The India Alliance

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in India.

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"OCCUPY TILL I COME."

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The affairs of the Mission in the field are administered by an Executive Committee, composed of fourteen members of the Mission elected at the Annual Convention.

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

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

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

The financial basis of the Alliance is shown in the following article from the Constitution. “The Alliance will require of all its labourers a spirit of absolute reliance upon God alone for support, guaranteeing no fixed salary to any missionary after reaching his or her field, but providing them such moderate allowances for their actual expenses and needs as the funds provided from the voluntary gifts of God’s people shall enable us to supply from time to time.”

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

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

Donations for the general fund or for special purposes or for the personal use of any missionary can be sent to the Treasurer in New York. Donations from friends in India can be sent to Rev. M. B. Fuller, Alliance Mission, Gowalia Tank Road, Bombay. Unless otherwise designated, donations will be put in the general fund.

Special day of prayer, last Friday of each month.

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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"Blessed are they who have not seen and yet have believed."

Child of mine, I love thee, listen now to me,
And make answer truly while I question thee.
For I see that shadows do thy soul oppress,
And thy faith so weakens, that I cannot bless.
Thou hast craved my power and presence in thy soul,
Wilt thou yield thee truly unto my control?
Wilt thou let me ever with thee have my way,
Yield thyself in all things, simply to obey?
Though my presence oftimes seems to be withdrawn,
Of my inward working not a trace be shown,
Wilt thou count me present notwithstanding all,
Still believe I'm working even in thy soul?
When I give to others what I thee deny,
Flood them with my sunshine, wholly pass thee by,
Wilt thou still believe in my strong love for thee,
Yield thee to my purpose whatsoever it be?
When I to thy pleadings seem no heed to pay,
And thy foes grow bolder, claim thee as their prey,
Though toward thee I'm silent, wilt thou stand the test,
On my word of promise lay thee down to rest?
If to these my questions thou canst answer "Yes,"
Thou shalt be forever one I love the best;
To the inner circle of my favoured few,
Thou shalt be admitted, and my glory view.

—Exchange

THE SPIRIT OF LOVE
The fruit of the Spirit is love.—Gal. 5: 22.

Love is not only one of the graces of the Spirit, is not only the chief among them, but the Spirit is indeed nothing less than the Divine Love itself, come down to dwell in us, therefore we have only so much of the Spirit as we have of Love.

God is a Spirit: God is Love:—this is the only definition of God possible in human language. As a Spirit He has Life in Himself. All Life is owing to the Spirit of God and it is so because God is Love.

Within Himself He is Love, as seen in the Father giving ALL He hath to the Son, and the Son seeking ALL He has in the Father. In this life of love between the Father and the Son the Spirit is the bond of fellowship.

The Father is the Loving One, the Fountain; the Son, the Beloved One, the great Reservoir of Love, ever receiving and ever giving back; the Spirit the Living Love that makes them one.

In Him the Divine Life of Love hath its ceaseless flow and overflowing. It is that same love with which the Father loves the Son that rests on us and seeks to fill us too, and it is through the Spirit that this Love of God is revealed and communicated to us. In Jesus it was the Spirit that led Him to the work of love for which He was anointed: to preach glad tidings to the poor and deliverance to the captives; through that same Spirit He offered Himself a sacrifice for us.

The Spirit comes to us freighted with all the love of God, He comes to us freighted with all the love of Christ: the Spirit is the Love of God and when that Spirit enters us His first work is, "The Love of God hath been shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which was given unto us." What He gives is not only the faith or the experience of how greatly God loves, but something infinitely more glorious. The Love of God as a spiritual existence, as a Living power, enters our hearts. It cannot be otherwise for the Love of God exists in the Spirit: the outpouring of the Spirit is the inflowing of love.

This Love now possesses the heart and that one same Love with which God loves Jesus, and ourselves and all His children, and which overflows to all the world is within us, and is, if we know it and trust it and give up to it, the power for us to live in too.

The Spirit is the Life of the Love of God. The Spirit in us is the Love of God taking up abode within us.

The Love of God hath been shed abroad in our hearts through the Holy Ghost which was given unto us. Let us believe that the Holy Spirit, possessor and bearer to us of all God's Love, has been within our heart with all that Love, ever since we became God's children. Because the veil of the flesh has never been rent in us, the outstreaming and power of that
Love has been but feeble and hidden from our consciousness. Let us believe that He dwells within us, to reveal as the Power of our Life, the Love of God in our hearts. — Andrew Murray.

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**In The Vineyard**

**ASHAPUR, THE VILLAGE OF HOPE**

**By Mr. S. Armson**

A FEW months ago it was my privilege to write an article on “Touring in Viramgam Taluka.” I little expected at that time that it would be imperative for me to give up, (for a time at least) the work that had become so dear to my heart, but the sudden and severe break-down of Mr. Greengrass made it absolutely necessary that someone take immediate charge of Ashapur. We had all (i.e., the male missionaries) as much to do as we could well manage, but the farm could not be neglected, whatever station was temporarily closed, or whatever work suspended. Ashapur must be attended to. Some of us were feeling the need of rest after the prolonged strain of touring through the winter months, and hardly prepared for further responsibilities—I as well as the remainder. Trusting however that the Board would recognise the necessity of Mr. Read’s early return to the field, I volunteered to fill the gap until he came, paying an occasional visit to Sanand and Viramgam (which were and still are under my charge) to visit and pay the workers stationed there. As workers are fond of letter writing, and frequently have grievances about something or other which the missionary must attend to, it will be understood that, whilst not actually engaged in evangelistic work myself, and maintaining direct personal oversight over them, their burdens have to be borne.

