The India Alliance

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The Christian and Missionary Alliance
in India.

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"Occupy till I come."
HEADQUARTERS FOR INDIA—Alliance Mission, Gwalia Tank Road, Bombay.
CABLE ADDRESS—Parousia, Bombay.

REV. M. B. FULLER,—Chairman of Executive Committee, Bombay.

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 fulness 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."

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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, Gwalia 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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American subscriptions can be sent to Mr. V. T. Jefferies, 690, 8th Ave, New York.
Challenger Thy Mountain

Whosoever shall say unto this Mountain, be thou cast into the sea; and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass; HE SHALL HAVE WHATSOEVER HE SAITH.—Mark 11:23.

Say to this mountain, "Go, be cast into the sea;"
And doubt not in thy heart
That it shall be to thee:
It shall be done, doubt not His Word,
Challenge thy mountain in the Lord!

Claim thy redemption right,
Purchased by precious blood;
The Trinity unite
To make it true and good.
It shall be done, obey the Word,
Challenge thy mountain in the Lord!

Self, sickness, sorrow, sin,
The Lord did meet that day,
On His beloved One,
And thou art "loosed away."
It has been done, rest on His Word,
Challenge thy mountain in the Lord!

Compass the frowning wall
With silent prayer, then raise—
Before its ramparts fall—
The victor’s shout of praise.
It shall be done, faith rests assured,
Challenge thy mountain in the Lord!

The two-leaved gates of brass,
The bars of iron yield,
To let the faithful pass,
Conquerors o’er every field.
It shall be done, the foe ignored,
Challenge thy mountain in the Lord!

Take then the faith of God,
Free from the taint of doubt;
The miracle-working rod
That cast all reasoning out.
It shall be done, stand on the Word,
Challenge thy mountain in the Lord!

—M. W. Studd.

THE POPULAR PRESENTATION OF CHRISTIANITY IN THE VERNACULAR TO NON-CHRISTIANS*

BY THE REV. G. E. PHILLIPS, B. A. (Concluded)

We are speaking to-night of the popular presentation of Christianity. To be popular it must be striking and forcible, even though truth may be presented somewhat in the rough. It is no use to cut down trees with razors, nor to weigh out pounds of sugar with a chemical balance. But the axe, though not so sharp as the razor, must strike in the right direction, the sugar-merchant’s balance must be approximately true. There is a limit of adaptation for purposes of popular exposition beyond which we must not go. Take the case of the head-lines of a newspaper displayed on a railway stall. Those head-lines are printed in large thick type in the hope that they will catch the eye of the passer-by, give him a very rough indication that certain important events have taken place, and so excite his desire to possess the paper and find in it the more accurate details of the events indicated. Is not that, by the way, a fairly correct statement of the object of street-preaching? Now you see among the head-lines displayed, “Bomb explosion in Calcutta.” Wishing to know more about the event, you buy the paper; you find on reading that the thing which caused the damage was not what could strictly be called a bomb, that it only partially exploded, and that the place of the occurrence was really just outside, not in Calcutta. Still you are satisfied; the head-line told the truth in a rough sort of way, as accurately as space permitted. Our exposition of Christianity must be true in that way—arresting, forcible, and true in outline. But suppose that, on opening the paper, you found that what they called a bomb-explosion was really only the detonation of an excessively large festive cracker,
and that no damage was done or intended, then the inaccuracies have gone so far that the head-line is false. I have occasionally felt that our head-line popular statements about Christianity have gone dangerously far in their inaccuracy. When a hasty address is given which has no breath of the love of God in any part of it, when the incarnation is represented as a mere display of the supernatural in a human disguise, when the call to men is rather a threatening monition to avoid the destruction of hell than a solemn appeal to the conscience, then our head-lines are not true. We have a task of immense difficulty before us. Even the most highly-trained kindergarten teacher in English knows how difficult it is to express in colloquial language intelligible to infants, in language that smacks of the nursery and the home and the school, religious ideas all connected with things not seen and eternal. How much greater is the difficulty with a language to which the ideas are new. A rough kind of poetic form of expression has to be invented. As Dr. Dale said in his book on The Atonement, "We have no literal language for religious ideas. But man was made in the image of God, and there are deep analogies between the relations of men to each other and their relations to Him. Hence the language which conveys our own moral ideas is not altogether unsuitable for the higher service of conveying the thoughts of God.

The language we use is not 'literal' when we speak of God as drawing near to man, stretching out His hand to help us, listening to our prayers; but the expressions are not only sufficiently vivid for the imagination, and sufficiently accurate for the logical understanding, but sufficiently true for the higher reason which alone is directly conversant with religious ideas."

That is the task which lies before us, a task worthy of the noblest powers—to find in the languages, which are close to the very heart of India, words for the message of Christianity which shall be not "only sufficiently vivid for the imagination, and sufficiently accurate for the logical understanding, but also sufficiently true for the higher reason which alone is conversant with religious ideas."

It goes without saying that one essential to the attempting of this task is an intimate and thorough acquaintance with the best vernacular literature. One mentions this with a sigh, knowing how little time the crowded list of engagements of the modern missionary leaves for such study, but it must be done by the men who are going to seriously attempt to interpret Christianity to the heart of the masses of India. It is not enough to have half-a-dozen stock quotations on sin and salvation. When we recall the effect on us of certain stock quotations from Shakspeare with which High School Debating Societies are so constantly regaled, we can hardly hope to make a deep impression on Indian audiences with our scanty and thread-bare classical scraps. We want to be able to do more than that. Most of us have read magazines on Neo-Hinduism in English, and have rubbed our eyes on reading an article to find a phrase taken bodily from the Christian scriptures. It may be as an unconscious quotation, and yet, in the connection in which it stands, it is undoubtedly Vedantic. The newer Vedantists, in such writings as Swami Vivekananda's or in the articles in magazines like the Brahmavadin, have been remarkably successful in making Christian English the vehicle of Vedantism. I doubt if anyone, even the great Beschi himself, has hitherto been so successful in making the best kind of Tamil the vehicle of Christianity. One of the beneficial results that may be expected from increased study of vernacular literature is that we shall learn to present Christianity more as fulfilment, and less as destruction. We shall see and appreciate much that is good in what we have been tempted to suppose to be wholly irrational, and those who hear us will not get the impression that to become a Christian means to sneer at their country and their forefathers.

