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"OCCUPY TILL I COME."
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.

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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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EDITORIAL NOTES

We have of late seen some strong well written articles in various papers and have read some vigorous speeches made by members of the Viceroy's Council on the wrongs of Indians in South Africa especially in the Transvaal. We are in fullest sympathy with what has been so well written and so eloquently spoken by educated Indians as they have shown the cruel injustice to which their fellow-countrymen have been subjected in South Africa and we fully believe that God will in some way judge the white races for their cruel and inhuman treatment of the dark skinned races whether in South Africa or in the United States of America or in India. The man who presumes upon the colour of his skin as a reason or justification for pride and haughtiness and insulting conduct toward his fellowmen shows that he has nothing deeper than his skin in the way of superiority and betrays his utter lack of appreciation of real manhood. In the non-Christian white man we may understand this as we understand it in the non-Christian high caste Hindu, for it is the same contemptible and unreasonable pride which God hates and which all thoughtful men despise. But there can be none of that pride in the true disciple of Jesus Christ.

In the Church of Christ there can be no caste and no barriers put in the way of any man or woman on account of race or colour or degraded ancestry. The Bible teaches that God made of one blood all the nations that dwell upon the
whole earth and as some one has well said, "It must be that God likes the dark skinned people because He has made so many of them."

We are not saying that all men are equal, but that all have an equal right to rise to any social level to which they are able to rise, and they have the right to be treated according to what they are as men regardless of race or colour, and the right to pursue any kind of business which is lawful and to receive for their labour what it is worth, and to have the freedom granted to all law-abiding citizens. And we most surely hope that the Indian Government as a part of the British Empire will insist that the disabilities and wrongs of the Indians, who are all British subjects, in South Africa shall be removed. We are so glad that so many Englishmen in South Africa and India and in England are speaking out and we hope they will speak until these wrongs are set right. Englishmen as a rule like fair play. We hear of Englishmen who are rude and uncivil to Indians and we are sorry that there are such, but they are not a good type of Englishman and do not deserve the name of Christian. A Christian is one who sincerely seeks to imitate and to obey Christ, who commands us to love all men and to help all men; and in spite of the un-Christ like conduct of some unsaved Englishmen, both official and non-official, yet no man can live long in India without a profound conviction that it was God's love for the people of India which led Him to bring this whole great sub-continent, with its conflicting races and nations, under the British Government as a supreme power to arbitrate between all the conflicting elements and insure the rights of the smallest as well as of the largest states, and to look after the rights of the lowest as well as of the highest castes.

Nothing human is perfect and the British Government has not been perfect; but in spite of all failures of Government, or of individual officials of Government, the blessings that have come to the people as a whole are incalculable.

Some time ago Ex-President Roosevelt wrote some strong words concerning the work of the British Government in India and there are few if any American missionaries of experience in
India who would not fully agree with all that Mr. Roosevelt wrote; many of them must have been disgusted with Mr. Bryan's articles after he returned to America, and equally so with the open letter addressed to President Roosevelt protesting against his laudatory characterization of British rule in India. This protest was signed by seventeen men who seemed to have been filled with prejudice and strangely ignorant of the facts of the case. No man it seems to us who had spent ten years in India could have signed his name to the protest. One can only bear with such caricatures of the facts on the ground that the signatories were ignorant of the real facts.

But this whole agitation concerning the Indians in South Africa so far as it has been carried on by Hindus is a boomerang which comes back home with all its force of good logic and appeal to conscience and to humanity upon the whole caste system of Hinduism. No white men in South Africa have treated Indians who live there with such utterly unreasonable and inhuman cruelty as the Brahmans and other high caste Hindus have shown for generations to the low castes and the “Untouchables” of their own race and colour and religion. The guns so well trained against the pride and injustice of the race and colour distinctions in South Africa if turned with equal skill and energy against caste would soon level the walls of caste to the ground and we sincerely invite these men to use all their skill and energy of eloquence and logic in this direction. All in all there are only about sixty thousand Indians of all creeds and castes suffering in South Africa. While here in India there are more than sixty millions of “untouchables” trodden down by those of their own race and creed and colour. There are towns and villages in India where “untouchables” are not allowed to walk through the principal streets, and where their shadow is supposed to cause defilement to a high caste man who may be as black as the shadow is. The greatest reforms needed in India are the social and religious or semi-religious reforms which can be carried out only by the people themselves in their respective communities, but it seems to be easier for many reformers to plead for political reforms than for social and moral
and religious ones because it is on the lines of the least resistance.

We are in perfect sympathy with all needed political reforms, but much that is called reform is really only dealing with the froth while the real wrongs that need to be set right, are left for the most part alone, because to attack them would mean serious inconvenience to the reformer and it would mean the line of greatest resistance. We thank God with sincere hearts for what has been done by a few earnest and fearless men who are devoting their energies to the most important things. They see that India's future prosperity depends, not upon a few thousand of the higher castes holding Government offices, but upon the uplifting of the masses spiritually, mentally and physically until they shall become intelligent citizens fit to think and to vote on the great questions concerning the well-being of India, a united and happy India, which shall stand among the greatest nations of the earth, still, we hope, a part of the greatest empire of the world. Most of the so-called reformers of India seem to have little or no conception of a Government for the people or by the people but have in mind a Government by a very small aristocracy and for their own advantage, and a Bureaucracy which governs for the interests of all classes is far better than a selfish aristocracy which governs for the interests of themselves. If the educated classes of India had set to work twenty-five years ago for the industrial and social and moral development of India, the millions of India would not to-day be hiring the skilled artisans of the whole civilized world to work for them and there would have been no need to-day to talk of boycotting foreign goods. But the educated classes busied themselves with politics and law, and editorial work of a very cheap grade to such an extent that they seem to have had little time or little desire to develop agriculture or industries or manufactures, and the artizan and agricultural classes were left untrained, though capable of the best of training. And so we see the labouring masses of India hiring the skilled labour of Europe and America and Japan to work for them paying them from two to five times as large wages as similar artisans in India receive.
All these things show us that what India needs above all else is Christ accepted in the hearts of her people, and His teachings put into practice in the lives of all classes, Indian or foreigner, Hindu, Mohamedan, Parsi or Christian; Christ accepted as Saviour and obeyed as Lord, and He alone can meet India's need.