Their needs attended to, letters of counsel and encouragement written to them, entailing in consequence, sometimes, a little of that anxiety Paul spoke of when he referred to the “care of all the churches.” Yet in spite of added responsibilities I can thankfully say that, physically, I am in every respect stronger, and fitter for work than when I left Viramgam three months ago. But let me remember that I was asked to write something about Ashapur, but instead of doing so am running on in my usual autobiographic and egoistic strain.

Readers of the India Alliance are, I presume, already well acquainted with the history of Ashapur. Its situation, resources etc., were, if I remember rightly, graphically described some four years ago in an article by Mr. King and latterly again, my energetic predecessor, Mr. Greengrass, has written several articles, also a small pamphlet, which I trust many of our readers possess; because almost everything regarding this place, its prospects and its needs, is written therein, with a characteristic wisdom, lucidity, foresight, and detail to which the present writer dare not presume to lay the least claim. Still, this article would hardly fulfil its purpose unless the minds of my readers were not just once more stirred up to realise that we have here still the same real needs, and until they are met, we cannot hope to move forward as we would like to. Now, before I begin to make any sinister remarks, let me ask you to praise the Lord with me for what He has done, and is doing for us even now, for truly we have much to praise and thank Him for.

Doubtless you have heard that some months ago the Lord began to work most graciously in many hearts here. It happened this way. Two or three boys who had received blessing at Dholka came here to hold meetings. They found many whom God had been quietly pre-paring to receive blessing so that these were early wrought upon by the Spirit, and a work of revival began that has had no parallel in the history of the village. “Tongues,” and “interpretations,” were a feature in the revival, though I am happy to say that none of these gifts were sought for in themselves—they came as a result of humble confession of sin and failure, and a new and whole-hearted surrender to the Holy Spirit. I ought also to add that, since I came to this place three months ago, nothing of an unseemly nature has taken place in any of our meetings—all has been beautifully under Divine control—and the fact that the revival has been most

**SATISFACTORY IN ETHICAL AND SPIRITUAL RESULTS**

is, or ought to be, a guarantee as to its genuineness and likely permanency. I am not going to insist that everything has borne the unmistakable stamp of the Divine, much may be explained psychologically, but the fact remains that however one may seek to account for the pheno-
THE INDIA ALLIANCE.

WONDERFUL DAYS
BY LUCY J. HOLMES

The hot season of 1908 lingers in my mind as a very precious time. Some days were indeed very marked by God’s presence. Our horse suddenly became lame in March and I contented myself by going to the nearer places, within walking distance, and the Lord gave great blessing. One day I felt I must go into the city and hired a bazaar tonga, and took my Bible-woman with me. We went to the houses of as many of our women as we could, and it seemed good to meet them all again; but at the last place we found one dangerously ill, so ill we did not even sing a hymn. Two days later, it was laid on my heart to go again and see how the sick one was. I had been praying for her in the night and felt I must go. I started out on foot, thinking I might get a tonga for a part of the way or for the return from the city. I was sure the Lord was calling me, and asked Him in a special way to give me His life and strength. I called here and there, and when I reached the home of the sick woman I found God had heard prayer and she was better. Her brother and daughter were still with her, and as I went in they asked for a hymn. The young woman took her little hymn-book, which I had given her sometime before, I passed mine to her uncle, and we sang the hymns together. Others joined us and all listened eagerly and devoutly to the Lord’s message. How my heart was filled with joy. On my return, as on the way there, the Lord made me a blessing to every one I met, even to the little children, who said “salaam” and asked for cards. I came home without fatigue or weariness, with a heart full of joy that He “had anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor” as well as “to bind up the broken hearted.” He had given me strength to walk as I had not been able to do before since coming to India. And He has continued to do it. All through the hot season He has enabled me to go at His call and has made the work very precious.

This year I have been laid upon my heart to work among the children. I thought what a shame it would be if when Jesus comes, the Amraoti children should not know who He is, and that He was expected. I have held Sunday Schools here and there in the city, giving the children S.S. cards. One of their favourite hymns is, “Jesus Loves Me,” which we sing in

(Continued on page 35.)
Marathi. They say “Gana Munna” and “Chitti pahejate” (that is, Sing a hymn, and Give us cards). He has given me great love for them and has given me their hearts.

One morning when the house was in use, I walked to the city. The children came to meet me: one little youngster took one hand, while a little girl took the other, others following on, and they literally compelled me to go to their homes and the homes of some of their relatives, taking me to several new places. I am still welcome in these homes and these children are still my friends. The Holy Spirit is working in their young hearts, and I trust some of them will be ready when Jesus comes.

One day they came behind our tonga, and asked for a hymn, and we sang to them as we went and told them we would soon come again.

One morning I went out with my Bible-woman, made some calls, and had just told Piko to turn the tonga for home, when a woman beckoned to us, spread a cloth beside her little dooban or shop, and asked us to sing a hymn. Quite a company gathered and listened earnestly to the message from the Word and in song. At once a little boy asked us to come to his house and led the way. While we were going, a little girl called us. We went to both places, others gathered and our hearts were filled with joy that the Lord had just taken the work out of our hands as it were, and led in His own way. These homes are still open to us and the last time we went to one of them the Lord made us a comfort to the mother who had just lost a little one. She listened eagerly to the little hymn, “There'll be no more sorrow there.”

