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SPECIAL DAY FOR PRAYER, LAST FRIDAY OF EACH MONTH.
Christian & Missionary Alliance.


Rev. A. B. SIMPSON ... ... ... PRESIDENT & GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT.
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Rev. J. D. WILLIAMS, D.D. ... ... ... do. ... ... ... 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 sectarian 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.

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American subscriptions can be sent to Mr. Francis Bell, 690, 8th Ave., New York.
A Gosavee, religious mendicant.

A Brahmin Priest in the act of worship.

A Coolie Woman.
**Too Tired to Trust.**

**Anna J. Granniss.**

"I'm too tired to trust, and too tired to pray!"

Said one as the over-taxed strength gave way,

"The one conscious thought by my mind possessed

Is, oh, could I just drop it all and rest!

But will God forgive me do you suppose,

If I go to sleep as a baby goes,

Without even asking Him if I may,

Without even trying to trust or pray?"

Will God forgive you? Why just think dear heart,

While language to you was an unknown art;

Did a mother deny you needed rest,

Or refuse to pillow you on her breast?

Oh no, but she cradled you in her arms,

Then guarded your slumber against alarms:

And how quick was her mother love to see

The unconscious yearnings awake in thee!

When you've grown too weary to trust or pray,

When over-wrought nature has given way,

Then just drop it all and give up to rest,

As you used to do on a mother's breast.

He knows all about it, the dear Lord knows,

So just go to sleep as a baby goes,

Without even asking Him if you may;

God knows when His child is too tired to pray,

He judges not solely by uttered prayer;

He knows when the yearnings of love are there;

And He knows the limits of poor, weak dust—

Oh! the wonderful sympathy of Christ

For His chosen ones in that midnight tryst,

When He bade them sleep on and take their rest,

While on Him the guilt of the whole world pressed!

You've given your life up to Him to keep?

Then don't be afraid to go right to sleep.

---

**"WE JOY IN GOD."**

M. W. Stubbs.

"The joy of Jerusalem was heard even afar off" (Nehemiah xii. 43).

**HERE is no more profitable investment than the cultivation of Joy:** none that gives so large a percentage for trouble and outlay, or that comes home to the heart so laden with blessing. Like the chrysanthemum, it flowers at its best in days of November fog and gloom, when other flowers have left us, and winter is before. It is of sturdy growth, and is easily acclimatised to the humidrum and commonplace of life; and it thrives independently of circumstance, or place, if it has only a clean soil and a wholesome atmosphere. It is equally at home in cottage garden and window, as in mansion and hall, and needs very little attention, if we but water it with a thankful spirit.

Sometimes it is mistaken for that unregenerate slip called "Happiness;" but its name betrays it, and the slightest knowledge of plant life will reveal that "Happiness" is sensitive to light and sunshine, and needs shelter, and constant attention, or it will quickly fade. In other words, "Happiness" depends on that which "happens" to us; but "Joy" is a fount within, always dancing for very merriment of heart, bubbling up into Everlasting Life.

Joy is health, and wealth, and strength; it is our heritage. No one can rob God of Joy in his creation and works. Above the sin, and discord, and strife, rises the overflow of Joy as of a lark, high on wing, pouring forth melody and love. Joy is victorious; therefore, it is contagious: and "the joy of the Lord is our strength!" No one is really strong until he is joyous, for strength and Joy are synonymous terms; and the rejoicing soul is the healthy soul. And as the child's strength finds its outlet in irrepressible energy, so the strong soul has its safety-valve in contagious Joy.

And although November fogs wrap round us, or winter's frosts besiege, we have constant need to remind ourselves that these are not our true experience; and that when they have
passed—nay, while they are passing—we have a Joy that “no man taketh from us.”

It is a blessed thing to have left our moods for ever behind us, and to have passed over to the glory-side of the Cross. There are no “blues” in Christ, no depressions or oppressions, no regrets or morbid sorrows, no personal slights and griefs, no sense of isolation and “not-wantedness.” We can no longer sing of

“Loveless life, and joyless mood,
Chill of cold ingratitude,”

if practically abiding in Him. Oh! beloved, if we must take on a “mood,” let it be that of “always rejoicing.” Let us learn to “joy in God through Jesus Christ our Lord.” And remember there is no hour so profitable for Joy as that “when the fig tree does not blossom,” and “there is no herd in the stalls” (Hab. iii. 17).

There is a great lack of Joy in Christian living to-day. In some quarters it is thought to be “not quite proper” that the meek should “increase their joy in the Lord.” It is “too pronounced,” and “calls attention to oneself,” we are told; but we little think how much the Church collectively, and the individual life, is suffering for lack of this grace. On its lowest grounds we are suffering both physically, mentally, and socially, for lack of joy; but how much more so spiritually. There is no outlook; no expansive, uplifting future; no present possession and enjoyment; and life runs monotonous and cold, with no pulse in its beating; and no anointing. Where are the “praisers”?

Hath not the King appointed them? Why, then, do they not go before the host to victory?

What we are needing is a great overflow of Joy, that, like a rising current, will lift us off the mud-banks where we are stranded, and carry us forward in the tide of God to willing service, through a full and glad surrender.

“Thou meetest him that rejoiceth and worketh righteousness.” There is a Divine attraction in a joyous heart to which God readily responds; and we know that faith and praise wondrously act and re-act in human life. When Israel believed His words, they sang His praises; but when they believed not, “they murmured in their tents” (Psalm cxi. 12-25). And God is working miracles still, in response to songs at midnight; and still sets ambushments against our foes when we begin to sing and rejoice.—Faith Links.

Station Notes.

JALGAON.

BY MISS WRIEST.

For several long years Jalgaon has been occupied by the King’s ambassadors, who have faithfully proclaimed the King’s message of “Peace on earth;” but most of the people would not hear. They closed their ears to the good news of a Saviour; they shut their doors in the faces of the messengers, though these had been commissioned from the Heavenly Court itself. Famine and pestilence did not seem to move them, yet such were the wages they received for serving the Usurper, the Prince of Darkness.

