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

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"OCCUPY TILL I COME."
Vol. VII (New Series) November, 1907 No. 5

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

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The India Alliance.

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

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Term of Subscription  | In all Countries where the rupee is current Re. 1 2 0 | In England 22. 0d.
in advance.             | Single Copies ... ... ... ... Re. 0 2 0 | In America 50 cents.
All payments in India to be sent to the Business Manager.

American subscriptions can be sent to Mr. V. T. Jackson, 690-Eighth Ave., New York.
HOW DID JESUS WALK?

By Kakaji

SECOND, EQUIPMENT.—When we have comprehended the relation between God the Father and Jesus the Son, and what that relation implied on Jesus’ part, we shall have comprehended, not only His equipment, but the principal characteristics of His life on earth. And the clearer conception we have of Jesus’ humanity, the better we shall be able to comprehend the relation between Himself and the Father during His incarnation. Jesus was not, like some myths we have seen pictured, half god, and half man. He was whole God, and whole man. Jesus differed in nature from all men, only in that He was free from sin and hereditary tendencies to sin. “For verily He took not on Him the nature of angels, but He took on Him the seed of Abraham.” As man, therefore, He was necessarily subject to all the limitations common to man, and it becomes essential, if we would understand and appreciate in a fuller measure the significance and merit of Jesus’ walk, to study His life on earth as man, and as man only. Not that He ceased to be God at any time, but for many apparent reasons, it was necessary that His divinity should, in someway, be withheld or set aside during His incarnation. In the first place, Jesus came to the earth to be seen by human eyes, and handled by human hands. This could not have been if He had come in His divine person or attributes. The beloved disciple could be perfectly at ease in the very bosom of Jesus, while a single glimpse of His divine person felled him to the ground as dead.

In the second place, it must have been God’s purpose, in the incarnation, to manifest a perfect pattern of the relation between God and man, in which man should be a channel for God to operate through, according to His own will, infinite wisdom and power.

The first and most important element in this relation, as well as in the equipment of Jesus, must have been the fellowship that existed between Himself and the Father. Endowments, gifts and graces He possessed, and important they were, yet they must all have been secondary to this precious fellowship, as the gift must always be secondary to the giver.

Fellowship with the Father! May we not try to picture to ourselves a little of what this meant to Jesus during His earthly life.

When the entire world was sunk in darkness, degradation and sin, Jesus was born into it, a pure and holy child. He grew to manhood in it, pure, holy, and of “quick understanding in the fear of the Lord.” There could not have been much fellowship for such a pure Being, in such a wicked world; and what must His life have been without the fellowship of the Father. The writer remembers a dark night on the North Sea about fifteen years ago. He had taken a third class passage from Gottenberg to London. His fellow passengers and room mates were a dozen sailors, who were going to London to take shipping. They had been drinking before they came on board, and they continued drinking, smoking, gambling, and swearing all night long. It was a dark night in more than one sense of the word. It was that night that the fellowship of Jesus enabled the writer to confess His name before those men. It was the same fellowship that enabled Him to bear the taunts and jeers which that confession provoked. It was when Jesus had whispered in his ear, that He had died for those very men, that the writer was enabled to pray for them, and was rewarded the next morning by being asked to read the Bible to them, when there were no taunts or jeers, but some tears.

The comparison, though feeble, is true. It was the fellowship of the Father that enabled Jesus to witness a good confession, not only before Pilate, but before the whole world. It was the same fellowship that enabled Him to bear, without murmur or complaint, the bitter rejections on every hand, the cutting taunts and mockings, the cruel scourgings and beatings, as well as the piercing thorns and nails. Only once, in all His sufferings, did anything like a complaint concerning Himself,
escape His lips. It was when the enemy had succeeded, for one moment, in clouding His vision of the Father, and He cried out, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me." This was, no doubt, the wickedest stroke the enemy ever dealt Him, and it might have been fatal if it had fallen in a vital place, but it only caught Him in the "heel." Is there not a danger, in these days of rush and press for gifts and power and success, that we make, not too much of these, but too little of the privilege Jesus has purchased for us, the privilege of fellowship with the Father, through the Son; a danger that we are putting the Giver, in a secondary place to the gifts. The gifts are so much safer for us, when we put the Giver in the first place.

Gifts:—"For He whom God hath sent speaketh the words of God: for God giveth not the Spirit by measure unto Him." John 3:34. When God sends a man on a mission He equips him fully. In the Holy Spirit are embodied all the gifts essential to a servant of God. The fulness of the Holy Spirit, and of many other things, is often indicated in the Bible by the number seven. In the eleventh chapter of Isaiah the Spirit of the Lord, in His sevenfold attributes, is promised to the "Branch." This fulness of the Spirit must be what John alludes to in the verse just quoted. "For God giveth not the Spirit by measure." Not measured in small quantities, but given in His fulness. Space forbids of dwelling separately on these attributes, but taking them altogether, what a seven (completeness) they make, "The Spirit of wisdom and understanding, the Spirit of counsel and might, the Spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord."—Three well matched pairs. The seventh seems to be made up of the six, and is the crown of them all. The wording is less definite than in the six, but taking the whole passage it seems to indicate the power of quick, and right judgment. One thus equipped, John tells us, "speaketh the words of God." How beautifully this inspired portrayal fits the person of Jesus.

Some pictures have to be labeled to be identified. There is no need of a label here. "For God giveth the Spirit without measure unto Him."

(To be continued.)

Miss Yoder, whose illness was reported last month has nearly recovered her usual health. Khamāgon has had another touch of revival blessing recently.

THE ANNUAL CONVENTION—Nov. 1st.