But you sometimes meet with opposition and unkind treatment. Yes, but we ask the Lord to give us not only love, but wisdom and tact, and to open doors and soften hearts. One morning as we were leaving a home to which we had been invited a young man appeared on the scene, telling us in English he did not wish us to come there and asking us to go. I talked with him in English, and we quietly left, saying to each other, “We must pray for that young man.” His little wife had invited us, but he is clerking for a pleader in Camp, and has been influenced against Christians. On every side of that house we have since had urgent invitation to come sing our hymns and give the Gospel and message. I have more than once come home and told Mrs. Erickson, “We have had another invitation to-day from people near that house where the young men asked us to leave.” And so the Lord has answered our prayers.

Yesterday was another wonderful day. My Bible-woman could not come with me as her little girl had fever. I went alone, walking from the church out to the city, asking the Lord for special anointing and guidance. As I passed one house, the children at the door said their salaams to me and I was thinking I would give them some cards when a large number of our city S. S. children gathered. I asked the woman of the house if I might come in. The children sat on the floor while I sat on the bed, and some women came to listen. I sang “Jesus Loves Me,” and a hymn about heaven. I told them I asked the Lord every day to make me ready and keep me ready for His home in heaven and that I wanted them to be ready, too, when Jesus comes. They listened well, received gladly the little pictures I had for them, which, I told them, my sister had sent from America. At the close a small boy told me a woman had called me. I asked him to show me the way, and found quite a number waiting in three houses which open into one court. They listened earnestly, especially a white-haired woman and her husband. A young man from the first house also came and listened again. I was told he knew English and gave him an American S. S. paper which he was glad to receive. Before I came away they asked me to come again to-morrow. The heavy rain has kept me in, but I am praying for them and asking the Lord to give me fruit that shall abide for His glory. I came back to the Sabbath School in the Church, and told the women how the Lord had blessed and guided.

One Sabbath, while our horse was still unfit for use, I was having a little Sunday School at Humalpur, a quarter of a mile away. At the close, two young men came along, asked me what I was doing, came back to the bungalow with me and, by invitation, came to the meeting in the afternoon. One of them was from the Kurku Mission, Ellichpur, and told me he was trying to secure a position in Amraoti, and if he succeeded he hoped he could join an English Bible Class. Yesterday I was desirous of going to the afternoon service at Church, as Miss Krater from Khargao was to speak, but I felt the Lord would have me stay for the Bible Class. At the usual time the young men did not appear and my mind went to the meeting at the Church, but the Lord said, “Wait a little.” I got some of my old
English hymn-books, sang some of the blessed hymns of long ago and was filled with holy joy and rapture when, instead of two, four young men appeared and we took up the Lord's coming, especially how to be ready for it. It was precious to give out the message and tell them of the Wounderful Saviour.

The service in the church, too, was precious, and as we gathered for evening prayer in the bungalow we prasied God for the privilege of service and of joy and victory through the Holy Ghost. We sung together the blessed hymn-books, sang some of the English hymns of long ago and was filled with holy joy and rapture when, instead of two, four young men appeared and we took up the Lord's coming, especially how to be ready for it. It was precious to give out the message and tell them of the Wounderful Saviour.

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Towards the end of the term, the examining committee met and I do want to put in a word for them here. It was no easy task they had undertaken. From morning till night, with scarcely any respite except for meals, they pored over papers. First of all, questions had to be prepared which took fully a week. Then the candidates were examined, this taking several days. Then came the examination or marking of the papers. Occasionally the answers were so outrageous as to convulse the soberest of the group with laughter. I was often with them and saw

Odds and ends in mission work

By Miss A. Little

Shortly after returning from tour, our Summer Bible School began in Akola, and for six weeks our compound was turned into a village. The catechists came, bringing their wives and children, and set up house-keeping in tents under the trees or in the rooms once occupied by the orphanage boys. Several missionaries came to teach in the classes. So Akola was for some weeks a lively place. Mrs. Stanley catered for her large family with a cheerful heart and countenance, besides teaching one subject in the first year. It fell to the writer's lot to do the odds and ends. There were several little ones afflicted with Indian sore eyes, also cases of fever, abscess and ring-worm. Even the parents had their share of fever for it rained and the tents got wet. One learned to sympathise with the brave catechists and Bible-women who after spending sleepless nights seeking to pacify fretful and ailing children, would spend their days in real toil at their studies. I tried to imagine myself studying and passing examinations under similar environments and concluded I was not equal to it.

Guya from Amraoti suffered from a severe attack of dysentery, but had been so quiet about it that we did not know he was ill, except that his face told the tale. How bravely he held out hoping to sit in the examination, but finally he had to resign his hopes. We gathered together to pray with him, for he had learned to look to God for healing. I believe he was restored to health, and was much quickened spiritually in the sabha (convention) meetings later on.

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How conscientiously they prepared the questions as well as marked the papers. No little time was spent in giving a fair mark to each paper. The days were exceedingly wearisome to the flesh, and hot, demanding much lemonade. Their sighs of satisfaction as they quenched their thirst were ample reward to the vendors, I am sure.

