Contents:

How Did Jesus Walk, No. II., Kakaji (A. Johnson) ... ... ... ... 37
Hinduism, Selected... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 38
Viramgam, Sydney Armson ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 39
Hill Bungalow, Oscar Lapp ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 41
How Can It Be? Earl Carner ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 42
Editorials ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 42
Santa Barbara, Annie Cutler ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 44
The Brahmin High Priest and His "School of the Prophets,"
Jacob Chamberlain ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 45
Items ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 48
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HOW DID JESUS WALK?
No. II.
By KAKAJI

The covenant with David is recorded at length in two places: 2 Samuel 7, and the 89th Psalm. Here we meet with the two “seed,” both in the singular and in the plural. The seed of the serpent we identify in, “the Son of wickedness,” and in “the children of wickedness.” The Seed of the woman is identified in, “My Son,” “My first begotten,” “His Seed,” “My people Israel,” and some other terms. The covenant is quoted, in substance, both in the Old and New Testaments, as, “the sure mercies of David,” likewise as “the key of David.” This key, Isaiah tells us, is taken from Shebna, the unfaithful treasurer of the house of Judah, and given to Eliakim, the faithful steward of the King’s house. Isa. 22: 22. But in Rev. 3: 7, we find it in possession of Christ Himself, the very key by which he openeth and no man shutteth, and shutteth and no man openeth. The entire book of Psalms is simply an echo-meter of this covenant. “I will sing,” says David, “of mercy and judgment,” and these two go hand in hand through the whole book, but mercy always a little ahead. It is principally about these two, mercy and judgment, that war has been waged between the two “seed” from the beginning, and will be waged to the finish. It is by judgment that the kingdom of one is established; it is by the same judgment that the kingdom of the other falls. By perverting judgment, and the right ways of God, the old serpent and his “seed” have waged this war since the fall of Adam. But, according to the prophecies of Christ and his apostles, it is in these latter days, that the powers of iniquity shall work their craft with such captivating delusions, that, “if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect.” No one could possibly be in a better position to estimate the power of these delusions than Jesus Himself. No one ever has been, or ever will be tempted, as He was, yet “without sin.” What, from the human stand point, was His great power of resistance to these temptations? Very little is written of Jesus’ early history. But this much we are able to ascertain, that He was a Bible student. Before He entered upon His ministry He had fully identified Himself in these covenant prophecies, as the “seed” of the woman, and the heir to the throne of David. He had also identified, in the other “seed,” His powerful adversary; “the Son of wickedness.” He also saw that the whole world, religiously, socially, politically and individually, lay in the power of that wicked one; that a ransom was required for the world, that He Himself was the promised ransom, and that the way to the throne led by the way of the cross. Furthermore, He saw that God Himself, who cannot lie, had staked His own holiness for the success of the scheme. That satisfied Him. He required no further guarantee or assurance, and to the whole scheme He yielded His willing and loving consent. This perfect understanding, not only of His own position, and that of His adversary, but of the entire plan of God’s dispensations of redemption, His own proper relation to them, as well as His willing consent to the whole scheme, we conceive to have been a tower of strength during His earthly walk through all His temptations and conflicts. “His truth,” says David, “shall be thy shield and buckler.” But let us not suppose that He got this knowledge without effort. That He had heavenly assistance in all His efforts will appear more directly in our next point. It was in perfect co-operation with this assistance that He gained His knowledge and understanding of the Holy Scriptures. “And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.”

The covenant with David differs from the other two, in this respect, that it promises to His “seed,” which is to be established upon His throne forever, a perfect deliverance from the enemy, 2 Sam. 7: 10. “Neither shall the children of wickedness afflict them any more, as before time,” and Ps. 89: 22. The enemy shall not exact upon him; nor the Son of wickedness afflict him:” while the other two predict warfare and conflict throughout,
and Paul tells us, that the same conditions of conflict are to continue through this Christian dispensation. Gal. 4:29. But this prophecy of deliverance points ahead at least two dispensations, when “the Son of wickedness” shall have gone to his place of reward; the ancestor, himself, put in a safe place. And, “the brotherhood,” if there is anything left of it at that time, will not have many pretentions, in the absence of the master.

In reading the book of Psalms in the light of this covenant only can we hope to receive the fullest measure of blessing from it, nor can we hope to interpret the paradoxes we meet with in the book, except in this light. For instance, Ps. 89. In one breath the Psalmist declares, that God has sworn by his own holiness, that the covenant shall never be broken. In the next breath he declares, that God has made void the covenant with his servant. Verses 34—39. There are many more such seeming contradictions in the book, but when we look at them in the light of this covenant, and in the light of history, we see that they are predictions of different dispensations, and that both declarations are true. In the covenant itself, God includes these conditions: “If his children forsake My law, and walk not in My Judgments, and keep not My commandments, then will I visit their transgression with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes. Nevertheless My loving kindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer My faithfulness to fail.” This warning note in the covenant, the people of Israel failed to observe, and the contrary predictions are fulfilled in them. “My people,” says Hosea, “are destroyed for lack of knowledge: because thou hast rejected knowledge, I will also reject thee, that thou shalt be no priest to Me: seeing thou hast forgotten the law of thy God. I will also forget thy children.” We also have two very pathetic utterances from Jesus Himself, showing where Israel failed. “If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now are they hid from thine eyes.” Luke 19:42. “O Jerusalem, Jerusalem,—how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not,” Matt. 23:37. They knew not, and they would not, for that reason their house was left unto them desolate until they shall say: “Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.” Jesus knew, He fully understood all the predictions in these covenants; He gave His willing consent to all the conditions in them; for that reason, He sits at the right hand of God, until His enemies shall be made His footstool.

