# Principal Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Topic</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Editorial Notes</td>
<td>265</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Encouraging Incidents</td>
<td>267</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First Glimpses of India</td>
<td>269</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God’s Working in a Heathen Village</td>
<td>271</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Testimony</td>
<td>274</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Revival</td>
<td>275</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sad if True</td>
<td>277</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Story of a Heathen Woman’s Self-sacrifice</td>
<td>280</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Khassia Hills Assembly</td>
<td>282</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Buddhist Monk’s Disrobing</td>
<td>284</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grey and Gold</td>
<td>285</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Missionary’s Appeal</td>
<td>282</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

"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.

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

The teaching of the Alliance is often spoken of as the Four-Fold Gospel, which means the Gospel or good tidings of Jesus Christ as Saviour, Sanctifier, Healer and Coming King. Pardon through simple faith in the blood of Jesus Christ.—Sanctification and fullness of life through the indwelling Christ Himself in the believer by the Holy Spirit.—Healing and health for the body of the believer by simple faith in Jesus who "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sickness;"—and the pre-millennial coming of Christ.

The financial basis of the Alliance is shown in the following article from the Constitution. "The Alliance will require of all its labourers a spirit of absolute reliance upon God alone for support, guaranteeing no fixed salary to any missionary after reaching his or her field, but providing them such moderate allowances for their actual expenses and needs as the funds provided from the voluntary gifts of God's people shall enable us to supply from time to time." "Accepted candidates are required, before leaving for the field, to sign an agreement stating that they cordially approve of the principles and practice of the Mission, and heartily desire to carry out the same."

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

Donations for the general fund, or for special purposes, or for the personal use of any missionary can be sent to the Treasurer in New York, or to Rev. M. B. Fuller, Alliance Mission, Grant Road, P. O. Bombay, or direct to the person for whom it is intended, or to the Assistant Treasurer, Miss Ella Morris, Ahmedabad. Unless otherwise designated, donations will be put in the general fund.

Special day of prayer, last Friday of each month.

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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In Christ there is no East nor West,
   In Him no South nor North,
But one great fellowship of love
   Throughout the whole wide earth.
In Him shall true hearts everywhere
   Their high communion find;
His service is the golden cord
   Close binding all mankind.
—Harvest Field.

EDITORIAL NOTES

TEXT
Obey them that have the rule over you.

One of the chief characteristics of the present age is its lawlessness. In almost every country this lawless element seems on the increase. Whether the government is monarchical or republican seems to make no difference the opposition being apparently to law, in any form, and those by whom the law is enforced.

The most enlightened countries, and those in which the people have a larger share in the government as well as in the making and administration of the laws, are no better off in this respect than those in which all the power is vested in a single absolute monarch.

Turning from the political to the business world what do we see? Great combinations of men which do not hesitate to dictate as to who shall work and who shall not, what amount of wages should be paid and who, unless their demands are complied with, do not hesitate to wreck homes, destroy property or even commit murder unless restrained by superior force.
Again, turning from the political and business world do we not see in the social world the same spirit of lawlessness working in the home? Children disobedient to parents and unruly, conduct tolerated and excused which a generation ago, would have been considered impossible, disrespect towards elders and superiors.

The spirit of lawlessness is in the air and demon forces are at work all over the world preparing it for the revelation of "the man of sin," "the lawless one" whose coming is according to the working of Satan; he who first taught man the lesson of disobedience even to the law of the Most High.

One reason for this state of things is not hard to find. Most of the great world-powers and governments are in favour of a secular education in which there is no room for God. Refusing to have the Bible, that bulwark and support of all law and good government, taught in their public schools, their youth are deprived of the Word of God which teaches them to "be subject to the higher powers, for the powers that be are ordained of God and whosoever resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God: and they that resist shall receive to themselves condemnation."

"Fear God, honour the king," "thou shalt not speak evil of the ruler of thy people," etc., etc. Deprived of the authoritative teaching of the Word of God and considering disloyalty and rebellion only as a sin against a human government, is it any wonder that their loyalty should only be a thing of their own choice or will, and exist only so long as their interests and the interests of the government are identical or so long as the government is strong enough to enforce it.

The same Word of God instead of giving licence for retaliation and bloodshed on the part of those who are oppressed and "whose wages are kept back by fraud and violence," counsels, "patience until the coming of the Lord." Jas v. 7 and 8.

The same book teaches obedience to parents and respect for elders and superiors, giving as signs of the last days that men will be heady, high-minded, unthankful and disobedient to their parents; so that we see plainly it is rejection or neglect
of the Bible and its precepts that is the cause for lawlessness in
the state, in business or in the home.

This is bad enough, but what shall we say when we see this
same spirit of lawlessness entering into and increasing in the
Church of God.

In how many church-councils has there been division,
separation or compromise because of self-will, pride or headiness
on the part of either a single individual or a small minority of
the workers.

Even on the mission-field this spirit is not unknown. The
desire to be at the head of something, to run some idea or work
of one’s own, disregard and contempt for the opinion of one’s
missionary brethren and sisters, independence of control are
some of the ways in which it manifests itself. This leads to
division in mission-councils where unity is most necessary,
wears out the lives of those in mission stations and occasionally
leads to separation from the mission or the retirement of an
otherwise good missionary from the field.

“Obey them that have the rule over you and submit your-
selves” and “submitting yourselves one to another in the fear of
God” are divine injunctions which every new missionary and
some old ones need to keep in mind and practise as occasion
arises.

ENCOURAGING INCIDENTS

BY F. H. BACK

Some who have worked in orphanages have not had much
fruit except among the children. Hindu teachers and ser-
vants have been employed, and they have come and gone,
day after day and month after month until years have elapsed,
and they were not, at least, noticeably touched.

The teachers and servants were talked with, and were
shown the way of life, and the example of the missionaries and
of other Christians was before them daily, but they seemed to
have hardened their hearts, and went on without apparently
being touched.