And that too will enable us to remedy another defect in our presentation which is not so conspicuous but not less serious. It is my impression that we commonly appeal far too much to the logical faculty, and too little to the emotions, of our hearers. We offer arguments commonly without warming the heart. We show reasons why men should follow Christ, yet they feel no electric thrill go through them as we speak His name; they do not from our words catch the remotest hint of how precious Christ is to us, of how we love Him, and those who hear us will not get the impression that to become a Christian means to sneer at their country and their forefathers.

Think of the almost wild expressions of bhakti in the Devaram songs; most Christian addresses must sound more keenly the desperate need of all mankind to find Him as their Saviour. The explanation, must be either that we missionaries have not
learnt to pour out our hearts in the vernacular, or else that we have rushed out of our houses, leaving some other task unfinished in the middle, and have not taken time to realize what we are doing before we plunge into our address, and say the old thing in the old way, with just a frantic silent prayer to the Spirit to make our words useful. We want more of the feeling that F. W. H. Myers represents Paul as having, when he faced a crowd.

"Only like souls I see the folk thereunder, Bound who should conquer, slaves who should be kings,—
Hearing their one hope with an empty wonder,
Sadly contented in a show of things.
Then with a rush the intolerable craving
Shivers throughout me like a trumpet-call,
Oh to save these! To perish for their saving,
Die for their life, be offered for them all!"

Preaching is not merely the proclamation of truth. It has been defined as "truth through personality." We have not told men of the Love of God, if we have merely quoted "God is Love." We must so feel it that we make those who listen to us catch the feeling. We have done nothing by merely denouncing sin, unless men have felt something of the horror of it as they listened. We have not borne our testimony to the power of Christ to save unless the hearers are made to feel that what they are listening to is the personal experience of the speaker.

This kind of teaching and preaching needs much thought and preparation and prayer. It probably involves that our evangelistic work should be less in quantity. Whitefield and Wesley could go on preaching twice a day, always at the summit of emotional fervour, but most of us cannot. We must be willing to reduce our quantity, if necessary.

What I would plead for is that in the whole matter of our presenting Christianity to non-Christians, we should realize that we have a task demanding constant and thoughtful preparation, without which we shall fail to tell people of our Lord and Master. There is a notion abroad that thoughtfulness and careful preparation are the special necessities of work among educated Hindus, and the notion is calculated to do immense harm. For my part, I believe it requires even higher gifts and greater earnestness to solve the immense difficulties, some of which still lie before us unsurmounted, of finding a voice for the heart of the Christian religion in which it will speak straight to the heart of the great middle-class population of India. It is often said in Madras

that every thoughtful person knows English, and it is true on the whole. But how many of those English-speaking people are there whose real life, apart from their office and business, is still bound up with the vernacular. In the bazaars you may see piles of vernacular books, badly printed, most unattractively got up, many of them apparently very dull, and they are books on religion. Who buy them? The fact that those books are there is sufficient indication that there are still multitudes to whom the vernacular is the real medium for the expression of religious ideas. Nearly every vernacular magazine contains in every issue an article on religion, which would not be there, if the readers did not want it. A religious Kalakshopam in Mint Street, conducted purely in the vernacular, can draw together about 400 people on any Sunday afternoon, all of whom have paid for admission.

Surely the most effective presentation of Christianity to India has still to be made in the vernaculars. We have not yet gained the ear of middle-class people in India. Last year, during the controversy raised by the Bishop of Madras, many things were said which seemed to imply that there were only two alternatives before us—work among the educated Brahmins in Colleges, and work among Pariahs and Malas. Yet we all know that the back-bone of the population of India lies between these two extremes. It is in the interests of the great solid middle classes that I plead that we should devote far more thought and work and prayer than we have commonly considered necessary to the task of presenting Christianity in the vernacular in such a way that its emphasis will be in the right place, its meaning will be clear to the Indian understanding, and its news will come as the power of God unto salvation. I have drawn my illustrations mainly from street and bazaar preaching, for the natural reason that I have been more in this kind of work than in any other. But I believe the questions touched upon are raised by every kind of vernacular evangelistic work that we do. For the sake of the women of India and the little schoolchildren of India, as well as for the masses in the streets, we shall have to deal with these problems more courageously and persistently. Not until we solve these problems will the multitudes of India accept Christ as their Guru with passionate devotion, and give to Him the Name which is above every name.—The Harvest Field.
PASTOR KHAN SING

BY MRS. V. ERICKSON

A NOThER noble soldier has been called from our ranks. While we greatly miss our dear brother and realize that the vacant place will be hard to fill we praise God for the grace that brought this precious soul out of darkness to become a light in his native land and to shine through the eternal ages.

Pastor Khan Sing was converted in youth and being of high caste it meant much for him to identify himself with the despised followers of Jesus. He was a man of unusual ability and liberal education familiar with several languages.

He spent many years in evangelistic and pastoral work with the Presbyterian Mission in North India. About eight years ago, owing to advanced age and declining health he retired from mission employ and came to Amraoti to live with his daughter, Dr. Annie Sing, then assistant physician in the Dufferin Hospital for women, in this city.

