of the principles and practice of the Mission, and heartily desire to carry out the same.”

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

Donations for the General Fund or for Special Purposes or for the personal use of any missionary can be sent to the Treasurer in New York. Donations from friends in India can be sent to Rev. 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.

EDITOR:—Mrs. Wm. Franklin. BUSINESS MANAGER:—Rev. Wm. Franklin.

Terms of Subscription. In all Countries where the rupee is current Re. 1 2 0 | In England 1s. 6d.
in advance. { Single Copies ... ... ... ... Rs. 0 2 0 | In America 50 cents.

All payments in India to be sent to the Business Manager.
American subscriptions can be sent to Mr. Francis Bell, 690-5th Ave., New York.
One Little Hour.

One little hour for watching with the Master;
Eternal years to walk with him in white;
One little hour to bravely meet disaster,
Eternal years to reign with him in light.
One little hour to suffer scorn and losses,
Eternal years beyond earth's cruel frowns;
One little hour to carry heavy crosses,
Eternal years to wear unfading crowns.
One little hour for weary toils and trials,
Eternal years for calm and peaceful rest.
One little hour for patient self-denials,
Eternal years of life where life is blest.

Then, souls, be brave and watch until the morrow,
Awake, arise, your lamps of purpose trim;
Your Saviour speaks across the night of sorrow,
Can ye not watch one little hour with him?

Selected.

THE TWO ESSENTIALS.
BY MRS. DUCKWORTH.

F ter our Lord's resurrection, His words to Mary, "I ascend unto My Father, and your Father, to My God and your God" were especially significant when we recall that as God's communion with man was broken through the first Adam, so, through the perfect life and atonement of the second Adam was restored unto us the power to become Sons of God and to speak of Him as "Abba, Father," and so prepare our hearts to be the dwelling place of the One who was to be the Representative and Witness of Christ.

Whenever Jesus spoke of the coming of the Holy Spirit He always intimated that His particular mission should be to testify of Him. "But when the Comforter is come . . . he shall testify of Me," Jno. 15: 26, and, "Howbeit when He, the Spirit of truth is come . . . He shall glorify Me: for He shall receive of mine and shall shew it unto you." Jno 16: 13-14.

Some one has said that the subject of Christian missions is Christ, and we know that if we take Christ out of Christianity we have nothing left, no foundation whatever. All through the Acts of the Apostles we find that when men filled with the Holy Ghost preached Jesus, believers were added to the church. And so are not the two essential things to-day, the filling of the Holy Spirit and the preaching of Jesus? The two are inseparable because if we preach Jesus the Holy Spirit's office is to testify of Him; and if we are filled with the Holy Spirit we cannot preach anything else, for He can only testify of Jesus. Dr. Gordon said, "The Comforter bears witness to the Crucified. No other theme can be sure of commanding His co-operation." And so in our work among this people who are sitting in darkness, is not the simple setting forth of Jesus and His accomplished work on the cross, more sure of producing conviction and repentance than any amount of argument and comparing of religions? And how important it is that our hearts should be so yielded unto Him that the Holy Spirit may have an opportunity to work through us. Paul says "Laying aside every weight." There are many things in our lives that are good and lawful; and yet if they are not surrendered, and are in any way a hindrance, or keep Jesus from having the pre-eminence, the place of honour and sovereignty in our hearts, they are weights: and we, especially, whom God has called to be soldiers for Him, should be willing to sacrifice at all times our own pleasures for the sake of His work, even as a soldier's first thought is for the country he serves. We are pilgrims and strangers on the earth and our citizenship is in heaven.

After the healing of the lame man, when Peter and John, filled with the Spirit, preached Christ to the curious crowds around, they were cast into prison. When loosed, they were charged that they speak henceforth to no man in that name. But how do we find them doing? Gathering together in one place, they prayed until the place was assembled, and they were filled with the Holy Ghost and they spoke the word of Christ with boldness.

They counted the preaching of the cross more important than the preserving of their own lives, and realized the meaning of "Neither count I my life dear unto myself,"
God may not call us to give up our lives for His sake, and yet He may: but what He does ask of every one who would proclaim the glorious news of salvation is that all their joys, all their sorrows, all temporal interests, indeed, all that comes into our lives of either trial or blessing, shall be subservient to the advancement of His kingdom, even as Joseph used his blessings, not for the furthering of his own interests and ambition, but for carrying out God's purpose for His chosen people.

Just as Ananias and Sapphira, while pretending to bring the whole of the price of the land to the apostles, kept back part, so sometimes those who profess to have given all up to the Holy Spirit, have kept back something which keeps Him from taking entire possession.

And can we expect souls to turn to Christ through our preaching if our hearts are not right in His sight? Shall we not surrender all to Him that His word may have free course and be glorified, and that we may see the results in our work that we so much desire?

A very interesting incident is told of the beginning of the Moravian mission in Greenland. The language was difficult and famine and plague were raging. The missionaries themselves had to live largely by the labours of their own hands, and for five years no fruit of their work appeared. One day a man was copying a translation of the story of Christ's sufferings and death, and a band of natives asked him what was in the book. On the subject being explained, one of them eagerly asked, "How was that? Tell me that once more, for I, too, would be saved." The old, old story of Jesus and His love broke up the heart of the savage, and he afterwards became a devoted Christian and a preacher of the Gospel. When he died, three years later, he comforted his friends with this thought: "You know that I am the first of you that was converted by our Saviour, and now it is His will that I should be the first to go to Him." There was then a real awakening, and the missionaries discovered that the simple Gospel story told in the power of the Holy Spirit did have an effectual work in bringing souls to Christ. "For I am not ashamed of the Gospel among you," saith Christ, "for I have crucified Myself. And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power. 1 Cor. 2: 2 & 4.