Time went on and Hindu teachers and servants were
replaced with Christians and the Hindus went back to work
among their own people, and it seemed that the seed sown in
their hearts had not found any good soil in which to sprout and take root, but we have the precious promise that God's word shall not return unto him void. Isaiah lv. 11, and also the promise: cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days, Ecclesiastes xi. 1; and they are true for we are now beginning to see them fulfilled, and our hearts are being encouraged.

Instances:—there is a young man living in Dholka who for some time was a teacher in the mission; he heard the truth, and unseen it took hold of him, and he is a secret believer. One of the Native preachers visits him occasionally, has meetings in the caste quarter, and then has prayer with the ex-teacher, and goes his way.

Last touring season the writer set out on a tour of the villages, and met with nothing unusual for some days, except that the villagers listened to the gospel with much more than usual interest, and seemed to have a greater hunger for spiritual things.

The days went by and our camping place was changed and new villages were visited; at one of these villages we found a former teacher of the orphanage. He with others listened with interest. The next evening this teacher in company with two others came to the tent, and they listened again to the gospel story. When we had finished speaking the ex-teacher asked us to pray, and after prayer they departed. The next evening two of them came back again, and also the third evening. The one with the teacher was a young Brahmin. During these visits we found that the teacher had been believing secretly for some time, and that he had talked with the young Brahmin and had convinced him of the truth of the gospel. This Brahmin is seeking more light, for the gospel has taken a strong hold upon him, and we believe he will come out and confess Christ openly.

At another village the Native preachers found an interesting case, a man who was the village tax-collector. He treated the preachers with exceptional courtesy and kindness, and before they left he confessed to them that he believed in the Christian religion, or rather said that he was a Christian.

As we went on to new camping places and visited new villages, we were surprised at the great interest with which many listened.

At one village a Darabar (one who usually owns one or more villages) invited us to his house, where he called together a number of his caste fellows that we might preach to them. They all listened to the story of the cross for an hour and a half, and when we took leave of them a young man helped me to
mount the horse, and then taking hold of the bridle, led the horse to the outside of the village, talking as he went. He had been given a gospel two years previous to this, which made him hungry for more of the Word of God. He told us that he was teaching his people some of the things that we had taught them out of the Bible.

Our hearts are encouraged by these instances, and we believe that much prayer will bring them all to a full decision for Christ, therefore will you not pray with me much for this end?

FIRST GLIMPSES OF INDIA

BY ADDIE HUSTON DELANEY

OUR boat had pulled into the harbour and our feet again tread upon terra ferma. As the new panorama passed before our eyes, we realized that indeed we were entering a new world and the one to which we belonged was left far behind; but with joy and confidence in Him who had been our Guide, we entered India, His chosen field of labour for us and our land of promise.

We walked up from the docks and were greeted by the bold caw-caw of myriads of India's uncanny crows. We found Bombay to be a queer blending of the Orient and the Occident. The splendid roads, magnificent buildings and funny little native shops in which the shop-keeper lolls or sleeps; automobiles and bullock carts; electric-cars speeding along filled with native people, were altogether strangely mixed. But what can we say about how it all affected us, other than we felt like covering our eyes that we might see it more gradually, for the thronging masses of half clad people in their idolatry and sin and the confused jargon of voices, pressed upon us and caused us to feel our utter helplessness. Then we remembered that when our steamer was nearing an Italian city, a little tug came puffing up to our steamer, a rope was thrown out to it and then the little thing puffed off again. It was almost absurd for the seemingly helpless little tug to attempt to influence our great majestic ocean-liner but slowly, yet steadily, our great ship was turned around and brought safely into the harbour. We thought that the tug represented the new missionary and the great vessel, heathendom. We then took courage and rejoiced in the expectation, that through Him, who had sent us, we would give at least one little tug that would move India Christ-ward.
We left Bombay with the number of bundles, characteristic of and essential to Indian travelling but which seems ludicrous to those fresh from the homeland. After a night and a half day, we arrived at the girls' orphanage in Khamgaon and were welcomed by old Nyack friends. Sunday was spent in Khamgaon. The bell rang out over the heathen town announcing the Christian's hour for prayer. We sat in the chapel and watched over a hundred girls, in their Sunday sardis (dresses), come in two by two, each taking her place on the floor. They sang such weird minor strains, prayed and then a missionary preached. Oh, how that missionary's face was illumined as she spoke to her attentive listeners. Joy tears continually welled up, but as we were sitting in full view of the audience, we smothered them back. A few days later we went to Akola where we are now stationed and we experienced the same joy while taking communion with the native Christian brothers and sisters in the little Akola Church; what a contrast to the heathendom just outside of the church door!

The East is so different from the West. In the homeland the atmosphere is "step lively," while in India it is "wait." The sleepy, little Hindu villages, squatted here and there, are very different from our bustling little towns at home. Friends in the homeland would be amused to see us out for a drive in a bullock tonga. A tonga is a covered, two-seated vehicle. The "gardiwalla" (driver) sits on a tiny board on the tongue of the tonga and when we are safely seated he starts the bullocks off. He whoops, waves his arms in the air, whacks a stick over the bullocks' backs, pokes them with his toes and the end of the stick, shoves and twists their tails. This last he says "gives them strength" and we believe it does help them to go a little faster. We have decided that, if there is one man in India who earns his living by the sweat of his brow, it is the gardiwalla. Everything moves slowly in India even the dogs and the chickens have the spirit of the East. In the villages they often sit in the middle of the road and when the tonga is about upon them, they quietly rise and with dignity stride to the side of the road and calmly watch us as we pass, our gardiwalla, still whooping, poking, shoving and twisting. Everything is so strange that we feel that we have been born into a new world with everything to learn. Old missionaries tell us "when you have been in India longer you will see differently," "that would be good in America but not in India." We try to forget those things which are behind and patiently and quietly wait and learn.

When we see so many who need to hear of Jesus and His love for them, we have an unutterable longing to speak to them.
But there is first a great mountain to climb, so we work harder at the language and our hearts are satisfied with the hope that some day we shall be scattering gospel seeds.