He at once became interested in the Alliance work and when our Marathi church was organized consented to assist Mr. Erickson in the pastoral duties, declining to take any remuneration for his services.

His fatherly interest in each member of the little flock, his wise counsel and faithfulness in breaking to them the bread of life soon won their love and confidence, and he was known among them as "Father Khan Sing."

He spent much time in the mission Reading-Room, labouring with the non-Christian men who came and went. In spite of opposition and persecution he maintained a bold stand for Christ in this strong-hold of Hinduism, preaching in the public bazaar, witnessing in the Hall of Theosophy and pointing out the way of Truth to individuals as he had opportunity.

His humble walk with God, his exemplary Christian life, bore witness continually to the reality and power of the religion which he professed and the saving grace of the Redeemer whose name he bore.

During the past two years he has been quite feeble, often confined to his home for several months at a time. Even when unable to be among us he still maintained his interest in the work and solicitude for the welfare of the little church.

One beautiful morning in September last he spoke to his daughter of feeling ill; a little later realizing that the end was near, he gave a bright testimony to those about him of the love and goodness of God, offered prayer, and joyfully went to his eternal home.

A RETROSPECT

S. P. HAMILTON

TWO years ago when Mr. and Mrs. Andrews were leaving for America we were asked to take up the work which owing to impaired health and tired hands they were compelled to lay down. For us the work was wholly new, new faces, new names and each day brought new problems to solve. For the first few days we lived as it were on the outside but in a few weeks we were initiated and got to know not only the names but the boys themselves. Oh what a variety of make-ups we found among those, "Aryan Browns." The one thing that impressed us more than anything else was the spirit of joy and mirth. To live among such a crowd of boys is a splendid place for any one who is inclined to be gloomy for such bubbling-up life is very contagious. The thought often came to us how much our dear Dr. Wilson would have enjoyed being among them and I am sure, too, that they as well would have thoroughly enjoyed him.

And now we are leaving Dholka to take up the evangelistic work which we laid down two years ago and before doing so we desire to make mention of the loving kindness of our faithful God to us during the past year. Though there has been such financial stringency the Lord did not allow it to effect the boys in Dholka for all their needs were supplied.

Then too we want to thank God for the mighty work He did among the boys in the way of Revival. We have written this before but we just want to say that we have never seen anything that proved so deep and lasting as the work God did among them this past year.

In closing we wish to very sincerely thank all those who so nobly stood with us in prayer these two years and for the gifts they sent from time to time. Mr. Pack is taking up the work for which he is so well fitted and we commend him to you for earnest prayers that he may have the physical strength and grace and wisdom that such a place demands.

Yours in the spread of the gospel.
THE INDIA ALLIANCE.

A MOONLIGHT SCENCE AND A LITTLE SUNLIGHT

E. R. CARNE

THREE little tents are spread under a grand old mango tree, one for the missionary and one for each pair of the four catechists or Christian workers with him. The evening meal is past and a blessed half hour has been spent in singing in Marathi, the translation of the hymn, “Onward Christian Soldiers” with a little look at Paul’s words about the soldier life of the Christian, and the rest of the time in praise, and prayer for grace to fight well the good fight of faith, which is so different from all other kinds of fighting.

The air is chilly and the missionary and his companions are thinking of seeking for rest and warmth under blankets, when the tramp of feet is heard and the low murmur of voices apprises them that visitors have arrived from the near-by village. To the flesh it would have been pleasanter to be allowed to go to rest as it is the usual retiring hour, but here is a chance to fight a little battle and so the soldier spirit asserts itself and the men (for our visitors are men—and men with souls as well as bodies) are given a cordial welcome and invited to take seats—on the firm lap of old mother earth. Overhead the moon is shining as she shines only in India and with her ten thousand bright stars are declaring with all their silent might the glory of God. The little row of men are seated before the missionary and two of the workers and soon the chill of the night air counts for little as the story is told of God’s other way of declaring His glory, that is through His Word made flesh and dwelling among us. And two of the witness bearers are as dark-skinned as their heathen brothers and only a few years ago they were heathen men too. Now they tell with radiant faces and happy hearts what Jesus the Son of God can do for the sinner’s soul. The missionary leans back in his camp chair and looks with delight upon the work of God’s grace as one of these witnesses gives his simple and humble testimony, and urges his little audience to forsake what they know will never save them and accept the way which will give them light and peace. The men get up after a while and go away but not until they have listened to the purest, sweetest story ever told. And such a story must impress such men deeply for so far as we can see they do not often hear a story that is pure and good. The story would of itself impress them but it is more than a story; it is the living word of life and the Spirit of God is yearning over those ignorant, blinded idolaters as they listen with grace enough and power enough to transform them into new creatures if He could only get their consent. Pray for them, reader. Pray fervently enough to start them from the stupor of idolatry that is upon them, and perseveringly enough to melt away the centuries of satanic conservatism that is theirs by natural inheritance and lovingly enough to snap the chains of caste so tightly and so strongly bound around them. If you want these souls for God pray thus.