I must not forget to mention the boy who pulled the punkah for these hard working people. He had come up to attend the sabha meetings and got genuine blessing in the meetings about the second day. He was simply filled with laughter. Some of the boys took turn about at pulling the punkah. I passed frequently through the room and usually found Persha laughing softly, or else toppling over as his joy became more than he could properly contain. A few days later he began to speak in tongues and has proved since by his life that the Spirit has truly taken possession of him. He has been leading meetings for the small boys at Santa Barbara and they are learning to know Jesus in a new and blessed way.

During the sabha, besides Persha, the
Editorials

My strength is made perfect in weakness. 2 Cor. 12: 9. The Lord, my strength. Moses (Ex. 15: 2). Christ who strengtheneth me. Paul (Phil. 4: 13).

Everyone admires a really strong character but not everyone stops to consider what constitutes a strong character. Sometimes we mistake strength of will or a pronounced tendency along some other line in an individual's make-up, for strength of character. Yet one may have an iron will and be so weak in some other essential as to come altogether short of being strong. A strong man is a complete man and a strong will or a mighty love or a patient spirit—not any one of these traits will by itself make a man complete. God created us with capacity for admiration of the beautiful and since strength, real strength of character, is beautiful we admire it and most of us have more or less of a desire to be strong. Yet how to reach our ideal of strength is a problem not solved by any process which we can devise or bring into use ourselves. We are too weak to make ourselves strong and we must look outside of ourselves for the might that will lift us above all that is weak and grovelling. We must turn to God the giver of all good.

As we study the lives of men strong in the strength that abides, we find they were mighty men because they were dependent men. This seems paradoxical, and it is, to our natural minds, but it is a great, deep truth of God's laws of wisdom and grace and the sooner we accept it the sooner we will be in a position to become strong. When the Lord said to Paul, "My strength is made perfect in weakness," He did not mean, we believe, to attach any value to weakness or to hold it up as something that had virtue in itself. He only meant to impress upon Paul's mind and upon our minds through Paul, the fact that we get strong in Him when we get to the very end of all our own strength. Another way of putting it would be to say we are so very weak because we are so very strong. We say to the Lord sometimes, "Make me strong," when we ought to say, "Lord, make me weak."

Moses was a very strong man but he never had any strength that counted until he saw and accepted the fact that the strength of Moses was only a hindrance to God's plan for him and his people. After forty years in the schools of Egypt and forty more in the schools of the back-desert he had learned fairly well the lesson of real strength. Then he could sing, "The Lord, my strength: He hath triumphed gloriously." David, too, learned to sing that song, (Psalm 28: 7, etc.) but only by passing through such trials as were calculated to show him the utter weakness of all his own strength. He learned the lesson in part while still a ruddy-faced shepherd boy but he knew it better when he was a white-haired seer on the throne of Israel.

It is very precious to remember that every child of grace is eligible for this beautiful strength of the Lord. We may be conscious of a deep lack of strength in ourselves and we may be tempted even to discouragement because of seeing our own weakness of character, but we should be encouraged by remembering that God's delight is to see us strong and when His grace saved us it saved us to be strong, not in our strength, but in the grace that is in Christ Jesus, (2 Tim. 2: 1)—in the Lord, and in the power of His might (Eph. 6: 10). It is a joy beyond all the joys of earth to watch a soul that grace has saved (a weak soul, it may be, naturally) meeting the trials of life with a strength not his own, and by so doing, developing into a really beautiful and rounded character.

"My strength is made perfect in weakness" is, then, God's way of building a Christlike character, but of course characters are built a little at a time and the lesson of a life can only be learned by learning the million of smaller lessons of the days and hours and moments that make up a life. Every concrete trial of the Christian's heart, every demand for strength must be met with the strength of the Lord, which can only be felt and known when ours is laid aside and out of the way. Is it moral stamina we need, to lift us over some temptation to do what we know is not God's highest thought? "My strength is made perfect in weakness." We acknowledge our weakness and His strength: He comes in and we marvel at the ease with which He wins the victory. Is it vigilance we need, to keep us out of some
meetings. He thought it was hypocrisy and that perhaps, were saved for the first time. They had others.

bad scoffed at the manifestations going on in the But he did pray, he never would do as the rest were doing. borne the name of Christians but had received and he too ended in being shaken have seen so much rejoicing in the Lord Spirit fell on many others and I never before experienced the joys of salvation. It was a

vears regarding his caste before he became a Christian. This he bravely confessed. Another had scoffed at the manifestations going on in the meetings. He thought it was hypocrisy and that he never would do as the rest were doing. But he did pray, “O God, show me my heart,” and he was overwhelmed at the revelation he received and he too ended in being shaken under the mighty hand of God as were the others.

Several confirmed backsliders were reclaimed and are still serving the Lord.

Some did not seem to be touched at all in this awakening, rather looking askance at all they saw, saying it savored to them of the heathenish rites from which they had emerged, and

Satan-territory, where if we go we know we are sure to fall? As we submit to the fact that our vigilance will not endure and simply trust His perfect strength in our perfect weakness the battle is again won and He “triumphs gloriously.” Is it physical life we need, bodily strength to do the things we cannot do ourselves? He gives that, too, if we are weak enough, and we go forward, not like the athlete who feels strength in himself but as if in touch with a power that meets every occasion that demands it—a power, the depths of whose capacity no man can ever fathom. Oh that we knew better that His “strength is made perfect in weakness.” It is a wonderfully glorious thing to be able to join in the song of Moses and David and Paul, and to mean from the depths of our hearts, “The Lord is my strength.”