"INSTEAD OF"

"Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree."—Isaiah Iv. 13.

BY S. ARMSON

The words of our text form a fitting close to a chapter that has been blessed to the souls of God's people in every generation. Had Isaiah written nothing else besides this chapter, it would have been enough to warrant us calling him the Evangelical Prophet; for, indeed every verse is pregnant with the fullest gospel meaning. We can never come to it without finding a feast of fat things, of wine on the lees, of wine well refined—without having our faith strengthened—our hopes in Christ revived—or without seeing some new beauty—some new depth in the everlasting gospel. The general supposition is that these latter chapters of the book of Isaiah, were written by some unknown prophet during the Babylonian captivity, who has been styled by Biblical critics the 2nd Isaiah. Doubtless a goodish part of the prophecy has a primary reference to the exile and restoration. Yet as the predictive element in prophecy runs throughout the whole of Scripture, many of us still prefer to regard the whole book of Isaiah as a unity, and the predictions contained in these closing chapters, foretold by the prophet during the latter part of his life.

"Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree." What did this promise mean to those to whom it was first spoken? Let us consider! In the eye of the seer Israel was on the point of being led forth from captivity—for full seventy years they had languished besides the rivers of Babylon. Zion was a desolation, and the land of their nativity—the land that had flowed with milk and honey—had been over-run by the Armies of Sargon, Sennacherib, Tiglathpileser and Nebuchadnezar. Centuries of strife between the rival world-powers of Assyria and Egypt, who had made Palestine their battle-ground, had for the most
part turned the vine-clad hills, and smiling valleys and fruitful fields of the pleasant land—once a veritable garden of the Lord, into a waste and howling wilderness—the cities and villages were depopulated—were for the most part heaps of ruins overgrown with thorn, and brier, and cactus, the haunt of wild creatures who added their doleful howlings to the general desolation. Truly the land at this juncture was the picture of the soul of man without God—barren-desolate, overgrown with the briers of slothfulness, and neglect—the thorns of care and corroding anxiety—the noxious weeds of vice and impurity—the tangled, pestilential jungles of superstition and idolatry—the drear sandy wastes of atheism and materialism, the poisonous marshes with their foul exhalations of anarchism and socialism. Ah! Israel was in exile—but they were soon to be set free—they were to return as the ransomed of the Lord to Zion, and sorrow and sighing were for a brief period to pass away. Their harps were to be taken down from the willows where they had so long been hanging by the rivers of Babylon, and the song of the redeemed and restored was to ring through the halls of Zion to resound with glad acclamations through the temple of Zerubbabel.

"When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion. We were like unto them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter. And our tongue with singing. Then said they among the nations. The Lord hath done great things for them. The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad. Turn again our captivity, O Lord, as the streams in the South. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. Though he goeth on his way weeping, bearing forth the seed, He shall come again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him."

"Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree." We believe that this was not only to have fulfilment in Israel's restoration, but that the eye of the seer saw the spiritual renovation that was to take place in the souls of the redeemed of Christ. We have already referred to thorns as typifying care and anxiety. Our Lord speaks of the good seed of the Kingdom as falling among thorns, and on account of the cares of the world, and the deceitfulness of riches becoming unfruitful. We have ample demonstration of the meaning of this parable in Gujerat. The very best arable land, will, if neglected, within a few short years become over-run with scrub babul, which until it is cleared off will effectually prevent the husbandman, from raising the slightest crop. Now instead of the thorn the fir-tree. What are we to understand by this figure? And what significance has the fir-tree for the Hebrew Mind? The Prophet says in another place. I will set in the desert the fir-tree, the pine, and the box
Instead of the thorn shall come up the "fir-tree." This surely is one of the great promises of God, if only we can catch a glimpse of its mystic meaning—it is surely intended to reveal something of the gospel to us: Alas! we know something of what unregenerate nature is like—Our own hearts are sufficient testimony to us—we need not ramble through the wide fields of literature, poetry, and drama to find out, neither do we need to march down the long corridors of history, to make the discovery that the heart of man is by nature deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. Each man is in himself a "Microcosmos" contains in himself in miniature an epitome of the universe, and in the language of the old Greeks is "the measure of all things." But, can he measure the depths of his own heart's deceitfulness, and sinfulness? Ah! says Jeremiah who can know it? Yet there is One who trieth the hearts and reins, who sounds the deepest depths of man's fall and degradation, and notwithstanding that He finds him dwarfed, stunted, unsightly, unlovely as the thorn—can by grace divine, cause him to grow up in all loveliness, and nobility of Christian character, until he shall become upright, stately, and beautiful as the fir-tree. Now the mountain side is the natural home of the fir-tree, but we learn
that it is to be set in the desert. Surely this has something of the miraculous in it—for besides its other characteristics, the fir is an ever-green. We read of oasis in the desert, of Elim and its wells and palmtrees,—and it is surely a phenomenon in nature, to find far from any spring of fresh water—in the midst of an arid desert a tree whose foliage is always green. Ay! as the hot season advances, becomes greener and greener. Yet such I take to be the prophet's meaning. I have noticed the same phenomenon take place in Burma with certain trees, that, as the summer advanced, the foliage became so green and luxuriant, that the trees literally appeared to be bursting with life—it seemed to me as though in sheer desperation they had struck down their roots through the thirsty soil until they had reached the strata level with the river, and through the infiltrated earth, drew their sustenance from the fountain head itself. The Hampton court vine is another illustration of this, it was only just an ordinary vine, but suddenly it began to put forth such energy of growth and yielded such marvellous fruitage, that every one was at a loss to account for it; until at last the discovery was made, that instinctively as it were, it had been feeling away in the direction of the river by its roots until it found it. Hence its remarkable growth and fruitfulness. Have we not here an explanation of our figure? Surely this is what the Lord desires to see in His children—a perennial freshness,—a life and power,—a striking root downwards, and bearing fruit upwards,—a continuous putting forth of new shoots and branches, even when all around is apparently perishing with drought. Oh! do not let us mourn over our circumstances and surroundings, and say that they are not conducive to our spiritual life,—they are—to the highest spiritual life. "In the place of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree." Some of our greatest men of science became what they were through the very untowardness of their surroundings. Had they been more favoured, they would perhaps never have accomplished what they did. Think of Franklin, Davy, and Faraday, in the field of Christian philanthropy think of Wilberforce, Granville Sharp, and Lincoln. It was Carlyle's lonely wrestling with poverty and ill-health in his five years exile at Craigenputtoch, that gave us "Sartor Resartus" and his unsurpassed essays on German literature. Whilst Tennyson, who never knew what it was to struggle with hardship and poverty, wrote his "In Memoriam" out of a heart filled with the deepest sorrow and anguish, David helps us most and comes nearest to us, when out of the depths he cries unto the Lord "when he thirsts for the living God in a dry and weary land where no water is," and the language of the Psalter is such that we can never rise on the wings of faith, and spiritual exaltation, to its loftiest height, until we have first descended to the
Instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree." Now the brier mentioned here is one of a particularly low kind, such as is commonly found running in a tangle over uncultivated ground. A like species is found here in Gujerat, and it would be hard to find anything in the jungle more objectionable. Another picture of the rank, unchecked growths in the soil of the unregenerate human heart.