So few of India's millions know Christ! The poor outcast, the professional beggars, the lepers who flaunt their awful diseased hands to us for alms, the indolent high cast, the intelligent Brahmin, the refined self-satisfied Parsee and above all, the children,—the great need of all calls us to be our best for God.

GOD'S WORKING IN A HEATHEN VILLAGE

BY MRS. RAMSEY

OURING for me began late this year, because of other ministries the Lord had appointed me. But at last the day came when the cloud of His leading began to move toward the district and as always, with joy of heart, our little company started out to face the villages, and their multitudes of precious souls.

Mrs. Moodie has already written a little about our experiences in Rajuri, and as I read it in the Alliance, I wondered how many praying ones had in the fourteen years remembered that place before God.

There is, indeed, active opposition, but praise God there are also hungry hearts there.

However it is not of that place especially that I am going to tell you now.

A few miles from there lies Tonglabad; fourteen or fifteen years ago we first visited there, and were rejoiced, as with our meagre stock of the language, we explained the stories in the books we had brought to sell. And how rich we felt as we turned away because we had disposed of a copy of each book and also a New Testament. Two men who were brothers not only bought themselves but encouraged the others to buy them. One of these was the patel (headman) of the village.

The other one is to-day a bitter opponent to the Christ of the gospels.

For years the patel would quietly search through what books we brought on our returning visits, and purchase liberally. The time came when it seemed as if he was almost ready for baptism, but coming in contact with members of the Arya Samaj (a Society for the revival of Hinduism) he was for the time being influenced against Christianity. Cock-fighting was a paying business in his village and he clung to that. We visited him
last year, but he was busy enlarging his house, and had no time to give us. The younger of his two wives let us sit down and paid attention to the story.

This year, when we arrived in the village one morning, my husband with the catechists talked to the men while we went on to the patel's yard. Both wives were busy with their several duties, still they gave us a little while and we were sure God had been speaking. A second time we visited them when they had more time, and others were gathered, one a man covered with sores from head to foot most loathsome to look at. As we talked some one asked, referring to this man. "Could He heal him if He were here?" We answered "Yes" and immediately into the mind of Mrs. Moodie and myself came the words. "These signs shall follow them that believe etc." Could I in the Name of Jesus lay my hands on that sinful sufferer? There was shrinking of soul but afterwards, even a desire to do it, when a convenient moment would come, but when I looked again, the man was gone. Then the thought. Had he come with the hope of being healed? and was it the shrinking that lost the opportunity, or was there other cause for lack of power? Is there beloved amongst us as believers, as members of the Body of Christ, some reason why this promise is not fulfilled in the Church as it ought to be? We are looking to the Lord for His answer and He will not disappoint.

Again we were drawn to that yard, and as we talked, the younger one asked many intelligent questions, some of them even a bit catchy, and we wondered what was coming next, when she interrupted with "Shall I tell you something?" "Yes," "Well, now listen, we believe what you say about the Lord Jesus, not only because you say it, but do you see that child, (holding up a three-year-old boy of her own) Well, he was practically dead one night, cold dead as she (pointing to the other wife) and I sat with him." All eyes were on her as she leaned forward and in a half whisper went on. "We knew not what to do. The patel was asleep but we called him, and what did he do but take one of your books and read something. He reads and prays on Sundays for he is busy all the week. Then he repeated the Name of the Lord Jesus, but he couldn't utter a word plainly, he just stammered. Any way the boy was healed and there he is. Now you can see why we believe." Yes, we saw why and we praised the Lord, feeling solemnized before that testimony to the power of our Risen Lord and to the faithfulness of His Holy Spirit.

Still again we were led to visit there to teach, aye, and to learn more of Jesus. People came in and as we talked and she told how her husband worshipped God, a neighbour who sat by
at a little distance, said he knew another man just like him. He lived toward the south a good many miles away. When he heard the gospel he accepted it without fear, but 'getting into deep water' through opposition, he just drew into himself and is going on in secret, and he doesn't worship idols either. She said, "No, my husband doesn't and sometimes on Sunday he gathers us all together to read and pray, but what do we know?"

After a time the man who spoke came under deep conviction and we asked him to pray. He demurred at first, then finally opened his lips almost tremblingly. As he went on courage came and his face brightened. The face of the dear little woman brightened too and when he finished, she exclaimed "See, that is just how it was with me. When I began I had no joy, but as I prayed it came and I got liberty too." Then putting her head near to mine in her quaint way she said, "If the truth be told it is when all is quiet at night that I can pray. Then it seems like a straight clear avenue ahead of me and I can talk too, Oh, call it a dream if you will, that is nothing to me for there's something wonderful about it." She asked us to write a prayer such as we prayed and send it to her, which we did, but we hardly saw the need of it.

As we said "Good-bye" we told her, that would certainly be the last visit for this time, but before long the burden was laid on both of us to go yet again, and see the patel at his own house, for we had only had one word with him that first morning as the crowd of men was dispersing, and he would only say that he and every one else knew what was in their own heart.

We started very early on a Saturday morning but the bullocks had gone on a long journey with Mr. Ramsey, so we walked. Our steps lagged a bit and when we reached the place he had been gone to his office just fifteen minutes. Yes, we were disappointed but looking to the Lord, after a few words with the women, we wended our way in search of him, and presented ourselves in the open space in front of where he was seated with a Government clerk receiving rents from over a score of respectable farmers. We were invited in and urged to sit on the carpet with himself. He courteously finished the business he had in hand, and turning to us said, "Now we are ready, you may go on."

We read and expounded the story of Cornelius to an audience as respectful as any church audience at home. One man ventured to remark, that we talked as if they had no religion, but it fell flat, for no one noticed. Several times patel and clerk exchanged opinions consenting to all we said, until we reached the point where Cornelius was baptized. Then he said, "Do you mean to tell me that it is required of me to be baptized, with all that would mean of separation from family and friends. No, it
cannot be so, God reads my heart” and so we were obliged to go, after prayer with hushed hearts, trusting him to the same Holy Spirit Who had led him thus far.