ODDS AND ENDS IN MISSION WORK

(Continued from page 29.)

Spirt fell on many others and I never before have seen so much rejoicing in the Lord among the Christians in Akola. Some, perhaps, were saved for the first time. They had borne the name of Christians but had never experienced the joys of salvation. It was a beautiful sight to see them dancing before the Lord with more grace than any art of the dancing-master. Many were shaken mightily by the Spirit as He convicted of sin and the need of cleansing. Some rolled over the ground in agony till the Spirit witnessed forgiveness within. One young man had lived a lie for years regarding his caste before he became a Christian. This he bravely confessed. Another had scoffed at the manifestations going on in the meetings. He thought it was hypocrisy and that he never would do as the rest were doing. But he did pray, “O God, show me my heart,” and he was overwhelmed at the revelation he received and he too ended in being shaken under the mighty hand of God as were the others.

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in the meetings, refused to see the Spirit in the clapping of the hands, the shouts of joy or dancing. Was it all bona fide? Probably not, but God was present and there was a deep, blessed work done in many hearts. A pocket of broken glass bangles from Santa Barbara showed that the women there had not been left out. It gave us all great joy to see the shining faces of the work-shop boys. They had not been attending the meetings long before nearly every one seemed to enter into blessing.

Not to be overlooked was the work done in the hearts of the orphan boys. Some of us had the privilege of dealing with various small boys whose tear-stained, woebegone countenances told the story of broken and contrite hearts within, reaching out after God. It was joy unbounded to watch one and another press through from darkness into light, joy and liberty; and one little fellow looms up vividly and we see him again, as the Spirit breathes forgiveness, dance about the room, shouting “Hallelujah,” joining with others in the song of victory, then

DROPPING ON HIS KNEES TO PLEDGE beside another small penitent who has finally to go out and hold a private conference with Mr. Lapp. Even then the light does not break and he has to go home with a heavy heart. Perhaps he has not confessed all. We hear that the blessing still continues. The little ones have not lost their joy and when Persha, above mentioned, who had been holding meetings with them, went away for a few days, they kept up the meetings by themselves under a tree out in the jungle. Once Mr. Lapp found two small boys

PRAYING IN THE MANGER in the buffalo stable.

During the whole time, Mrs. Erickson in addition to teaching, played the part of mother. Not the greatest of her helpful ways was the supply of fresh unadulterated milk to the mothers of children. The evenings usually found her visiting each family, dropping words of cheer and advice as she passed along.

After the meetings had closed, the catechists and their families departed, leaving behind a very quiet compound and a big blank in our hearts, for they had grown dear to us, and we missed the brown babies and roguish children, all of whom played freely and
fearlessly about us, excepting one, Martha, child of Brother, who always toddled off whenever her solemn brown eyes spied the writer approaching. She had been taken by her parents to the hospital to have an abscess in her neck lanced, and the doctor had ordered linseed poultries, which I applied a few times, Martha submitting decidedly against her will till one day she took the law into her own hands, that is, wrenched off the freshly applied poultice, and spent her days thereafter in freedom and open rebellion against poultries. And the abscess healed beautifully and Martha won the day.

“A SOWER WENT FORTH TO SOW”

By Mrs. W. M. Turnbull

A FRIEND of mine once introduced me into the home of some reformed Hindus of Bombay. My friend left the city about that time, and I resolved, if possible, to keep in touch with this interesting family. The practical head of the house was a son who had been to England to finish his education. The family had been of very common caste, but by the adoption of the principles of the Prarthna Somaj,\(^*\) they had raised themselves in the social scale. This son, whom my friend met on shipboard, was an appointed leader in this reform movement. When he first returned to India, he appeared open hearted and courteous, seeming to desire truth, but as the days went by and he became more deeply involved in defending and also propogating doctrines, by holding which he must have sinned against his greater light and done violence to his conscience, his spirit became continually more bitter and narrow. It has been well said, “If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness.” This man is typical of a great class in India, who know the truth but refuse to obey it.

His family consisted of his father and mother, simple, kindly, ignorant folk of the usual middle-class type, his wife, with whom I never got well acquainted, his children, and a sister in whom I was chiefly interested. There may have been other members of the family, but if so, I do not recall them now. This sister, whom I will call Sarvasvati for convenience, tho’ that is not her name, had been studying in a Girls’ High School in another town, but was visiting her home at this time, and studying under her brother’s direction. She was about eighteen years old, intelligent and fairly attractive.

When I made my second visit alone, I found her studying “Sanford and Merton” in English while I had been engaged in the translation of the adaptation of the same book, “Hari and Trimbak,” in Marathi. She knew a little English, I a little Marathi, so that we could converse in a broken way. At my first visits I could feel the old father and mother and wife also listened, tho’ that was the best day of all.

I had reached the end of the story, had told of the death and resurrection of Jesus, to all of which Sarvasvati gave eager interest. Finally, to impress the narrative more firmly on her mind than I could hope my broken words could do, I began to teach her in her own tongue that sweet old English hymn,

“Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed,” etc.