What a contrast we have in the myrtle. The following is a description from a Bible dictionary. "Myrtles intermixed with laurel roses grow in the valleys to the height of ten feet: Their snow-white flowers bordered with a purple edging, appear to peculiar advantage under the verdant foliage. Each myrtle is loaded with them, and they emit perfumes more exquisite than those of the rose itself. They enchant everyone, and the soul is filled with the softest sensations." Robertson of Brighton, had he drafted a sermon from this text, would have said doubtless, that the fir-tree symbolised the masculine, and the myrtle tree the feminine virtues of the Christian religion. The one the uprightness, dignity, and massiveness, the other the purity, gentleness, and diffusive sweetness of Christian character, and I for one, would not have taken him to have been far wrong. It is this peculiar combination of strength and gentleness, of dignity and humility, of power and condescension, of firmness and yield-edness, of boldness and tenderness, that makes the distinctive excellence of the Christian character, as contrasted with the ethical systems of moralists and philosophers.
In the early centuries of Christianity—the more masculine virtues were emphasised in preaching, as is I believe apparent in the sermons that have come down to us, from Basil, Chrysostom, and Ambrose, this gave a rather one-sided ethic to the gospel. The Lion of the tribe of Judah, would furnish more themes for discourse, than the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. Christ the judge of the quick and the dead, Christ the righteousness of God, more spoken about than Christ the Redeemer, and Sacrifice for sin, and Christ the sinner's advocate, and intercessor, hence, one of the reasons of the rise, and strength, of the Papacy and the popularity of Virgin worship from the 5th century, down through the middle ages. Had a full Christ been preached this could never have been. Even to this day, pious Romanists are attracted to the Virgin to supply those gentler, and yet just as necessary virtues, which they feel to be lacking in the Christ of whom they have heard. The teaching of Scripture is “Neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free, neither male nor female, but all one in Christ Jesus, that we all attain unto the unity of the faith, and the knowledge of the Son of God unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.” “In the place of the brier shall come up the myrtle.” We have heard of the exceeding whiteness and delicacy of the myrtle blossoms. Purity is generally looked upon as almost exclusively a feminine virtue, and demanded as though it were the peculiar prerogative of that sex to be pure. We are apt to forget that Christ addressed Himself more particularly to men—that He was more urgent and imperative in His demands for purity from them—still in the Bible we have no distinctions—the demand is universal.