It was with these covenants for surety, that Jesus accomplished the race, not only from Nazareth to Calvary, but from Calvary to Hades, and back again. Acts 13:34. And from Olivet to the right hand of God. Matt. 22:43, 44.

We do well in these days of deceptions, and delusions, to keep these old landmarks before us. Many prominent men in the race to-day, look upon them as out of date. They are laying them aside, as if they were the hindering weights mentioned in the twelfth chapter of Hebrews. These were not the weights Paul laid aside when he entered the race. “Confidence in the flesh,” and, “righteousness which is in the law,” were some of the heavy weights he laid aside, and what an athlete he became when he got rid of them. His record has not been broken yet, and probably never will be, under the present conditions.

Second. Equipment.

(To be continued.)

HINDUISM

BITTER are the fruits of Hinduism because, in the name of their religion, Hindus do many wicked things and have many bad customs which cruelly limit or destroy the liberty of the subject.

The limitations of the choice of marriage within small sections is one of the causes of the physical deterioration of the Indian race. Besides the physical injury, this diminishes mental vigor also. In many castes they marry close relatives. They cannot bear to see their daughters marry strangers. A well known Indian pastor was converted from one of these castes and married a Christian wife. His relations were dismayed. They said, “If he gets daughters they will marry strangers, and what a disgrace to our family!” They were glad when two little boys came, but their joy was turned to grief when one after another three girls were born. They begged to have the girls, but how could a Christian give his children up to those who were not Christians, even though they were his own mother and sisters?

There is sadness in many a home; and sorrow and life-long misery is the lot of many a woman through loveless marriages forced on men and girls through this harmful custom of the inter-marriage of blood relations.—From Hinduism and Womanhood, by Soonderbai H. Powar.
VIRAMGAM

BY SYDNEY ARMSON

WHEN one sits down to write a missionary article, or even an ordinary station report, the question invariably arises, How shall I begin? This point settled, it is not so hard to amble along quietly, jotting down occasional notes of the things that have befallen during the past few months, the changes that have taken place, one or two of the trials we have been called upon to endure, and also a few of the blessings of which we have been the happy recipients. Of course the personal element must be subordinated to the missionary, otherwise—but I had better stop at this, and consider myself as fairly started lest my say will not be read.

Friends will remember that I was appointed to the Dholkâ district last November. Owing to Mr. Andrew's illness, it fell to my lot to look after the Orphanage for a little while until Mr. Hamilton was free to come, so that it was late in January before I could begin work in the district. After intinatering about a month, it was my illfortune, or good (?) to be thrown from a camel, which effectually put an end to my touring for the season. However, dislocated shoulders get better in time, even though the effects are felt for several months afterwards. About this time Mr. Duckworth's illness necessitated my relieving him at Viramgâm. Mr. Culvur accompanied me, but owing to the fact that he could not get a good teacher, he has deemed it wise to return to Dholkà. I trust it may be God's will for him to return next year.

And now what shall I say concerning the past three months, for it was about the first of June that we arrived here. They have truly been months of unparalleled blessing. Owing to the heat in June, we were able to do very little work outside; still the evenings were comparatively cool, so that it was not hard to get out to near villages. I find the people very receptive, always ready to listen to the glad message, and on the whole evincing an interest I have not seen so marked anywhere. Gospel portions and tracts are bought eagerly in many places. It is a joy to one's heart to know that God's Word is being spread so broadcast among the villages; where there is some knowledge of the Word it ensures a more intelligent and sympathetic audience, particularly if it has fallen in honest truth-seeking hearts.

Our Sunday services have from the beginning also been times of great blessing. God has been especially good to us here. Two for whom we had been praying for a long time have been definitely converted, and together with two others who had been waiting some time, were baptised. They have since been coming on nicely, and their daily life bears ample testimony to the reality of the Spirit's work in their hearts. These are the first to be baptised in Viramgâm to my knowledge, so that I ask your prayers for them to the end that they may grow in grace, and be the first-fruits of an abundant harvest. There have also been many minor incidents worth reporting, but as I have one or two reflections to make before closing, I shall record only one.

A few weeks ago a Mohammedan called at the bangalow. After a few minutes preliminary chat with him I found that he had been a Bible student for the past two or three years. At first he seemed inclined to fence a little, to make out as though he had still some difficulties to be got over. On this I recommended to him the writings of Dr. Imad-ud-din, as being likely to help him. He surprised me by saying that he had read all the Dr. had written, and needed no further convincing as to the truth of the Christian religion. Then for a little while he descanted on the courage and nobleness of character of such men as Dr. Imad-ud-din, who at so much personal risk had stood out so boldly for the truth of the Gospel, lamenting that he himself was a man made of entirely different material. "Ah!" he said, "if I only knew such a man in my own neighbourhood, I would not hesitate to step out at once, but I do not know such an one; there are many like myself, secret believers, who are waiting for some one to step out from their midst, and take a stand for what they believe in their hearts to be true; I believe there are many such in this city." He further added, "Once I was just on the point of receiving baptism, but drew back because I was afraid of the consequences that might ensue." On this I mentioned to him that just such a man as he was waiting for (a converted
moulvie) had called on us only a week or so before, and had been out with us preaching several times. On hearing this he to my surprise said that he would not be afraid to go out with us himself. As he did not leave Viramgâm until a late train, I suggested going to a near village in the evening, where a large proportion of the inhabitants were Mohâmedans. He readily assented. A large crowd of people gathered, and after a few preliminary remarks, I introduced him as a Mussalman, who, after some years of unprejudiced study had become convinced of the truth of the Christian religion. I then left him to speak for himself. To my surprise he spoke out boldly, not minimising a single important truth of the Gospel. It was very clear that the word had come to him in power, and with a measure of assurance. On the way home he remarked, “If Mr. Turnbull were in India now I would be baptised at once.” I might have said before this, that he first heard the Gospel in Mehemdâbâd from Mr. Turnbull some years ago, visited him on a few subsequent occasions, and the word evidently taking hold of his heart, he had read every scrap of Christian literature that afterwards came to his hands. He spoke and read Urdu and Arabic besides his own native Gujerâthi; from this it will be seen that he was a man of more than ordinary intellectual attainments. His home is in Broach. I trust we shall ere long see him again, and have the joy of welcoming him as a brother in Christ.