She learned readily. When we came to the verse,

\[\text{Hath He marks to lead me to Him,}
\text{If He be my guide?}
\text{In His feet and hands are wound-prints,}
\text{And His side}^*\]

she burst into tears, saying, “Oh, how much He has suffered for us! How much He has suffered!”

She did not seem to doubt or question the truth of the story in the least, but believed and loved with a sweet frankness and simplicity that made me wonder. It is so rare!

Plague was raging in the vicinity and she informed me that the whole family would leave Bombay the next day, and we would not soon meet again. But she begged me to write to her and she would do the same to me. I received one letter from her afterwards, which I answered, but I think my letter miscarried. At any rate I have neither seen nor heard from her since that time, now about four years ago. How deeply the Truth had taken root in her heart I cannot say. There are some who hear the Word and receive it with joy, but by and by the little plant dies for lack of soil. It has but a shallow hold in the heart. Sometimes the “thorns” choke it to death. But there are some who hear the Word and “keep

\(^*\) “Prayer Society,” a society of Hindu reformers.
it and bring forth fruit with patience.” Will not each reader of these lines breathe a prayer to the Lord of the Harvest that Sarvavati may be reckoned among these last?

So much of our work in India is like this instance. We do not see the end of it. There are so many unfinished stories. Yet we are comforted over these things. Was not Philip at once caught away from the Ethiopian eunuch? God does not lose sight of any and He will water the seed and keep it lest any hurt it.

LESSONS LEARNED IN RESTING TIME

BY MARGARET BALLANTYNE

O WING to the pressure of work on the plains, except at special seasons of the outpouring of God’s Spirit when all ordinary work is stopped for a time, opportunities of quiet communion with God are all too few. Freedom from that pressure is one of the charms and also one of the chief gains of a rest in the hills. Out in the woods alone with God, surrounded only by His handiwork, able to relax utterly, no interruptions, no enervating heat to bear up against, one can learn to “be still and know that He is God.”

At Brooklands, Coonoor, which is situated on THE SLOPES OF MT. TENERIFFE and surrounded by woods, so that within a few minutes walk from the house one can be out of sight and sound of every one else, the custom during this hot season, when about fifty missionaries were staying there, was to spend the time between seven and eleven o’clock a.m., in this way. Very precious were those waiting times alone “in the secret of His presence.” Having now come back to the work the lessons learned stand out still more vividly and they are passed on with the prayer that if the Master sees fit they may be used to help others.

Whilst at Coonoor we were shown the power of the name of Jesus of Nazareth, especially when the Lord used that Name to rebuke the enemy and command him to depart. One saw the power in the results which were so evident. A sick one was healed; depression, doubt and unbelief disappeared and in their place came songs of faith, joy and deliverance.

At the same time, whilst seeing God’s great power

ONE REALISES ONE'S HELPLESSNESS, that we can do absolutely nothing—He must do all. “My strength is made perfect in weakness.”

Since entering into a greater fulness of the Spirit some six months ago, one has learned that the result is not greater power in oneself, but now God can get one out of the way and send the “living water” through the cleansed, empty channel to the thirsty souls around, whatever their need may be. But no matter how much God has been able to use us to-day, He can do nothing with us to-morrow if we are the least bit “out of touch”—the channel blocked by the tiniest bit of mud. Also, the nearer we get to God the greater the need of watchfulness and prayer; because, the more one can be used by the Holy Spirit while obedient, so, the more can one be used by the enemy if disobedient—can be deceived in more subtle and therefore more dangerous ways. How our adversary can use “the little foxes that spoil the vines!”—spiritual pride, thinking oneself infallible in knowing God’s leadings, and, greatest of all, unbelief.

How God Grieves over One’s Lack of trust in Him is seen sometimes in the travail of the Spirit, as described in Romans 8: 26-27, over one of His little ones who is tempted to doubt that all the fulness of God is that one’s right in Christ Jesus, bought on Calvary for us. He died that we might be redeemed; He saw all our individual needs and “gave His life a ransom for many” that it may be made real in our lives. 1 Cor. 3: 21—“For all things are yours.” As God’s people get closer to Christ who is the Head, they understand more clearly how much we are indeed “one body,” and 1 Cor. 12: 26 enters into the life:—“Whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it.” Sometimes those who have entered into the greater fulness of God,—the “latter rain” which is now being poured out upon His people—have to pray WITH GREATER EARNESTNESS, have to wait with greater longing, with those who are seeking to enter in, than they ever experienced for themselves, the burden of desire being far greater, may be, for the very reason that they themselves have entered into their great blessing. They realise the great joy, deep satisfaction, the entering in as it were to a new world of fellowship in His sufferings, of
communion with the Lord, of power in service and prayer—His power not theirs.

They also see how divisions in the body of Christ grieve the great heart of Christ. Oh that His wonderful prayer in John seventeen may soon be answered! "That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us."

Perhaps the greatest lesson which one began to learn, especially if grafted into one's life by the Holy Spirit, was one that God is trying in so many ways to teach His own people in these days, i. e.,

TO KEEP OUR EYES ON JESUS ONLY.