At last the King recalled one of His ambassadors and gave him a place near Himself in His Heavenly Kingdom. One day some of the people of Jalgaon woke up to the fact that the kindly, courteous bearer of the message of reconciliation was gone from their midst; that the familiar form was no longer seen, nor the earnest voice heard pleading. It made them thoughtful. They remembered his life among them, that it, had been without reproach. So when the King’s messenger who still remained, went among them, they received her and began to listen to her words. Their hearts seemed more softened and opened than ever before, and when they were told that they might meet the ambassador who was gone, in the King’s own Court some day, if they would only receive His message and submit to His rule, they seemed much impressed. To meet again one who has left this world, seemed a new thought to many of them. The life, too, that had been lived before them for so many years spoke loudly to their consciences, and they learned that the difference between them and Him was that they were the servants of sin and He was the King’s son. But they were told that they, too, might become the King’s sons. So some are listening and thinking about these things.

It is only a little while since all this happened. It may seem little enough to many, but it means a great deal to us, that here in Jalgaon doors that have been fast closed for years are now opened, and we are welcomed to come and deliver our message. We feel that God, who opens doors that no man can shut, is working and that He has given us the first faint gleams
of a better day. Of the only three, two of us are busy studying the language, so that after all there is but one left to suffer.

Recently we had gained admission to a Brahman home in Amraoti. We have been royally treated, and our relations seem to be established. The mother of the family told us that their religion was slipping away from them, so why should they refuse to mix with us—it was of no use any longer. The wife served us with nuts, tea and sweetmeats, the latter prepared by her own hands.

One day just as Mrs. Dutton had gathered a number of high-caste women about her and was beginning to talk, a man came and rudely ordered us away. This is not unusual. He thoroughly frightened the women, so that they at once scattered and our meeting was broken up. For the women of India dare not disobey or brave a man’s displeasure. Who knows what suffering they might endure if they did? We went away feeling repulsed and defeated. But in the bazaar, while stopping to chat with two women, a crowd soon gathered and we had our chance. It is easy to gather a crowd in India, for curiosity is a strong characteristic of the people. The difficulty is not so much in getting a crowd as in keeping it, for as a rule few care to hear the Gospel story.

As we walked home that day we passed by the quarters of some other high-caste women, and they called to us to come and talk with them. We were delighted to go, although it was late and our dinner hour, but such calls are rare and not to be rejected. These women have only recently consented to receive us, but they are very cordial now. Some of them have beautiful faces. While Mrs. Dutton told them of our blessed hope in the Gospel, tears came into the eyes of one, the most attractive in the group. "Is this really true?" they asked. "If it is true, it is very good."

One day we went to see some Indian gypsies, another time to the farmer-folk, again to the merchant castes. Sometimes we are kindly received, sometimes we are mocked and insulted. Lately even some Brahmins have stopped to listen as we stood in the street singing and speaking. We have many respectful hearers now and a few seem fully convinced of the truth of what is told them. But they make no step forward. They come to no decision. It costs too much for them to come.

But, dear praying ones at home, now is the time for you to pray and prevail for the people here, while their hearts are softened, and their minds open to hear. It may be the crisis time in Jalgaon. There is much more to tell, but we feel timid about saying very much of these new openings; for sometimes when things are told, the enemy gets hold of it, and hinders or undoes the work. But there are some special cases. There is an old man who believes the story, but he hesitates. There are two little girls who will grow up to lives of shame unless we can get hold of them. They are the unacknowledged children of a white man by a Mahar woman, attractive little lassies, but living as low-caste heathen. There are others, too, but we forbear. Some day we hope you will meet them in the King’s Heavenly Court, and He will say to you, "These are the ones for whom you prayed."

AMRAOTI.

Mr. Erickson.

THIS is the harvest time, in more than one sense I trust, in this part of the country. The jawari, which is the principal food for the poor, though good, is not so plentiful as in other years. The farmers have gone into the cotton business on account of the advance in price on that product. The wheat crop promises to be excellent this year, on account of the abundant rains.

Yesterday morning as we approached a village, a funeral procession of marwadis came along. A woman had just died of the plague, and was being carried to the place of burning. At every ten or fifteen paces, the men prostrated themselves before the dead body, as in the act of worship. As we went on through the village we met still more funerals. Plague is beginning to rage here, and there is an awful feeling of despair among the people. Many say, "What is the use of leaving our village? If we go into the jungle, we may die there, and we can only die if we remain." So we find many prefer to remain and die, than to flee. It is their way in matters of religion also. Rather than eat of the Bread of Life, they prefer to perish in their sins. However a change is coming, and the gospel chariot is riding on to victory.

When we first arrived in Amraoti, in October last, it was like coming to a city of the dead. In less than two months, more than five thousand people had died of the plague. Those who were able, left the city, and one could hear the cry of despair going up through the dark hours of the night, when Death was claiming his victims.

Remedies, too numerous to mention, have been resorted to, but not the true one. I am told a certain Sadu came to Amraoti and promised to prevent the plague from spreading, provided a certain sum of money were given him. He said, "Not one will die when I have per-
formed my ceremonies." He got the money and cleared off, but from that day they began to have sixty and seventy deaths from Plague; whereas up to that time, they had had only one or two cases of plague daily.

It has now spread all over our district, and we trust the Lord will keep us from harm as we travel in the midst of so much death. Many of the poor and ignorant, believe we bring the plague in some way.

The other day, we visited a bazaar in another district where I am not known. We preached to large crowds and sold books. Towards the close, the head man of the village dispersed the crowd. Thinking we might be in too prominent a place, we quietly walked off to the other end of the bazaar and began to preach. We had a large crowd again, but the head man was on our track and ordered the people away. Not content with this, he ordered us also to leave the bazaar. He had no authority for such action, yet, rather than dispute with a superstitious man who had five thousand men that might cast stones at us, we quietly took our departure. However, the gospel had been given and another testimony for truth and righteousness.