**Station Notes.**

**DHLOKA NOTES.**

**By Mr. Andrews.**

Many times some Christian people in their minds at least, limit God to one way of working, and when He chooses some other way of meeting requirements they are much astonished. God often works in such mysterious ways that even the more spiritually minded are filled with wonder as one prayer after another is answered, often in ways unthought of. Our experience during the past few months has been of this nature. In July we received from a lady we had met but once, $50 with directions to use it for building or wherever the need was greatest. Our first thought was "this will be a nice help towards our much needed bungalow," but the month was nearing its close and there was no money at hand with which to meet the needs of the Training school. So we decided to give the students their monthly allowance from it and with the balance we paid what was due the industrial department of the orphanage for the doors and windows of the student's new rooms. This was of course a joy.

We commenced August with a balance in hand of six cents. Before many days however, enough money for the month's expense came; this time also from unthought of sources. During September a more liberal supply came, leaving a fair start for the present month.

We praise God for all His goodness and are encouraged to trust Him for greater things. We are still in need of money for building work but we know that in some way God will provide as we meet Him.

The students are working hard at their studies and their examinations in Scripture are times of interest. We expect that ere long a number of advanced boys from our orphanage will enter the Bible school.

We are encouraged to know that some are remembering this branch of work in prayer and hope that many more will thus stand by us, because the future of our work depends largely upon our native workers.

The orphanage work progresses steadily and we look for great results from our boys. Mr. McKee has returned and resumed the charge of the industrial work. Mr. Bennett has also joined us and is going to the neighbouring
villages, with one or more of the students accompanying him. So far Mr. Bennett travels on foot.

We have just had a visit from the locusts in their usual multitudes, filling the air as far as one could see, and covering the face of the earth. In the evening the trees became filled and wore a strange red cast. The branches of many trees failing to bear the weight of their living burden fell with a crash to the earth. The sight is a wonderful one, but awfully sad. One woman came past our house weeping and told us that her whole harvest was lost. We heard of one man who had borrowed money to sow his fields and when he saw this mighty army devouring all, he became wholly despondent and threw himself into a well. God's hand rests heavily upon this land. Pray for its deliverance from sin and so from suffering.

KHAMGAON CONVENTION.

By Wm. Franklin.

Miss Yoder has a yearly Marathi convention at Khamgaon for her girls, to which she also invites the native Christians in that District. As Mr. Fuller was ill and not able to go, I was asked to go in his place.

I left Bombay at noon on one of the fastest mail trains in India. On the way I was met by Mr. Phelps in a very hospitable way with a roast chicken, biscuits, tea and milk. Proceeding on the way I reached Jalamb, the junction where we change cars for Khamgaon, at 11:12 P. M. travelling a distance of 333 miles in 11 hours and 12 minutes. I arrived at Khamgaon at midnight. All was quiet.

The next morning there was a vast difference, Miss Yoder with her family were all astir. She appears like a mother superior among her great flock of orphans, and her heart is large enough to be a superior mother in care for the children.

Missionaries were present from several of the near Stations. The meetings began Saturday morning. There were three meetings each day. The subjects of the various meetings took the nature of the fourfold Gospel. We believe that some hearts grasped the truths. There was some opposition from some to whom the teaching was new, but with closer consideration of the Word their hearts were quieted, and then warmed by His love and they were blessed. We do praise God that He is able to turn the hearts of men unto Himself.

On Monday morning at seven o'clock, twenty-three of the girls from the orphanage followed the Lord in death by baptism. We feel that it is due to Miss Yoder to say their baptism was the result of the daily teaching of the Word in the School and not the direct result of the convention. If the friends who support these orphans, could have seen them in their white lugardies, and could have looked in their faces and seen the difference between them and some of the Hindu girls of the same age who were standing on the outside of the circle of Christian people, and heard the songs of joy and choruses of praise as each one was baptized, it would have paid for any sacrifice that had been made for them.

After the baptism one of the girls was married to one of the Christian young men living in Khamgaon. The marriage service was performed by Mr. Moyser. In the afternoon five little children who had been recently brought into the orphanage were dedicated to the Lord. This was followed with the observance of the Lord's supper by the Christian girls and the guests attending the convention. It was a time of quiet waiting on God and, we believe, a time of fellowship with Him.

In the evening a feast was made for the bride and groom. This being their first meal together, they were made to eat from the same plate. The food was distributed and the blessing was asked, but the guests were still waiting. When asked for what they were waiting, they replied, for the bride and groom to repeat each other's name. We should explain that it is very rare for a native woman to repeat her husband's name. After they have children a wife will speak of her husband as the father of the child.

Much was crowded into this one day's service and God's blessing was upon the whole. We left that night for Bombay amid many and vociferous salamis from the girls and the visitors and good byes from the Missionaries.

Before this reaches the readers Miss Yoder will be on her way home for a much needed and well earned furlough.

Somebody did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need;
Somebody sang a beautiful song;
Somebody smiled the whole day long;
Somebody thought, 'Tis sweet to live.'
Somebody said, 'I'm glad to give!'
Somebody fought a valiant fight;
Somebody lived to shield the right;
Was that somebody you?—Success.
"IN MEMORIAM."

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

ONCE more the Gates of Pearl have opened to let one of our dear fellow labourers enter into the presence of the King, Peacefully brother, his face, that his lips could not utter, our dear brother, Thomas Elmer Dutton, passed up to his eternal reward on Monday, October 5th at 2.15 a.m. His had been but a short illness. After having complained of a headache and nausea for about a week, he was taken ill with fever on Saturday, September 26th. On Wednesday, the 30th, the Missionary at Bhussawal was telegraphed to, and asked to bring a doctor. The doctor, after a short examination pronounced it "Intermittent fever," and said there was nothing to fear. On Saturday, October 3rd, the doctor said that symptoms of typhoid had set in, and that he should be taken to St. George's Hospital, Bombay, at once. On the way, Mr. Dutton seemed to get a little better, and after arriving at the Hospital, he seemed a little brighter, and his temperature went down somewhat. In the afternoon, it went up again, and soon after midnight a message came telling us that there was a change for the worse. When we arrived his fever was very high, and it was plain he would not be with us long. He passed away about an hour afterwards, his wife, and two fellow-missionaries being present with him.