In conclusion let me say that those of us who have only had a little experience in vernacular preaching, know full well that the average Hindu is on the whole more accessible than the average Mohâmedan, and it is a question if throughout all India the work amongst Mohâmedans has been one whit more successful than amongst low-caste Hindus. I include, of course, intelligent and educated Hindus in the term “high-caste.” If what this man says is true, (and I do not see any reason to doubt his statement,) that thousands are secretly reading the Bible, and studying the doctrines and claims of Christianity, and waiting, not Micawber-like—but with a real heart-longing “for something to turn up,” even the dictum of so great an authority as the Bishop of Madras that “against anything like an acceptance of the Christian creed, the higher ranks of Indian society present a solid and unbroken front,” may be accepted with some amount of reserve. He (the man) did not refer exclusively to Mohâmedans, but spoke generally of Hindu and Mohâmedan alike. The human heart is the same the wide-world over. I ask pardon for using such a well-worn platitude; but I do so because none the less it is a profound truth. There is no more in philosophic Hinduism with its Gitas and Vedânta Saras, and their distorted and utterly grotesque and disproportionate views of the doctrine of the Divine immanence, and its doctrine of Karma, and endless chain of transmigrations, to give rest and peace to the soul of man, than there is in the transcendental far-off deity of Mohâmed and the inexorable fatalism of the creed of the Koran. Hindu and Mohâmedan alike feel a yearning after a God they have never yet been able to discover in their systems of belief,—one “who is nigh unto all them that call upon Him”—whose heart goes out with an infinite tenderness and compassion and longing to save every sinning, suffering child of Adam, who “for give iniquity, transgression, and sin”—restores peace to the heart, and quietude to the conscience. They are beginning to see that if such a God as only can satisfy the aspirations and longings of the human heart has revealed Himself, He is not discoverable in their systems. The religious instinct so deeply implanted in every Hindu bosom will never rest satisfied with the hazy speculations, absurd hypotheses, and multitudinous contradictions of the Upanishâds and Shastras—neither will they turn from them to the negations of modern philosophic and scientifc Western thought. They have more in common with Schelling and Hegel, than with Hâckel and McCabe. The materialism of the Sankhya never seems to have been popular among them at any time. No, they will yet discover that the lowly Gallilean—the Carpentcr of Nazareth, the Man of Calvary holds in His pierced hands the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, is the sole arbiter of human destiny, and only can provide the final, and true solution of the “Riddle of the Universe.” So let us not draw all our conclusions from mere outward appearances. We would not substitute rhetoric for plain palpable fact, but “The Lord reigneth.” He is working, silently and surely, and we shall yet have the joy of seeing proud knees bend, and hearing many thousands in Berâr and Gujerât witness with their lips the glad confession to the eternal “glory of God the Father.” So let us apply ourselves anew to the task, believing that in due reason we shall reap if we faint not.
HILL BUNGALOW
BY OSCAR LAPP

O my God, my soul is cast down within me; therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.
Ps. 42: 6.

WHERE would the Lord have me to go during this hot season? This question confronts almost every missionary on the field at the beginning of the hot weather. And when one gets the Lord’s thought then one can rest in the assurance that He will meet him there with a great blessing.

At the beginning of the last hot season, while waiting upon the Lord for guidance, the way opened for me to go to Chikalda, where our hill bungalow is. There with some of the Kurku missionaries we had very blessed fellowship with the Lord and with one another. The Lord surely met us, and now we can look back and remember with joy the delightful days spent upon the little hill of Chikalda.

The scenery of these hills is very attractive. The mountain on which our Mission bungalow is built and the surrounding mountains are three thousand feet above the sea level. The mountains seem to be God’s monuments of His faithfulness toward His people. “As the mountains are round about Jerusalem so the Lord is round about His people.” While standing on some rock and looking down into the valleys we are reminded of the words of David, when he said, “He brought me up out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock.”

Even the jungle grass, lilies and fowls speak to us in words such as these: “If God so clothe the grass of the field—shall He not much more clothe you?” “Consider the lilies etc.” “Behold the fowls of the air” etc. Jesus came to this world to give language, as it were, to all these things, that they may speak of His loving remembrance of us, and of His tender care over us.

This hill bungalow is sixty miles from the nearest railway station. At present a branch line is projected which will bring that place over thirty miles nearer. And then many will be anxious to get there for a little time of rest during the very hot days. Now the bungalow can accommodate a couple of families, and a couple of single people. So far the bungalow, which the Lord has given to the Alliance Mission, has been a great blessing to many, and in the future it will be of increasing value.

Possibly the Lord is speaking to some one concerning the much needed new rooms there. And then the door would be open to many of our missionaries, who otherwise would be denied the privilege of going to this near, less expensive, beautiful place for want of room.

HOW CAN IT BE?
BY EARLE CARVER

“How can Christ be the Saviour of the world when we have not heard of Him till now?”

We are sitting on the end of a log at the outskirts of a little village. Before us on the ground sits a barber with his primitive outfit beside him. In his hand he holds his razor and diligently applies himself to shaving those of the villagers who want his services. There is no sharp, quick call of “next” (such as we would hear at home), when a customer rises to give place to another: but each one silently gets up and goes and another silently comes.