JOTTINGS FROM MY NOTE-BOOK

BY CHARLOTTE RUTHERFORD

The hot and rainy seasons have come and gone, and we are now free to get out amongst the people once more.

I, along with the Bible-woman, made a beginning at a village three miles from Bhushiwal. When we started out for this village we found the road almost impassable owing to the heavy rains of the previous months, but as we had gone too far to return, we were obliged to tolerate the jostling which was anything but enjoyable.

We finally reached the village and were soon met by a very enthusiastic crowd. They invited us to sit down on a log to which they bound their oxen, and it being in a shady spot, we accepted the invitation. We set to work at once, sang one or two songs and explained their meaning, which led us into straight dealing with the people about spiritual things. Some sixty people were standing about us; at our feet were noisy, fidgeting children, pushing and shouting at each other; at our side were two or three elderly women apparently listening intently to what we were saying. They certainly inspired us to go on in spite of the confusion of voices, and often they beseeched the restless crowd to allow them to hear.

The outer circle of our audience consisted of young men apparently of one size and one mind concerning spiritual things. They laughed, jeered, and ridiculed the things we told them and tried to distract the minds of those who wanted to listen. They behaved in this unseemly manner most of the time. We told them the day would come, when they would regret they had not availed themselves of the opportunity of hearing the Gospel, which comes only once a year to them; also they would have to give an account to God for the day's uproar, and for neglected opportunities. We sold a few Scripture portions amongst them, and left for home with a real heart-ache for them.

It is no easy task to deal with a crowd of some hundred or more, as we have to do at times.

A few days ago we visited a village equally as hard as the one mentioned above. This village being on the main road was easily reached. Our two catechists alighted from the wagon at the entrance of the place, and I, with the two women, drove on into the heart of the village. Finding a mournful group of some
dozen or more women seated in a house, we went to them and after making our usual salutations and a few ordinary remarks, we asked if we might sing them a song. At first they did not reply, but finally one woman said, "Oh, we are too sad to listen, there is a death here, and we are mourning." We told them we had brought them the very thing they needed, something which would be a comfort to them at such a time.

We spoke from our own experience, how God had comforted us, when parents and friends had been taken from us, and how He had cared for us. We had spoken for about a quarter of an hour, when a great burly man emerged from the inside of the house and ordered us off. He directed us to the foot of a near by tree. We obeyed and were followed by a great crowd of more than a hundred people. It was a close resemblance to a beehive, for the hum of voices was most racking to the nerves. All our beseechings for quiet were in vain so we had to lift our voices to be heard above the din and noise.

As we were closing the meeting the catechists joined us and dealt with the men for awhile, and freed us to sell the "Word" amongst them; we sold a few portions and then left for home.

Besides holding street meetings in the neighbouring villages, we have been doing house to house visitation in our own neighbourhood. This does seem to be more satisfactory, as there is a better chance for heart to heart talks with the people alone, and to pray with them, if they desire it. We have some happy recollections of a few visits we paid last week. Maybe it will interest the readers to know of one or two cases.

In one of our morning walks we came across a scrupulously clean mud house in a back street. The occupant, a woman as clean and as neat as her house, called to us and asked us to come in, spreading a rug on the ground for us to sit down. The woman was busy at work making her bread, as it was nearing breakfast time, but chatted freely with us, and appreciated our singing and Gospel message. She acknowledged we had the best religion, but she added "You go into your church to worship your God, don't you? So do we. We must have some material thing to worship." She frankly admitted she did not derive any benefit from her idol-worshipping nor her alms-giving to her religious teacher. We told her all the benefits we derived from the worship of our God. She sighed deeply, which needed not words to explain; she knew deep down in her heart we were right.

She baked me a fresh "bread" and placing it on a bright brass plate put it before me and told me to eat; it was hot and crisp and I ate it with much relish, much to the woman's satisfaction. Two of her neighbours had joined us in the meantime and they also were attentive hearers of the "Word." A young man passing the house noticed me in the house seated with the women, and came in with the intention of disputing with me. He began by saying, "You cannot see your God whom you worship; we can see our gods," pointing to some pictures on the wall. "These are the gods we worship." We remarked they were only pictures prepared in the printing press, and only serve as an ornamentation to a house, etc. The Lord enabled us to meet him in all his arguments, and feeling disgusted, he left us.

The next house was as great a joy to us as the first. The door was opened to us; so were the hearts of the two women who called us. After seeing to our comfort, they called some of the neighbours to leave their work and listen to us. Now and again some thought that had been given by one of us, would strike them and they would talk it over amongst themselves. Oh, how these people longed to have what we have! The old grey headed woman, who was the most anxious to have us there, said, "We have no peace, we have nothing." She informed us it was the first time we had visited her, and asked us to come again.

We might go on and on relating instances, where we are received and not received in our visitations. Ofttimes we begin a little meeting with a few women in front of their homes, when we are rudely interrupted by men who seek to upset us by their foolish questionings.

Thirty men came along one evening and interrupted us. The ringleader, a grey-headed old man got quite heated over his arguments. We allowed him a little time to display his ignorance, and when we thought he had gone far enough, we asked if we might explain some things to him and to the others. He quieted down and became remarkably quiet and attentive and did not utter another word contrary to us. We felt God had undertaken for His two defenseless children, while surrounded by such a foolish, argumentative crowd.

We have very much cause to praise God for His help at such times. We have seen Him
put to shame such as would try to upset us and confound us in the eyes of the people. Men cannot trifle with God's work without hurt to themselves. Those who do village and zenana work, need, in a very special way to be upheld in prayer, that holy boldness may be given them in their work, which after all is not theirs, but God's.