One morning, as we were preaching in a certain village, a Gosavi became deeply interested in the gospel. He offered me the string of beads that was on his neck. Then in front of a large crowd he got down on his knees, and repeated after me a prayer to Jesus for the forgiveness of his sins. He was coming to our tent for further instruction; but after I had gone, the people spirited him away and we saw him no more; but the Lord went along with him, and we may see him again as a true disciple of Christ.

We believe this is a time for harvesting souls as well as a time of seed-sowing; and we hope to gather what the Lord gives.

We have cause to be deeply thankful, that although the plague has been raging all about our people and even in their houses, yet none have thus far died, save one old woman, who, though she had been baptized, was not one of our own number. One man had the plague, but the Lord had mercy on him and spared his life. He had been a backslider, but is turning now to the Lord: his sickness has become the means of humbling him.

In some of the villages, there are those who want to become Christians, but as we have no one to send to them for instruction, it is difficult to push matters. They say, "What can we learn from a half hour's preaching in the whole year?" Yet that is all we can give some of them, and many do not get even that much. Here is the field, but the laborers are still few, and the work goes on slowly.

KAIRA ORPHANAGE: REPORT FOR 1917
By Miss Decker

The year was begun with physical weakness and weariness, but seems the Lord has made it a year of recoveries.

"It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because His compassions fail not, they are new every morning; great is thy faithfulness. The Lord is my portion saith my soul: therefore will I hope in Him." Lam. 3: 22-24.

At the beginning of the year we were surrounded by plague. We took every precaution possible to prevent infection, but when the disease came to our very gate, it seemed impossible to escape. But we made our prayer unto the Lord and He delivered us: not a single case entered our compound. It was not because we or our children were worthy, but because of God's mercy. It was reported that 1,000 people died of plague in Kaira: thus God proved to us His promise that 'a thousand shall fall at thy side, but it shall not come nigh thee.' He glorified Himself by putting a difference between us and the heathen.

The first of March a fire broke out suddenly in our cattle shed and destroyed nearly a year's supply of grass; but no life was lost, no one was hurt, the damage to our roof and walls has long since been repaired, and now the shed is larger and much more substantial than before.

One day in July the roof of our mill room came down with a crash. One girl was grinding; she saw the thing coming and ran for her life. No one was injured. Had the roof fallen twenty minutes later, there would have been twenty girls in the room grinding. This damage has also been repaired, and the roof is more substantial than ever.

We had flattered ourselves that we had only a very few bad cases of ring-worm, but by the last of March there had no less than one hundred cases been separated and placed under treatment. By patient and faithful attention, supplemented by much earnest prayer, our sister Miss Decker had succeeded in reducing the number to three or four bad heads.

We have had fewer and less severe cases of fever this year than last.

This past month clouds of locusts have been sweeping over the country, devastating everything before them. We have a small field of jawari just ripening; the grain is large and well filled. When the locusts came, they ate all the adjoining fields of bajri and jawari, but ours was saved. The girls drove them off, and the grain was damaged only by the many pairs of
feet running through it. Since then, clouds of locusts have been flying about on every side of us, but no more have visited us.

Much of the time this year funds have been short, and we have been put to our wit’s ends to know how to manage. But this instead of being a hardship has proven a blessing: we have been obliged to push the girls into the work. They have done all the labour on the buildings and in the fields since the first of May. Perhaps we have had a little less school, but we have more common sense, better health, and less pride. The girls no longer consider work a disgrace; and I think that the girl in best standing and most respected in the orphanage, would as soon take a basket on her head, as teach a Sunday School class.

In February of this year, fifty-seven of the dear girls were buried in baptism. Mr. Andrews came over from Dholka to baptize them. We have now about one hundred and twenty baptized Christians in the orphanage.

The girls love the Word: they are never happier than when committing Psalms to memory. Each one is anxious to possess a Bible of her own. We give them New Testaments as soon as they take the second book in school, but most of them want the whole Bible. This year we have given them an opportunity of earning a Bible by grinding. This is always aside from their regular work: they grind one hundred and twenty pounds of grain and receive twelve annas for it. This secures a well bound Gujarati Bible of the new edition just out. On Saturday, October 25th, I gave out one hundred Bibles earned in this way; and at least fifty more girls are waiting their turn to grind. Those who are too small to grind are allowed to do extra sewing for their Bibles. We were sure Mr. Fuller would be more pleased with seventy-five rupees spent for Bibles than for grinding.

We now number four hundred, including four baby boys we have had. There have been eight deaths since last November. We consider this a special mercy of God because Kaira is not a healthful place, neither have we been worthy of such goodness.

“It is of the Lord’s mercies that we are not consumed. His compassions fail not, they are new every morning.”

The teachers in the Dholka orphanage were temporarily dismissed for the lack of money to carry on the work. We are sure our friends at home will bear this work on their hearts, and see that these children, whom God has given us, do not lack in food, clothing, or training. Remember 5 cents a day keeps an orphan.

DHLOKA ORPHANAGE.
MRS. Isa Woodward Back.

We want to send a note of praise for all God’s goodness to us here in the Boys’ Orphanage. Our thoughts run back to ’97 and we see the work in its infancy; and as we look at it to-day, our hearts are filled with gratitude to God for all that He hath wrought. And we are expecting still greater things in the future. We want to thank you for your prayers, and ask you to continue to bear up before the mercy seat, these dear boys whose souls are precious to our Lord Jesus.

A few months ago the Lord seemed to lead Mr. and Mrs. Duckworth to take up work in another station, so they are not with us. The crying need for workers on all sides, is often the reason of changes in the work. “Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth labourers into the harvest.”

Any one who is at all familiar with work in this land of sin and sickness, will readily understand that among nearly five hundred boys there are always sick ones. For months past dear Miss Peter has had the care of the sick, but being much worn in the work, she has been compelled to go to the hills for a season of rest.

The cool season is now coming on and we are in need of a new supply of bedding for the boys. He has promised to supply all our need, so we are trusting for this need. Will you add it to your prayer list. In answer to prayer God has given us fifty cots, and in various ways we are realizing that His tender mercies are upon us.