Thank God it is the peculiar power of the gospel to make and keep us all pure without distinction of sex or race. Still none the less we need the necessary injunction of the Apostle to “keep ourselves pure.” Even though we be Christians redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, purity will not come to us without definite exercise of will on our own part to be pure. A passive, untried untempted innocence is not a synonym for purity. It is only attained when evil is resisted, and temptation triumphed over. Still if we are rooted and grounded in God, the Holy Spirit will work in us to will and to do of His good pleasure, and the continued application of the blood of Christ to heart and conscience, will purify our souls unto righteousness as a necessary concomitant. Like Tennyson’s Sir Galahad, it is for all of us as Christians, to hold up before the world for a pattern of what Christ is able to do for us” the white flower of a blameless life.” “In the place of the brier shall come up the myrtle.” We have heard of the delightful fragrance of this
flower, One would think that the poet Keats had the self-same flower in mind, when he wrote his famous, and oft quoted couplet, "Full many a flower was born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air." We do not take the teaching of the poet to be that of the prophet, the sweetness and fragrance of a true Christian life is never wasted—were it so, there had been no such power in the world to day as Christianity. With the death of its founder, and the scattering of His followers it had perished. No, the life that is utterly yielded to God can no more help diffusing a fragrance and sweetness wherever it goes, than it can help living as long as it draws breath. We may not be conscious of the influences that go out from our own lives, weak and faulty as they doubtless are, but if we know anything of moments spent in the Mount with God, there will at times be a light Divine seen in our faces, though we like Moses may wist it not. Rooted in the rich soil of Divine grace, Christ the hope of glory indwelling our hearts—His word dwelling within us richly with all wisdom—He will make Himself manifest wherever we go. Other lives have touched our own in days long gone by, and their gracious influences are still with us. Tender memories are often wafted in upon us like soft breezes from the hills of God. Especially on a Sabbath evening we think of some who were wont to go with us to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, keeping holiday, and a soft sweet fragrance as the aroma of myrtle flowers steals over our spirits, our eyes fill with tears, and our hearts with grateful thanksgiving at the remembrance of loving ministries and loyal friendships, and while there is the very natural, and very human longing, "For the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still." We are comforted with the sure and certain hope of a glad reunion in the better land. I have such memories, and feel sure that you also must cherish some. And what about the inspiration we have drawn from the pages of Christian biography in the records of lives lived for God in the service of men! We are told that old soldiers who had been wounded in the Crimea, and had lain in hospital at Scutari, after many years when questioned about Florence Nightingale, their faces would immediately light up and they would say, 'Ah! I fancy I see her now, as she went from one bed to another comforting this sufferer, and relieving that, it seemed to us poor wounded soldiers, that as she moved about the hospital ward, a halo of light and glory encircled her, and we beheld her face as the face of an angel.' We have also heard of Henry Drummond that brave, handsome, fearless man of God, in chivalry a veritable Lancelot, in modesty and all manly purity a veritable Galahad.
Suddenly in the midst of the most active ministries, this bright young life was stricken down with a wasting disease, and for weeks he languished on a bed of sickness, enduring intolerable physical agonies but not one word of impatience or fretfulness ever escaped his lips. His life so ardent so full of strenuous labour for the Lord was ended; but the broken box of precious ointment diffused its fragrance to the end. Though dead, he yet speaks to those who knew him, and preaches to us who only know him through the medium of what he wrote. Friends would visit his bedside to speak a word of comfort and cheer, hoping in some measure to alleviate his sufferings, but it always seemed as though they took away more than they brought. He was the comforter, for he comforted them, bidding them be of good cheer to work on, and pray on, and believe on. Yea, he comforted them with the comfort wherewith he was himself comforted of God. On similar lines we might cite freely from the lives of Robertson of Brighton, Arnold of Rugby, Charles Armstrong Fox the poet preacher of Keswick, and Charles Kingsley. But we will give but just one more illustration from this part of our text. All have doubtless heard and read of Dr. Livingstone that great missionary and intrepid explorer, that laid down his life in the heart of Africa. Some years after his death when the pioneer missionaries of the United Free Church of Scotland started on their journey north from the Zambesi, following the path that Livingstone had blazed for them through forest and across river, to establish the chain of mission stations along the borders of the great lakes Nyassa, and Tanganyika, now called Livingstonia, they preached the gospel as they went. It is said that when they made known Christ to the ignorant aborigines, described his loving, tender gentle character, his calm patience, and infinite tenderness, how he healed the sick, and comforted the suffering, the Baganda said, “Ah! This is all a true story, we have seen and heard him ourselves—many of these things he wrought amongst us,—he passed through our country journeying towards the North,” meaning of course, Livingstone. Ah! My brothers and sisters this is but a poor contribution towards the interpretation of our text—very poor and very inadequate at the best. We might perhaps have drawn from it other lessons and deeper—have applied it to other phases of Christian truth with more acceptance. There is infinitely more to be learned from the fir-tree than we have learned to-night. And more fragrant more spicy, more aromatic, more precious perfumes to be distilled from the myrtle but they can only be enjoyed as distilled in our own laboratories, can only be given to us as passed through the crucible of our own experiences, wrought out and fashioned on our own anvils, purified, in the alchemy of
our own inner lives. Bread corn is ground—the alabaster box of precious ointment must be broken ere the house can be filled with its fragrance. Let us take to heart to-night what we have learned of Christ, though little indeed it be, and as our life becomes more and more assimilated with His life, and His with ours, "in the place of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and in the place of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree."

Preached at Ahmedabad,
4th November., 1909.

VIRAMGAM NOTES
BY LYDIA I. DUCKWORTH

After getting together our necessary outfit for camp life, for which God had very graciously made provision, we started out with great expectancy but not expecting just what really happened. When touring in this district before going on furlough we had very little trouble, but this time it soon became evident that we should have to get a Government order to give us milk, carts etc. from the villages where we will be camping as in nearly every place the head men were loth to do anything for us; as we had started out with our children, so that I might work among the women while my husband worked among the men, it was necessary for us to have these things. So we got the Government order but even then we had trouble, for one man said, "What is the mamlatar's order? He is not here, I am not going to sell you milk." In another place we could not get carts to move our camp until my husband went personally to the Collector and reported the matter.

At one town where we were camped some men came to see us from another village near where we expected to camp the next time. These men gave us a special invitation to camp in their town, saying they would be glad to furnish us with everything needed, gratis, and gave us to understand that they were the head men of that town. We prayed about it and felt that we should go, since these people so urgently requested it, although it was not really in our district but in a Native state bordering our taluka. But, alas, when we reached there we found we were not wanted and that the men who had invited us were not the head men of the town and they were very slow to even show their faces, let alone help us. But we feel God had some purpose in letting us go as there was one town nearby which had never been visited by a missionary and where the
people seemed especially interested and bought several portions of scripture.