**Station Notes**

**A WORD FROM DHOLKA**

*By Annie Seasholtz*

Once again God has visited Dholka and manifested His presence by working in the hearts of our dear people. It was just at the close of the Summer School for native workers; examinations were over and everything was laid aside, that we might gather together to wait upon God for His blessing. He did work and bless; first by searching and trying our hearts, showing us our unworthiness and insufficiency; then by filling with His blessed presence and giving faith to reach out and take from Him larger things for the lost millions about us.

The last day of the meetings was a most impressive service was held, when nine of our native workers brought their little children in their arms to present them as a special offering to the Lord for His care and keeping. We never saw anything more touching than the dedication of these little lambs, one after another to the Lord who once took the little children in His arms and said, “Suffer the little children to come to me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.” They looked so pure, good and innocent, and some of them looked up into Mr. Fuller’s face as if trying to show their approval of what being done.

The evening of this same day we went to a pretty little pond near-by where some of our people followed the Lord in baptism. It was a day in which we believe the angels were interested and over which they rejoiced. We are sure that during the meetings God has been preparing the native workers as well as ourselves for the coming touring season.

It was a real inspiration to see the workers and their wives as they started off to their several villages to be witnesses, and we trust bright and shining lights in the midst of the darkness and heathenism all about them.

May our dear readers pray earnestly for these young people.

We, too, hope soon to be out in the villages among the people we once visited and learned to love. At one place where we went recently, they said, “Why did you stay away so long? No one has visited us to tell us about Jesus since you were here eight or nine years ago.”

We praise God that the people are becoming more and more open to the Gospel. Especially among the high-castes there are many open doors. In former years they almost drove us from their villages. Now they beg us to come and teach them about the true and Living Way, and generally listen earnestly. Formerly they would not allow us to go on their verandas lest they become defiled. Now they invite us in their houses, bring out their cots and bedding for us to sit on, trying to make us as comfortable as possible.

A short time ago when we took the wife of one of our native workers with us to a village, we went first to the people who earn their living by keeping sheep and goats. They are of the shepherd caste. As we told them about Jesus the Good Shepherd and how He is now seeking out the lost sheep and longing to bring them back to the fold, one man especially seemed interested and really seemed to long to follow in the True Way. But—the stumbling block in every instance—what would his caste people say and do? They would not only put him out of caste but probably try to kill him.

But the next place to which we went, how different! A little crowd soon gathered around us, not only to see the white face, the topi wali (woman who wears a hat) but also to hear the singing. They were listening attentively, but soon someone stepped into the crowd with a little dish of red-paint, and went here and there mentioning the name of Ram, their favourite God, and with their finger put a little daub of the paint on the forehead of many of them. We thought of the mark of the beast spoken of in the Word. It seemed as if the enemy were there deceiving those dear people. But this gave us another opportunity of telling the people of the awful power of sin in this world, and the need of fleeing from wrath and the awful consequences of sin.

We long to be able to so give out the Word in the power of the Spirit that as the people hear, they may not only consent to its truth, but receive it into their hearts and turn from their idols to the true and living Saviour who is longing to save and bless them,
SANAND
By R. J. Bennett

We have been much encouraged in the work of late by the change which has taken place among the people of the near villages. Hitherto they have appeared to be very indifferent and hard and very few would come together to listen to a Gospel message, but now the aspect of things is quite different. Those who used to come together to ridicule and for controversy, will now listen attentively for hours at a time and show interest in what is being said. Some are asking for Gospels that they might find out more about the wonderful remedy for sin. Thus the Holy Spirit is watering the good seed which has been sown from time to time and causing it to grow and we are looking to Him for a good harvest.

But still there is a strong current running in opposition to the Light that is beginning to find an entrance into the hearts of the people. Hindu teachers, who are well versed in Sanskrit and are well acquainted with their religious books, are also visiting the villages, persuading the people not to believe the teaching of the Bible which, they say, is full of errors and contradictions. These teachers have a great influence over the people who look upon them and almost worship them as God. But in spite of such opposition and false teaching from those Hindu leaders, when the story of the cross is proclaimed, quite a crowd will gather round to listen to it because they realize that the truth of the Gospel has a power with it which arouses and brings conviction to their consciences and sets them thinking, and some are beginning to think seriously of what they hear about the Saviour of the world, but they have not the courage to act according to their convictions just yet, as it means so much for them to break caste.

We have been hindered a great deal by ill health from visiting the villages, but God has again proved Himself strong on our behalf and has enabled us once more to get into harness.

One evening we saw a religious fanatic putting fire into his mouth. A few days later another was seen beating himself with burning ropes. Thus India serves God!

At Dholka, Kaira and Bhushwal there have been baptisms recently. Kaira has also been the scene of the weddings of a number of orphan boys and girls who have become young men and women under the care of the mission.

AHMEDABAD. GOD'S CARE
By Jessie C. Fraser

CASTING all your care upon Him for He careth for you.” My heart is truly full of praise to God for all His goodness and tender care over me since I last wrote for the India Alliance. I went out into the district and lived in my tent until about the middle of June. The last month and a half was very hot and the native people would often say, “Missi Sahib, we are natives and we feel the heat very much and we don't see how you can stand it.” I would always tell them that God had given me a work to do in seeing about the building of the native church and I knew that He would take care of me. The hot winds affected my eyes for a while but in a short time the pain was all gone and I praised the Lord. He made the truth of the 121st Ps. more real to me than ever before—"The sun shall not smite thee by day” etc.