Our dear brother had a very sweet, quiet spirit, and was one of the most lovely characters in our Mission, and one of the most earnest and indefatigable of workers. He was respected and loved by all who knew him. Many have been the expressions of sorrow and of eulogy from the natives of Jalgaon. The Station Master, a Hindu, seemed stunned with grief on hearing the news, and not able to attend to his work for a little while. He could only talk of the "good man" who had passed away. Many, we feel sure, have been impressed by the upright and noble character of him who has lived among them, and fruit will be seen of it in eternity.

Bro. Dutton was born at Sugartown, Chester Co. Pa. U. S. A. on March 5th, 1871. He received his education at the State Normal School, West Chester, and after serving for some years as a Public School Teacher, entered into the Missionary Training Institute, New York, to prepare for Missionary service. He was converted when only 14 years of age, in 1885, and became a member of a Methodist Church.

He came out with the first party of Alliance Missionaries to India, landing in Bombay on October 2nd, 1892, so that, including a furlough home, he had just completed eleven years of Missionary Service. Soon after arriving in India, he went to Bassim, Berar, where he lived about three months with Dr. and Mrs. Simmons. Then he lived for a time in Badnera, and during his stay there, went to the little native village of Anjargaon, and lived there with Bro. Erickson for two or three months. All this time he was diligently studying the language, but some work was accomplished too, for he sought to make use of the language as quickly as he was able to acquire it. Part of the following hot season was spent in Chikalda, after which our brother lived some time in Akola, busily engaged in studying the language.

On September 19th, 1893, he began his work at Jalgaon, at first together with Bro. Wood, with whom he lived in a native house. Afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Heron, both of whom he buried in Jalgaon, worked with him. He was married on July 7th, 1896, to Miss Mary Miller of Ohio. One little girl was born to them, but after a period of much suffering, it was transplanted to the Mansions above.

Jalgaon has always been a peculiarly hard station, but in spite of much to discourage, our Brother and Sister have continued faithfully and diligently to preach the Gospel among the people, often being reproached for the name of Christ, and sometimes stoned. It has been almost entirely a time of seed-sowing, but the seed-sowing has been so well and faithfully done, that there is sure to be an abundant harvest. Few Missionaries anywhere have been more devoted, or more constant in their efforts for the salvation of the people, than our dear departed brother, and few have had so much to discourage, and have seen so little result. The words quoted by our Superintendent at the Funeral Service, seem so aptly to apply to our brother.

"The seed I have scattered in springtime with weeping, And watered with tears and with dews from on high Another may shout what the harvester's reaping. Shall gather MY grain in the sweet bye and bye."

The seed sowing has been long and arduous, but it was faithfully and prayerfully done, and the harvest will be correspondingly great. Another may reap it truly,

"But the tears of the sower, and the songs of the reaper, Shall mingle together in joy bye and bye."

The greater part of 1000 was spent in heavy famine work, and our brother was uniting in his efforts to help the people temporally and spiritually. He superintended the building of
THE INDIA ALLIANCE.

LOCUSTS IN GUJERAT.

By Miss Woodworth.

SOME days ago the news was brought to this part of Gujerat that clouds of locusts were sweeping over the country destroying all before them; but people did not believe it. They treated it as men treat the warnings of God's word concerning the judgements which are coming upon the earth. They saw no sign and were incredulous. If they had taken warning, those whose bajari was ripe, or nearly so, might have reaped their fields and saved it. We heard of only one man who did so. He is a native Christian. He said that he did not know whether the story was true or not, but to be on the safe side he cut his grain. He is now spoken of as a wise man. Last Monday, Oct. 5th some one came and excitedly told up that the locusts were in sight. We went out to see and sure enough they were coming us from the horizon like a thick dark cloud. There was no time to lose. The Kaira Orphanage has a fine field of *jutari* which was too green to cut and so had to be protected. So between three and four hundred girls, arming themselves with pans and brass vessels of every description—everything that would make a noise—rushed to the field and disputed the right of those locusts to enter.

At the same time fires were quickly built all around and for two hours, until the sun went down, the girls faithfully kept up such a din and clatter that the locusts did not have an opportunity to alight. Even the sick ones came out from the hospital to help, and one little lame girl, who could do no more, sat and prayed.

The children also did what they could to save the adjoining fields of two or three of our heathen neighbors, but those of most of the others were completely destroyed—not even a kernel of grain being left. Some, by spending the night reaping their fields, saved a little. When the sun was setting thelocusts settled down for the night upon the surrounding fields and trees; the latter presented a most strange appearance—many being so thickly covered with the reddish-brown creatures that nothing else was visible. Hundreds of trees broke beneath their weight. The Babul trees especially suffered—being so broken and blackened that it looks as though a fire had swept over them. Thelocusts remained with us all night, and early the next morning our girls renewed yesterday's operations—which they continued until the sun was well risen, and the locusts began to band together to make their exit. One can realize something of their vast

---

the Mission Bungalow, burning the lime, and making the bricks, all as famine Relief work. The bricks had to be made on the banks of the Girna River, about four miles away, but he rode out there each morning and preached to the people, and after getting them settled at their work, would often go on to a village, or to a Government Relief-works to preach, before going home to breakfast. At the close of the famine, and just before going on furlough, he had the joy of baptizing twenty two persons in the river, near where they had been working.

Bro. Dutton and his wife went home to America on January 15th, 1901. While at home they did some good work in the Churches, and feeling the need of greater intellectual preparation for their life's work, they spent some time in study under Dr. Torrey and others, in Moody's School, Chicago.

They returned from furlough on December 6th, 1902, and speedily settled down to work again among the people. During this short period of ten months, although hindered much by plague, and the rains, our brother has held over 275 services, including the Sunday services at Busawal, during the absence of the Missionaries there. Ever faithful to duty, he would preach whenever possible morning and evening, never giving way to discouragement because of the hardness and indifference of the people, though often sad at heart.