We had walked through the hamlet looking for our “congregation” and just at the outside we found this little company. We were invited to sit on the log which was evidently considered a more becoming place for the “Sahib” than just the ground. We began our “sermon” under difficulties for it was evident that our hearers were rather indifferent about our wanting to talk with them. However, we were invited to tell our “story” and so we began by singing. This they could listen to without much mental exertion. But when we began to tell the message we found it hard. They were disinterested. Perhaps no one knows better than missionaries to heathen lands how painful and discouraging a thing it is to try to give a great message to hearts that receive it disinterestedly. But we went ahead because we believed that among our hearers there might be at least one or two who would care.

And then a young man got up from the company on the ground and came and sat on the log beside us—to argue the question.

“Sahib how can Christ be the Saviour of the world when we have not heard of Him till in these days? Krishna is our Saviour. We will ask him to save us and he will. We worship him and he will take us to heaven.”

“But what does Krishna do for you now? Does he save you?”

“Oh, yes. He helps us every day, and he will save us by and by.”

(Continued on page 43.)
The heart is not always fulfilled because of weakness or failure; instead of reaching true development; visions unfulfilled because of weakness or failure somewhere. It is not strange that the heart should long for a solution of the problem. We are given. Let us glean from it as to some of the causes for failure.

Is not one of the primary reasons of disappointment that we set our hopes on the wrong object? Our perspective is wrong and instead of fixing our gaze on the mountain tops of God's truth, we choose some lesser object to set our hopes upon, expecting to reap the same harvest of peace and joy as the true ideal would bring to us. The bitterness of the disappointment is great indeed when we wake up to find that we have gathered only apples of Sodom, expecting them to be sweet to our taste. The first thing, then, is to get the right vision, and that too we get only from God and the Book. In that we find out what is worth while. We get a true perspective of this life in relation to that beyond. The other things which too often engage our whole thought will then fulfill in our lives the purpose which is designed for them to serve, namely, helps to the achievement of the true goal. It is letting things occupy the wrong place in our affections and lives which works mischief and brings many of our disappointments. The things are right and good, but when we substitute them for the best and highest, they fail to be even the blessing they might be if kept in their right place.

Then again, we often have right objects, but we take wrong methods to attain them. In a subtle way we persuade ourselves that the end justifies the means, and we adopt the world's methods to accomplish heavenly ends. We "go down to Egypt for help," and just as surely we find that we are leaning on a broken staff which pierces our hand. Satan sought to make Christ win His kingdom by a short and easy road not in God's plan, though seemingly so much simpler and better. But Jesus took the long way of shame and sorrow and the cross, knowing that any other path would lead only to disaster and ruin. We should stick to God's plans and stick to God's methods as He has revealed them in the Book. "A man is not crowned except he strive lawfully."

Sometimes the canker-worm of a wrong motive spoils our vine; or the caterpiller of envy and jealousy severs the fruit from the vine and leaves it to perish. Sometimes the weeds of worldly cares and aspirations choke the young and tender vines. And some sow a seed of bitterness along with the good seed and the life of the good vine is poisoned and it brings forth bitter fruit. We need to see carefully to the environment of our plants. Good soil, freedom from ravaging insects and continual watchfulness are necessary conditions of fruit bearing.

Again, we are not patient and we seek to force the growth of our little plant of hope. Instead of helping we hinder. We must wait for wind and sunshine and rain to do their part in the ripening of the fruit. We need not fear tempest or heat, for the great Gardener knows how to temper the elements or to shield from them. All sorts of weather are essential to the proper development of our little plant. There is one little word used repeatedly in God's book, which, if obeyed, would save from many a catastrophe and many a heartache. It is "wait;" again and again, "wait."

There is a fulness of time, a harvest hour appointed and we need to learn to truly commit our times into God's hands. The promise is, "in due season, if we faint not," neither too late nor too early, but just when it will be truly best and the fruit is properly ripened. The husbandman plants his vine and labours carefully for right conditions. There are pruning days too, when the luxuriant growth of the plant is cut away, and the vine seemingly almost destroyed. And then come the long days of patient waiting. "Ye have..."
need of patience that after ye have done the will of God ye might receive the promise."

To those who up until now have seen only failure and disappointment, there is a word of encouragement. It is not too late. "And I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten . . . and ye shall eat in plenty and be satisfied, and praise the name of the Lord your God that hath dealt wondrously with you." If any of us have missed God's best, then let us begin afresh to-day. Let us plant new vines of hope, only let us see that we get them from God, and that we have the right conditions. Faith is the soil; obedience will water our plant, often, it may be, with tears, but it will be efficacious. And patience will be sunshine to our garden of hope. Our vine shall not cast her fruit before the time, and we shall see the fulfillment of every God-given plant of hope.

"In His time! O precious word
Spoken by the glorious Lord;
Little one! Leave all to Me,
I will hasten it for thee.'

In His time the aching heart
E'en shall lose its pain and smart:
And the thorns that wound the feet
Shall give place to roses sweet.

In His time! The harvest hour
When the pruning days are o'er,
When the worthless twigs are gone,
Golden fruitage shall be borne."

HOW CAN IT BE?
(Concluded from page 41.)

"But listen! The One we tell you of saves now. He has saved me and gives me peace and joy now. Does Krishna do that?"

"Oh yes, he does."

We knew this was a lie. But lies fall very easily from the lips of heathen young men and there is no sharp distinction between what is a lie and the truth.

"Why will Krishna save you and how will he do it?"

"Oh we worship him and because we do that he will save us."

"Ah, but Jesus saves us through grace. He Himself supplies the merit that saves us. He gave His life for us and He asks is that we turn away from sin and trust Him."

This is simple and beautiful to us, but it does not take hold of this young man—and other millions like him.