In the village where I slept at night plague was very bad in the high caste quarters, for about two months, and people were dying daily, but our gracious Lord kept me restful in Him without the least fear as He fulfilled His own word in the 91st Psalm.—“No plague shall come nigh thy dwelling.” I used to go over from time to time to have meetings with the high caste people and they would say to me, “O, are you not afraid of plague? because we are in terrible fear.” I told them that I was not, that the God I worshipped was a living God and that He loved His people and heard their prayers and cared for them. I also told them how sorry I was for them and that I was praying for them that they would give up their worshipping idols and come and get acquainted with Jesus who loved them and would forgive them all their sins. It was most touching to see how some of those dear old high caste women listened. I felt sure that some of them were true seekers after God.

One afternoon I had as many as five meetings. The people of the different castes would call me to come and tell them about the God I worshipped, and some times at night when I used to go to the Post Office to mail my letters, the women would climb up on the walls and ask me to come and have a meeting; but if all were well and no disease in the village they would not be so anxious to hear about our God. “When Thy judgements are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness.”

(Continued on page 60.)
HIS is an age of restlessness and of hurrying to and fro, in all departments of life. The religious world has not escaped from the spirit of the age, and to a certain extent the results have been regrettable. There is a wholesome energy which spends itself in fruitful labour for the good of mankind. Under this head would come such movements as the organization of the business men of America for the evangelization of the heathen world, a healthy outlet for religious fervour and according to right principle. That blessing or zeal which is expended only on self is bound to defeat the very end for which it was given. In too many instances in these days this has been the case and blessing has degenerated into the apparent loss of all they ever experienced, into fanaticism, and sometimes feverish restless search after they scarcely know what. They are led into many doubtful experiences, into fanaticism, and sometimes into the apparent loss of all they ever possessed of God.

To those desiring a closer acquaintance with Jesus and a deeper knowledge of the Holy Spirit, there are always some ready to cry, "Lo here, lo there!" "Behold He is in the wilderness," or "Behold, He is in the secret chamber." Some of God's dear children are giving themselves up to heeding these calls, spending their whole time and strength in a feverish restless search after they scarcely know what. They are led into many doubtful experiences, into fanaticism, and sometimes into the apparent loss of all they ever possessed of God.

True religion is eminently practical. James defines it thus: "To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep... unspotted from the world." It is not a series of emotions, pleasurable or otherwise. It is divine life working out, often unconsciously to the subject, beneficence and love, sanity of mind and virtuous action. The epitome of religion, its roots and its fruits, is given in Christ's words, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself." Any form of religion which tends to any other result is not true or wholesome. That which fosters selfish spiritual sensations only, is very dangerous, as it leads to self-absorption, pride and similar evils. It often shuts off from fellowship with fellow-Christians, and from the needy world around to whom God has entrusted us with a loving ministry.

Many of the religious manifestations are the result of natural causes, physical or otherwise, working on susceptible temperaments. Many people have not learned to discern between the impulses of their own minds and the promptings of the Spirit. Others think that to allow every emotion full play is being obedient to the Spirit. The emotion may be the result of the Spirit's working in the soul, but the same Spirit is also the Author of self-control and of a sound mind and well-balanced action. People who have lived in Eastern countries and seen the manner in which the natives of these lands abandon themselves to any and every passing feeling of joy or sorrow, wrath or religious fervour with no attempt at control, will readily find a similarity in some of the religious excitement of the day, though resulting from quite opposite causes.

Our faculties are given us of God to cooperate with Him in His desires for us, not to let them be the prey of every passing influence. The truest obedience to God is not in the abandonment of our wills, but in the intelligent choosing to be in harmony with God's will and therefore the submission of our wills to His direction. Obedience is active, not passive, and while it is true that we cannot accomplish God's wishes for us merely by willing them to be, yet by that definite act of willing we give God the chance to supply the needed power. Is not this gift of will one of the traces of our likeness to God in whose image we were made? It is not God's desire that any of our faculties should be destroyed, but used under His direction. He desires intelligent, voluntary co-operation, not a blind, mechanical yielding of ourselves to be operated upon as a machine is operated on.

God is not seeking automats; nor merely perfected instruments through which to work. He is not seeking to demonstrate the effect of His power on a soul by waves of ecstatic feeling. God is seeking friends among the children of men, people who will love Him, and who will share with Him His thoughts, His love-plans for the world, His yearnings over the straying, His hatred of evil, His efforts...
to redeem those in its power. Friendship, if it be real, implies companionship, fellowship of interest and aim and effort, not merely emotional excitement and pleasure, though there may be a measure of that.

God gives us even a closer place than that of friend. United to Him in mystical union, the church is His bride, and each individual member of it may realize the fulness of the blessedness of being joined to Him. That truly is worth seeking after; yet the way is not through strain or fret or agonized pleadings. It is the way of daily obedience and communion, of continually ripening acquaintance, of sharing of life and thought. The Bible will enable us to do that, and the quiet prayer-closet. In the daily attempt to minister to the sorrowful and the sin-sick we will find Him close at hand, for that is His work also, from which He never ceases. By sharing His sorrows and joys we shall be more and more knit to Him, and grow more and more into His likeness. Deeper and deeper will grow the current of our life, less and less susceptible to outward influences, even as the waters of the ocean are unmoved in their depths, the winds only touching the surface.

We wish once more to remind our friends at home of the need of the orphan boys and girls in our care. For some months funds have been so short that it has been a question how the children were to be fed. Out of the twelve hundred orphans we had a few years ago about eight hundred remain, still requiring support. It is no light matter for the missionaries in charge of these institutions to be daily facing the financial problem, while contributions grow less and less. We beg our friends to keep this need on their hearts. Crops are a failure this year and food is already nearly double the normal price, which is an added difficulty. Plenty of water and work will probably save from absolute famine conditions, but there will be need and straitened circumstances on every side.