God has been pleased, in His wondrous wisdom, to call him now to higher service. Workers are so few, and such as he are so sorely needed, that we wonder why he was not left to serve a little longer here; but "The Lord had need of him," shall be a sufficient answer to all our questionings. He will be sorely missed among our Missionaries, by whom he was beloved; and how much more sorely by his loved wife, on whose account alone he was troubled while lying sick. May God's sustaining grace and comfort be granted to her in fuller and fuller measure, now that all looks so dark without her loved one!

We ask the prayers of all our readers for her, and for the dear Mother in the home-land, that God may indeed comfort their hearts, and may give them "the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

The ranks are once more broken. Who will step into the gap, and carry on this blessed work for God? Is there not some young man reading these lines, who seeing God's call in it for him, will consecrate himself-to-day to the Lord for service in India?

R. D. Bannister.
numbers by the fact that they were five hours in thus forming and passing over, and that they extend over an area twelve miles in length. In size they are over three inches long. A good rain had given plentiful crops and grain promised to be very cheap but now the aspect of all is changed and unless the ravages cease it will mean famine again.

How we pity the poor people as, weeping, they exclaim, “What shall we do now?” We heard of one man who in his despair threw himself into a well. How our hearts long for them to lay down the rebellion which is separating them from a loving God who does not “afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.”

Let us pray that although they would not acknowledge and praise Him in His gift of rain, yet some may hear His voice in these judgments.

---

Editorials.

After this I looked and behold, a door was opened in heaven... The voice which I heard... talking with me, said, “Come up hither!” Rev. 4.

O the one who looks for it there is always an open heaven. He who is occupied with the things of this world misses many a glimpse of the eternal glory. To really see the vision beyond those open portals we must needs obey the “voice” that talks with us, (God talking with man)—“Come up hither.”

Come away from the world’s taudry glamour, come away from the people’s clamouring, come away from the low-lands of self-absorption and the pride of life, come up hither—into the heavens!—Yet even then the vision is only made clear by the Spirit. “I was in the Spirit, and behold.”—(R.V.) It is He who illuminates the darkness of the natural mind and reveals to us the eternal things of God. A life without the Spirit is a life without revelations. There may sometimes be gleams of truth, but they remain unintelligible mysteries without the Revealer, sealed visions as it were. But God desires us to know. He wants to share His secrets with us. It is a beautiful thing to look into Heaven, to see the patterns of things as they shall be in the ages to come, to have our hearts steeped and stillled in the Presence of the Eternal Sovereign whose will shall be done on earth even as it is in Heaven!

Yet there are some things which God has pleased to veil from our eyes for the present, things of the life after this, questions concerning His dealings, which often we fain would know. We long to push away the mists, to penetrate the shadows, but God says, “Not yet—trust Me!” “Now we see through a glass, darkly.” And if God bids us wait a little while and trust Him with things incomprehensible to us shall we not joyfully do it? Is faith too great a thing for God to ask of us, God who is perfect in all His ways? Nay beloved. Enough has been revealed to fully occupy our thoughts. Why should we harass ourselves with useless questionings? The time is coming when we shall see “face to face.”

This last month our hearts have been hushed before one of the impenetrable mysteries of God’s dealings. In the death of our brother and fellow-labourer, Mr. Dutton, we come face to face with one of the inexplicable providences of God. But we do not doubt that it was His providence. In the Christian’s life there are no second causes, no questionings whether it might not have been better otherwise. “He doeth all things well,” is the Christian’s psalm. Yet our hearts are saddened at the loss that has come to us. An efficient worker, a helpful brother, a genial friend, a man whose life is a life without revelations. There is another empty station now. There is a bereaved wife, and loving friends in the homeland whose hearts are sore with the loss. Let us pray for them.

It is a very real fight in which our brother has fallen, yes, tremendously real. Do you think that the powers of darkness are not fighting for every inch of ground over which the Gospel of Jesus is slowly making conquest? If you want to know and feel the desperate opposition, come and try to push back the awful darkness of heathendom and sin that has hung over India for centuries and centuries, truly the devil’s own kingdom. You will soon know that every victory of the church of Christ costs blood, lives poured forth in the fiercest of wars ever waged. It is appalling to think of the little handful who are facing the enemy in these lands, amazing to think that they are not utterly
THE INDIA ALLIANCE.

-crushed by the forces of evil. God never meant such an unequal distribution of His army, so many at home, so few here. Somewhere somebody has made a mistake, and we think a good many somebodies, else there would be fewer yawning gaps, and the field would be full of soldiers. Reader did you make the mistake?

* * *

There is another thing about this warfare. Our weapons are not carnal! This has come to us as meaning not merely weapons of steel, but weapons of a fleshly nature, of worldly wisdom. We feel that no missionary will ever win a battle by bitter arguments or by haughty condescension. Such things are incompatible with the Spirit of Christ. Neither will sneering and ridicule concerning customs or opinions held by heathen however absurd, ever win a soul to Christ. A spirit of retaliation for injury received is another poor weapon for the Lord's servant. If the missionary deals unjustly with his cook or dhobi or with the cart-driver or coolie he employs, he can hardly expect to make converts of them. It is true the world says, "These people must be held down." But that is not our mission. Ours is one of lifting up those who have been held down with an iron hand for centuries. Infinite pains and patience must mark the missionary's work. Unbounded love to wield the sword of truth is necessary. And humility is a great weapon for the missionary to use. He will often find that he can learn even from a heathen.

* * *

"We would call attention to the article, "How a Parsi girl lives," written by a Zoroastrian friend of ours as a true story of the average Parsi girl's life. There are many customs of which she did not dare to speak, for although the Parsees are the most enlightened and advanced people of India they yet privately cling to many horrid superstitions and unkind customs which if she had mentioned would have brought her bitter persecution. The Parsees are most tenacious of their religion, though in all other things they are copying the English as fast as possible. But in spite of their care, even Zoroastrianism is being undermined by Christian ideas. Hundreds of Parsees secretly read the Christian's Bible and love it. Thoughtful ones among them are discarding from their faith many of the foolish superstitions. The light of a new day is beginning to glimmer for the Parsees and now is the time for the Christian to pray and to believe! It is the crisis hour.