He is not alone in his position, and I have gone into detail in order that prayer may ascend for such and also for us who are privileged to deal with them face to face. We soon left that neighbourhood and went farther afield where we met with many to whom God is speaking, and we still see their eager faces as they looked into ours.

Our work was cut short by my husband’s severe illness (erysipelas) from which God in love raised him up, when naturally there was no hope. His mercy toward us is great.

At present we are in a resting place in preparation for coming days. We believe the Coming of the Lord is nigh at hand and we desire to be in readiness for anything that our Lord the King may appoint.

“Side by side, we know not whither,
But with Whom we know full well;
Side by side, henceforth for ever
With Thee, veiled Emmanuel.”

A TESTIMONY

BY VIOLETTE ERICKSON

ABOUT twenty-three (23) years ago the Lord raised me up after several years of prostration, healed me of a serious complication of diseases and taught me how to take His strength to meet my daily needs. Since that time my life has been a walk of faith with, “His strength made perfect in weakness,” as I have been able to claim the promise and take from Him the supply.

Last year instead of taking a vacation during the hot season He led me to assist Miss Patten in the Orphanage, and so blessed and kept that I gained physically in spite of the heat and work.

During the rains while teaching in the school for workers, I realized the presence of the Living Christ within keeping and refreshing physically as well as spiritually day by day.

Later on there came a time when, as I looked up for strength it did not seem to be imparted; but I let myself get so busy with seemingly necessary work that I did not realize God was calling me aside for time of rest and quiet waiting upon Him; and so pressed on until I was prostrated.

However the dear Father held my life assuring me that nothing could take it until my work was finished.
Many times during my illness I felt the touch of Jesus relieving pain, giving victory over unfavourable symptoms and imparting strength in times of special pressure and need.

But He had His own purpose for keeping me so long upon a bed of weakness. He had many things to say to me, many lessons of love and trust to teach. In His own time He spoke the word which has enabled me to rise up and walk, taking from Him, health and strength, moment by moment and day by day. I praise Him not only for healing but also for the privilege of serving, during the days of weakness, in the ministries of love and prayer, for the opportunities He gave me of witnessing for Him—the deep work He has done in my soul—the blessed revelations of Himself and His word and fuller preparation for service—especially the ministry of intercession to which He has given me a very definite call.

REVIVAL

"Do the people really need a revival? Are they asking for it? Very gladly and thankfully do I write "yes" to both questions. How often I have heard this asked, "Why did we not know this before?" Yes, hearts are hungry—sin abounds, and souls are sick of sin. Deep down in many hearts is the longing to be free. "Oh, that I were free!" is a frequent cry. Others are restless and unhappy—they do not know what they want—but rest and peace seem far off. "I am weary." But what of, and what for, has never dawned on their tired hearts. Others again have no sense of need. They go on their way—some wrapt in their self-righteousness, and some in the sins they love! Oh, yes, a revival is needed. "It is time, Lord! to stretch forth Thy Hand, the world and India are sore sick of sin."

The Hindus are seeking reform, they are more diligent in worship, more earnest in their ceremonies, they are seeking light. But where?

The Mahomedans too, I hear, are more zealous in their hours of prayer—seeking whom?

Yes the world is needing revival, and yet scarcely knows it, is scarcely willing for it.

The suffering at times seems to grow greater day by day—terrible famines, and epidemics—all the measures put forth for relief touch but the fringe of the trouble and do not reach its source—sin.

Education and ignorance run side by side in the darkness, because the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face
of Jesus Christ is shining only here and there, and even in the hearts and lives of many who should be shining lights in the world, the Light is only as a faint glimmer.

"Wilt not Thou revive us again, oh God, at the end of the years?"

The efforts of many Christians during so many years which have brought so little result have driven them back on God. Revive us, oh Lord our God. "We have no power against the enemy—make bare Thine arm and come amongst us, for we have no help but Thee!"

Do we need revival? Look into your own heart, reader, Do you need revival? Where is your power? Can you walk with God? Can you work with God? Where is the abounding life which Jesus promised? Have you got it? Do the rivers of living water flow from the throne, past the altar of sacrifice, and through you to the faint and thirsty and dying souls? Do you need a revival? Take heart then. Listen to the message from the throne—"If any man thirst let him come unto Me, the Saviour, that he may be cleansed from sin and let him drink. Drink abundantly, fear not—the supply will never run short, and will always satisfy."

Now look again at the heathen. What about your responsibility with regard to them? Have you found that "Sin shall have no more dominion over you?" Then what about them?

During the month of Shravan the people are often possessed of an evil spirit, and Satan, to get them further into his power, has counterfeited the deliverance through the atonement. The relatives take a goat which must be slain, the blood must be shed—a sum of money must be paid into the idol-temple, and the possessed one must bathe in the sea—and she is freed from the evil spirit. She is not delivered from sin, but only from that particular possession, to be a firmer believer in the idol, more in Satan's power. How often in a country place one can see little red daubs on walls, trees, rocks, etc., all Satan's marks of possession. Here in Bombay there are but few Indian homes which are not oppressed in some way with the power of Satan.

What seems to me so wonderful is the heart-hunger for deliverance which is growing so apparent among the people. It takes many forms, some think it is the "tyranny" of the government, some of caste, some of poverty, and others of other oppressions. Now is the time to shew that the bonds are the bonds of Satan and sin—that nothing but the Blood of Jesus can set free—that His is freedom indeed.

But the numbers who go and tell of this freedom are so few, perhaps because so few know of the freedom in their own lives.

Are you free? Is the Cross of Jesus between you and sin?
Is it not wonderful how Jesus waits for us to come and be free? He is always waiting for her who will come to Him. Do you remember the boy who after wandering from home for so long, when he came back, found his father watching and waiting for him, with no reproach—with only the best robe, the shoes of peace—the ring of renewed possession—and the slain calf.

Will you not come back home? Will you not enter into the family work?
Souls are dying and Jesus needs you to tell of His power to save, His power to live in and through His people—His mighty love.
Come. He waits!

—Young Women of India and Ceylon.