Bhusáwal witnessed a strike recently, which ended ignominiously on the second day. The cause of the strike was an excessive tax which has since been lightened. The strike was of interest as it served to indicate the strength and the weakness of the people in a popular movement. There was, of course, much bitter talk against government.

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

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

(Concluded.)

During this recital there was absorbed silence and at its close the missionary said:

"This, venerable friend and all who hear me, is the Christian religion which my people beyond the sea have received and believed; and because they believe it and want you to know the glad tidings and share the same salvation, and in obedience to their Saviour's last command to go into all the world and tell the news to everybody, they have sent us here to tell this best news that mortal ear has heard to all you people, that you, too, may be able by His help to get rid of sin and gain heaven. It was not to revile your gods that we came, but to give you the cap-sheaf of the highest aspirations of your Vedas, your seers, your poets, who have longed to know of a surety how to be able to get rid of sin, but to whom it was not then revealed. Do you wonder that, having this good news, we were anxious to tell it to you?"

The old priest was evidently much touched, and so were his disciples, and continued quiet and thoughtful for some time. At length he spoke:

"Sir," said he, "you read from your Veda that God has sent His son into the world that all who believe in Him might be saved. Are there then two Gods, the Father and the Son? We have three: Brahma the creator, Vishnu the preserver, and Siva the destroyer. You, it would seem, believe in two. Am I right in this?"

"No, my friend, there is but one God, who has revealed Himself to us in the true Veda which He has given us; but He has revealed Himself as one God in three persons: God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit—three persons in one Godhead."

"Can you explain how that is?" said the old priest.

"No, my friend, I frankly tell you that is a 'mystery' that no human being can fully comprehend."

"How then can you believe it if you can not understand it?"

"Because God Himself has taught it in the True Veda, the Holy Bible, which He has revealed to us. We can not understand all about God. If we could we would deem ourselves His equals. We must take many things
by faith and believe them simply because God says so, even though we can not, with our finite minds, understand them fully.

"You, too, believe many things that you do not understand. You take a dry mango seed; you put it in the ground and pour water upon it; you believe that pretty soon a tiny shoot will appear, that it will grow up into a tree, that the tree will blossom, that small fruits will appear, that they will grow and ripen, and that you will have delicious mangoes to eat, like the one whose seed you have planted. But do you understand how all this is brought about?—how it is that the mango seed and the common earth with ordinary water poured upon it and sunshine will make that fine tree and that delicious fruit? Do you understand how it is that when your mind feels angry or mortified your face becomes red and burns as yours did a few minutes ago when we were talking about your going home and spreading out your mat and expiring?

"There are myriads of mysteries all about us that no man can understand. It is enough for us to know that God says so; especially when He teaches us about Himself, and about the way to get rid of sin and come into harmony with Himself.

"Your great concern and mine should be, how we can get rid of sin and get into harmony with God, so that we shall be prepared to dwell with Him forever. God has told us all this in His Holy Word. Would you like to take some of these Gospels, which contain the life and teachings of Jesus Christ, home with you and read them carefully and think them over and see if they do not give more soul-satisfying news than anything you have ever heard before?"

Other objections had been thrown in and searching questions asked us, as: "Your religion may be good for you, and ours for us, "Does not Fate or Destiny, after all control all things, so that a man is not responsible for his actions, and God can not justly punish us for what we do?" and the like; to each of which the missionary had been able, with the promised aid, to render such answer as had silenced the opponents, but which space does not allow to be detailed here and which consumed the time until darkness was coming on, when the missionary said, "But it is getting late and you have proposed that we meet here again to-morrow and talk some more about this most important of all themes. We will bid you good-night now."

The venerable high priest accepted one each of the Gospels and, bidding us an unexpectedly courteous good evening, withdrew with his disciples; we, bidding good-bye to the large audience, turned back to our tents, promising to be there at the same time the next day to tell them some more about this "good news.

The next day at midday when everybody was indoors, at their meals, the missionaries noticed, as they looked through the meshes of the tattie, or hanging screen at the door of their tent, a well-dressed man cautiously picking his way on the ridges of the rice-field. Approaching the tent and coming to the tattie and pausing, a courteous voice, which seemed to sound familiar, asked, "Sir, may I come in?"

"Certainly," Raising the tattie and stepping in, the venerable high priest of the previous evening appeared, but without his priestly garb, and looking cautiously about asked, "May I close this tent curtain? " "Certainly."

"Is there any one within hearing?" "No; our people have all gone to their middy meal." His whole bearing at once changed to one of frank friendliness, as he said:

"Sir, I promised to meet you at the marketplace again this evening, for further discussion. But I have been thinking it over since, and I have read those little books you let me have. I am not going to meet you there. Our system can not stand the light that you are letting in upon it. Some things you said last evening can not be answered. I made the best show I could at answering them there, for I was surrounded by my disciples and had to appear to be holding my own.

"But, sir, I am not going to meet you in discussion in public again. Your system seems so pure, so holy, so good; it so appeals to the best there is in man. It so satisfies the soul's highest desires that it seems as though it must be, as you say it is, a revelation from a God of purity and love, who really seeks the highest happiness and good of us sinful men. It does seem as though through that God-man Jesus Christ, about whose birth, life, words, and works I have been reading all night, we sinful men might find hope, and pardon, and peace, and, as you say, eternal life.

"But, sir, we Brâhmans can not afford to let you succeed in introducing your system here in India. Just look at the plight in which it would leave us. Now we are looked up to as demi-gods and worshipped by all the people. We reap the rich revenues of all the temple endowment lands. At every birth, marriage, and death, at every family ceremonial we
receive rich fees and presents. We live on the fat of the land.