The school work is encouraging, and our hearts rejoice as we see these boys being delivered from the ignorance that prevails in this heathen land.

Mr. and Mrs. McKe are most faithfully pushing the industrial work, and in spite of the many difficulties are cheerfully labouring on. This is a most important part of the work among the boys.

Our hearts were deeply moved at one of our recent Sunday services, as we listened to the God-given message from Mr. Andrews to the boys. His text was Job 22:21. God has made him and Mrs. Andrews channels of real blessing to the children as well as to the young people here. Our faith has been somewhat tested as to the spiritual condition of some of the boys at present: but as you all know, there have been times of wonderful blessing, and we believe the Word now being given out, will “prosper in the thing whereto it is sent,” and that there will be a glorious harvest.
Editorials.

"I shall be like a watered garden." Those who have lived in a country like India, know how to appreciate a watered garden. For the greater part of the year, as far as the eye can reach, nothing can be seen but a sere, parched, and often cracked, expanse. How refreshing to turn from such a scene, and the choking dust of the road, to a watered garden where all is fresh, and green, and cool. Many places in India have such a garden, well kept, well watered, where the eye is greeted with all kinds of plants, shrubs, trees, flowers and fruit. Nothing can be imagined more beautiful and refreshing. And this is what God says we shall be? The world is dry and parched; souls are weary and fainting; but in the midst of it all God has placed His children, a watered garden, to be a refreshing. We partake of the living waters and are caused to partake of the fulness of the life which we have received. Through the abundant fruit and flowers of our lives we are only witnesses of the abundant life there is in Christ Jesus. For we can be watered gardens only because Jesus is just what He is, an inexhaustible, life-giving fountain.

The secret of a beautiful and refreshing garden is the oft-repeated, daily application of water. Someone has to attend faithfully to the business of bringing the cool life-giver into direct touch with the trees and plants, else there will be no fruitfulness, no beauty. So if we are to be what God wants to make us, we must have the showers of God's grace and love falling oft upon our hearts through the Holy Spirit. If not, our hearts become hard, and the fallow ground is unbroken. The reason so many lives are dry and barren is that they are talking still of what God did for them many years ago; are seeking to feed their souls on the husks of the fresh outpouring of God's grace? The Holy Spirit, our faithful gardener, stands ready with an abundant supply from the fresh fountain, and is only waiting for us to turn to Him and receive the refreshing showers. Let us not be satisfied until we have received anew from God's storehouse, and have been melted before Him with a fresh shower of His grace.

God says, thou shalt be like a watered garden. In other words, God pledges Himself to make us such. It is one of God's shalls which can be hindered only by our lack of receiving. As far as God's part is concerned it is a sure thing, for it is His will, His desire, to make us watered gardens while we witness for Him here. May we by receiving, make God's shall a blessed reality in our lives.

The Editor's Easy Chair is difficult to locate this month, and the Editor has found it very difficult to occupy. Now it has halted a few days in Calcutta, the City of Palaces, as it is called. Then it visited the Snows of Darjeeling and came near being frozen beyond all use. Then it went to the sacred city of Benares, and so across the country to Gujerat. We are sure our readers will appreciate the difficulties of sitting in a travelling chair, and will be lenient, and willing to forgive all shortcomings.

Mission Questions.

THE RELATION OF MISSIONARIES AND INDIAN CHRISTIANS.

BY THE EDITOR.

We see there is considerable being said lately in mission circles on the very important subject of the relationship between Missionaries and Indian Christians. Some have severely criticized the Missionary, and claim that the gulf, real or imaginary, between the two is solely his fault. Friendly criticism may open our eyes to see ourselves as others see us, and if honestly met it may help us to be what we are sure every Missionary longs to be, namely, all it is possible to be for Christ in this land. We surely need the wisdom from above, which God has promised to give liberally, that we may meet this question aright. The mere fact that it can be discussed, shows that there is a felt need on the part of some at least of the Indian Christians.

All will acknowledge that the ideal relationship springs from the consciousness that we are all one in Christ Jesus. All thoughts of race, and social differences should be put aside in the
true unity of the Spirit. That does not mean that the Missionary should become an Indian, or the Indian Christian an European. It does mean that we meet as brothers, because we have each partaken of the greatest thing the heart of God can desire, redemption through the precious blood of Jesus. It means that our lives should have one common purpose, so that a sense of comradeship could pervade our intercourse. Just how to carry this out in practical life is the question for which we need wisdom from above. There is a danger that the Indian Christian getting so impregnated with the thought that the Missionary is his “father and mother,” or in other words is here to do everything for him, that he sees us only as the benefactor whom he must be very careful to please. Such a spirit is a great barrier to true friendly intercourse. And the Missionary needs to guard against the danger of harbouring the thought that the seeking of favours is the motive behind every act. Again the Indian Christian is threatened with the danger of thinking that in order to associate with the Missionary he must dress in European clothes and live in European style. This is a danger to be carefully avoided. For above all things do we feel it necessary for the Indian Christian to be taught to live within his means, however simple a life that may incur, and to give of his little or much, as the case may be, for the spread of the Gospel among his own people; rather than to spend his all, and perhaps go into debt, that he may change his style of living and become a European. We are impressed that there is need of greater love and sympathy on both sides. The Indian Christian needs to feel that the Missionary is human like himself and has his trials and sorrows. The Missionary needs to have his heart filled with true love and sympathy for the Indian Christian in his trials, not the sympathy which shows itself in some artificial expression, but the true love which the Holy Spirit can shed in our hearts. We agree with the writer who says; “A more intimate knowledge of the inner life of Indian Christians will no doubt reveal greater defects, but I feel certain that it will reveal also new and unexpected excellences. It is the fashion now-a-days to exaggerate the weakness of Indian Christians.” We feel that the Missionary should make it more incumbent upon him to meet and know the Indian Christians, not as a class, but as individuals. The writer quoted above also says; “There is a moral side to the question as well, and I have always been of the opinion that in order that there may be a more cordial relationship between the Indian Christian and the European missionary, there must be a considerable change in moral ideals in the former. More straightforwardness and uprightness of conduct, greater devotion to the good of others, deeper earnestness in everything that makes for purity and righteousness: the more such qualities exhibit themselves in the Indian Christian the closer will be the bond uniting him to the missionary.” Does not this show the need of more direct contact with the Christians so that they may see from our lives what it is to be filled with the Spirit, to walk in the Spirit, manifesting the fruits of the Spirit? Not only are we here to point out the way of life, but to demonstrate to them how to walk in it.