SAD IF TRUE

THE Hindu published recently an interview with this Swami, who has been in Madras. His life history is interesting. A Bengali by race, he studied English and became a journalist. Then the vanity of earthly things was impressed on him and he became a Sanyasi, concentrating his worship on Sri Krishna. For twelve years he roamed through India, visiting among other places Brindaban. Here he had a vision—"The figure of Sri Chaitanya, the full incarnation of Sri Krishna"—and a voice said to him, "Beloved, thou hast to go to the Far West, to America, to spread the Name of Krishna there. Thou shouldst have no fear. I'll keep thee protected with my embrace and carry thee in my bosom." In two months he left India, visiting France and England on the way to America. In England his money, given to him by a devout disciple, ran out. He says:

"I sent an article, defending image-worship,—for which the Maharaja of Jaipur, who was then in London for the Coronation of His Majesty King Edward VII., was being attacked with jokes—especially as he had taken the image of Sri Gopalji with him. Fully knowing that it was an article impossible of being published in any of the London papers, I sent it to one of the best of them—the Westminster Gazette, so that it might repose in dignity in its waste basket. I posted it at 4 o'clock in the morning and went at 10 o'clock to see the Indian Sepoys in Hampton Court. Returning to London at about 4 o'clock, from the top seat of a 'bus' in which I was seated, I

* Swami Baba Premanand Bharati in "Light on Life."
saw the heading of my article and my name in a blazing poster of the *Gazette*. I got down from the 'bus,' and bought a copy, and found my article printed prominently with borders around. Indeed I was so extremely delighted that I did not know whether I was on my heels or on my head. I went to the editor, who not only congratulated me for my bold defence of the religion of my country but gave me a special cheque of five guineas on the spot. He also asked me to write for the *Gazette* as many articles as I could, which I did."

Soon after he went to New York, where he "got from the *New York Herald* an incredibly large sum of money for telling my spiritual experiences in the columns of one of its Sunday editions—the article being printed with pictures in five colours. That edition of the *Herald* had the phenomenal sale of one million copies, which advertised myself and my mission so widely that I had at once a roaring regiment of visitors of both sexes, many of whom became my students at the first classes for spiritual lessons that I opened, which enabled me to take up magnificent quarters in a high-class apartment house in the centre of the residential part of the city."

He "interpreted Hindu philosophy and preached Krishna," and he taught *mantrams*. He went to Boston, where he was "warmly received by an assembly of 5,000 cultured people." In about a year he "had made 3,000 disciples in the east and middle of America." Then he went to Los Angeles, where he made "many hundreds of disciples." Here he built "the Krishna Home for some American Vaishnavas and a temple of Radha and Krishna and Sri Chaitanya, where my disciples attended the interpretation of Hindu Shastras and the evening *arati* performed in right Hindu style and where the worship was conducted with Hindu rituals." He thus sums up his work in America:—

"Thus in five years I had made about five thousand disciples, who regularly practised Hindu religious forms and performed the worship of Sri Krishna with all the force of their being, while there were thousands yet who lived and tried to live the philosophical truths of India as enunciated in my book and in my lectures."

Returning to India, he has published some of his American addresses, under the title of "Light on Life." We have read them with interest, and find they contain Hindu pantheism adapted to the modern Christian mind. There is much praise of *Jesus Christ*.

"I will talk to you now of a greater personality than Napoleon—ten thousand times greater than Napoleon, and to whose name Napoleon bowed low with all humility during his
career of humbleness in St. Helena—Jesus the Christ of Nazareth.

“There He stood, the man—even if we call Him man—the God-man, the incarnation that Jesus Christ was. He came with that infinite love for humanity, He so loved man that He gave himself away for mankind.

“The scene on Calvary is the greatest scene that has been performed in recent times. There, where He was taunted and insulted and tormented and crucified, He never forgot the height of His love. He never forgot His enemies in His prayers to the Lord: ‘O Lord, forgive them; they know not what they do!’ Infinity was there on the Cross. Infinity! Did you see a finite being made of flesh and blood? You have looked but upon the outer surface of that human life-form. Infinity was there upon the Cross, the human-looking medium for the expression of limitless love.”

But Jesus Christ was not the only incarnation. “We take this assertion of the Christian missionary when he comes to our country as a baby’s prattle.” Krishna was a “thousand times greater than all the others.”

“The greatest incarnation was Krishna, the Krishna that is the father of Jesus Christ; Krishna, the Full Incarnation of the Deity, the Fullest Expression of God Supreme, and he showed it in his life. He showed his almightiness, his omniscience, his All-Love Self from his very birth. Even before he was born the radiance of his glory shot through the pores of his mother’s body; and the dark cell, the prison room in which his mother was confined, was illumined with his glory, till sages and saints and heavenly beings came and worshipped him in the womb. Then when he was born, from that moment of his birth he began to perform miracles which put into the shade the miracles that had been performed by all the incarnations of God who came before and after him.”

We wonder whether the Swami gave to his American audiences the story of Krishna and his doings as narrated in the Baghavat Purana. This might have given to them another conception of Krishna.

But it matters little how great an incarnation he was, for like all conscious persons he was but part of the divine, a higher kind of man. This is the Swami’s teaching regarding man:—

“The soul and God are the same thing.” “The whole of creation is one vast, living being just as you or I. The whole living being, of which we are parts, connected parts, pulsating with the same pulse, throbbing with the same feeling, with the vast one life called creation or the universe,
"Then concentrate your mind upon that soul, which is, as I have said, the part of God in you, the part of the all-pervading God, the God that pervades all creation, and that God that pervades you is love; and that part of God that pervades you is your soul, and that is the soul that we call 'I.'"

To live the soul life, the highest life, concentration on one's own soul is all that is needed. "It does not cost us anything but a little thought, a little patience, a little attention, a little devotion. So we can become real Gods of earth." Not so is our experience of life.

There is much in these lectures that would appeal to the commercialised, materialised Westerner, but there is no real gospel of hope in the Swami's teaching. He, like Vivekananda and Abhedananda, does not first diagnose sufficiently. He does not recognise the fact of sin. The word is nowhere mentioned, as far as we remember. As long as teachers fail to probe human nature, they can have no real remedy for its ills.