Now it is two hours past noon-day and the sun is blazing forth his glory and strength. Waves of heat are dancing over the fields and the missionary sits close by the trunk of the great mango tree as glad for its sheltering shade as he was for warm blankets a few hours ago. He is studying a lesson from Acts which he hopes to give to the catechists later on and is alone with his work for his companions have gone to the neighbouring stream for the time. Now again the silence is broken by the rustle of the grass and the missionary looks up to find a man with a sickle in his hand approaching from the side away from the village. He stops at a respectful distance away, gives the Hindu salute and says, “Shall I come?” “Yes, come; do come.” The visitor is a farmer and in the conversation which follows it is learned that he has walked a quarter-way round the touring camp before approaching in order that he might not be seen visiting the Christians’ tents. He wears the beautiful farmers’ head dress and has the bearing of a more than ordinarily intelligent man. As we write we seem to be again looking into his strong, manly countenance and we think, “What a beautiful Christian he would make!” What made him come to us at the risk of being seen by his neighbours? The other morning as we passed through his village, warm and tired after a somewhat long walk, it was this man who asked us to stop and rest and who offered us some betel-nut with a leaf to chew, and who (when we politely refused that) brought us some good rich milk to drink. To be sure he would not let us drink from his brass vessel as our hand and lips would defile it, but he managed to find an old tin can and that with the top cut off made a fairly good drinking cup. The milk was cool and refreshing and we appreciated it but far more than the milk did we appreciate the unusual kindness that prompted the act. We told him of the pro-

(Concluded on page 82.)
Editorials

In taking up the work of editing our little monthly in addition to many other duties the new editor is conscious of the need of the prayers of all the subscribers and all other readers, and hereby requests that as the Spirit gives remembrance, he may have the prayers of all. Standing at the threshold of a new year with all its possibilities he presumes to hope and to believe that this little monthly messenger may speak God’s own message to many hearts. Much of the matter as in the past will be written by others than the editor, and so prayer is asked that all the matter that shall find a place in these pages shall be such as to stir all the readers to a more intelligent and intense interest in the kingdom of Christ, and to lead them to more constant prayer in the Holy Spirit for the speedy evangelization of the world and the coming of Christ.

“That they may be one.”

This petition from the prayer of Christ has become the prayer of His people in all lands in an increasing degree in these last few years, and the importance of the answer to it is more deeply realized to-day than perhaps it has been at any time for fifteen hundred years. Many things have been at work to separate the children of God and both the weakness and the strength of the flesh have been patent factors in separating those who have been sincere in their devotion to Christ. It has been one of Satan’s favourite devices to make God’s children afraid of one another and to make their differences of opinion causes or occasions of divisions and sects among them. The things of less or even of least importance have been magnified, and the really important things, the supremely important things have been minimised and almost forgotten in the midst of controversy about the minor matters. To-day the Spirit of God has gained the attention of many men and women and is emphasizing the message of the unity of all who are members of the body of Christ, which the Apostle Paul tells us is the church of Christ.

There is a clear line of division between those who are “in Christ” and those who are not, and there is no third class. There are various expressions in the Bible which show clearly who are “in Christ,” and are members of His body. They have all passed out of death into life, 1 John 3:14. “For in one Spirit we are all baptized into one body.” 1 Cor. 12:13. “For ye are all sons of God by faith in Christ Jesus,” Gal. 3:26. All are born of the same Spirit. John 3:5. All are partakers of the divine nature. 2 Pet. 1:4. Many other quotations come to mind but these are sufficient to show the essential unity of all who are “in Christ.” He recognized them as one and He wants them to recognize their unity. Unity of birth, unity of nature, unity of life, and unity of purpose, are actual facts and with all these on one side there is nothing to be set over against them that should hinder the realization of that unity.

It is not strange that the Apostle John in his old age was still filled with wonder at the love of God in making us His children. The doctrine of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man of which so much is said to-day needs explanation. It is spoken of as if it were a common and quite natural thing by many but the Apostle breaks out in wonder at the thought, “Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called children of God: and such we are.” 1 John 2:1, and in his Gospel 1:12, he tells us “but as many as received Him (Christ) to them gave He the right to become children of God.” God receives us as sons when we receive His Son. How much God might have done for us without making us His children, but in making us His children, He gave us His name and His nature, and Christ consented to share that name and nature with us and to divide the inheritance with us; for God made us children and heirs, joint heirs with Christ.

We may spend the whole of the New Year in seeking to comprehend this love which passes knowledge and we may revel in its heights and depths but we shall find no boundaries. We may find when and where it began to be real to us but not when it began to be, for He chose us in
Christ before the foundation of the world. Eph. 1: 3, 4.

And so our New Year's wish, for all our readers and all the children of God everywhere is, “That they may be one.”

TOURING NOTES
Mrs. WM. RAMSEY

As two missionaries were going towards town late one afternoon, they were accosted by a sad-faced man who asked them to come to his house to see his sick child.

The Lord brought to their minds St. Mark 16: 17, 18 and caused them to realize they were going in the power of God's Holy Spirit.

On reaching the house the mother brought out a wee infant. It had no clothing on its lean little body, but a filthy cloth thrown around it and it was wheezing very hard. Hands were laid on in the Name of the Lord Jesus, with the consciousness of being in His Sacred Presence, next A.M. the father was early at the bungalow, with beaming face, the child was well.

When one of the Missionaries again went bringing a little warm garment, she met with a hearty welcome, and as she sat on the floor with those happy parents and told the story of the Name by which their infant was healed, she knew she could never have crossed that threshold nor looked into that smiling half-covered face of the mother, whose four other children had gone from her arms, but for the healing touch of Him Who died on Calvary.

A song in Hindi was sung and explained and the Name became precious to them, as prayer was offered for their salvation a book was given the husband to read. They have been twice visited since, and the infant was doing nicely, all praise to Him Whose Name is above every Name. He meant it when He said, “These signs shall follow them that believe,” “He the Spirit of Truth will guide you into all truth” and will continue to lead His own in these “last days” for the glory of God Hallelujah!