Sometimes, by the differences of opinion amongst God's chosen, He would teach us that although we think differently we need love one another none the less; and if we are afraid there is error we are to love and pray all the more, and trust the Master to lead us. Sometimes, when almost unconsciously we lean on another or others, God lets us know of failure in their lives in order that we may depend upon Him alone. Does He not say, "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way thou shalt go; I will guide thee with mine eye" (Ps. 32:8). How graciously He has shown this in the revival which has come to India during the last three years, in which there are no special evangelists, missionaries often being set aside for a time and the Holy Spirit Himself leading the number. In Coonoor we had a very

BLESSED LESSON CONCERNING THIS.

Those who were seeking God for more of His fullness began to meet alone, without any of those with them who had received this blessing, thus being thrown entirely on God. In the very first meeting of this kind God began to bless, and day after day the blessing grew greater. We greatly rejoiced because God received all the glory. "And when they lifted up their eyes they saw no man save Jesus only." The transformed lives and faces, and the testimonies told "whose is the power and whose is the glory."

In a letter recently received from one of those who entered into a deeper life with God in one of these little prayer meetings, is the following joyful testimony of His keeping and strengthening power in the midst of the many duties in a mission station:

"Why

WHAT A WONDERFUL LIFE IT IS!

nothing short of a miracle. I do not know how God ever gets the mastery over our lives as He does but, say, isn't God good? Isn't He precious? I am not living on any past experience or feeling, but I have a deep consciousness of being in God's big heart. I find the same old thing awaiting but oh! a new power is in my life that lifts me right over those things which discouraged and stumbled one. Well, hallelujah! I have found Him in Whom I have my joy, my help, my comfort." "Then shall we know if we follow on to know the Lord."

TWO HOURS IN AN ORPHANAGE

BY W. RAMSEY

ONE evening recently, the writer with another missionary rode out on bicycles from Akola in company with our good brother Lapp to visit the orphanage and farm colony at Santa Barbara.

When we arrived, about fifty-four boys were ready to sit down to dinner in the open air, this being much more comfortable than indoors, when the weather permits.

It was about 6.30 p.m., so while they enjoyed their dinner sitting in "hollow-square" on the ground in front of the buildings, we walked with brother Lapp over a portion of the farm and through the garden, where we saw a goodly number of pomeloes (grape-fruit) and guava trees in blossom, while the season's crops were just beginning to sprout in the fields and the cattle also seemed in thriving condition.

THE GREAT NEED ON THE FARM

now seems to be a good gasoline engine for irrigation purposes and to grind the grain required for the boys' food.

There are many valuable fruit trees and with systematic irrigation so much of the ground could be used in raising vegetables for the use of the school as well as for the local market, that a little investment in this way would go far towards solving the question of self-support.

After looking around outside till nearly dark we returned to the house, and as we looked inside the three rooms one after another the first thing that took our attention was the peculiar arrangement of the furniture. On mentioning this to our good brother, he laughingly showed us that the cause was a
leaking roof and that he had to place his furniture where it would receive the least possible damage from the drops; one room not being much better than another in this respect.

Our dear brother, with characteristic self-forgetfulness, instead of going to the hills for rest, had spent all the hot season and possible damage from the drops of their lives.

Employing his time and strength and using all available funds in putting a good new roof on the boys’ rooms, making them safe and comfortable for the rains.

It is an interesting story, but too long for me to tell in one article, how God preserved our brother’s life when a panther sprang upon him while he was out in the jungle shooting deer to supply a dinner for his boys after they, with some of the Training School young men who had kindly given up their hot season vacation for the purpose, had finished putting the roof on the school.

At about 8-30 we left, our brother accompanying us on his wheel and telling us as we rode slowly into Akola how God had been working among the boys, pouring out His Spirit upon them and transforming some of their lives.

It was only as he turned and left us and we went on to have some rest on the benches at the station till 2 a.m. and then take train for our stations, that we began to realize in some measure the lonely life our dear brother leads and how completely his life is cheerfully given to the Master, for the physical as well as the spiritual uplifting and blessing of his boys.

In closing, may we heartily commend both our brother and his work to your sympathy and prayers.

ASHAPUR, THE VILLAGE OF HOPE
(Continued from page 27)

for the first year. Thus the best land has been retained, that on which we had expended the greatest amount of labour, and had dug our big well. In addition to this we have obtained other thirty-six acres of good land near the village, containing two or three good wells that have partially fallen in, and become silted up with sand and the debris of the monsoon rains. It is estimated that these can be cleaned out and repaired at a sixth of the cost it would take to dig new wells.

The fruit-trees planted by Messrs. Read and Greengrass have come on nicely during the past year. It has been necessary to plant many more of these, thus increasing considerably the size of our garden which was already a good-sized one. Some nice fruit has ripened this year, though as yet not in quantities sufficient to warrant our sending in to the dealers in Ahmedabad, or opening a stall in the market on our own account. We have had just the promise of future harvests, and the intimation to look forward with expectancy to another year.

Another reason for thanksgiving is that we have lately received a hundred blankets, and twenty-five suttrunjees (sleeping-mats), the gift of the “Officer in Charge of Supplies, Bombay,” on Mr. Fuller’s representation of our needs on this line. This is much to praise God for, as our boys were literally shivering with cold, many of them having an insufficiency of clothing, and being withal, almost entirely destitute of bedding. Let it be noted that the population of Ashapur is now nearly a hundred and forty souls. Old runaways are returning, and settling down steadily, and there has been a steady influx from Dholka for some months past; then the older boys marry as they are able to earn enough to support a wife, and have satisfied the missionary as to their eligibility and perseverance. And so our village grows, and so proportionately increase our cares and responsibilities.