The book is interesting to the Indian missionary as showing the new Vedantist teaching. There is no caste spirit in it. The teaching is for all. If a man realises the love of God, "it will go to everyone; and you will love all, all, by and by." But beyond a vague pantheism, there is nothing substantial or permanent in the new teaching. In America it may be a passing craze for a few; for many of them are like the Athenians of old. One of the Swami's aims is to found in India a Zenana Mission by American ladies, "who are almost entirely Hinduised in their conscience and in their consciousness," for Hindu women. It seems strange that the Swami's teaching is non-effective among his own country-women, and that it must be conveyed through foreign disciples to be fruitful.—The Harvest Field.

THE STORY OF A HEATHEN WOMAN'S SELF-SACRIFICE

DEAR FRIENDS,—It was probably because our house is a native one and situated right in the centre of the town, that a Brahmin widow, with the usual shaved head and red cloth, came into my room the other day with a large brass bell in her hand. Immediately I was struck with her appearance, because she seemed to be singularly different to the majority of her sisters; so I determined to get to know as much about her as possible, and she reluctantly told me the following story:

She said her age was about fifty, but when she was barely twenty years old her husband died, bringing to her the greatest calamity that can befall the Hindoo woman,—widowhood. At that time she was in comfortable circumstances, but according to
the custom her jewels and beautiful clothes were taken from her, and since then her life has been similar to the monotonous life of drudgery which is so common amongst the women of this country. Having neither children nor any near relatives to whom her money could be given, she, to atone for the calamity that had befallen her, set about to build a temple at her own expense, giving the whole of her small fortune, which amounted to 200 rupees, for this purpose. Besides this, in order to secure the services of a regular priest, she gave two acres of valuable ground, the last of all her possessions, to a Brahmin, who now lives by the profit of the land, but who, despite her generosity, does not give her even a crumb. Her zeal and sincerity enabled her to overlook this ingratitude even, although she is quite penniless.

When the building was nearly completed she found that the money she had given was not sufficient. What did she do? Not daunted by the difficulty, she set out barefooted to visit the surrounding towns and villages in order to beg the requisite vessels for temple service. This she did for six whole months, begging her food and sleeping in the nearest roadside halting-places to where she found herself at sunset. In this way she had travelled several hundreds of miles. She had walked to this town, which is considerably over thirty miles from her home, in order to find a forest officer who, hearing of her liberality, had promised to give a palanquin for carrying the idol around the village on festive occasions.

The bell she had with her was the last necessity for temple worship, and for this she had gone into debt to the extent of four rupees, which is no small item; but this debt she hoped to clear off by begging from house to house, and for this purpose she had come to me for a donation.

I told her I did not doubt her sincerity and desire to do good, but conscience did not allow me to support idolatry in any shape or form. So after telling her of ‘Him Who for our sakes became poor,’ I allowed her to go, trusting that the little message would do her good. I could not help feeling that her sincerity and zeal, although wrapped in the cloak of idolatrous ignorance and superstition, were somewhat akin to the true spirit of the gospel, and if turned into right channels would be capable of much profitable service for the Master.

Could such a spirit of self-denial fail to elicit our sympathies? Does not this zeal and self-sacrifice of a heathen woman cause us to hang our heads in shame in view of the little we have sacrificed for our Master, Who is far and above all heathen deities? If our self-denial comes below the standard of these people, can we expect our testimony to be of effect?—Darkness and Light.
THE KHASSIA HILLS ASSEMBLY (SHILLONG)

No Assembly ever had so many prayers offered for it. Requests for prayer were sent to many praying men in Wales and to the Welsh and English papers, and hundreds were pleading in the Home land. In India thousands of wall cards were sent out in several languages begging Christians to pray; these were hung up in the homes of the Christians and in their Churches and school-rooms, and thousands complied with the request. In one place while the Christians were praying for the Assembly, the Holy Spirit came down upon them, and quite an awakening took place.

One interesting feature was a Missionary Meeting which was densely crowded. The Revival has greatly widened the sympathies of the Christians. They often pray for India and other parts of the world, and some have offered to work in other parts of India.

On Sunday the large Church was crowded at the early morning Prayer meeting. The Spirit of God was poured upon the people and there were similar scenes to what took place at Mairang four years ago. How refreshing it was to hear hundreds praying at the same time, weeping before the Lord, and yet there was no confusion. How blessed it was to be there.

It is believed that there were over 1,000 delegates in Shillong and all were entertained free of charge. Over 30 Europeans were present; these were the guests of the missionary of the place, while the Indians were housed and fed by their fellow-countrymen. Some entertained as many as 100 visitors and even the very poor took ten or a dozen people. The Church in the place had made all the preparations, the leading men counted it a privilege and an honour to carry benches, arrange the seats, erect the platform, &c. We could not help contrasting this Assembly with some Conventions that were held recently, when thousands of rupees were spent in the preparation, and yet the visitors and delegates had to pay heavily for everything that they had. Shillong is a small hill-station, and the number of Christians is not very large, but they all did their best. The servants were in all the public services, and yet we had never to wait for a meal. Some of the manifestations which were so prevalent when the Revival commenced have disappeared but a few persons still quake and dance, but not as they used to do. Among the few a Gurkha sepoy was the most prominent. This man has a history: some three years ago he
had a vision in which he was told to go to the Christians. He obeyed, and now he has become a very earnest aggressive Christian. He has had to suffer much persecution because he insists in warning men of their danger. Recently he was permanently injured by his fellow-sepoys and had to be in hospital for several weeks, but he has absolutely refused to give the names of his persecutors to the authorities; he prefers suffering in silence. He is far less demonstrative than he was at first, but this is because he has yielded himself more fully to Christ. He is anxious to carry the gospel to his own people—in the closed land of Nepal.—Selected.