We are working a good deal this year among the BHEELS. We find a lot of BHEELS in the district and had a visit from Elvin Aziz of Nandurbar a few days ago. And through him we have the hope of getting a BHEEL-Christian worker for the district. Sirsoli will be a good center for this work and Bro. Aziz has promised himself to start the work there. The BHEELS are very poor and degraded. Their names are called at the choudi by the village clerk every evening to prevent them from stealing. One BHEEL the other day told me that God had cursed them therefore they had to drink strong drink, which is the chief cause of their poverty and degradation. We were told by an official some time ago that in a BHEEL village in his district there are probably 100 houses. The tax for the land to the Government is Rs. 300. The people are very poor yet the saloon keeper sold strong drink in that village last year for Rs. 7,000. The BHEELS pay real attention to the Gospel and we have a good hope of being able by God's grace to do something for them spiritually. Pray for them.

There has been at S—, on the Line, a gate-keeper, very friendly for a couple of years. We have always stopped at his gate and had conversations with him when crossing the line. At the time when Bro. Aziz was with us we came home from a village at 10 in the morning, stopped as usual and Bro. Aziz gave his testimony of his salvation, and the Lord blessed it so that we had the privilege of falling on our knees to pray for and with the gate-keeper. He himself prayed for his salvation and gave himself as far as he understood to the Lord Jesus. He said that he would go to Bhusawal the following day and tell of his step and desired to be baptized soon. We have seen him a couple of times since but not talked much to him. We gave him an English Bible which he desired as he can read English.

He too needs our prayer.

How the gospel was preached to the whole village, men, women and children one early morning.

We arrived before sunrise at the said village and the men with a few children were all sitting at three different fires in a triangular place. We took the center and began to sing and speak. The women stood in the doors and on the streets at a distance and every one listened with very unusual interest for at least one whole hour. The village is not big and thus the whole village heard the gospel that cold November morning as they sat or stood around the village-fires. Then we had conversation with not a few afterwards for quite a time.

We wish you to pray that we may be able to open an outstation in Mhasavad and
that Ratnakar with his wife may be able to secure for themselves a house in Mhasavad and from there work the district around which contains 14 villages. The people are all very friendly in all these villages. Ratnakar has now been working so long with the Missionaries and is one of our highest paid. Native workers and ought now to launch out for himself.

Yours in His Service,

C. W. Schrlande.

SCHOOL-WORK IN BHUSAWAL

Mrs. Bannister

It is with a deep sense of gratitude that we record God’s goodness and favour on our School-work here in Bhusawal. The work is steadily increasing and the interest manifested by the children correspondingly encouraging. Within the last year one more Standard has been added to the School raising it to the 5th Standard. We trust to yet add more Standards until it ranks even with the highest. The Lord’s hand has been graciously upon this work inclining the hearts of his people, both in America and England, to help by gifts to further this good work, thus making it possible for enlargement. One friend in England has given liberally towards the Girls’ School, and we would take this way of thanking all publicly. Could the joy felt on the receipt of these gifts have been seen, methinks it would bespeak more to follow. There is much yet to be done in the way of general repairs. Should any one seeing these lines find a prompting in their hearts to help to make this School, not only a model one, but make it possible for the repairs, that are essential for health and comfort, here is a good opportunity which will be most fully appreciated. Perhaps some of our home friends do not realize how we are situated in the heart of a heathen town surrounded on all sides by Hindu neighbours, who are ready to inflict upon us whatever outrage comes in their way. To save ourselves from these abuses a high wall is needed around the entire School premises including School-buildings and play-grounds. The grounds have been enclosed save one side, and this other side is the pressing need just now. Only a little sum given by many would make us quite happy! As many of you know, this School-work was handed over to us by the Free Church of Scotland three years ago, and we consider it a sacred trust and responsibility from the Lord to be carried on under His direction and for His glory. The buildings at that time were in a state of decay, any three of them now will soon fall of their own accord if not razed to the ground, which means new ones put up in their place, which we trust with God’s help soon will be done.

One hundred boys are registered for the Boys’ School and many of them bright and promising. As they listen to the truths of the Gospel taught each day in combination with their regular standard work, their inquiring interested looks betoken the working in the mind and heart. How our hearts go up in prayer that the seed sown will fall into good soil and bear “precious fruit.” Two Christian Masters, well qualified in the different branches including a good knowledge of Kindergarten work, are faithful teachers, also three other Masters including the Head Master. We have been led to pray that when these boys finish their schooling with us, that their hearts may be so touched and changed that they shall desire to go to our own or some other Training School for preparation for the Lord’s work; why should this not be so? Being under the blessed influence of the teaching of God’s word for five or six years can their lives remain unchanged? God forbid! May many of these boys, who pass through this our School, become one day teachers and preachers of the Gospel of Jesus Christ!

The Girls’ School with its thirty-five or more little ones is also a great source of pleasure and encouragement. How our hearts thrill with joy that these little neglected ones are having a chance to learn. It is really wonderful with what patience these little “tots” struggle with slate and pencil learning their first lessons. Some of the older ones are making rapid progress, showing ability and intellect which is quite surprising. Could we but keep them with us for some years to come they would no doubt, fulfill our highest ambition for them; but some of them must soon go to homes of their own, for such is the custom of the country. But may they carry with them the blessed truths which they have learned and may it lighten up the dense darkness of heathendom to which they may be subjected, enabling them not only to live lives of righteousness but also be the means of leading others in the right way. May God indeed save many of these girls and make them as bright gems in His crown. We have two well instructed Christian teachers with good knowledge of Kindergarten to teach
them, which gives them all the advantages of a Day School with Bible instruction included.

We are workers together with Him, we who work and you who give, our prayers ascend up together, and mingled with His own come down in rich blessing upon the children, Masters, and us alike. And we all shall share and share alike in the rich harvest of precious souls gathered in for his kingdom.