In closing I would call your attention to the opinion of one who has spent many years in India among Missionaries and Indian Christians. “From the time I landed in Bombay until now, I have been hearing about the “gulf” between the East and West. On this subject I have kept silence until recently. I now declare that so far as I can discover there is no such gulf between the Christians of the East and West. There are differences, as indeed there are in any home church; differences in taste, manners, education, dress, customs and other matters. But we do not speak of these as “gulfs.” I admit, too, that there are gulfs between wicked men and selfish nations in the East and West. There is also an immeasurable gulf between saved and unsaved men, and to this gulf we might well call attention more frequently. Unchristian conduct creates gulfs. Formal pity, without compassion, makes a gulf; so does patronage, no matter how kindly it is bestowed. But none of these causes are conditioned upon geography or climate.

“It has been my privilege to enjoy for weeks the hospitality of Indian homes, and never once, have I felt myself on one side of a gulf. Recently, in such a home, on my left at the dinner table sat an Indian lady who had enjoyed the culture afforded by foreign travel; her mother was at my right; other Indians were at the table. There was not the slightest evidence of any gulf. Such instances might be multiplied from my own experience, and I am delighted to see that some of your most distinguished missionaries have the same impression. The late Bishop of Bombay has written on this subject. A few missionaries are conscientiously brooding over the gulf; a smaller number are writing letters about it and publishing them in the papers, and showing how long it will take to fill up this “gulf.” Meanwhile most missionaries are faithfully carrying on their work as though there were no racial gulf between the saints of the living God.”
Mehmadabad's Immediate Need.

Mr. Turnbull.

This station was opened nearly eight years ago by Mr. C. Borup, who at first encountered considerable opposition from the people. He however went forward courageously and, before committing the work to Mr. and Mrs. Woodward about two years later, had the joy of leading a little band of natives into the truth of the Gospel.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton joined Mr. and Mrs. Woodward in the work here for several months, and God richly blessed their efforts. Also about this time Misses Fecke and Hansen came to Mehmadabad, as Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton had taken up work in another district. During the last famine Mr. Woodward and Miss Fecke were called to be with the Lord: they counted not their lives dear to themselves but gave them up for the people of this land.

The workers at Mehmadabad at present are Miss Hansen, Miss Seasholtz, Mrs. Turnbull and myself. It has been a great inspiration and blessing to us, while going from village to village during the past weeks, to find the people so receptive and eager to listen to the gospel message. As we see the friendliness of the higher castes and the receptiveness of the lower castes our hearts are stirred within us to give the glad tidings of Salvation to every person in this district.

But dear friends how can this be best accomplished? In this taluka there are nearly seventy villages, some with several thousand inhabitants and again others with a few hundred people. How can a few missionaries properly reach and give the Gospel to all these people? During the stifling heat of the hot season we are forced to be cautious and to protect ourselves from the rays of the sun, especially during the middle of the day. In the rainy season the country roads are often almost impassable, being frequently covered with water.

The writer recalls a trip through several villages last rainy season. While walking between two villages he came to a low place in the road where a pond had formed: so there was nothing to do but to take off boots and socks and wade up to the knees through the water—like a small boy during a spring freshet at home. At the next village a pony was secured, but as the pony was small, and the rider's limbs not extra short, it was necessary to double up as best one could on the pony's back while it waded through about two miles of watery road to the desired destination. Most of the natives, encountered on the road, somehow deemed it necessary to wear an amused smile and say, "Kam cho sahib" (how are you sir?)

Such experiences are common to missionaries in district work and are rather enjoyable, provided they do not occur too often. We trust the home friends will see the necessity of our having a strong band of native workers, who can go from village to village, rain or shine, to tell of Christ Jesus.

This is Mehmadabad's immediate need. God has graciously blessed the preaching of the Gospel here, so that now there are quite three hundred native Christians. Among them are a number of bright Christian young men and their wives, who could enter the work at once if they were supported.

They can all read and explain the scriptures more or less, to the people. When we take into consideration that the mass of the native people are totally ignorant of Christ and His wonderful work of Redemption, as well as being very dense concerning any secular knowledge, we believe that these humble young men, if upheld by your prayers and material support, would prove a blessing to the people to whom they preach.

We feel that this is the most immediate and pressing need of the work in this taluka. Bordering the taluka on nearly every side, there are villages practically untouched as yet by the Gospel. These young men if supported could live in these villages and teach the people regularly of Christ. You can readily understand that these poor people in their heathen darkness cannot grasp the Gospel with only an occasional message. It must be "line upon line, and precept upon precept." Some of the young men from this taluka, who expect to be workers later, are at present taking Bible training under Mr. Andrews at Dholka. Besides these there are quite a number of other young men available for immediate service. We expect these also to have a short course of training at Dholka yearly.

Our present plan for these young men is quite simple. They are to study certain Bible lessons, coming in here once a week for recitation and teaching. I expect to be among them all I can during the week, going from village to village to encourage and help them. These young men need support. It will take thirty dollars a year to support a worker with five dollars extra yearly for house-rent, books and incidental expenses.

If anyone feels that he or she can take up the support in part, or in whole, of a native worker, please send funds to Mr. David Crear (C. M. A. Treasurer), 690 Eighth Ave., New York City. Be sure the purpose of the money sent to Mr. Crear is clearly expressed.
OUR FIRST TOURING EXPERIENCE.