"But let your religion prevail, which teaches that we are all children of one God, and all equal in His sight, and we Brāhmans fall from our high pedestal and will have to mingle with the ignoble throng and struggle with them for our existence. No, sir, good as your system is, and I admit that it really seems far better than ours, we Brāhmans can not let you succeed in introducing it; we must fight you!" and this he said with seemingly real sadness.

"But, sir, "he went on, "the character of Jesus Christ so appeals to me; the system of morality in these books is so high and noble that I must have these books to teach their precepts to my disciples. You said last night that you would sell them to any one who wanted them. I have brought the money to purchase one for each of my disciples. You will let me have them, will you not, even if I cannot join your religion?"

How gladly did we furnish him with those copies of the "Word of Life!" How earnestly did we again talk with him of Jesus Christ and his salvation and press upon him the acceptance of that Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour!

He listened reverently, but as he finally took his leave he said, "It does seem good, sirs, and as though it must be true; but sirs, as I before said, I cannot bring myself to give up the position I hold as high priest of all this region and as the preceptor of this school of young Brāhmans. But I am going to teach them the morality of these books and to admire and pattern after the character of the Jesus Christ of whom they tell such winning stories.

"But I must go back to my school, for I do not want any one to know that I have been to see you; that is why I left off my priestly robes, and came around from the north gate through the rice-fields to your tent at midday when no one would be likely to see me."

We never saw him again, for the next touring season we took a very long journey in another direction, anxious to sow the Gospel seed "beside all waters," and our work developing greatly in another direction we were not able again to visit that region.

No word has ever come from that Brāhman high priest; but it may be that he, too, has accepted Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour, and that we may meet him, too, in glory, saved by faith in Jesus Christ.

What an incentive this gives us for prayer that the many throughout India, who have thus heard of Jesus Christ and been drawn toward Him, may have grace given them to accept of Him at no matter what personal sacrifice to themselves! And in this we are encouraged by God's own promise that "my word shall not return unto me void."—Missionary Review.

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NEWS FROM "PROSPECT FARM"

BY ROBERT GRENGRASS

SINCE we last wrote for this magazine much has transpired at Ashāpur, only the gist of which shall we now be able to write.

The principal event has been the influx of boys. On the 28th of August we paid a flying visit to Dholka Orphanage. The object of the visit was to get recruits for "Prospect Farm." To cut a long story short, we left Dholka the next day with twenty-nine boys. Of the number twenty-five were quite small boys, whom, we rather expected, would give more trouble than help (for boys are BOYS!). According to our faith so has it been unto us!—No! We will modify this, for they have not been more trouble than help. Yet it is a bit trying when they deliberately destroy that which they ought to protect. We have (just now) to keep ten or twelve boys in the millet fields to scare off the birds which come in great flocks. In with the millet there is another grain growing which is as nice for the boys as the millet is for the birds; so that they can't refrain from gathering this grain, and then, sitting in the shade, are as good to the birds as they are to themselves! Then, we found a number of large pumpkin-like vegetables with lines (up and down) of thumbnail marks. It was fine fun for the little scamps to sit in the shade when "mamma" or "papa" (for so they call us) was not around, and dig their mischievous nails into the tender vegetables. But it was not such fun for us to lose the labour of our hands. Then a day or so ago we discovered the top of a nice young papiya tree broken off. The same evening we noticed a young pomegranate tree with withered leaves, and thought the white-ants had eaten the roots (which would not have been an uncommon occurrence). But, upon investigation, we discovered...
that it had been cut off with a knife, near the ground and stuck in again. Nobody knows the guilty one!—A flower-pot containing a much valued plant was knocked off the steps and broken,—but let us say no more, except that our expectation was met!

Notwithstanding all this we have greater hopes for these small boys than for those who did not take to the land till the age of fifteen or sixteen. The younger the twig the more easily is it bent and trained. However we have, since the 29th of August, admitted quite a number of large boys whose ages average sixteen years. A few of these were not willing to stay.

Our family, since our arrival, has increased from twenty-four to seventy or eighty boys, and we have two more families (boys who have married).

Our “little city” is fairly teeming now. We are happy to be able to make such a report only with it we must add that we are living in a great muddle, for we have no place for anything and no accommodation for our boys. The great wonder is that any of the bigger boys are willing to stay. It must be owing to their not having to work so hard as they would if working for worldlings; for of course they have their Sundays and too, their hours are shorter. What we shall do if we don’t get money enough to build very soon, is a hard question to answer. The rains are due in June and houses can’t be built in a few days. As yet not a penny is in sight for this! The present houses (if such they may be called) are in a falling-down condition. They will not accommodate so many boys anyway, in the rainy season. Now the boys are sleeping in the open but this they cannot do in the rainy season. Beloved reader, do please take this work on your heart and pray in to us the needed funds. We know that many purses are closed that ought to be open, and many that are open are not open toward the proper direction. Were this not so our orphans in India (about 800 in number) would not be in so straitened a condition as they are at present. We are not able to feed orphans on “missionary zeal!” It would seem that some people think we can! “Prospect Farm” is able to pay its own expenses (this includes the daily wages of the married people) but it is not yet able to feed and clothe etc. eighty growing boys. Dear reader, please allow your interest again to be stirred in behalf of the “Orphans of India.” They need your help.

They are beginning to get on their feet now and it is a bad time to let them go. “Be not weary in well-doing.”

Besides the influx of boys another important event was the changing of the scheme here. Formerly, when the young men married, the mission gave them a yoke of bullocks, a cart etc., and rented them fields from the farm. The sum expended for oxen and implements etc., was debited to the young farmer and he was supposed to refund the money within three years. The new plan is to simply give the married people employment until they have saved enough money to buy their own oxen etc. After having purchased their things and becoming ready to go to work independently they can rent fields from government and from the mission. We have come to see that the former plan does not work. To provide them all (upon marrying) with an outfit means: 1st, That they commence life in debt; 2nd, that a good many receive the outfit who prove to be incapable of getting their living with it (though the same lads may be very good servants, i.e.; they can work but cannot think for themselves); and 3rd (as a consequence of the 2nd), much mission money must be expended to no purpose—inasmuch as our object is defeated by so much failure on the part of the people.