"And how can He be the Saviour of us when we have not known of Him all these years? You have been here only a short time and if Jesus Christ is the world’s Saviour why did we not hear of Him long ago."

There is something of sarcasm in this and even if there were not it would be a hard question to answer. We do not know how to answer it and all we can say to the young man is that the message is true even if his people have not known it before. He cannot believe that we are here out of love of God. He can only think we are being paid for coming and his mind is not logical enough to seek for a reason why any one would pay us. It is hard to lift such minds to any thoughts higher than those which have to do with the supply of present needs and the gratification of appetites. It is at first amusing but afterwards sad to hear how often the words "stomach" and "money" are used in the conversation of the people. In the bazaar and in the shop, in the home and in the field, from the travellers on the road and the beggars in the street, by men and women, by adults and by children—everywhere and by all, these two words, "stomach" and "money" daily and hourly come into use. When hearts are so saturated with the things of earth it is only the Spirit of God that can awaken them to a real sense of their condition. Is it any wonder they ask, "How can it be?" Even when they do not argue and when they mentally, at least, accept the Story there are still some hows and whys that present themselves for answers. Only this morning we talked with some men who assented to what we had to say but when we had finished the "sermon" one of them (spokesman for the others) asked, "If we come to Christ will He fill our stomachs and will there be wages for us? And when we are sick and going to die will there be any one to care for us?"

Ah, yes; it is a step of faith! The first step is. Eternity seems a long way off and time is very near. The devil makes it so to all who hear the message.

Dear reader, in conclusion may we ask you a question? How can the hearts of these people be reached if you do not stand by us in prayer and in giving? Sometimes we feel in a special way the uplift of Jesus’ love, in our hearts. And then it is a delight to tell the message. Somebody is holding up our hands. At such times we never feel that we deserve any credit. The one praying somewhere is doing much the greater service. Dear friend, is that one you?
SANTA BARBARA.—August 20th, 1907
By Annie Cutler

This day at the above place will without doubt ever remain a "Red Letter Day" to at least six young hearts. To others with them it was also a time of gladness; and the writer feeling that there are many interested ones who would like to share in the joy, is prompted to send them a brief account of what transpired to make this day a distinguished one.

The lateness of the train caused considerable delay in our arriving at Santa Barbara on the night of 19th inst., and though on reaching, stillness reigned over that place, yet so many were the moving figures discernible in the moonlight, some who with noiseless tread admitted us and others who looked on, that one felt the bell rung at 9 o'clock for retiring, had, for once at any rate, not been very promptly obeyed. However, for the delinquents sympathy only was aroused, for was not the morrow to witness the marriages of three of the boys? and was not one of the brides elect with me?

The "morrow" dawned a morn bright with sunshine—the second after almost one month of wet weather. It witnessed many very early risers, and happy workers filled well the hours as they sped by, making preparations for the great event of the day.

Through sundry requests made at various intervals to Mr. Moyser, such as, "Sàhib, six plantain leaves are needed." "May we have some plantain leaves?" "Can we take Auntie's plants?" etc., etc., one became initiated into the kind of work that occupied many and could not resist the temptation of entering the school-room and watching for a time the decorations in progress. A bamboo arch, covered with the large cocoanut palm, plantain, and other leaves, and a whole papaya tree—minus roots—gracing the top of it—the mass of green relieved by bright artificial flowers, variegated paper chains made by small but deft fingers, gracefully looped across and around, pot-plants arranged in terraced rows at the bottom—presented a far more pleasing effect than could be imagined from the description.

About 3-45 p.m. Miss Krater, with her two special charges, arrived from Khâmgâon, and 4-30 p.m. being fixed as the wedding-hour, no time was lost in arraying the brides in their simple white lugadies and jackets and placing a few pure white mogra blossoms (a sweet-scented Indian jasmine) in their hair, they stood, a pretty trio—waiting to take the next step.

During the singing of the first hymn the brides were taken into the school-room and led to their respective places beside the bridegrooms. The first hymn finished, another, composed by the lads, was sung. Then, it being a fitting opportunity, before the wedding ceremony proper commenced, some prizes were awarded to those of the boys who had passed in the recent workers' examination were distributed by Mr. Ramsey with a few appropriate words addressed to each receiver. The fact that two of the grooms were recipients of the marks of honour added interest to the occasion. Prayer followed, and the marriage service, conducted by Mr. Moyser, at the close of which, the three happy pairs stood to be garlanded and receive congratulations from the assembly present which included our orphan boys and native Christians, Akola missionaries and a few Hindu friends.

It was considered to be the prettiest wedding service as yet held in Santa Barbara and we were glad that before the company dispersed the photograph was taken.

At 7-30 p.m. dinner was served on the school-room floor for all, (Hindu friends excepted).

Reserved for last, are a few special remarks regarding the six chief personages in the above.

First.—Titus, received in the famine, became a bright earnest Christian. He works in the mission kârkhaâna (workshop) and is studying to be an engineer. The following incident will give an idea as to his character.

When at home on furlough Mr. Moyser's sister gave a watch to be presented to the best, most faithful and popular boy in the school. On his return to determine who that one was Mr. Moyser told the boys to vote and Titus was unanimously voted for. One was glad to learn that he is also energetic in active work for the Lord; though not having yet received a direct call to be a catechist we can pray that he may.

Rakmâbâi his wife, another famine trophy, was received in an utterly destitute condition. She has studied to the 6th Standard and English, and it is a great joy to know that she has a real desire for Bible-woman's work.