MISS FRASER.

We have prayed for some time that we might not be hindered from going out touring this cold season. Praise God, He has heard prayer, and Mrs. Burman and I are here. We have our tent pitched near Juttapur, a nice large village. We arrived rather late at night, but we found that the tent was about ready for us to sleep in. The people were glad to see us, and the headman of the village had a watchman here before we arrived. I made a bargain with him about his pay and he seemed satisfied. We praised the Lord for the sweet way in which He had undertaken for us, and thought, What a blessed time we shall have with the people! But the next day a number of watchmen came, and talked very loud, and said that they would not come for less than eight rupees a month, which is twice the amount that Government pays. I offered them six rupees but they refused to take it. I then sent for the headman of the village, and he promised to send a watchman; but when we returned from the village after our meeting at about ten o'clock at night, we found none had come. Our cook was much alarmed and told us that we were in great danger; for an English Sahib some years before had had his tent cut down near this place, notwithstanding the fact that he had a watchman and a number of policemen. But we very definitely committed ourselves to the Lord. The next night two watchmen came; they stayed for two nights, then left. One of our Christians offered to act as watchman; but after two nights he was taken sick, and we have had no one since. The Lord gave us some precious promises, and has made them very real to us. "He is a very present help in trouble." We feel so safe away out here, knowing that Jesus is with us. He is truly a friend that "sticketh closer than a brother." The people say to us, "Are you not afraid at night?" But we tell them that the Lord is with us, and He always takes care of us.

When we visited the first village, we found a number of Sadus or holy men, seated on tiger skins with a number of idols near them, and a crowd of people gathered round them. They said they intended to stay a week. Hearing this we could not help feeling sad, not only because of their idol worship, but because they beg all their food from these poor people, who seem glad to give to them and think through this they get forgiveness for their sins. A strong sense of our own weakness came over us as we wondered how we could help these poor people out of their darkness. We looked to the Lord for help, and He gave us some precious promises. One was, "Not by might nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord." We immediately took courage, and while these Sadus remained we had the privilege of giving them the gospel a good many times. Some of them listened very attentively. We have opposition of course, but, Praise God, it is a wonderful privilege to be here. There are great opportunities for work, and glorious possibilities for the people. We often have three or four meetings a day; some of them with the high caste people.

We have found some who are really seeking the truth. There are numbers of all castes who come to the tent, and many listen eagerly, and are very anxious to learn to sing hymns. We only wish there were more workers; the needs of the people are so great. We are teaching the women and children in Juttapur a number of hymns and also scripture verses; some of them learn very quickly. One thing that has touched our hearts very much is that during our meetings the people bring their sick and blind to be prayed for. They love to hear about the miracles of Jesus.

We have seen some cases of healing, and the people themselves have said that the Lord healed them in answer to prayer. Since coming here we have visited several villages. We almost always have a good attendance at our meetings, and the people seem very friendly and wish us to come again. We have blessed times with the women and children. We trust that our dear readers will pray that God may use us to His glory in the saving of many of those precious souls for whom Jesus died.

PRAISE AND PRAYER.

Praise for
the many who have heard the Gospel this cold season.
" nearly 100 who have given in their names as desiring to become Christians.
" the health of our missionaries.
" safe arrival of a party of eight missionaries.

Pray for
the spiritual growth of the native church.
" special wisdom with the native church at Mehmabad.
" missionaries on tour.
" God to thrust forth native workers into the harvest.
" the many who live near our mission stations, and have repeatedly heard the Gospel.
" a revival in India.
" all the Missionaries in India.
SOME FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF INDIA.

Mr. Carner.

ON Tuesday morning, January 5th, after a delightful voyage from New York, lasting five weeks, we sighted the shores of India. With keen interest we watched them grow plainer and plainer, till at last we heard the anchor of our steamer fall into the waters of Bombay harbour, and we knew our voyage was ended. As the tide was out we had to stop some distance from the docks, but a steam launch soon landed us, and once more we felt the solid earth beneath our feet.

Our hearts went up to God in praise that we were really in India. Here at last was the realisation of our dreams, and the answer to our prayers. Yes, God executes plans and answers prayer, when the plans and prayer are in His will, in-wrought, and wrought out by the Holy Spirit.

And now India is a reality to us, for, if perchance we should forget where we are, we have only to look and listen for a moment to see and hear that which is real enough, and sad enough, to convince us that we are far from dreaming. But where shall we begin to describe our first impressions of this strange, sad land?

First we will say a few things about the climate. We were told that this is the cold season; but when on going out the day after our arrival we found that we must be very careful to court the shade, and have our "topis" (sun-hats) properly adjusted, for fear of sunstroke, and when the heat, to us, resembled a mid summer day at home, we thought:—"If this is the "cold" season, what must the "hot" season be like?" At night we hear the cricket chirping and the mosquitoes "singing," reminding us of August days at home with certain accompanying sensations.

On our way over we heard the expression, "cheeky as an Indian crow." Now we are learning what it means. The crows in India have things pretty much their own way. Hinduism saves them from destruction; Parseeism looks upon them with favour; their being good scavengers makes the English people lenient toward them; and altogether, conditions are such that they have become most autocratic, not to say impudent. If you leave your room through the day, they call and wait for your return. Sometimes they come and sit on the window frame and leisurely watch you at your work. All day long they "caw, caw, caw," and from dawn till dark they seem to be everywhere present.

And now a few words about the natives. As one passes along the streets, many of which are literally teeming with people, and watches the strange sights, and listens to the unintelligible sounds, he almost fancies he ought to wake up and find himself dreaming. The people dress in the greatest variety of ways and colors. It is said that one can distinguish, in many cases, the caste to which an individual belongs by the manner of his dress. None of the poor, low castes wear any more clothing than they need: and some of them are so arrayed in stray pieces of European cast-offs that they appeal strongly to one's sense of the ludicrous. There are grades in intelligence, and varieties of disposition, too: but on the whole, they are a peaceable, amiable lot of people, and have a take-things-as-they-come way about them that would be a real boon to our hurrying, rushing people of the West.