By the present plan only such as are very industrious will ever be able to save enough to buy an outfit and in the meantime they will be gaining experience. Of those who do not desire to get their own outfit and become quite independent only such as really “earn” their wages will be allowed to live in Ashâpur and work on “Prospect Farm.” We will positively refuse to feed any well people “on charity.” Those who are able but not willing to work shall have to go elsewhere and scratch for a living and we will spend our energy on those who are more worthy. Missionaries have learned much during the last ten years. We have learned that we do not save souls by feeding lazy unworthies on mission money. The problem in all lands is to know who is and who is not worthy; and we must act with great discretion.

We cannot find a stopping place when talking or writing about our work and as time and space (or lack of them) forbid we write more we must simply stop without finishing and say, “To be continued” at some later date. Pray for us. We MEAN this; for we very much need your prayers.
A BUNNIA Hindu in Ankleshwar has recently given 15,000 rupees to found an animal hospital. The enclosure is to be in the midst of the town, and the foundations, which are already completed, are wide and large. Here all kinds of diseased and crippled, worthless and worn-out cattle will be brought, as a matter of religion, that all kinds of incurable animals—except man—may be mercifully cared for as long as possible. Men walk around the outside of the enclosure every day, poor and hungry, with clothing scarcely as large as an ordinary handkerchief, but the pleading voice of these starving, diseased, almost naked human beings does not appeal to the goddess as much as the howl of a mangy dog or the bawl of a hungry bull!

Every few years Vāda is visited by a scourge of the cholera, which the people attribute to their carelessness in the worship of Myrebāi, the goddess of cholera. They think that if Myrebāi were properly worshipped the disease would not come, so that every outbreak is followed by worship with renewed energy. The first effort of the people this year was to persuade the goddess to go to the sea. They assembled near a temple, where the women of the town poured water over the idol, the men killed some chickens and a goat, and by enchantments persuaded the goddess to enter the body of one of the farmers. This man took up the several little articles made for the goddess—a small cart, an idol, a little box, a comb and some powder—and set out at full speed for the sea. All the people ran after him, shouting and yelling to take the cholera goddess out of the town. When the farmer and a few others reached the first village, they put the things down on the ground, and returned with the hope that the goddess, having been escorted thus far, would continue her journey alone the remaining thirty miles away to the sea.

But the cholera increased, and after a few days the goddess entered another farmer, who said, "Give me a good fat buffalo." The people took this as the wish of the goddess and all bought a large male buffalo, which was blind-folded, covered with cloth, and led through the streets accompanied by the beating of a drum and the frantic shouts of the people. Outside of town a deep pit had been prepared, into which they tumbled the buffalo, covered up the helpless creature with earth and left him there to die—buried alive! The remainder of that day the smothered sound of the suffocating buffalo's deep bellow could be heard far away as he roared out against this inhuman treatment! But people continued to die from cholera in Vāda until the rains came and relieved the situation.

In Bulsār, almost in front of our house, a young Hindu of high caste was bitten by a serpent a few weeks ago. On my return, after preaching in a neighbouring village, I went at once to call at the house of the bitten man, and found him already unconscious. The barber had been summoned and was set to shaving the dying man's head and face, except the little tuft on the back of his head, the Hindu sign. Then quickly they called for water, as now before he dies the man must have a bath! One of the women looked in from the rear door and asked, "Do you want warm or cold?" One of the men, fearing he should die too soon, gave the signal for uproar, as he nervously shouted in reply, "Warm or cold, whatever there is, quick parni, parni!" All understood. The man was nearly gone. He had not yet been bathed, and the bath was a necessity that he might die religiously clean!

After much loud talking the water was brought and they drew the dying man to the front veranda. While one held up his head others drenched him with water, bucketful after bucketful! Then they let him rest a moment while those who had touched the man each threw a bucketful of water over themselves. In a moment they again drew the man into the room and laid him on the earthen floor, for if he were to die on a bed that would defile the bed. After throwing more water over him, they left him on the wet floor to die!

In the early part of the bathing ceremonies, one of the participants gave vent to his pent-up feelings in a heartrending cry, "Rām-rām, Hey-rām!" The older men stood by and wept with a loud voice. The women who were not allowed in the sick room, stood around in little groups, in the inner part of the house or in the back yard, beating their breasts pitifully and crying aloud. One man called to another to keep quiet, as it was the common fate of all. Another answered in a broken voice, "Why should the young be taken, and the old be left?" As men stood in little groups waiting for death, I asked one of the men, a neighbour, if they had called a doctor. He replied that they had been using
"mantras," which were more powerful than doctors. After the mantra-men had been saying mantras all night, at nine in the morn-ing they called the doctor, as they had found that he had been bitten by the wrong kind of a snake! I suggested that they had the wrong kind of mantras, to which the reply came speedily that the mantras were all right, that they could call snakes back, could make them stand erect on the spot where they had bitten a man, and could make them even suck the poison out of the bitten part! I replied that Christians can not believe in such things, and suggested that the presence of the dead man did not add strength to the argument.

In an hour the body was prepared and made fast to a rough bamboo bier, which the men put upon their shoulders and went hurriedly to the place of burning by the river-side, crying "Rām-rām, Rām-rām." The women stayed behind weeping, and as the corpse, covered with a wet sheet, was taken round the first bend in the road they cried bitterly, for this was their last view of their loved one.