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In the Field.

A DAY AT AN OUT-STATION

By Mrs. Ramsey

FOR weeks I had wanted to visit Kurha the outstation opened a short time ago. My husband had gone and had to cross no less than five streams almost knee deep, carrying on his shoulder bicycle and shoes. We women folks fell short there and so had to wait. However, rains having ceased and other things favourable, I started in early a.m. for the ten-mile ride in bullock-cart. The quiet of the journey gave welcome opportunity for meditation, even if it was interrupted by frequent jolts and bumps, going over ruts in the road. One and another called as we met, "Where are you going?" "Out here." "Ah, to Kurha. Well, go on." Arrived soon after nine, and amid spectators reached the door where I was to enter. Little Manohar's face was a study when "Auntie" appeared. First wonder, then a ghost of a smile, a laugh, and a spring towards me. Dear wee man! He and his younger brother Andrew, the only Christian children in all that village and country-side.

Not till 11 o'clock did the parents appear, for they had gone to preach five miles away. If the walk had tired them they forgot it in the joy of having company for a few hours. Not for one minute was the house free from out-siders, children and men, and I could hear from the street; "Whose cart is that?" "Sahib's Kristhee, ho!" The latter exclamation in various tones from contemt to admiration. After a profitable time of Bible study we closed the door, in order to join heartily in songs of praise, and to pour out our hearts together in prayer. At every chink an eye was peering through. When we had finished it was time to start for home. Manohar had a ride in the cart while his parents convoyed me a mile or so out with sweet converse and joy in the Lord.

Part of the road was bad, and my husband had warned me not to take the short-cut, but it was a little tempting as the night came on. The bullock-driver too was in favour of it. The cart would "sway a bit," he said, but he could get it through. So we chose the short-cut which meant a deep rugged cut in the road where a bridge had been swept away in the rains. He got the cart through, but my courage failed and there I stood on the other side, with that awful muddy hole, and the gathering darkness staring at me. The driver came back to help me, but the bullocks moved on at their own sweet will, and he had to hurry after. An elderly man and his grandson came along and waded through, inviting me to join them. Another man came and began to prepare to carry me over on his shoulders, child-fashion. The older one got ahead and in a trice had me over in his arms. "Can you bear her weight?" the other one asked. "Bear her weight!" came the half indignant reply, and it was done. I laughed and praised the Lord for getting me out of that difficulty. There was a lesson in it.

Now, for some reminiscences. About thirteen years ago we first visited Kurha, our hearts subdued by the Home-call of our wee Sarah Elizabeth.

Wherever we went, in the town, the cry of scorn met us, "Your Jesus was hanged!" "Hanged?" we would answer, "why, hanging would have been an easy and respectable death compared with His. He was nailed to a Cross, and that for you and me—in our stead and because of our guilt." Some listened, others scoffed. We prayed some, and we prayed again for Kurha, and the change came, so that to-day they are actually willing to have a Christian family in their midst. Not all of them, mind you, for many a sneer do these same Christians meet from a certain class. That some come regularly, and send their children to hear the story, is much to praise God for, and that many are eagerly listening in surrounding villages is good, but even these things are only a fresh call to arms for us, for the battle is not yet won. There are members of the Bride of the Lamb hidden there, and the "calling out" has commenced. Small wonder if the arch-enemy oppose in the warfare. But need there be defeat? No, indeed. Then, beloved intercessors, let us take up the responsibility together. Don't just read this and decide that it would be a good thing, but "Now, then do it" (See 2 Sam. 3: 18).

Only a little word about the dear husband and wife whom God has called to witness there
Whenever I think of them, I want to sing. Oh, for a thousand tongues, to sing.—The, *triumphs of His grace*.

One day you may hear more particulars if it be for His glory. At present they stand alone in a wicked town, surrounded by Mohamedan neighbours, their lives closely scanned; swung out, as it were, on the ocean of God’s love. They do not pity themselves nor do we. We with them call it a blessed privilege, even if they do write of remembering each one here in the station, by name, with tears, and even if they have no human being to have fellowship with. And they are human, very human. Still, the wife writing said, “We are here not merely by man’s appointment but by God’s call, and we are glad. We must not fail in the many testings. We used to depend on you for everything. Now, we are learning to depend on the Lord alone. Don’t forget to pray for us.” And this is not cant either, for God’s blessed Holy Spirit has found a place in their hearts and they are truly being transformed.

Like ourselves—not yet perfect, needing upholding, as she says. Once more, who’ll stand true in prayer for God’s children in Kurha? We praise Him whose name is Jehovah-El-shaddai, The God Who is Enough. Don’t hold back from coming “to the help of the Lord against the mighty.”

*(Concluded from page 77.)*

mised reward for even a cup of cold water if given in the name of a follower of Jesus and we doubt not the least that he was and will be rewarded for what he did. Here by the trunk of the mango tree we tell him again the story of all stories and we wonder what thoughts are in his heart as he rises to leave us. He asks us if this is our “business” (to tell this story) and we tell him it is. He is intelligent to grasp the fact that it is no mean work to bring to people the message of God’s love. Then he tell us that the people of his village are afraid of us and that is why he did not want them to see him come. “But,” he assured us, “I am not afraid, for are you not a man and am I not a man?” This and a few more similar remarks and our caller has departed. Outwardly his mind is on his fields and on his crops now ready to be gathered. Inwardly? Who but God can tell the thoughts and longings there. In the harvest of times where will his soul be found? In the bundles that are the Masters, or in the bundles that are to be burned? Oh, it is a tremendous question!