In one town where we were talking one day, some one gave a false alarm of fire and scattered both my audience and Mr. Duckworth's. In another village after giving the message I asked how many could read and would like to buy gospels. They were a very eager lot of women and they were buying out all I had with me when a big Brahmin priest, hearing the hubbub, that only Indian women can make when excited, came up and shouted, "Put those books down! Do you want to become dherds (outcasts)?" And of course from fear they threw them down and quickly scattered and it seemed as though the morning's work had been in vain; but God knows and perhaps some seed fell in some prepared heart that will bring forth fruit that we may not know of until that day when all things shall be revealed.

When we go to the villages now the majority of the people know what we have come for, and very often some one will say, "Oh, it is not necessary to listen to what they have to say, they want us to join their religion, but there aren't any in our town that want to become Christians." But, the town where we were camped this last week was like an oasis in our desert. The people received us nicely, provided everything without any trouble, and when we left they all expressed their regret and invited us to come again. And last, but most important of all, they received the message as well as the messenger; we ask you to pray that God will lead some to decide definitely for Christ and that we may yet see great things for God in this taluka.

Despite the afore mentioned opposition, as a rule we had very good audiences and the people listened attentively and I had very interesting times among the women. Despite the density of many of their minds they seemed to grasp the truth but it seems impossible for the majority of them to learn the name of Jesus Christ. In nearly every village I have inquired about the schools and find that in a number of towns an increasing number of girls are attending school with the boys and in one town where two or three girls had attended school in this way three or four years ago, now they have a school of their own. And in another town the merchants have undertaken the education of girls on a comparatively large scale, even having classes for the grown women. All this means much for the future evangelization of the women as their mental faculties will have opportunity for development and so enable them to grasp the gospel plan mentally and then later on spiritually.

We are convinced through this season's work that there are
many secret believers who dare not openly breathe a word of their convictions. One man has even acknowledged that he keeps Sunday secretly, showing that he knows not only the plan of salvation but the way a Christian should live. It is very difficult to get in touch with this class as they fear to have anything to do with the missionary or to come to the mission house. And it is here that our native workers have a chance to do what we cannot, for they are not so timid about talking with them. Many also are the gospels bought and slipped quietly into the pocket to be read in the privacy of their own homes. The only effectual way to reach this class is by prayer, and the reader in the home-land can further our work here in this way. And as a result of united effectual prayer the Holy Spirit can convict them of the need of open confession so that their fear will give place to true spiritual courage and valour such as Paul had when he said, "Neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify to the gospel of the grace of God."

ONE DAY IN RAJURI

BY I. MOODIE

Mrs. Ramsey was praying with the native workers before they started on a trip to some villages. I started out to try and find some women to listen to the good news of Jesus and His love.

I met a little boy on the street. He said, "Come in and sing to us." I said, "Where is your mother"? "Pointing to the house he took me to his mother. I said to her, "May I come in." She said, "Look! I am cleaning the yard."

I saw by the yard and her hands that it was true; the yard was nearly all smeared over with cow dung. She was doing it with her hands so you will understand what they were like.

Looking at her little boy and seeing that he wanted me to come in she said, "All right come in."

She spread a piece of sacking for me to sit on as the ground was damp with the cow dung.

I sat down and began to sing "Oh some one tell me who will give me peace." Then some women hearing the singing came into the yard. It was a real joy to tell them about the only One who is able to give real peace. They were very
nice women and asked questions about the way of salvation. Usually their questions are: “How many children have you? Are they boys or girls?” and such like.

Then getting up to go I thanked the woman for making a place for me to sit down. She said, “Come back when we have no work to do.” I asked her what time that would be. She said, “In the afternoon.” I said, “All right, and I will bring another Madam Saheb with me.” They all said, “All right,” and I came away. In the afternoon Mrs. Ramsey and I started out looking for a welcome. I had told her about the morning’s visit. We got to the house and some women said, “Oh here she is and she has brought the other bai with her.”

On sitting down we found the owner of the house was not there. She had gone out to help with a dinner some one was making in honour of the dead.

There were some women in the yard so we began to speak to them. There was a small door in the wall of the yard through it a man sprang. He looked more like a wild beast than a man with his half naked body and his long hair down to his waist and his eyes filled with rage. He caught hold of my books and threw them across the yard also my umbrella. He did the same with Mrs. Ramsey’s things. I think he would have tried to throw us out had not a man that had been at the tent and heard the gospel hindered him. He told him not to touch us and brought Mrs. Ramsey’s things to her. The little boy that invited me in the morning brought mine. We got up and while going out someone set the dogs on us. They did us no harm only barked. God so protected us that not a finger was laid on us.

While going up the street a woman came after us and asked us to come and speak to her mistress a well-to-do widow whose husband had died a few months previous. We followed the woman not knowing what to expect next. We just got to the yard and were sitting down when some men came and ordered us out. We thought the best thing to do was to go so we went. Then we went on a little further to where some carpenters were working and spoke to them. Then on to the goldsmith’s. A good crowd gathered and listened very attentively to the gospel. We then went to the potter’s but it was getting dark and we did not stay. He kindly asked us to come at ten o’clock next morning and we would see him making his vessels on the wheel. We went to our tents looking forward to drawing a lesson from him and his work to preach the gospel. Mrs. Ramsey tells me she asked prayer for this place fourteen years ago. God is answering prayer and working in some hearts that is why the devil is stirred up. Continue to pray.
I tried to get a letter off to you both Monday and Tuesday but each day as I sat down to write a Farmer from a town near by (to whom I had spoken of Christ—he says he never heard before—last bazaar day when I was buying grain) came to talk with me and stayed two hours. He is most eager and asks all manner of questions which show that he is thinking hard, though he is not a man of any education whatever. He says his people have called him mad for some time because he told them there was no sense in worshipping idols (he was delighted when I agreed with him), and in some other superstitious customs of theirs.