Building hospitals for animals and burying them alive, a profession of mercy as the basis of all religion and the handling of a dying man more roughly than any well man would choose to be handled, proclaim Hinduism to be a religion professing some beautiful precepts but working only evil continually.—Missionary Review.

AHMEDABAD. GOD'S CARE
(Concluded from page 53.)

Two different times the Lord kept me safe from snakes in the night. Once while sleeping in a blind woman's windowless native hut where there was a pile of wood, I was wonderfully preserved. I had a cup of milk on a small table near my cot, which a cat coming in at the door (left open on account of the heat) upset. After a while I heard a strange, heavy, flapping noise, probably, I thought, caused by the cat trying to catch a rat. On lighting my lamp I was confronted by a large thick-necked snake sitting up on the pile of wood ready to attack the cat. I ran outside and called two Christian boys that were sleeping near; they came, but the snake escaped. I could not but praise our gracious God for His over-ruling providence. On another occasion just shortly before I came in from the district, I was sleeping in my tent. There were two snakes found in the morning coiled up inside the tent. More than ever I realized the depth of the words, "The Lord is Thy keeper." "When He putteth forth His own sheep He goeth before them."

I regret that we did not get more touring done. On account of the plague being in so many of our villages, after the first month our workers were afraid to stay, so went to Ahmedabad to our mission station there, excepting Oka who bravely stayed to help me about the building until the 1st of May. Then he had to go to Dholka to study. He was so sorry to leave before the work was completed but assured me that he would pray. He was such a help and took as much interest in all the work as if it had been his own.

This boy knows the Lord as few of the native people do, so that I felt that I could trust him and could tell him about all the work and difficulties with the people and he could help me pray with the sick, as he seemed to be able to enter into every part of the work. In this way I got to know him very well and he seemed like a brother. Since he has gone to Dholka I have beautiful letters from him. He says, that God is still working in his heart and that he is burdened for souls and is willing to give his life for the poor village people. The real secret of his consistent life is that he has had a definite baptism of the Holy Spirit and I have often felt that it must be in answer to some one's prayers that this dear boy has had such especial blessing from the Lord. He loves God's Word and is so true in his prayer life. It will take him about one year and a half to finish his studies and we are praying that one day he may be pastor of the native church that has just been built. I wish that the dear readers might pray for him that he may be kept humble and low at the feet of Jesus and that he may be a great soul winner among his own people.

The church is built in a nice, central place and we have a good piece of land of about eight acres with a few shady trees and a large well of delicious water and the government has given us two good roads. We need some houses for our workers and we are looking to the Lord to supply this need.

I trust that our dear friends may pray much for this coming touring season that our mission-aries may be kept well, many dark villages be reached and precious souls be brought into the Kingdom, and that all who go out may be baptized with the Holy Ghost and with power so that we may not be aimless wanderers in the villages, but warriors, strong in faith, giving glory to God.
### List of Alliance Missionaries.

#### BERAR—

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<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Missionaries</th>
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<tr>
<td>Akola</td>
<td>Mr. and Mrs. P. Eicher, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. M. Stanley, Miss A. Little, Mr. and Mrs. C. Eicher, Miss B. Eicher</td>
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<tr>
<td>Amraoti</td>
<td>Mrs. V. Erickson, Miss L. J. Holmes, Miss E. Case, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Carner</td>
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<td>Buldana</td>
<td>Mr. and Mrs. O. Dinham</td>
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<td>Chandur</td>
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<td>Daryapur</td>
<td>Mr. S. H. Auernheimer</td>
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<td>Khamgaon</td>
<td>Miss A. Yoder, Miss E. Krater, Miss M. Millham, Miss M. Patten, Miss L. Fuller</td>
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<td>Malkapur</td>
<td>Mr. and Mrs. P. Hagberg (P. O. Buldana)</td>
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<td>Mr. and Mrs. L. Cutler</td>
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<td>Shegaon</td>
<td>Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Wark, Miss M. Veach</td>
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#### GUJARAT—

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<tr>
<td>Ahmedabad</td>
<td>Miss J. Fraser, Miss A. Fraser, Miss A. Seasholtz, Miss A. White</td>
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<td>Ashapur</td>
<td>Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Greengrass (P. O. Sarkhej)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dholka</td>
<td>Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Hamilton, Miss M. Ballentyne, Mr. W. M. Turnbull, Mr. J. N. Culver</td>
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<td>Kaira</td>
<td>Miss E. Wells, Miss C. Hilker, Miss V. Dunham, Miss M. Woodworth, Miss C. Hansen</td>
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<td>Matar</td>
<td>Mr. and Mrs. McKee (P. O. Kairâ)</td>
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<td>Mehmadabad</td>
<td>Mr. F. H. Back</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sabarmati</td>
<td>Miss H. O'Donnell, Miss C. Peter</td>
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<td>Sanand</td>
<td>Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Bennett</td>
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<td>Viramgam</td>
<td>Mr. S. Armson</td>
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#### KHANDESH—

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<td>Bhusawal</td>
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<td>Chalisgaon</td>
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<td>Jalgaon</td>
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#### BOMBAY—

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<tr>
<td>Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Fuller, Miss K. Knight, Miss E. Morris, Miss L. Gardner (P. O. Sholapur)</td>
<td>Miss Z. McAuley</td>
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#### ON FURLOUGH:—

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<tr>
<td>Miss M. Compton, Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Turnbull, Mrs. F. H. Back, Mr. and Mrs. J. Read, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Franklin</td>
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“BOMBAY GUARDIAN” MISSION PRESS, KHETWADI MAIN ROAD, BOMBAY.