OUR OBLIGATION AND PRIVILEGE.

By Mr. S. P. Hamilton.

As the missionary leaves his home and sails for distant heathen lands, he feels that the Holy Spirit is leading him forth for the supreme purpose of preaching the glad tidings of Christ. With this purpose there comes an inspiration that keeps him above loneliness and makes the study of a strange language a delight rather than a burden. Not unfrequently however after the language has been acquired a multiplicity of things press in upon him and the result is that the work of preaching the gospel to the surrounding multitudes has been hindered or laid aside for a time at least. There are of course many things which the missionary is sometimes called upon to take up, such as industrial and educational work which have their place in the great missionary enterprise of the church, but the one all important work the Lord has commissioned us to do is to preach the gospel to every creature. For nineteen centuries God's plan has been to save men by the preaching of the Word and through this simple but glorious message millions have found their way to Christ. Shall we not count upon Him to use it still for the salvation of this people? "Faith cometh by hearing and hearing by the Word of God." In districts where the people are hard and unyielding to the claims of the gospel, there is sometimes a great temptation to resort to some other method than that authorized by the Lord but it is almost sure to end in failure. Another thing the missionary has to beware of, is the temptation to use sarcasm or slander in speaking of the heathen gods. It is our business to testify of Christ and exalt Him. A missionary often finds that as soon as he speaks against someone who has for centuries been revered and honored by the people it has caused an ill feeling and often resulted in breaking up the meeting. Then too the messenger must be filled with the Spirit. This gives us a love for the lost and a burning desire to see them saved. Only the Spirit can help us to realize the value of a soul. The pleadings of an earnest heart are much more potent to arouse the careless than a great many arguments. How often we have seen hearts that seemed possessed with a stolid indifference awakened by a loving but earnest appeal, and from that very moment began to show their appreciation of the gospel and in a short time forsook idolatry and accepted Christ. Earnestness and a deep love for souls were very prominent characteristics in the life of Paul.
He was possessed with a passion for souls and the motto of his life was "woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel." The call to this ministry presupposes that the one called has learned the divine art of prayer without which the preaching will amount to but little. Real fruit can only be realized through prayer. Then not only is the word made instrumental in saving the lost but the messenger is also spiritually quickened. "He that watereth shall be watered also himself." How often the missionary after a long ride over a rough road feels tired and perhaps depressed on reaching the village. Very soon a crowd gathers to hear what he has to say. He begins to give out the wonderful news that reconciliation has been made by Christ for all who will repent and believe. As he tells these precious things his soul begins to glow with a new joy and all feeling of weariness is gone. Hearts have been touched if not directly saved and the missionary goes on his way thanking God afresh for being saved himself and also for the glorious privilege of witnessing for Christ among the heathen.

---

**HOW A PARSSE GIRL LIVES.**

**BY A PARSSE GIRL.**

Do you like to know something about the lives of the Parsi Girls? Well, take my own case which is the case of the majority of them.

As I have now come to know of it, when I was born, the nose of my grand-mother turned up with agitation knowing that it was merely a girl. In the opinion of people of her mind boys are far superior and more useful than girls, and sometimes boys are called by them "precious diamonds," while poor girls are common stones. But of course my poor grandma could do nothing to change me into a boy, and I was to be brought up. Before I could properly speak my little brother began to contest with me to have a larger share of cake and better toys by bringing the point which was impressed on him by my mother that he was a boy while I was only a girl. Yet I do not mean to say that I was neglected or not loved by my parents. No, they indulged me to my heart's content, and I was very fond of them. At seven I was put to a school. On being nine years old it was the fond desire of my parents to take me into Zoroastrian religion, by making me wear Sudra and Custee (a certain kind of linen shirt and a string made of wool) which I had to put on during the whole of my life. Till then I knew nothing about God, but after the 'Nanjob' ceremony I acquired a faint idea of Him. I was told by my mother who was of religious bent, to say my prayers at least three times a day with untieing and tying of the religious thread on my waist, and thus please God. But I was rather careless in doing so because it never gave me pleasure to say my prayers in a foreign language, a single word of which I could not understand; and I envied those girls who were not compelled by their mothers to say prayers, and there were very many of them. Meantime I got on very well with my study at school. Having learned Guzrat well, I began to study English, and my little prattle in English made my parents quite rejoiced and glad at heart. They no more bothered me about my prayers because they thought I had no time for such things. French followed and a little of history and geography and euclid and arithmetic, and I successfully passed my matriculation examination. Now I was several inches high on my feet, and my parents were quite proud of me. What to do next? Some of my schoolmates joined colleges to acquire higher education and some to become doctors of medicine. But as my father, like many people, did not think it advisable to let me study further, I had to live at home. Papa was very kind to get me a piano, and I had time enough to promote my drawing study. I knew about some girls learning drawing systematically, and a very small number of the Parsi girls becoming fine artists, but oh, their patience! I wondered how they could have perseverance enough to pursue the dry geometry and all that. So I like many girls made a figure with charcoal and crayon, or painted a bunch of flowers, and did such other drawing just for my amusement. I was smart in making fancy embroidery work, and much of my time was spent in doing fancy things for the decorations of my house and for my new dress. I had a great taste for novel-reading; seldom I paid attention to read anything but light literature. I used to read newspapers and was always supplied with magazines of my taste. We knew the advantages of an evening walk or drive; so we were scarcely ever at home in the evening. But I was not permitted to go out for a walk, or to receive company alone. I had never been in the society of men once moment without the presence of my mother or some other person competent to take charge of me. Sometimes I sorely felt the need of a ladies' club. How-so-ever the Parsi women follow in the steps of the English, they have no measure to pass an hour or two in the happy company of friends and thus improve themselves.
mentally and physically by lively conversation and plays and pastimes suitable to them. Yet my life was one of ease and pleasure; and I was as happy as a lark with the love of my parents, the frequent visitations of my friends, with my choice jewels and pretty clothes and such other things. But my only bother was to be sometimes obliged to help my mother in the household affairs, when there were not servants enough. Oh me! such nauseous work! How tedious it was to me to go into the kitchen, to bear the nasty smoke and heat, and to make my soft hands dirty and hard by such filthy stuff there. But my dear mother knowing and smiling at my trouble was always kind enough to spare me the trouble as far as she could.