TOURING IN THE PACHORA DISTRICT

*Pimplegaon, Dec. 11, 1908.*

It is our fourth week out on tour, and this is our third camping place. Pimplegaon is a good sized town, close on the border of the Nizam’s Dominions. The population is about 3,000; about one third are Mohamedans, and the rest are Hindus.

Our party consists of Pendsey, Laxman with his wife and three small boys, and Tukaram my servant, Bhaw being left in Pachora to teach the little school, and shepherd the few Christians left there. Our present camp is happily situated on the bank of a small stream, which, unhappily, (for us) flows on three sides of the town before it reaches our camp, and its waters contain various ingredients I assure you. But sand is a good filterer, and we get our supply by digging in the sand a little away from the flowing water; even then it might not stand any close inspection by a microbe committee, but it is the best we have and we are thankful for it.

This spot has become very dear to us. It has been our regular camping place for the last six or seven years, but our eyes had looked longingly on the high smooth place, thickly shaded by a number of beautiful “Neem” trees, many years before that. But, it being in a man’s field, enclosed by a threatening thorn fence, we never had the courage to enter. About seven years ago however, I took the pains to send and hunt up the owner, and to ask if we could camp there for a few days. The owner, a quiet old man, on being asked if the “Padri Saheb” could camp in his field, asked: “is it the Saheb with the books?” On being told that it was, he said, he may camp as long as he wishes, only let him see that my crops are not injured. I said, he is a quiet man, and he has never let me know, what, in his estimation, gave the “Saheb with the books” a preference of any other Saheb. We never camp without asking permission, and his answer is always the same; the Saheb may camp as long as he wants to. This is the harvest time, and men, women and children are busy in their cotton and jiwari fields, and we can not expect as big audiences as later on. Yet we have had some as precious meetings on this tour, as it has been my privilege to have a part in, in India.

If it should be asked in what respect those meetings were so precious, were there hundreds
of souls gather'd into the fold of Christ? We
would have to answer no. Not one hundred,
and not even one, at least, not into the visible
fold. But we are glad to be able to testify that
there is blessing in the Master's service, even
when you cannot count the fishes at the close
of the meeting. I have read somewhere, of a
simple backwoods Preacher, who got a call to go
and preach to the men in a certain lumber camp.
When he got there however, he found the camp
deserted but nothing daunted, he delivered his
sermon, as far as he could see, to the empty
cabin, and went away blessed, and satisfied.
Now, what could have been the occasion of
that blessedness and satisfaction under such
circumstances? Simply this, which was after-
wards proven to be the fact, that his precious
message had found a precious lodgement some-
where; and when such is the case, the messenger
is blessedly relieved of his burden, and is
satisfied, until reburdened with his next
message.

Fellow jungle Preacher! You, who like
myself, have seldom, if ever, had any fishes to
count. Do you know anything about this
experience? And is it preciously satisfying? Then
I believe there is a happy surprise in store for you some day. One can hardly con-
ceive of service rendered unto the Lord, remain-
ing fruitless. Many years afterwards that
same Preacher was called by a stranger, who
said to him, I have got you at last. I have
been looking for you for years. The Preacher
told him he must be mistaken, as he did not
remember of having ever seen him before.
Mistaken! he said. I may be mistaken in my
own identity, but I never can be mistaken in
yours. Don't you remember, one day, many
years ago, you were preaching in a deserted
lumber camp? I was your trembling audience
that day. I thought you had dropped from
heaven to judge my sins. I was converted
through your sermon, and all the men of the
camp, when I told them about you.

Seven years ago, while returning to my camp
after preaching in a village, the Devil gave
me an unmerciful hammering with that wicked
old weapon of his, "doubt." I had been
having quite a run of meetings that I called
precious, because of the liberty of the Spirit,
both in delivering, and in listening to the
message. And this is the way I was taken in
by the wily seducer: Ah, you are having
good meetings are you not? I said, yes, the
Lord is blessing. And how long are you
willing to go on in this way, saying, the Lord
is blessing, when you have not got a single soul
in all these years to show for your trouble.

Go back now to the village you preached in
this morning, and you will find those same
men, who listened so nicely to your fine sermon,
making fun of the God you preached to them,
and worshipping their own gods. Right here
I should have answered him, that this was
none of his business, since I was not in India at
his call or expense. But I did not, I cowardly
"cabooleo" (admitted), that there was a good
deal of truth in what he said; and by that,
dart after dart, he let fly at me, until I was
flat on my back. And unless speedy rescue
had come, I should no doubt have pulled up
my camp and gone home.

I generally have to deal with this customer
through God's own word. But this time I
suppose the Lord saw that I was too far gone
for to do anything, so He sent a daughter of
Eve to my rescue. While yet in my swoon,
pierced to the quick by those fiery darts, I heard
someone calling, "Saheb," and looking in the
direction from whence the call came, I saw, to
my surprize, a woman peeping out of the hind
end of a covered cart. I said to myself, surely
this woman cannot be calling me, a most
unusual thing in India. But following the call
with a motion of the hand, for me to come,
I thought she might be in distress, and went near
the cart. Then, "Saheb," she said, "those
seeds are allright." Thinking she might have
been a famine relief subject, and had received
seed grain of some kind, I said, it is not famine
now, and we have nothing more to distribute.
She said, "no Saheb, I mean the seeds in your
book that you speak about, they have taken
root in my heart."

Do you think the lumber camp Preacher
was any more surprized when collared by his
convert, than I was at that time.