But after one has noticed the customs and oddities of these people, and after curiosity has been satisfied, there remains the solemn fact that each one of this vast multitude has an eternal soul with infinite possibilities for good and for ill. Our first impressions are subject to change; but the needs of these people are very deep and very real, and we know their souls are very precious in God's sight, and that Jesus died to redeem them.

One realises as never before, what a great blessing real Christianity is to the world. Every blessing, every good gift comes from God. Take from America the Bible and those who have Christ in their hearts, and you will have heathenism just like India's, in a very short time. One can see that here, too, mere education is not Christianity, mere culture is not Christ. There is both education and culture among the high castes and richer classes, but with it all the hearts are dark as midnight. They worship the sun, or fire, or idols of wood and stone, or their ancestors, or God in everything, and everything God," but they cannot see the "kingdom of Heaven." Theosophy flourishes here, for this is its home.

One evening we walked down to the beach for recreation, and while there listened to a native as he earnestly preached to a crowd of people in a vernacular tongue. When he saw us he talked for a little in English, presumably for our benefit. His sentences were beautiful, and his philosophy fine, but upon it all was the imprint of infidelity, we fear. We do not wish to judge harshly, but it seems to us one had better tell the people to bow to wood and stone, than to tell them about God, and leave out Christ's atoning blood. All have sinned and all need a Saviour. The sin is in the heart,
and the salvation must come from a source outside of self.

We went with Mr. Franklin, the other evening, to some of the darker parts of Bombay, and saw a patch of heathenism at home, so to speak. Oh the pitiableness of the people's condition, both physically and morally! Seven and eight families living in a single room is not an uncommon thing among the poor, low castes. The streets abound in beggars, blind and maimed, filthy and squalid. Lepers are to be seen mingling with the crowds, and other disease-contaminated persons move freely among the busy public. The poorest of the poor are here. They exist, but one can hardly say they live.

Yet they have hearts that are capable of knowing God and of enjoying Him through all eternity and they want God. True, they pray to dumb idols, but as one told us, they "must worship." Poor, Satan-bound hearts! God created them to be satisfied with nothing, till their hearts know Him, and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent (Jno. 17:3); and because no one has told them of Him, they try to satisfy their heart's yearnings by worshipping gods of their own making—and who will tell them—these millions of India—of the love of God, and of His "great salvation"?

**GOD'S HEALING TOUCH.**

MISS Fraser, in an article given elsewhere, wrote about seeing cases of healing. We wrote and asked her to tell us more about them and she sent us the following facts, for which we do truly praise God. We feel the need of such tokens that our God is a living God.

"Last hot season while in the district, a woman, who had been an invalid for about two years, was in a run down condition and had terrible sores on her body. I prayed with her, and told her that the Lord was able to heal her. I had not seen her since until I came out about a month ago. When I saw her I was surprised to see her so well, and hardly knew her. Now she is well and strong, and seems happy to be able to work again. She says that the Lord healed her. This has greatly strengthened my faith. And since coming out this time we have had many calls to pray with the sick for healing. Two girls who had very sore eyes were healed in a very short time after we prayed with them, and now they seem bright, and happy, and are a real help to us in singing the hymns and show their love in many ways. We praise God for the privilege of praying for these sick ones."

**LONGINGS.**

**BY MR. FRANKLIN.**

SOMETIMES missionaries have longings. I wonder if we might be granted this privilege as well as the friends at home.

When day after day passes by and we have accomplished very little, and have a great lot of unfinished work before us, we long to be ten men instead of one.

The other day we went out to one of the suburbs of Bombay and preached to a company of people. They were much interested, and some of them said they wanted to be Christians. They said, "When you are here and talk to us your message touches us sweet, and we think we will do all that you say. The next morning we rise and go about our work, and the thoughts all leave us and we are the same as we always were." Then as though they had found the solution of it all: "Sahib you come out here and live, and we shall be all you tell us to be." We long to do this and to be among the people more. We long to be free from many of the things that come on us so that we may pray for these people, that when the Word is sown, the evil one will not catch away the seed. Will you be one of the persons I long to be, in prayer, that as we sow the Word, it shall not be snatched away, but shall sink down into their hearts.

We are overwhelmed with the swarming masses in Bombay that are not reached. We long to be among them more. Will you pray that our lives may count for more each day.

The corner next to Berachah Home is a street railway junction. There are always a great number of English speaking people, many of them soldiers and sailors. Longings will come for some one called of God to work among them.

A class of people in Bombay, numbering fifty, thousand, refined, intelligent, educated, religious, most of them speaking the English language, just now are in a very critical period of their history. Old things are passing away as they take on a new: how we long for them to have the very best! There is a great tendency to the imitation rather than the real. We have a longing for Spirit-filled men and women to work among these.

Other longings, that we cannot give in detail, are to see a deep spirit of conviction among the people, to see the people turning to God, to teach His Word in greater power, to see His healing power manifested, to see the Native workers filled with the Spirit, to be strong in His service.
It was also a great joy to welcome a new band to our fellowship and love: Mr. and Mrs. Eicher, Mr. Greengrass, and Mr. Carner came to us in the fulness of the gospel of Christ.

Mr. and Mrs. Rogers have returned to Akola, where for the present they will live in the Mission bungalow: there is Plague all around their own house.

Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey spent a few days at Chalisgaon with Mr. Phelps; then returned to their old station, Chandur.

The Women's Committee of the Mission met with Mrs. Bannister at Bhusawal, Jan. 6th. All the members,—Mrs. Franklin, Mrs. Bannister, Mrs. Moyer, Mrs. Dinham and Miss Hoffman, were present, and a very profitable time was spent in prayer and discussion of different phases of orphanage and women's work. A few matters were presented to the Council for consideration. This is a new departure in the work, but we feel it has its place of usefulness.

Mrs. Franklin went direct from Bhusawal to Cuttack to meet Miss Mary Fung who is on her way to America from China. They will visit Darjeeling, Benares, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Agra and Delhi, as well as our own mission stations in the Marathi and Gujarati fields.