He says that he knows every word of the gospel is true—it “strikes his heart,” but he holds back at breaking caste and being “defiled.” He says he can think of nothing but Christ since he first heard last Thursday. Oh that he might break loose and come out. I have seen few so eager as he. He says he will come again, though he must come unknown to his people as they are already warning and threatening him,—which shows he has been talking at home. I gave him the gospels of Luke and John. He says the Headman of his village is a very kind and honest man, and that he will get him to read the books to him. May they both find Christ and be saved.

I had a lovely time in the Bazaar last Thursday. One grain dealer put aside all his business for an hour on the busiest and most profitable day of the week and gave me most thoughtful and sober attention while I told him of his Saviour, and urged him to lay up treasure in heaven, where moth and rust doth not corrupt and where thieves do not break through and steal. He seems a much nobler spirit than most merchants, and has lately lost a much-loved uncle and a very clever elder brother who had just commenced to practise law when he died of plague. His face has not the cunning, sordid look so many merchants have. I am sure Jesus looking on him, loves him.

I hope He will get him.

Half the town is camping out because of plague. It makes one sad to go in the town. The streets are so quiet and some of the people look so troubled, it goes to one’s heart; but I think the hard, proud faces grieve one more. It is amazing how indifferent many, many are. But it is a good time to tell the Good News. Miss Veach and Changunabai go out every day and get unusually interested hearing almost everywhere, but especially so in the plague camps.
There is a very clever, quaint, wrinkled and tiny old woman who comes to see me every few days “in order to get wisdom” as she likes to put it. At first she would listen to nothing about Jesus (she is a veteran pilgrim and has been to several shrines), but now she cannot hear enough, and says she tells all her women-friends about the Child who was born in a stable, worked as a carpenter, (she herself is of the carpenter caste) loved the poor and suffered such great things to save the world. She says she is becoming very popular as a giver of wisdom, and that the women call her here and there, saying, “Old dame, is it true God’s son suffered death for the world?” Then she tells them—I can imagine how expressively—and she says some of them cry.

She herself cries at times, but she is not willing to give up her caste and be common. With what complacency she tells of the jewels she had before she sold them to marry her children, and of the three-storied, balconied house she lived in before her grandson spent all her substance in riotous living. Now she is alone and very poor, all her children are dead, she has not one stick left to lean on as she puts it, but she clings to her past and her caste with a pride that is pitiful. She is walking round and round the Ark of Salvation praising it and admiring it, as so many do, but she won’t get in. Oh what are people at home and in all Christian countries thinking of when there are such pearls for the fishing! What does Jesus, our dear, dear Lord Jesus, think of it all?

THE MAHEJI FAIR
BY A. I. GARRISON

BEGINNING about the middle of January and lasting several weeks, there is an annual “yatra” or religious festival at Maheji. At this time thousands of people assemble here from the surrounding country on foot, in bullock carts, or by rail.

The occasion is that of the worship of the goddess Maheji, (or Maijee). The large, ugly, brassen idol enshrined in a temple just outside the old city wall is supposed to be the deified representation of a saintly woman named Maheji, who lived years, perhaps centuries ago.

This is only one of the many local deities found throughout India. Each section of the country has its “popular” god, while every village may have its own shrine, though it be but a rude stone covered with paint, or a red rag tied to a tree. Thus there are the great gods, such as Ram and Krishna, the
intermediate gods, such as Maheji, and the demigods, with or without names in the villages and homes.

Along with the immense throng gathering to attend the great opening day of the fair, came three missionaries and several native workers. Theirs was a far different purpose from that of the heathen multitude. This little company was concerned about the eternal welfare of the multitude, and had come as ambassadors for the great King. They knew that Maheji's help was vain, and longed to make known that Name which is above every name.

The multitude had various objects in attending the fair. There were those who came to make money. They cared little for the festivities or worship. Their eyes were gloated with the gold and silver—yes, and the copper too—the money-lovers. Then there were those who came for an outing, to see the shows, to observe all that was going on, and to parade their holiday attire—the pleasure-lovers. Next were those who came with evil intent—the thieves, the gamblers, the drunkards and the moral lepers. There were the "tents of wickedness" whose large patronage made our hearts ache. These were the lust-lovers described in Romans I. Finally and to us saddest of all, were those who came to worship. Shall we call them the god-lovers? They would more appropriately be called god-fearers, for theirs is a religion of fear rather than of love. Oh that they might know the God who is love!

Look at that tall woman coming yonder, almost queenly in carriage, with eyes looking straight ahead, apparently lost to her surroundings. In front of her walk several men making weird, unearthly sounds with long trumpets and semi-spherical drums. Four men are carrying a blanket over her head, and immediately behind her a man struggles along with a fine black goat. The rest of the procession consists of the immediate family and friends, and the sight-seers. This poor, heathen woman is on her way to the temple of Maheji to make a sacrifice. It may be that her child was, a few months ago near death's door, and in great anguish she then hastened to the temple, and bowing before the goddess promised to sacrifice the best, or the only goat she had if her child should recover. The child was spared, and now on the great day of the fair the mother is carrying out her vow, with, perhaps a great heart longing that her own sins might be expiated.

See! as she walks she falls now and then on the ground in worship. She is in earnest! At the temple the black goat is sacrificed. But her burden still remains, "For it is not possible that the blood of bulls and goats should take away sins."
It was for the purpose of leading just such hungry hearts as this poor woman to the feet of Jesus that the little company of missionaries and native workers gathered at the fair. We left our camp early in the morning after a night of peculiar experiences with jungle dogs, cats and rats running around in the tent, even over our bodies. We took our stand in a prominent place in the bazaar and spent almost the entire day in giving out the word of life in song, by word of mouth, or in selling gospels. Two men tried to break up the meeting but to their own confusion.