If any reader of these lines is of the number who think that the general body of Christian missionaries in India describe the Caste system of Hinduism unfairly, we commend to him the following criticism taken from non-missionary and non-foreign sources. The Indian Messenger, of Calcutta, an organ of the Brahma Samaj, gives quotations from recent Hindu writers on the subject of Caste. One of these writers is the Gaekwar of Baroda, a leading Indian Ruler, who in an article recently contributed to the Indian Review incidentally raised the question of caste distinctions, saying:—

"The system which divides us into innumerable castes claiming to rise by minutely graduated steps from the Pariah to the Brahman is a whole tissue of injustice, splitting men, equal by nature, into divisions, high and low, based not on the natural standard of personal qualities, but on the accident of birth. The eternal struggle between caste and caste for social superiority has become a source of constant ill feeling in these days. The human desire to help the members of one's caste also leads to nepotism—heartburnings and consequent mutual distrust. In other words there is disunion—where union is so eminently needed to enable us to take rank as a nation." ...... "In the political world, a struggle has commenced for wider self-government and greater racial equality. The same principles which impel us to ask for political justice for ourselves should actuate us to show social justice to each other. ............... By the sincerity of our efforts to uplift the depressed classes we shall be judged fit to achieve the objects of our national desire." "There seems to be no country in the civilised world, save India, where the power of religion has been used as a force to divide man from his kith and kin."—Bombay Guardian.
A BUDDHIST MONK'S DISROBING

THE conversion of a Buddhist monk is often reported but from time to time a yellow-robed leader becomes a Christian.

In Colombo, Ceylon, on October 3rd, in the Maradana chapel of the English Wesleyan Mission, Uva Kotawera stated his reasons for wishing to renounce Buddhism and embrace Christianity. He told his story, and then, while the congregation bowed in silent prayer, he put off his robes in exchange for the ordinary garments of the Sinhalese man, and returned as a candidate for baptism.

As a priest he also practised as a medical man, and gained a wide reputation for medical skill, especially for ability to cure snake-bite and hydrophobia. He was called in to attend the daughter of one of the Christian Sinhalese, and before she passed away, she did much to win him for Christ. Her testimony to the saving power of Jesus, and her exhortations to believe in Christ and live a good life, made a great impression on him.

Her Bible was given to him after her death, and he read it in the light of the dying girl's testimony and experience, and became convinced that the way for him to tread was not the eightfold path of Buddhism, but the way of Christ.

This man is no ordinary convert, for he has been a priest for a quarter of a century and was a novice in the temple several years before that. He is proficient in Sanskrit, Pali, and Sinhalese and he has travelled in India and Burma, as well as in Ceylon. He will be more fully instructed, and in due time will receive baptism.—The Missionary Review of the World.

GOD in His Word gives us illustration after illustration of the great truth that what He has given us is all that we need to glorify His own great Name: we require nothing more! When Moses on the mount was wondering how his message could be authenticated, the Lord said: 'What is that in your hand?' Why, he had nothing but a staff! That was quite sufficient. 'Cast it on the ground!' and it became a serpent. Afterwards, when he had nothing in his hand, the Lord said, 'Put your hand in your bosom,' and that healthy hand was at once made leprous. The Lord does not require anything outside of that which He has given to His people, to accomplish His present purposes, whatever they may be.—J. Hudson Taylor.
WE at times ask ourselves the question: Can there possibly be another land like this land of India where so much cruelty is practised under the name of religion? Where old women are unloved and uncared for, put outside the door and told to die after perhaps a long life of service on behalf of those who treat them thus; where instead of tenderly cherishing them until the silver cord breaks they are daily asked what is the use of them? The little food they get is begrudged and even that sometimes denied in the hope that starvation might hasten the end; for, they are widows, and widows ought to die!

Ah, me! our hearts grow sick as we go in and out among them and we, too, long for a remedy. Yet there are those who tell us that we ought to leave these people alone as they have their own religion and it is suited to them and there is a beautiful side to it. Surely those who make such statements have never gone into India's villages where the majority of her daughters live, where we see "things as they are," and life as it is. Life—did I say? Nay—it can scarcely be called that, a "grey" dull existence; but they think as they are women, that it is their portion, there is nothing better for them and it must be borne.

Are there not some in the Homeland to-day who for the sake of the love shown forth at Calvary will come to these our sisters and tell them that there is life and joy and peace even for them? They wait in sorrowful bondage to hear the story of One who can set them free and change the dull "grey" existence into the "gold" of an endless life.

Some time ago we cycled to a village that we can reach only once in a while and there we found a dear old soul, bent, frail and suffering—a widow of many years. Privation and toil had done their work, and as I greeted her she said: "Death won't come"! The one longing night and day was for this. "But what will happen to you after you die?" The question startled her; she had only thought of getting out of her present misery. What the "Beyond" might mean she did not know, so as simply as to a little child the way of salvation was told and the hope given that if she would let the Lord Jesus make her ready to go He might come for her soon.
Two or three months elapsed before we could return to that same place; we scarcely hoped that after such a long interval the old lady would remember anything she had been told. We found her much worse, and lying on the ground outside the door of the house, all alone, a vessel of water put within her reach, but no hand of love to minister to her; only a rough voice to ask how much longer she was going to live. We tend gently even a dying animal, but this was a soul over whom the Master yearned and no human love bestowed on her. "Sukoo! do you remember the story I told you?" Her dim, old eyes looked pathetically at me and she said, "For many days you have not come, but—yes—I remember, it has not left me—you told me about Jesus. Can’t you give me some medicine that will make me go to Him quickly?" With some difficulty she held up one old worn hand and further said, "Count on my fingers how many days it will be ere He comes for me." "Sukoo! I can’t give you medicine to make you go quickly, that would be poison; and I can’t tell you how many days it will be ere He’ll come for you, but Jesus hears us when we speak to Him; shall we ask Him to come very soon for you?" Painfully she drew herself up and listened as we commended her to the Lord and voiced the petition of her heart and asked Him to come soon for His weary, longing child. As the petition ceased she said, "He’ll come; I want Him so much," and then she lay down again.