Plague has broken out in the vicinity of the Workshop in Akola, and two of the Christian women have died. Pray much that the Lord's Hand may be stretched out to His people at this time.

Mr. Greengrass has gone to the Gujarati country, He is stationed at Viramgao with Mr. and Mrs. Duckworth. Mr. and Mrs. Eicher, and Mr. Carner are remaining temporarily at Berachah Home, Bombay, studying Marathi; they will be stationed in one of the up-country stations shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. Schelander of the Marathi field will go home on furlough in April. They go to Sweden before they visit America. Miss Woodworth of the Gujarati field leaves on furlough in March.

Mr. Hamilton writes, while on tour in the Districts, that in one month 44 persons gave in their names as desiring baptism. Others are writing of victories while out touring. This cold season is a sowing time. We are glad also to see the signs of reapling.

A Roman Catholic family has been converted in Bombay. The father has joined our church, and the rest of the family are being instructed.

We are glad to welcome to our number of missionaries, Mrs. L. J. de Carteret, a missionary nurse of many years' experience. She has spent four years in India, in nursing and hospital work. This has been our need for a long time. We praise God for the supply.

We are expecting another party of missionaries about the time we post this number of the India Alliance. We praise God for supplying this need.

R. AURENHEIMER has requested to be transferred from the Gujarati to the Marathi field. The council which met at Akola the first of January appointed him to be with Mr. Phelps at Chalisgaon.

Mr. Moyser writes us that Shahu has just passed a fourteen months' Government course in two months. Three boys were sent up from the Anglo-Vernacular schools who had studied only two months. Two of the three were Christian boys from our school, but one failed. Shahu has been out touring for two weeks. He will make a good worker, and feels he has a definite call to preach the Gospel.

We have a very happy sequel to give to the story in the last number about Olive's little friend, Shoo. Miss Krater writes that Shoo gave her first testimony for Jesus in the meeting just after Christmas. "She read a portion of Scripture from Isaiah about not being afraid, I am thy God. Her little face was very bright and she spoke with great determination to be Jesus' little girl." I thought how dear little Olive must be rejoicing in heaven as she heard Shoo confessing Jesus here," Mrs. Johnson writes later, "Little Shoo has been here visiting with me for the past few days. Lingo, our cook, is her uncle. She will not eat a meal until she has bowed her head and prayed. We went out to their house last night for something, and found Shoo reading the Bible to them all; even Lingo listening, and helping in the explanation. I told her that she felt sure Olive was glad she was a little Christian. She looked into my face so earnestly, and said, "Do you think my Olive knows, Auntie?"

Four years ago in one of the villages in the Mehdavad Taluka, they refused to listen to the gospel. This year when we visited this village the first time, over 250 high-caste people came out and listened well; and when we went to the low castes, they all left their work, came and listened attentively. Many said they knew their idols were false, and that God was punishing them for worshipping them. Before we left the place five men gave their names, said they wanted to be Christians, be baptized and feel the true God. They begged us to return soon and teach them more about Jesus.

Tuesday, Jan. 5th, was a very busy and happy day in Bombay. We had the joy of welcoming back to India our dear fellow-laborers, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey, and Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, with their children. Nearly twenty years of common joys and sorrows on the Mission field have drawn our hearts very closely together; and only those who have stood in like relationship know how deep is the love and fellowship. May the years before them, as they enter a new term of mission life, be filled with abundant fruit for God's glory.
## List of Alliance Missionaries

### Berar—
**Akola.**
- Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Moyser.
- Mr. and Mrs. R. S. M. Stanley.
- Miss M. Veach.
- Mr. and Mrs. Rogers.
- **Amraoti.**
  - Mr. and Mrs. C. Erickson.
  - Miss L. Becker.

**Buldana.**

**Chandur.**
- Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Schelander.
- Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey.

**Khamgaon.**
- Miss F. Hoffman.
- Miss L. Downs.
- Miss E. Krater.

**Murtizapur.**
- Mr. and Mrs. L. Cutler.

**Shegaon.**
- Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Johnson.

**Khandesh—**
**Bhusawal.**
- Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Bannister.

**Chalisgaon.**
- Mr. A. C. Phelps.
- Mr. S. H. Auernheimer.

**Jalgaon.**
- Mrs. Dutton.
- Miss Z. McAuley.
- Miss M. Wiest.

**Pachora.**
- Mr. and Mrs. Dinham.

### Gujerat—
**Viramgam.**
- Mr. and Mrs. A. Duckworth.
- Mr. R. G. Greengrass.
- **Sanand.**
  - Mr. and Mrs. T. King.
  - Miss C. Hilker.
  - Miss H. O' Donnell.

**Ahmedabad.**
- Miss J. Fraser.
- Miss E. Burman.
- Miss C. McDougall.
- Miss H. Key.

**Mehmadabad.**
- Mr. and Mrs. L. Turnbull.
- Miss C. Hansen.
- Miss A. Sasholtz.

**Kaira.**
- Miss E. Wells.
- Miss M. Woodworth.
- Miss M. Compton.
- Miss V. Dunham.

**Matar (P.O. Kaira).**
- Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton.

**Dholka.**
- Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Andrews.
- Mr. and Mrs. David McKee.
- Miss C. Peter.
- Mr. and Mrs. F. Back.
- Mr. R. J. Bennett.
- Mrs. Armson.
- Miss L. Gardiner.

### Bombay—
**Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Franklin.**
- Miss K. Knight.
- Miss E. Morris.
- Miss L. Fuller.
- Mr. M. J. Wark.
- Mr. and Mrs. C. Eicker.
- Mr. S. R. Carner.
- Mrs. L. J. de Carteret.

### Missionaries on Furlough—
- Rev. M. B. Fuller.
- Miss A. Yoder.
- Mr. A. Johnson.
- Mrs. Simmons.
- Miss Holmes.
- Mr. and Mrs. Hagberg.

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*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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