It was quite hard to speak against the great dust and noise, especially so in the afternoon when the big procession of dancing girls, or men dressed as dancing girls went by on decorated carts, dancing in native fashion. Some of the faces before us were unresponsive, but others seemed to grasp the meaning of the messages. God alone knows how much that day's work will tell for eternity. We believe it will tell.

TOURING NOTES
BY EMMA DINHAM

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that." Ecclesiastes xi. 6.

We praise God for allowing us to get out on tour together this year.

We had been praying for a tent for over two years and God gave us one before this touring season and our first camping place was twenty-five miles from home near a village where we found a number of hungry hearts amongst the lowcasts. They used to come to the tent in the evening after their day's work in the fields was finished and would sit and listen to the gospel until late at night and also showed great kindness to our children, giving them roasted peas and a kind of sugar. We would rise early so as to have our breakfast and be ready to start to the village as soon as daybreak came and get back to our camp in the evening, have a little curry and rice, and then have the evening meeting with the people in the village where we camped. There are about twenty souls in this village who have confessed that Jesus is the only Saviour of the world and some would be ready to follow Jesus if they were not afraid of their people; but we still look to God in prayer that in the near future He will bring them out fully for Himself.
While preaching in the villages surrounding this place we found the people ready to listen to the story of Jesus as never before and we feel sure that the good seed was sown and that God will water it and cause it to bring forth fruit to His glory.

One day we had visited four villages and one bazaar and were very tired and had reached about half way back to our tent where suddenly we came to a deep precipice where it was impossible to pass over with the tonga (cart), so we unyoked the bullocks and pushed the tonga back to a place where we could turn and then hitched the bullocks to the tonga again and went another road which was not so near. God gave the needed strength and kept us happy in our souls and after getting out several times to walk where the road was so bad that we feared the safety of the tonga, we reached our tent after dark and in a few minutes found that our congregation from the village had come; we had a little food though almost too tired to eat (especially was this true of the children) then I put the children to bed and I joined my husband in our evening meeting.

The next morning I did not go out for the day’s preaching with my husband as the children were too tired to get up early enough to go, but I had two good meetings in the village where we camped. I spoke to the women among whom were the wives of the men who attended the meetings at the tent, some of whom were finding fault and really quarrelling with their husbands because they attended the meetings of those defiled people; but God so convinced them of the truth that soon they were just as desirous to know about Jesus as their husbands and I believe some more so. The next night we were expecting all out to the meeting again but no one came, the Patel (head man of the town) had called them to do some work for him probably to keep them from the meeting, but we hope you will unite in praying God that no persecution or anything else will be able to keep them from coming to Christ.

We were forced to come home, but the night before leaving our camp we had a heavy hailstorm and though the wind was strong we were safe in our tent praising God for shelter from the storm, the children had never seen hail so it was a great event in their lives.

We hoped to get off early the next morning, but as usual we had much trouble in getting carts and bullocks to bring our tent and boxes home so it was late when we finally got started and we got home sometime after dark and thanked God for beds to rest on.

When we came home we hoped to get out in a few days again but my husband was taken sick and suffered much for some days, but Jesus the Healer of men touched his body and
TOURING NOTES

enabled him to go on with his work until one of our bullocks dislocated his shoulder; then for a while it seemed impossible for us to get out again but finally God helped out by enabling us to hire a bullock to go with the one we had left. So we took courage and started off to our camp which was thirty-seven miles away. On our way there we stopped at the town where we had camped before and were glad to meet the people again and give them the gospel once more, our hearts rejoiced to hear them sing a hymn that we had taught them before. As we returned to our tonga Mark, our little boy, fell into the river and besides getting wet was covered with mud, we wrapped him in a blanket and washed his clothes in the river and dried them in the sun as we drove along. In the afternoon of the second day of our journey we reached our camp which was situated in a fine spot under two large mango trees on the bank of a river; here we lived and each day visited from three to five villages, in the greater part of which we were well received and God was with us.

As a rule the women were eager to listen and some in tears would say how sweet the story is, but in many places the men (usually the high-caste men) would come and try to drive the women away and in one case they succeeded and left me standing in the street alone, but God always gave new courage to try again and in that same village I had three meetings after the first lot of women were driven away. Praise God forgiving me the opportunity to give the gospel to so many of the women who are so down-trodden and neglected.

In one place I met a little woman who quietly told me that she and her husband believe in Jesus but that their people would not let them confess Him openly, there are many like them, afraid of persecution.

One day while driving from one village to another on a jungle road we noticed a cobra snake just a few inches from the bullock’s feet, the bullocks were quickly turned aside and the snake killed. We felt that God was gracious to save our bullock from being bitten by the snake as it would probably have died soon afterwards.

Our district is large and has almost all bad roads, some of the villages can only be reached on foot; we need several native workers to place in the larger towns where they can reach the surrounding villages so that the people can have the gospel preached to them all the year round, will you not pray with us that this may be brought about.

In one of the villages we visited there lived a man who became a Christian a short time ago, he was not at home but some of the people took me to his house or hut and showed me the
stone god which he had cast out. They of course thought he had done a bad thing to cast it out, but when I told them that there was only one God and what He had done for them, they did not blame him so severely, then I asked what his conduct was like since he became a Christian and they replied “very good;” that before he became a Christian he had cast his old mother out into a miserable hut and treated her very badly but that since he became a Christian he took her in again and cares for her but that now he has much trouble. His wife left him and refuses to come to him until he becomes a Hindu again, but we trust that God will touch the heart of his wife and that she will be willing to go back and her people will be willing to let her go. Pray for this family and for the young man that he may stand true in spite of all persecution and that he may be used to bring many of his own people to Jesus. Our children often got tired and begged to go home, but God gave more grace and often the sight of monkeys, deer, parrots, waterbirds or a bluebull would brighten the day for them.

We came home two days ago and this early morning Mr. Dinham and the worker went out again.