For some time we did not get back there, but she was laid much on my heart every day, and for a week was uppermost in my thoughts. Mounting my bicycle early one morning I sped off and found on arrival that old Sukoo’s place was vacant; they told me she had been gone just a week. Was it God’s way of letting me know that she had joined the ransomed throng? The people were angry because she had talked so much of Jesus and they bade me begone; they wanted neither me nor my story, but what did their anger matter, since another soul had done for ever with the sad "grey" monotone of an Indian widow’s existence and had exchanged it for the "gold" of Heaven’s own sunshine?

One afternoon we went through the fields in an opposite direction to old Sukooobai’s village, conscious that the Master had given a very definite message. Only high-caste people dwelt there and as a rule it was not easy to get an opening, but death had been busy in their midst and one or two of the more thoughtful had been set thinking; so after a hymn was sung the women gathered in the little street to hear what we had to say. Surely the Spirit of the Lord had prepared hearts and made them
hungry, for they gave rapt attention, not even a howling village dog or a crying child served to distract them. They wanted to hear; one said, "Oh! tell us what to do to get this salvation. Must we stop quarrelling? you know every one does that; how can we stop it?"

Close by sat a sweet, old lady. I wish I could picture her to you; she had beautiful silvery hair which was parted down the centre and fell in soft waves down each side of her face, clear well cut features, bright flashing eyes that had not lost their lustre, and such a kindly expression. She looked as though she might have stepped out of some ancient oil-painting. Closer and closer she crept; the message had gripped her heart. Boldly before the others she said, "Your story is true. I believe Jesus is God. He can comfort me." Poor soul! Who had need of comfort if she had not? Thirty years a widow—the untold misery pent up in that short phrase—husband, children, wealth, all gone and now she had lost the use of her legs and was left lonely, helpless, dependent on a distant relative who daily hoped and longed for her death. But now a ray of light had entered her heart and her future seemed tinged with Heaven's "gold."

The following week we went back to that place. What a change! Hostility seemed in the very air. The Prince of the power of the air was losing his sway over a soul and he was angry and had stirred up his hosts against us. We found the old lady, but instead of a glad smile she cried, "Don't come to me; they tell me that sweet story is not for me, only for you. Oh! it is as if they had crushed my life out." We found she had been subject to taunts and scorn for daring to believe what we said. Again the blessed news of a Saviour for every sinner was told to her and her faith was quickened—once more the work of the enemy was undone. For a whole month we've not been able to visit her, but we hope to go soon. Uphold this soul in prayer; girdle her round with your petitions and let us have her as a trophy to lay at His feet.

"It seems to me I've been a widow a hundred years. I've had such a life of sorrow, but since you came and told me of Jesus it has been happiness in my heart." This was the answer I got from another widow when I asked how old she was. For her life too has been "golden" tinged through that precious Name. Oh that it could be sounded through and through every village till none could say they had not heard!

Long ago a woman brought her alabaster box to break at the feet of Jesus; it was very precious and some grumbled at the waste, but then she loved Him and this was her love gift, not
too precious for Jesus. Reader! have you not something very precious that you would fain offer at Love’s shrine? Hear the widow’s wail across the seas! Hear the Master say, “Other sheep I have,”—they need seeking. “Whom shall I send?” “Who will go?” Will you not offer your alabaster box? Love gives its very best; nay, its all. The Lord Jesus waits for your offering.—White Already To Harvest.

THE MISSIONARY’S APPEAL.

“Oh, dark is the land where the Evil One reigns,
   And strong is his citadel there!
Oh, deep are the dungeons and heavy the chains
   That his long enthralled prisoners wear!
What can brace up the arm and confirm the weak knee
   The Strong one to meet and o’ercome,
Like the message of cheer wafted over the sea:
   ‘There’s somebody praying at home!’

“There are times when the enemy seems to prevail,
   And faintness creeps over the heart,
When courage and confidence quiver and quail,
   At the glance of his fiery dart.
There are times when exhausted, we can but stand still,
   When the sword arm hangs nerveless and numb,
Oh, then to the soul comes a whisper so chill:
   ‘Are they weary of praying at home?’

“Oh, brothers, ye toil in the twilight, perchance.
   Remember, we wrestle in night!
Cry unto the Lord, would ye have us advance,
   And claim for us heavenly might.
Then, back to the arm will its vigour be given.
   And lips that in anguish were dumb
Shall shout, as the foe from his stronghold is driven:
   ‘Tis because they are praying at home!’

“Then away to the mountain top! Lift up your hands!
   Let the strong breath of prayer never cease!
Only thus, as ye follow the Captain’s commands,
   His kingdom shall grow and increase.
If ye, while we fight, ‘strive together by prayer,’
   The hour of victory will come;
When we in the vanguard our gladness will share
   With those who are praying at home.”

—God’s Revivalist.
ITEMS.

Rev. and Mrs. M. B. Fuller and child, with Miss Fuller of Khangaon, sailed from Bombay on the 23rd of April by P. & O. Steamer Mantua. They expect to visit Palestine and then sail for England intending to visit Edinburgh in time for the World's Missionary Conference in June, going on immediately after for New York.

All three were much in need of a furlough and have the prayers and good-wishes of the whole mission for a safe journey and a restful time in the home-land.

We are glad that a good number of our missionaries are able to be at Hill stations during the hot weather and trust that those who are unable to get away may be remembered in prayer, especially those in charge of orphanages and schools.

One of our missionaries recently arrived from the home-land has been using a Phonograph with great success in the village work. It has been found very useful in gathering crowds and interesting the people.

We are glad to greet Mr. and Mrs. McKee on their return to this country. They have gone to Mehmedabad for the present.

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BUSINESS MANAGER’S NOTICE

In accordance with the notice on inside of cover we request that all subscriptions to the paper be sent to the business Manager,

REV. S. AUERNHEIMER,
Chalisgaon, Khandesh,
India.

This will save delay caused by sending them to New York and also save our friends there some trouble. Subscriptions may be sent in U. S. Greenbacks or Canadian bills, two copies one year or one copy two years for $1 or money can be sent by foreign money order.

We would earnestly request those whose subscriptions are in arrears to renew as soon as possible.

S. AUERNHEIMER,
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