About my religion, except the few general commandments I knew nothing. I never read anything about it except some small interesting paragraphs or the summaries of some religious preachings in newspapers. Yet I always recited my prayers just to please mother and afterwards by being in the habit of it; but heartily abhorred some inconvenient customs, I knew not the meaning of, and which had come to be admitted in the name of religion.

Before I was of eighteen, my mother became anxious to get me married. O, our Parsi mothers are sometimes over zealous in this matter. Some wealthy parents hold out glittering gold privately or publicly to secure sons-in-law, and such parents have seldom to wait long for avaricious if not affectionate suitors for their daughters. They think that if they will not catch time by the fore-lock, and marry their daughters in the full bloom of their youth, the latter would grow up to be old maids with less and less chance every day of marrying suitably; because some young men now-a-days think married life a burden and prefer to remain single. Besides as is the case through the whole world whatever displays a beautiful appearance solicits the men's notice and conciliates their favour if not their affection. So my mother was busy in search of a husband for me. Marriages among the Parsis are almost always arranged by the parents or relatives of the parties. Love marriages are very seldom. In many cases a girl and a boy see each other but once before their people make the marriage contract for them. Most of the girls have seldom any choice; their husbands are chosen by those who ought to know what is best for them. I being rather good looking my mother had not much trouble in seeking one who would take me off her hands. It was always pressed on my mind that my destiny was to be one day a wife and mother, but they never took pains to prepare me for these vocations. I did not know how to keep a house; to cook a meal was my utter disgust; my dresses were always made by tailors. I used to go a-shopping but always picked up such things as pleased my sight; I could not distinguish good material from shoddy, and could not obtain the worth of my money. How to attend to babies was a knowledge, I thought, which would come to me by itself after having babies. Family hygiene and domestic economy were as Greek and Latin to me. Yet I was married. A lot of money was spent in a great pompous feast at my wedding. And now I had to go and live in my husband's family. Before entering into this life I had many happy dreams of it. I had thought it to be all love and kisses and joy and freedom, but I was sorely disappointed. It was not so easy to live with unknown people with different tastes and different ideas and who had naturally no such feeling as love for me. The thought of home, its glad shelter, its kindly guidance, excited a pang in the first moments of married life. How dear and tender all things at home seemed to me in parting! With what a sweet sadly-cheering pathos they lingered in my memory! Hitherto life had been to me derivative and dependent existence and it still continued to be so with the difference of my father and mother-in-law for my elders instead of my own parents. Fortunately my husband was a very kind and loving husband, but we had to bow to the will of his parents in every way of living, because he did not like to oppose, have a quarrel, and live apart from them, as some young men do now-a-days. Till the death of his parents we had to live with them during which time I was much improved and better experienced in house-wifery though not without suffering a great deal and stumbling over many a matter. I have a separate home of my own now, and am happy with my husband and dear little children.

The Protestant foreign missionary statistics of the world, annually compiled by Dr. D. L. Leonard, give for the beginning of 1903, 4,697 ordained missionaries, 4,337 ordained native ministers, and a total of 84,740 salaried agents of all kinds; 1,325,000 communicants, 4,056,593 native adherents, and more than 972,181 pupils in the schools. The 29 American Foreign Missionary Societies occupy 70,328 stations and out-stations, and return 560,000 communicants. The British societies, with 600 more missionaries than the American, have 9,820 stations and 424,000 church members.—Selected.
PROGRESS IN WOMEN'S WORK.
BY MISS ABBOTT, BOMBAY.
Condensed from a paper read at the Madras
Decennial Conference.

OUR days are as a weaver's shuttle! What
are ten years in the web that has been
spun in the loom of the ages? The dark
heavv web that has been turning out for thou-
sands of years in conservative India! So dark
the colours, with but a glint of gold or a gay,
tiny spot here and there, and at long irregular
intervals, that we must believe that the Prince
of the Power of Darkness has stood at the
head of the loom.

The shuttle weaving incessantly its woof of
misery, ignorance and shame into the warp of
superstition and wrong, how could the pattern
change? Yet the pattern has changed. Seventy
years ago new shimmering lines began to appear
in the fabric, the lighter shades have increased,
the designs are purer and more effective. Even
in the past ten years a change can be traced.

To lay aside figures and deal with facts is
more satisfactory. That the condition of women
has improved in some places and to some extent
is universally conceded. It will be profitable to
know in what directions improvement has been
made, and the trend of these improvements.

We find that there has been improvement in
the line of (1) marriage, (2) education, (3)
industries, (4) mission work, (5) domestic and
social duties, (6) spiritual growth.

(1) In 1891, an infant of ten years might
enter the marital relation. In 1892, after great
seething in the vernacular press and boiling in
the political pot, the age of consent was raised
to twelve years. Two years more of child life!
Two more of physical development! The ten
years since then have done nothing more by
legislation, but by agitation something has been
accomplished. Communities in the north and
south have made fourteen years the limit.
There is agitation in the social congress, in
states, communities and families, and we hope
that the agitation will continue until the brides
of India will be women instead of babes.