2nd, Tukarâm.—He has studied to 9th Standard Marathi and English 5th and is now Head-Master of the Akola boys' orphanage. He too was rescued in the famine at the time when cholera was raging. After his father had died from that awful disease Tukarâm
was taken ill with it and one day his mother entered the Akola Mission compound with him tied in a bundle on her back. Through Mrs. Stanley he was taken to the hospital and it pleased God to spare his life. He was especially given into Mrs. Stanley's care by his mother. It is intense joy to record that Tukaram has had a definite call from God to be a preacher of the Gospel and in due time he will enter his life-work. He it was who received the first prize (a beautifully bound Marathi Bible) mentioned above.

Subaktibai is his wife, given to Miss Yoder by her mother in the famine. It would take too long to tell all these sad histories. She is a dear Christian girl, and has studied to 6th Standard Marathi and 2nd English and we can pray that she may be a true helpmeet to her dear husband and that not only he but both of them may be bright witnesses of our Lord Jesus Christ to their own people.

3rd and last—Raghunath and Guije in whom my husband and I have always had a very special interest, since adopting the latter as our own child. It has been a cause for deep gratitude that both have been most signal blessings and that a mutual attachment sprung up between them. Our little Guije, who in the famine time came under our care and then seemed lost again to us—yes twice nearly lost—but eventually won, praise God! has proved a bright girl and has studied to the 8th Marathi Standard and 4th English. Last April she passed her examination in the Normal Class and now holds a Government certificate that proves her to be a qualified teacher. Her husband, who has studied to 9th Standard Marathi and 5th English has, like Tukara, received a definite call to preach the Gospel. They have now come home to live and work with us in Murtizapur and we are so glad to have them. We are trusting for their support.

One word in closing—on Aug. 20th three new Christian homes were started in dark heathen Berar. It may be difficult for those who do not live here but are accustomed to Christian surroundings, fully to estimate the value of such homes but all can well understand that they must mean much toward the decrease of heathen homes and will not need to be reminded of the responsibility of “helping together by prayer” to that end.

Pray that God's highest and richest blessing may rest upon these six consecrated young lives and their homes, that through them and their influence many souls may be won to Jesus.

THE BRAHMAN HIGH PRIEST AND HIS "SCHOOL OF THE PROPHETS"

By Rev. Jacob Chamberlain, M.D., LL.D.

All through the country we missionaries go, presenting Jesus Christ as the “Light of the World”; as the only Saviour from sin, who can and will save all mankind if they will only accept Him as their Saviour. We meet with varied receptions and have to present the truth in different ways to different audiences of different grades of intelligence and diverse attitudes of mind.

We endeavour never to abuse their gods nor needlessly to attack their systems, as an angry man will not listen to, nor take in the truth. We seek to present with courtesy and kindness and love a higher truth than any they have, satisfied that if that truth finds an entrance their system will go. If specious objections are brought forward, we sometimes have to turn aside and answer those before they will listen to the truth.

Occasionally we are received with real courtesy, but more often we are treated at first with scorn—and sometimes with real abuse. We are obliged to vary the weapons we use according to such utilized by those who attack us, always having at hand, however, the whole panoply of God to draw upon as needed; for the missionary in a close place does often reverently recognize the fulfilment of the Saviour's promise in Mark 13:11: "For it is not ye that speak but the Holy Spirit."

Two of our missionaries were on a preaching tour in the Telugu country, and had gone into a native state in that part where missionaries had then never before preached, and had pitched our tents under a mango grove, just outside of the chief city gate of the walled town of Chintamanipet. We had been told that on an eminence in the northern part of the city was a famous school for training young Brähmans as priests, with a noted Brähman high priest at its head.

Pitching our camp in the morning, we had remained through the heat of that August day in our tent under the grateful mango shade, and when the sun began to approach the western horizon we, with our native assistants, went through the gates to the market-place in the center of the city, and taking our position on the wide stone steps on its north side, we together sang a rallying Gospel song to one of their favourite old Telugu tunes. Reading from
the Word of God, we began to preach to the large throng that had assembled, on God, and man, and sin, and redemption.

The audience were listening attentively as we were speaking of the nature of sin, and how it could be gotten rid of, when down the street leading from the Acropolis, on which stood the "school of the prophets," we saw approaching a venerable Brâhman priest in his robes, surrounded by some thirty young Brâhmans who seemed to be his disciples.

Slowly approaching us through the crowd who made way for him with his disciples, he came up to within a little distance of the market steps upon which we were standing, and making a snort of utter scorn, which the Brâhman knows how to do with emphasis, he addressed us: "Yes, talk to us about sin do you, you old beef-eaters, you revilers of our gods?"

"We have not been reviling your gods, my venerable friend," replied one of the missionaries. "Ask these people who have been listening to us. But we have been courteously talking about the matter that is of the highest import on earth or in heaven to every man that lives, and we desire to go on and speak further of that matter which concerns you and your disciples as well as those that were listening. But since you have interrupted us we will, before resuming, ask you a few questions."

"You charge us with being beef-eaters as the most heinous of sins. Now will you very kindly tell us in exactly what the heinousness of that consists? Is it in the taking away from a creature the principal of life, with which it has been endowed by the Creator?—for while we are not ourselves in the habit of killing and eating beef, we acknowledge that most English people in India do so and we should like to know just in what the essence of the sin consists. Is it in the depriving a living being of the principal of life with which it has been endowed by its Creator?"

"Yes, that is just it; you Europeans take life and eat the dead animal just to satisfy your own appetite."

"I understand," said the missionary, "the real sin consists in depriving a living creature of life. Now does it make any difference how large or how small that animal is? Is the sin any more heinous if one kills an elephant than if he kills a calf?"

"No, not at all; the act is the same."

"You are sure, are you, that the sin is the same whatever be the size of the living thing? I wish to be clear on that point."

"Yes, there can be no difference in the character of the act. The sin is the same; it can only be intensified if one takes such life for his own benefit or convenience, or to save him trouble."