I asked the woman where she had heard me
speak about the "seeds" in the Book. She told
me her village and a few more particulars.
But the driver of the cart, her son-in-law,
evidently did not appreciate our conversation,
and was not willing to stop his cart long.
I told the woman I would come to her village
as soon as possible, and tell more about the
Book, and the treasures it contains. But here
is where the discouragements of the Indian
village preacher comes in. I had often been
in this woman's village before, and had been
received very kindly by the men. But the next
time I went there I was not allowed to enter
the village at first, and when they did let me
come in, they of course, had this woman safely
put out of my reach, where I could not see her,
I have been to her village at least once a year since, but have not been able to see her. But I shall meet her one day if I faint not. Let us not be weary "for in due time we shall reap, if we faint not." It may be possible for us to use this verse as a sort of a shelter for our unbelief and unfruitfulness. But I cannot imagine that is the purpose God put it there for. I believe He put it there for the encouragement of those who He knew would have to toil long, without seeing the fruit of their toil, and if that is what He put it there for, He wants us to believe it.

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." The Devil knows this too, and that is the reason he would have us deceived, that we should cease to scatter the imperishable "Seed" of God's word in this dark world.

God has permitted us to visit, so far, on this tour, 33 villages, and hold, 46 meetings for which we thankfully rejoice and are looking for an abundant harvest in due season. Yours in His service till He come.

A. Johnson.

Items

BEFORE this number goes out we expect three new missionaries will be settled in their stations, Mrs. Devore, and Misses Wyett and Kindig. Miss Kindig and Miss Wyett expect to go to the Marathi field, where Mrs. Devore has come to have charge of a rest home for our missionaries to be built or purchased at Lanowli a beautiful station on the G. I. P. Railway about 80 miles from Bombay, at the top of the Western range of mountains; where many people have rest houses and where it is hoped there will be a center for Christian conventions. Already a fine tabernacle to seat four hundred people has been built and several cottages and this year an Easter Convention was held and another in October. These it is hoped will become permanent beside S. S. conventions, C. E. Conventions, W. C. T. U. and Y. M. C. A. Conventions and Bible Schools. The place has been named Epworth Heights and sites are offered free to missions who will build Homes of Rest which will also accommodate their missionaries and others who attend the various meetings.

As soon as the above mentioned Home of Rest is ready, the Bombay Home will be given up as Lanowli will be so much better as a Rest Home than Bombay. A small house will be secured here in Bombay for Mr. and Mrs. Fuller and a couple of spare rooms for guests as parties arriving from home or sailing for home have to be accommodated for a few days.

Miss Morris leaves Bombay about the first of the New Year for Ahmedabad, where she will in addition to her work as Mission Treasurer have the general charge of the home, and thus set the other ladies free for evangelistic work.

Dholka.—As Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton have been transferred to Mehmedabad and Mr. F. H. Back has been sent to Dholka to have charge of the orphanage, all communications concerning the orphanage should be sent to Mr. Back and all money sent to him and all money orders made payable to him.

Khamgaon.—We also ask all friends to note that all communications concerning orphans in the Khamgaon orphanage should be sent to Miss E. M. Patten and money, drafts, checks, and money orders be sent to her.

This is the touring season and we receive reports from various sides, in fact from almost every party on tour, telling of an unusual willingness on the part of the people to hear the message. We hope all our friends will pray much for this part of the work.

A young religious teacher who was very bitter a few months ago has openly confessed Christ and seems a clear case of real conversion. Pray for him. There are many like him, as he was a few months ago who can be won by prayer and faithful teaching.

It is impossible to mention all the parties of new missionaries who have come, and are still to come, to India in the various missions during this last month of the old year which has rolled so swiftly away. It has been our privilege to entertain some of them in our Home in Bombay, and we congratulate them not only on their coming to India but that they have come just at this time when there is so much expectation in many minds of a great ingathering from all the non-Christian peoples of India. The great awakening of India and China has been caused largely by missions, and only an unprecedented increase in the missionary forces can meet the tremendous responsibility upon the Church of Christ in the home lands. By starting the work of missions she has created conditions which only can be met by multiplying her forces of the most efficient foreign and native workers. May the coming year exceed all past years in the expansion of mission work.

Since writing the above about new missionaries, they have raised us this Christmas morning and we are glad to welcome them and they are happy to reach the land of their adoption. They seem to have had a pleasant voyage. We hope the work of building the New Home in Lanowli will soon be in hand.
**List of Alliance Missionaries.**

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<td>Akola.</td>
<td><strong>Ahmedabad.</strong> Miss A. Fraser</td>
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<td>MR. AND MRS. R. S. M. STANLEY</td>
<td>Miss MARY COMPTON</td>
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<td>Miss E. Morris</td>
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<td>MR. O. LAPPA</td>
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<td><strong>Amraoti.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Ashapur.</strong> Mr. S. Armson</td>
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<td>MRS. V. ERICKSON</td>
<td>(P. O. Sarkhej.)</td>
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<td>MISS L. J. HOLMES</td>
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<td>MR. AND MRS. E. R. CARVER</td>
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<td><strong>Buldana.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Dholka.</strong> Mr. F. H. Back</td>
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<td>MR. AND MRS. O. DINHAM</td>
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<td><strong>Chandur.</strong></td>
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<td>MR. AND MRS. W. RAMSEY</td>
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<td>MRS. I. MOODIE</td>
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<td>Miss B. EICHER</td>
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<td><strong>Malkapur.</strong></td>
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<td>Miss M. Kindig</td>
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<td><strong>Murtizapur.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Mehmadabad.</strong> Mr. AND MRS. S. P. HAMILTON</td>
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<td><strong>KHANDESH—</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Bodwad.</strong> (P.O. Nargaon.)</td>
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<td><strong>Paohora.</strong></td>
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<td>Mr. A. JOHNSON</td>
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<td>Mr. AND MRS. WM. MOYSER</td>
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<td>Mr. AND MRS. R. J. BENNETT</td>
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<td>Mrs. F. H. BACK</td>
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