Progress can also be reported in the way of
widow remarriages. We learn that there have
been widow remarriages among the Gujarati and
Marathi Brahmins in the Bombay Presidency,
and a few among the Prabhus and other high
castes. The figures for the last four decades are as
follows. 1860-1870 six widow remarriages; 1870-1880 twenty seven; 1881-1891 thirty three; 1892-1902 seventy two, more than doubling the
number in the last ten years.

(2) What then has been done in education
in the past ten years? Among Hindus a slight
improvement. A year or more of schooling is
something even though not universally taken
advantage of. Individuals have pressed for-
ward to a high standing. There are a large
number in training classes, in medical colleges,
and still a larger number that are studying at
home. Among the rich in Bombay there is a
decided tendency to study among the young
women all married of course. The orphanages
and homes which have brought thousands of
women and girls under Christian teaching, to say
nothing of the Christian community, have not
only increased the number of the literate but
raised the standard of female education.

The number who can read and write in the
different Christian Missions has increased from
50% to 600%. The number matriculated in or
college courses has but slightly increased as far
as we can judge from statistics returned. The
number of women who may properly be called
educated has increased about 100% yet the
aggregate is very small in proportion to the
female Christian population. This is easily
accounted for as the increase has been within
the last five years and is composed of girls still
in school.

The numbers of women in the professions
have perceptibly increased all over the land.
Outside of the Christian community, the Parsis
have the greatest number, while there is a
sprinkling of Hindu women.

It shall not pass our notice that women have
risen to higher positions within the last decade.
For instance the appointment of lady inspectors
of schools in Madras and Bombay; Miss
Liliwati Singh as professor in the Lucknow
college; Miss Sorabji in the Law; Dr. Rakama-
bal in the Surat hospital—and other names could
be readily added to the list. Pandita Ramabai
is unique. Where shall we place her? Her
work has expanded to the wonderful village at
Mukti, where nearly 3,000 women and children
are brought into the fold of Christ.

(3) Ten years ago, a Christian girl had, with
few exceptions, only three vocations before
her—that of a wife, a teacher and a Bible
woman. Now a bright educated girl has open to
her besides these the professions of nurse, doctor,
lawyer, author, editor, etc. Ability and persever-
ance need be the only limit to a woman's honor-
able professional career.

Ten years ago industries as such were scarcely
thought of. Lace making at the south was
flourishing, giving employment not only to widows
but also to the wives of Christians as an adjunct
to the labor of their husbands. In the north
embroideries were taught in the Zenanas and in one or two homes for widows. Plain sewing and knitting were taught in a few schools and to a few Christian women. Gold thread embroidery has been an industry among Mohammedan women in the Madras presidency, but whether taught to the women converts by missionary ladies or not, we do not know.

The great army of women and children that famine has brought to our doors has necessitated a serious consideration of the question of their support. To provide for this many industries have sprung up. Among them are rug weaving, silk embroideries, phulkari, drawn thread work, lace, handkerchief making, crocheting, knitting, plain sewing, weaving sarees, spinning cotton, derrie and tape weaving, embroidering shoes, making chairs, baskets, chics, rope making, gardening and field work. Most of these employments are indigenous to the country, but hitherto were the exclusive right of men, and are now transferred to the women.

(4) Our next inquiry would naturally be whether there has been tangible progress in the line of what may be called Mission work; that is, Bible women, teachers, nurses in hospitals, etc. No general statistics are available but from those who have sent in a report we can judge the increase to have been on an average from 50 % to 100 %. While the rate is progress in itself, still the most hopeful feature is the improvement in quality in the workers.

In 1891 the report was that many of the Bible women were untrained and now the large majority are trained or in training. The grade of teachers is higher in nearly every report, while trained nurses and assistants doing Christian work in hospitals are almost the product of the last decade. Normal schools, Bible schools, Medical training schools have more than quadrupled in the last ten years, and those then in existence have greatly added to their efficiency.

(5) We cannot enter the domestic and social circle with our statistics but we know that there has been improvement in many ways. Western ways are creeping in to alter things for the better. There is no greater influence at work than the Christian home. The wife and mother a partner in the home, her own home, and sharing responsibilities and pleasures with her husband is a great factor in the civilisation and Christianisation of India.

(6) After all it is the spiritual progress of the women in which we are most interested. Has it kept pace with the physical and mental growth of the decade? Or has the progress in these directions had a retrograde influence on the spiritual? We cannot believe the latter.

The fears that are expressed of it must be temporary. It is life that gives progress. The Life that has quickened India, is the Life that has created a new growth, an earnest responsible Indian woman. This Life can be no other than the Eternal life which is the Son of God. If He is working through head and hand, He can surely be doing no less through the Spirit which is of His own substance.

The outward manifestation of spiritual growth may be seen in the rapid growth of the Y.W.C.A. work, Christian Endeavor and Epworth League Societies, Bible-Reading Circles and Missionary and Dorcas Societies. The great increase in the adult membership of women in the churches must be in part the influence of a Christian heart upon a non-Christian heart. Who can measure such influence?

TOKKYA, OR SOME FAMINE FRUIT.

By Mrs. Stanley.

"But other fell into good ground." Matt. 13. 8.