"My venerable friend! You know not into what a position this puts you. If this be true, and you wish to avoid heinous sin, you have but one thing to do. You must very cautiously and circumspectly pick your way home and spread down your mat and lie down on it and expire, for you can not live another day without committing mortal sin—yes, multitudes of such sins."

"Why, how is that?" said he, quite startled.

"I will tell you. It is now approaching sunset. As you turn to go back to your abode the sunset-ants will be running in myriads over the streets as is their wont for their evening meal; and, walk as carefully as you may, you will step upon some of them and crush them. When you reach your home your wife will spread down your dining-mat upon the floor and place your evening meal upon it, and you will sit down to eat, and in doing so you will inevitably crush some of the many insects which unseen by your wife were upon the floor when she spread the mat down. But, far worse than that, in cooking that delicious pot of rice and curry, your wife had used many dried bratties. Now, as we all know, bratties are made from rice husks coarsely mixed with cow dung and stuck up on the wall to dry. Into their interstices multitudes of small insects crawl to avoid the heat of the sun, and remain in their hiding-places when the bratties are dried. Your wife took those dried bratties to boil your rice and thus your evening meal was cooked by a holocaust of living beings, which were sacrificed for the delectation of your palate. Your wife brings to you your little brass water-pot for you to quench your thirst. In each drop of water are multitudes of infinitesimal living beings, animalcules.

"If you will bring a sample of your choicest drinking water to our tent to-morrow at midday when the sun is bright, we will show you with our magnifying lens, or microscope, hosts of these infinitesimal living beings, these animalcules, in each drop of water. When you take that water into your stomach to quench your thirst the gastric juice kills myriads of those animalcules, so that your stomach becomes a veritable cemetery.

"You finish your supper and spread out your kora grass mat for the night, and as you lie
down you crush some more small insects that have been under it unperceived, and during the night each time that, in your dreams, you roll over you crush still more. No, my friend, you can not live another day without destroying the principal of life in some living creatures, and you say that it makes no difference what the size or character of the living creature, the taking away of its life is murder. The only thing then for you to do, if you wish to avoid what you have declared to be mortal sin, my venerable friend, is to have these, your disciples, go before you to your home, very carefully sweeping a path before you all the way, and spread down your mat and expire. I am telling you what all learned men know to be true.

The venerable priest fairly gasped as this picture was completed and his group of disciples looked at each other with deep concern.

“I admit,” said the old Brâhman, after standing thinking for a time, “that you have brought forward matter for which I was not prepared. I must have time to look up the Vedas, but I will meet you here again to-morrow at the same hour and then I am sure I can demolish you.”

“Very well,” said the missionary, “we will gladly waive that matter for the present. When you came we were talking about sin and how to get rid of it, and that, you will admit, is the most important question that can engage the attention of mortal man; and now, my venerable friend, let us resume its consideration and see if we can not together in a kindly spirit find some light upon the matter. I am going to ask you as I have asked many of your venerable men, what is the real meaning of the Sanskrit slâka that you Brâhmans devoutly chant as you go to the river for your ablutions? What you chant is this, is it not? (and the missionary chanted in the rich Sanskrit):

“Pâpôlam pâpakarmâham, pâpâtma pâpa sambhavaha,
Trâhîmâm Krupayâ dévâ, sharanâ gata vatsala.

Is not its real meaning this (speaking in Telugu): ‘I am a sinner; my actions are sinful; my soul is sinful; all that pertains to me is polluted with sin. Do thou, O God that hast mercy on those who seek thy refuge, do thou take away my sins.’”

“Yes, that is it,” said he, with very evident respect for one who could correctly chant the holy texts; and his disciples looked at one another and smiled approval.

“Now,” said the missionary, “we are agreed on that point that we are all of us sinful and that we can not of our own selves get rid of our sins, but must have God’s help. The next great question is how to obtain that help. Your own beloved poet Véranâ says (intoning it in Telugu):

“Tis not by roaming deserts wild nor gazing at the sky;
Tis not by bathing in the stream nor pilgrimage to shrine;
But thine own heart must thou make pure, and then and then alone
Shalt thou see Him no eye hath kenned, shalt thou behold thy King.

“Now, how can our hearts be made so pure so that we can indeed see God? The secret has been revealed by the one Great God in the Holy Bible, the true Vâda, and my ancestors have learned it; shall I tell it to you?”

All were now attentive while the missionary went on to tell them the story of stories, the story of redeeming love. He told them that sin was not, as so many regarded it, simply the violation of the ceremonial law, but that sin was any disobedience of that only true God who had created, preserves, and blesses us, and who alone is entitled to our perfect obedience. He told them how, when men had fallen into sin and lost all harmony with God and had become His enemies, that God of love determined Himself to save them; how God sent His own Son into this world as a divine Guru, a divine Saviour, for our sins; and, opening one of the Gospels in his hands, he read out distinctly in the melodious Telugu: “For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life.”

“That only begotten son of God,” continued the missionary, “was not born in England or America, so that this could not be regarded as a white man’s religion. He was born in a land midway between here and England, in Asia, your own continent; so that He was more akin to you than to us.”

And then the missionary went on to tell of that wonderful virgin birth, foretold by God’s prophets hundreds of years before, and for whose coming God had prepared a people by centuries of discipline. He told of the wonderful life and works and words of Jesus Christ while here upon earth—of His deeds of love and mercy, of His giving sight to the blind, causing the deaf to hear, healing the sick, raising the dead, and yet how He was rejected by those He had come to save; and how He was crucified and how He was buried, and how, on
Plague has again invaded the compound of the orphanage in Khâmgâon and the girls have been obliged to take refuge in the jungle. Miss Fuller being with them. The girls are inclined to be less orderly and submissive when partially freed from the restraints of the orphanage walls, and they need special prayer at this time. The weather too is particularly trying, it being very hot and dry.