No, I have not done yet. Just

ONE OR TWO CLOSING REMARKS.

You have heard in fair detail what the Lord has been pleased to do for many of us spiritually, how we have been helped in regard to the land, blankets etc., but we have other pressing needs that you ought to know. There are a hundred and forty dependent upon us here for food and clothing and all the necessaries of life. They are as yet only raw agriculturists even for India. We need houses for them to live in. Many at the present time are living in temporary huts made of straw and grass. It is the rainy season, yet they have virtually no roof over their heads. Many are taking fever, and we dread as a result from the exposure still more serious complications, such as pneumonia etc. We have no hospital here and can administer only the most ordinary medical treatment, consequently have to send all the sick to Dholka. This is both an inconvenience and an expense. We need bullocks to work the land taken from Government, implements—a variety of things—and new wells ought to be dug after the rains. And we need to be remembered now—at this time. We are in immediate need of pecuniary help. Interpreted in the most
literal way, "there are yet four months unto harvest," grain foods are at famine prices, and until the crops ripen that have just been sown, these dear ones that are even now suffering real hardship and privation have to be fed and clothed.

Beloved, we are assured you want to help us. You have been asking us to tell you just how things are with us, and so we drop everything that savours of pure rhetoric and pedantry if we have been vain enough to try such mean arts and subterfuges on you, which our conscience does not accuse us of doing, at least at this time of writing, and we tell you in our plainest and homeliest English that we are in dire need. Much might be added to what has already been said, but I will refer all who are desirous of extended details to the pamphlet written by Mr. Greengrass.

You have already done so much for the folks here, and for us also, that we know not how to thank you. We trust you and shall continue to look to you, assured that your interest in us and our welfare is no ordinary one. We shall therefore pray that God may make the present need as real to you as it is to ourselves.

**Items**

The weather of late has been very trying and quite a number of our missionaries have been sick. Mrs. Peter Eicher of Akola, has been very seriously ill for some time and needs to be specially upheld at this time.

We are glad to tell that the Lord has wonderfully sustained our sister Mrs. Rogers, (whose illness we reported last month) and has given her real touches of His resurrection life. We hope and pray for full deliverance soon.

1908

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Carner gratefully and joyfully announce that their debt of love to the Lord has recently been much increased by the gift of a little son. He arrived on August and has been named Lauren Roy.

Miss Millham has been transferred from Khamgaon and will, for the present, assist in the work at Bhusaval.

The time for the annual convention of our Indian missionaries is not too far ahead to announce it now. By the time this reaches our friends at home it will be nearer still and we believe it ought to be made known in time for all interested ones to unite with us in prayer. Last year the Lord met us in a very special way and many could say it was the best convention they had ever attended. This year it ought to be better still. God has been blessing us through the year but many look forward to the convention with the hope that it may mean deeper and more general revival. Let us look unto Jesus and count on His promises, stand on them and, as one has recently put it, "Camp" on them. He never disappoints. Remember the place—Akola, Berar, and the time, D.V.,—Friday, Oct. 30th, and through the week following.

O Lord, I know not what I should ask of Thee. Thou lovest me, if I am Thy friend, more than I can love myself before Thee. O Lord, give to me Thy child, what is proper, whatsoever it be. I dare not ask either crosses or comforts. I present myself before Thee. I open my heart to Thee. Behold my wants of which I am ignorant, but do Thou behold and do according to Thy mercy. Smite or heal, depress or raise me up. I adore all thy purposes without knowing them. I am silent, I offer myself in sacrifice. I abandon myself to Thee. I have no more any desire but to accomplish Thy will. Lord, teach me to pray. I beseech Thee, dwell Thou Thyself in me by Thy Holy Spirit. Amen.—Fenelon.

A special examination for the catechists and Bible-women in the Marathi field will be held in this month. This will give a further opportunity to some who came nearly up to the passing mark in the Summer School, also to some who were kept out of that examination by sickness. Those who can pass in this trial will thus be permitted to advance to the course of study mapped out for the year in advance of where they are now at work.

The days of prayer held on the last Friday of each month have been attended with much blessing. It is a valuable privilege accorded the missionaries, that they are permitted these occasional meetings.

**WANTED: A PARIAH GOD.**

Recently, while a catechist and Rev. A. W. Turner were holding a meeting, a villager objected to one saying there is only one true God. It wasn't that he objected so far as he himself was concerned, but he had chivalrous feelings for the despised Pariah. He said, therefore, that if there is only one God the Pariah's condition is worse than is generally supposed for in that case he is without a God at all, since it is unthinkable that the Pariah can worship the same Deity as other men. That man was voicing the general opinion respecting the non-caste people. Can we wonder at progress being slow? Yet there are men who argue that the Hindus do not need the religion of Jesus Christ!—Ex.
MAP OF INDIA
Showing Stations of the Christian & Missionary Alliance
## List of Alliance Missionaries.

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<td>Pachora</td>
<td>Mr. A. Johnson</td>
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### BOMBAY—

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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Fuller</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Miss K. Knight, Miss E. Morris</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Miss L. Gardner</td>
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<td>Miss Z. McAuley</td>
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<td>Miss C. McDougall</td>
<td>Miss H. O'Donnell</td>
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