ONE Sunday afternoon on returning from
the Marathi service to the mission-house,
we found a woman sitting in the rear of the bungalow. Beside her on the ground, was lying a boy about ten or twelve years old. The first look at the boy's face revealed to us that he had cholera. We asked her why she had brought her sick boy to us. She said, "That you may heal him." We explained to her that we could not heal her boy, but that our God could. Still we dared not let him stay on our compound, as a few days before orders had been issued by the officials that none of the poor should be allowed to come into the camp, as the cholera was raging very badly in the city. How this poor woman with her sick child got past the police, which were posted at all roads leading to the camp we do not understand. The boy's father had just died of cholera that morning. After his body was taken from the hut in which they lived, and was buried, the boy was taken down with the disease. Poor lad, he had seen his father stricken down and die after a few hours' suffering, and he knew his fate would be the same if no remedy were found. The poor mother was heartbroken. He was her only son, and as he saw her mourning he said to her, "Mother, if I only were with Auntie she would surely heal me."—He had been coming to the mission-house with the crowd every day, to get food, and had heard the old, old story of how Jesus healed the sick and raised the dead, and like many others, he thought that we had power to do such miracles.
—The mother said, “If you think she will heal you I will carry you there on my back.” So with the help of her eldest daughter, a girl of sixteen, the lad was carried to the mission-house, a distance of a good mile. As we stood before the poor suffering child, how we wished that we could have spoken the word of healing and in the name of our Master rebuked the disease; but as we felt our weakness, we thought of the only thing that we could do. So we said, “If you are willing to do what we tell you, you may get well.” He said, “Yes, I am.” Will you go to the hospital? Again, “Yes.” So we took him in our tonga and brought him to the hospital, and asked the doctor to do all he could to save the boy’s life, which he promised to do and also did. In ten or twelve days lie was with beaming face. I tried, please let me since that blessed day is to-day a fine, big, God-an, getting ready to enter the few weeks ago I was gladly him lead the Wednesday night As he explained the Scripture tion, my heart was touched with God. I remembered the little Me t, “What is man, that thou art mindful of him? And the son of man, that thou visistest him?”

When Tookya came, he also brought his mother and four sisters, all of whom to-day are good, true Christians, except the eldest girl, who was married to a heathen man, with whom she afterwards went to live, too far away from Akola for us to know much about her. Two of the sisters are in the Khamgaon school. The youngest one Tagee, is one of the brightest scholars in the school while her sister Cambala is Miss Yoder’s right hand in the hospital work. Miss Yoder says that she was born a nurse. The mother is a servant in the boy’s school, and has been there since her baptism, at the end of the famine of 1897, and has always been found faithful and true. The little one, a baby girl of four years, the Lord took to be with him a few years ago.

Dear readers and friends of missions, be not weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

---

**Items.**

**India.**

India is strangely bound to the west by intellectual ties. The millions of students who are crowding government, missionary and private schools are one with the whole student world of Christian lands. What an opportunity for the introduction of our religion! But, if Christian nations do not grasp the opportunity and realize the crisis, India may, as a Hindu once said, “fall from the hell of heathenism into the deeper hell of infidelity.” Learning is a dangerous weapon to put into their hands, if they are not introduced to the genesis of all wisdom, the fear of the Son of God.—Selected.

The expected has happened at last! We have welcomed the long-looked for party of missionaries new and old, and they have already gone to their several stations, some permanently, some for a time only.

Mrs. Woodward with her three bright, little child-helpers, Paul, Rachael and Faith, has gone to MeluMadabad. Miss Laura Gardner, a new missionary, has also been stationed there where she will divide her time between studying the Gujerati language and teaching Mrs. Woodward’s children.

Mr. and Mrs. Erickson have returned to their former station, Amraoti, Miss Case accompanying them. Mr. and Mrs. Dinham have left Amraoti to take charge of the work in Pachora. Mr. Hay is with Mr. Phelps at Chalisgaon.

Miss Lucia Fuller and Miss E. H. Morris make a welcome addition to the Bombay family, especially welcome as some at present stationed here will soon be appointed to up country stations. To Miss Fuller it was a home-coming—to the land of her birth and to her father, our much-loved Superintendent.

Mr. Fuller and Mrs. Franklin are both in Poona, Mr. Fuller recruiting strength after a trying attack of fever. We hope to welcome Mrs. Franklin back very soon to the Editorial chair.

Miss Fannie Hoffman has also returned from her furlough in America and is now in charge of the orphanage at Khamgaon, relieving Miss Yoder who sailed for America October 15th, after seven years hard and faithful service.

Jalgaon is empty! Mrs. Dutton is at present taking a much needed time of quietness and rest with other missionaries. Mr. Dutton is serving God in the courts of Heaven now. But who is to fill the vacant place here? Buldana too, is still empty! New fields lie unoccupied while the Lord of the harvest is saying, “Whom shall I send and who will go for me?”
List of Alliance Missionaries:

**BERAR—**

AKOLA.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Moyser.
Mr. and Mrs. R. S. M. Stanley.
Miss M. Veach.

AMRAOTI.
Mr. and Mrs. C. Erickson.
Miss E. Case.
Miss L. Becker.

BULDANA.

CHANDUR.
Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Schelander.

KHANGAON.
Miss F. Hoffman. Miss L. Downs.
Miss E. Krater.

MURTIZAPUR.
Mr. L. Cutler.

SHEGAON.
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Johnson.

**GUJERAT—**

VIRAMCAM.
Mr. and Mrs. A. Duckworth.
Mr. Auernheimer.

SANAND.
Mr. and Mrs. T. King.
Miss C. Hilker.
Miss H. O’Donnell.

AHMEDABAD.
Miss J. Fraser. Mrs. E. Burman.
Miss C. McDougall.

MEHMADABAD.
Mr. and Mrs. L. Turnbull.
Miss C. Hanshin. Mrs. Woodward.
Miss A. Seasholtz. Miss L. Gardner.

KAIRA.
Miss L. Wells. Miss M. Woodworth.
Miss M. Compton. Miss V. Dunham.
Miss E. Decker.

MATAR (P.O. Kaira).
Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton.

DHLOKA.
Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Andrews.
Mr. and Mrs. David McKee.
Miss C. Peter. Mr. F. Back.
Mr. R. J. Bennett.

BOMBAY—

Mr. M. B. Fuller.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Franklin.
Miss K. Knight.
Miss Z. McAuley. Miss M. Wiest.
Miss E. Morris. Miss L. Fuller.
Mrs. Dutton.

**MISSIONARIES ON FURLOUGH:**

Miss A. Yoder.
Mr. A. Johnson.
Mrs. Cutler.

Mrs. Simmons.
Mr. and Mrs. Rogers.
Miss Holmes.

Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey.
Mr. and Mrs. Hagberg.

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.

Printed at the "Bombay Guardian" Mission Press, Khetwadi Main Road, Bombay.