At best the crops of this district will be a partial failure, even if more rain falls now. If rain does not fall there will be a total failure of crops, which means the dread foe famine and all the other ills which follow in its wake.

Miss Vench has been transferred from Akola to Shegâon. May God make her a blessing to the multitudes of women of that great district who have not yet even heard “the Name.”

The annual convention of the Christian and Missionary Alliance of India will open on November first, at Akola, Berîr, the Lord permitting. May our expectations be large as God’s desires to bless and may we not fail to meet Him wholly.

A day or two ago when we called in at the house of our big, tall, dignified native evangelist, we found him sitting on the floor with scissors and needle making garments for one of his numerous offspring, while his wife lay near by playing with the baby. In India the husband often sews his wife’s jackets and the children’s clothing. The women seldom learn this art.

One of our school-boys in Bhushâwâl, after narrating the account of Zachariâ’s vision in the temple, wound up by saying, “Then Zachariâ went outside where Elisabeth was waiting and said to her, ‘Go home,’ and she went home and they called the baby John.”

The vowels in Indian words as spelt in this magazine should be pronounced as follows:—

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The four chief diphthongs ai, ai, oi, au are pronounced like their component vowels smoothly combined.

In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold, it is here—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now:
This crust is My body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept indeed
In whatsoever we share with another’s need—
Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare:
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—
Himself, his hungering neighbour and Me.—Lowell.

the morning of the third day, He rose again from the grave by His own divine power, and how the soldier guard that were around the grave were so terrified that they fell to the ground as dead men, and how He appeared to His disciples and they saw the wound-scar and knew for a certainty that it was indeed their Jesus risen from the dead; and how, after being with them for forty days, teaching them, He took them up on to a hill and after giving them His last command, “Go ye into all the world and preach this good news to every creature;” He had ascended again to heaven and that He ever lives there in heaven in His body and that He ever lives there at the right hand of God the Father to make intercession for all who believe in Him; and how, at the last day, all nations of all the earth will be gathered before Him for the final judgment and He will separate the good from the bad and will take all who, in this life, have believed in Him and cried to Him for salvation from sin, and accepted Him as their Saviour—will take all such to dwell with Him in heaven in eternal felicity.

(To be continued.)

**Items**

**R. AND MRS. C. EICHER** have been transferred from Buldâna to Akola to take charge of the Marathi Training School for young men. Mr. and Mrs. P. Eicher and Miss Barbara Eicher accompany them to continue their studies and render what assistance they can. Pray that God may give great blessing as the school opens afresh under new leadership. Many have been the trials and disappointments in connection with this work, but we believe there are better days ahead.

Mr. Lapp has undertaken the responsible work of the boys’ orphanage at Akola. This is a difficult place and our brother needs to be upheld by prayer. Tireless love and patience and wisdom are called for.

Mr. Auenkeimer will take up the work of the Daryapur taluka which Mr. and Mrs. Dinham are leaving to occupy the place left vacant at Buldâna. Here are two needy, promising fields. May the harvest come soon!

Miss Alice Yoder has been very ill. After a hard battle for life she is slowly recovering, but still needs much prayer at this writing. She has been taken away from her loved work at Khâmgâon to Bombay, in the hope that the change may be beneficial.
List of Alliance Missionaries.

BERAR—

Akola.  Mr. and Mrs. P. Eicher
Mr. and Mrs. R. S. M. Stanley
Miss A. Little
Mr. and Mrs. C. Eicher
Miss B. Eicher

Amraoti.  Mrs. V. Erickson
Miss L. J. Holmes, Miss E. Case
Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Carner

Buldana.  Mr. and Mrs. O. Dinham

Chandur.  Mr. and Mrs. W. Ramsey
Mrs. I. Moodie

Daryapur.  Mr. S. H. Auernheimer

Khamgaon.  Miss A. Yoder,
Miss E. Krater
Miss M. Millham
Miss M. Patten
Miss L. Fuller

Malkapur.  Mr. and Mrs. P. Hagberg
(P. O. Buldana.)

Martizapur.  Mr. and Mrs. L. Cutler

Shegaon.  Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Wark
Miss M. Veach

KHANDESH—

Bhusawal.  Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Rogers
Miss C. Rutherford
Miss H. C. Busbyfield
Miss M. Winst

Chalisgaon.  Mr. and Mrs. W. Fletcher

Jalgaon.  Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Schandelbr
Miss L. Becker

Paohora.  Mr. A. Johnson

GUJARAT—

Ahmedabad.  Miss J. Fraser, Miss A. Fraser
Miss A. Seasholtz
Miss A. White

Ashapur.  Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Greengrass
(P. O. Sarkhej.)

Dholka.  Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Hamilton
Miss M. Ballentynne
Mr. W. M. Turnbull
Mr. J. N. Culver

Kaira.  Miss C. Wells
Miss C. Hilker
Miss V. Dunham
Miss M. Woodworth
Miss C. Hansen

Matar.  Mr. and Mrs. McKee
(P. O. Kairá.)

Mehmadabad.  Mr. F. H. Back

Sabarmati.  Miss H. O’Donnell
Miss C. Peter

Sanand.  Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Bennet

Viramgam.  Mr. S. Armson

BOMBAY—

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Fuller
Miss K. Knight, Miss E. Morris
Miss L. Gardner
(P. O. Sholdpur.) Miss Z. McAuley

ON FURLOUGH—

Mrs. M. Dutton
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Johnson
Mrs. Simmons
Miss E. Ashwood
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Motser

Miss M. Compton
Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Turnbull
Mrs. F. H. Back
Mr. and Mrs. J. Read
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Franklin

Miss C. McDougall
Mrs. F. M. Bannister
Mr. and Mrs. H. Y. Andrews
Mr. and Mrs. A. Duckworth

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