Pray for reapers, the harvest is ready. Pray that the seed sown may be watered daily by the Father's hand and that the enemy may not choke the wheat.

NOTES

The true Christian's true life and the true life of the true Church. Rom. xv. 13 by Bishop Handley C. G. Moule.

What are the elements, and what is the result?

It is a life lived in direct contact with God. "Now the God of hope fill you." He remits them here (as above, ver. 5) from even himself to the Living God. In a sense, he sends them even from "the things forewritten," to the Living God; not in the least to disparage the Scriptures, but because the great function of the divine Word, as of the divine Ordinances, is to guide the soul into an immediate intercourse with the Lord God in His Son, and to secure it therein. God is to deal direct with the Romans. He is to manipulate, He is to fill, their being.

It is a life not starved or straitened, but full. “The God of hope fill you.” The disciple, and the Church, is not to live as if grace were like a stream "in the year of drought," now settled into an almost stagnant deep, then struggling with difficulty over the stones of the shallow. The man, and the Society, are to live and work in tranquil but moving strength, "rich" in the fruits of their Lord's "poverty" (2 Cor viii. 9); filled out of His
fulness, never, spiritually, at a loss for Him; never, practically, having to do or bear except in His large and gracious power.

*It is a life bright and beautiful*; “filled with all joy and peace.” It is to show a surface fair with the reflected sky of Christ, Christ present, Christ to come. A sacred, while open, happiness and a pure internal repose is to be there, born of “His presence, in which is fulness of joy,” and of the sure prospect of His return, bringing with it “pleasures for evermore.” Like that mysterious ether of which the natural philosopher tells us, this joy, this peace, found and maintained “in the Lord,” is to pervade all the contents of the Christian life, its moving masses of duty or trial, its interspaces of rest or silence; not always demonstrative but always underlying, and always a living power.

*It is a life of faith*; “all joy and peace in your believing.” That is to say, it is a life dependent for its all upon a person and His promises. Its glad certainty of peace with God, of the possession of His righteousness, is by means not of sensations and experiences, but of believing; it comes, and stays, by taking Christ at His word. Its power over temptation, its “victory and triumph against the devil, the world, and the flesh,” is by the same means. The man, the Church, takes the Lord at His word:—“I am with you always;” Through Me thou shalt do valiantly” and faith, that is to say, Christ trusted in practice, is “more than conqueror.”

*It is a life overflowing with the heavenly hope*; “that ye may abound in the hope.” Sure of the past, and of the present, it is what out of Christ no life can be sure of the future. The golden age, for this happy life, is in front, and is no Utopia. “Now is our salvation nearer;” We look for that blissful hope, the appearing of our great God and Saviour;” “Them which sleep in Him God will bring with Him;” “We shall be caught up together with them; we shall ever be with the Lord;” “they shall see His face; thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty.”

And all this it is as a life lived “in the power of the Holy Ghost.” Not by enthusiasm, not by stimulus which self applies to self; not by resources for gladness and permanence found in independent reason or affection; but by the Almighty, all-tender power of the Comforter. “The Lord the life-Giver,” giving life by bringing us to the Son of God, and uniting us to Him, is the Giver and strong Sustainer of the faith, and so of the peace, the joy, the hope, of this blessed life.

“Now it was not written for their sakes only, but for us also,” in our circumstances of personal and common experience. Large and pregnant is the application of this one utterance to
the problems perpetually raised by the divided state of organization, and of opinion, in modern Christendom. It gives one secret, above and below all others, as the sure panacea, if it may but be allowed to work, for this multifarious malady which all who think deplore. That secret is “the secret of the Lord, which is with them that fear Him” (Psalm. xxv. 14). It is a fuller life in the individual, and so in the community, of the peace and joy of believing; a larger abundance of “that blessed hope,” given by that power for which numberless hearts are learning to thirst with a new intensity, “the power of the Holy Ghost.”

ITEMS.

We are very thankful to report that Mr. Ramsey who was in a critical condition with Erysipelas and other serious trouble has been spared in answer to prayer and raised up for his work again. He had been over pressed with work for months and there came a serious collapse, but God was faithful and did not allow the trial of faith to be too great or to continue too long.

Miss M. Veach who came to India in 1902, has gone home to America and may not return to the field.

Most of our people have had a good full touring season and in general have been well received, and there has been an unusual interest on the part of the people. Most of the missionaries are wearied with the long hard pull and we hope that they will find complete rest for a few weeks at our various Rest Homes, and at other places at the Hills.

Mr. and Mrs. Fuller and Miss Fuller have been granted furlough and will probably sail for America some time in April.

The first Convention for the Christians of Gujarat was held at Nadiad, March 17-21. There were probably eighty missionaries present from all the Protestant missions working in Gujarat and Kathiawar, and nearly two thousand Indian Christians.

There was much blessing in the meetings and it was an object lesson to the Christians and to non-Christians as well of the unity of all who belong to Christ. We hope there will be five thousand present next year as the village Christians were slow to come to this first Convention but when they hear of the great blessing they will come next time. We hope for a full report of the Convention next month.
List of Alliance Missionaries.

BERAR

AKOLA
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Mr. & Mrs. O. Lapp
Miss A. H. Delaney
Miss K. P. Williams
Mrs. V. Erickson, Miss E. Case

AMRAoti
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Moyer
Miss L. J. Holmes

BULDANA
Mr. & Mrs. O. Dinham

CHANDUR
Mr. & Mrs. W. Ramsey
Mrs. I. Moodie

DARYAPUR

KHAMGAON
Miss M. Patten
Miss L. Fuller
Mr. & Mrs. P. Eicher
Miss B. Eicher
Miss Wyeth

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Mr. H. H. Cox
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Miss M. Veach

Miss C. Rutherford
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