"God answers prayer;  
Sometimes when hearts are weak,  
He gives the very best believers seek,  
But often faith must learn a deeper rest,  
And trust God’s silence when He does not speak;  
For He whose name is Love will send the best,  
Stars may burn out, nor mountains walls endure,  
But God is true, His promises are sure,  
To those who seek."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"For the vision is yet for an appointed time . . . though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry." Hab. ii. 3.

THE PRICE OF SUCCESS.

We are glad indeed to publish this month Mrs. Cutler’s modest account of the Lord’s working in Daryapur and Murtizapur districts. Every friend of the work will rejoice, we know, over what appears to be a real “break” in that place, but only those who have experienced hope deferred will appreciate all that this beginning means.

Our joy in success will be in proportion to what the success has cost us. And we can only truly rejoice over souls saved when we realize the price that their salvation cost. Salvation was not provided by accident and souls are not brought to Christ, especially in the foreign field, without cost. These men and women who have accepted Christ recently are
the result of years of toil and suffering and prayer and hope and faith.

One's mind goes back over the years to the opening of Murtizapur in 1893 by Mr. Bannister and Mr. A. Johnson. Mr. Herron was there for several months, and three years after the work was begun Mrs. Bannister passed from Murtizapur to her reward. God has never forgotten that lone grave, we know. Even at that time Mr. Bannister wrote hopefully of the work in Daryapur taluka, but faith did not realise then how long the wait would be. It was the year following Mrs. Bannister's home-going that Miss Olmstead, while caring for a poor widow in Anjangaon, Daryapur taluka, contracted cholera and laid down her life; and thus another seed fell into the ground and died.

In that same year Mr. and Mrs. Cutler took charge of the work in Murtizapur, which work they have carried on continuously ever since. When one was on furlough the other remained with the work. Few persons can know fully what it means to work for eighteen long years in one station, always hoping and praying, but seeing little outward fruit. During a large part of this time Mr. and Mrs. Cutler have also had the county of Daryapur to be responsible for, besides that of Murtizapur.

In 1906 Mr. Cutler wrote in the "India Alliance"—"Any person visiting Murtizapur with the object of seeing a large mission work will go away disappointed. All he will see is a barbed wire fence around an ordinary sized bungalow, with its outhouses. We have been working here since 1897, yet have nothing to show as men reckon things. But discouragement has no place, or rather, is given no place. 'It is required in stewards that a man be found faithful.'"

In that same year Mr. and Mrs. Rogers opened Daryapur as a station, and began a work there, which had not been possible in the occasional visits made previously, though the place had been visited since 17 years before. At that time Mrs. Rogers wrote:—

"There are over 114,000 people in this county alone, and so far as we know, not one Christian except the few that are with us in Daryapur. As we notice sometimes the grey hairs increasing in numbers, we are reminded that we are not as young as in the early days of our work, and our hearts go out in great
longing that fresh, young missionaries will come in far greater numbers, to help in this whitened harvest field. 'We had fainted unless we had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living'; but thank God, we do believe to see it in far greater measure than we have as yet.'

Mrs. Rogers too has left us and gone to her reward, but think you that Mrs. Rogers, and Miss Olmstead and Mrs. Bannister have no part in that "joy in the presence of the angels," over these sinners that are repenting?

Later Mr. and Mrs. Dinham spent some months in Daryapur and were followed there by Mr. and Mrs. Auernheimer. But because of lack of workers there has been no missionary to spare since July 1908, and Mr. and Mrs. Cutler again took up the work and carried it forward, in addition to the Murtizapur work.

It is only as one calls to mind these things, these years of toil, these lives laid down, that he can fully appreciate what it means to be able to report that at last a goodly number, whose hearts God has touched, have confessed Christ in baptism. And we believe that this is only the beginning of what God is going to do for us in many stations along the line where toil has been as faithful and for which the promises of God are as sure.

But while we rejoice in what God has wrought and encourage our faith to believe for yet greater things, we may well think soberly about what we would do if such success were granted all along the line. Baptising converts does not end one's responsibility toward these people, but the heaviest burden of the work has only then begun. The cost of the birth is forgotten by the mother-heart in the joy of possession, but it is then that the greater responsibility begins.

The new converts must be nourished and taught. Many of them must be disentangled from the snares into which caste and the money lenders have plunged them. This may even necessitate the missionary's appearing in court in their behalf. Provision must be made for guarding them from future snares which they will not for a time be wary enough to avoid. There will be trouble and differences among them to settle.
Very soon the need will become imperative for a school wherein their children can be taught by a Christian teacher, for they are mostly in small villages and are too poor to send their children away.

More native helpers become a necessity, which means a greater burden financially. The need of schools will in time increase the burden. And besides all this the wear of the responsibility on the body and spirit of the missionary will increase manifold, so that his personal need of prayer will be greater than ever before. There will be less time for evangelistic work than before, whereas the new opportunity offered by success already attained will demand a still greater aggressiveness in that very line, for victories must be followed up. Then there is the increased pressure due to the inevitable "counter attacks" of the enemy, whether in the missionary’s body or in the work.

"The vision is for an appointed time," and God will not fail, but let us not think lightly of success. It will make demands on the body, soul, and spirit, of the missionaries, which we must be prepared to meet; it will make many new demands on financial lines upon our friends at home; and it will demand a ministry in intercession in our behalf greater than ever before. May we be ready!

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OUR CHAIRMAN’S PAGE.

An Editorial Department Conducted by Mr. Fuller.

The Support of a Missionary.

We have been thinking that it would be helpful to our dear friends at home who uphold us by their prayers and give their money for our support and the support of the work, if we try to put before them somewhat in detail what it means to support a missionary on the field. This has been referred to at various times in the Alliance Weekly in a general way, but it will be helpful to many to know a little more in detail.
First there is the missionary’s personal allowance which is fixed at $300 each per year in India. Then there is the need of houses to live in, which means about $50 each. When the work was new we had to rent in all our stations, except Akola; but God provided money in answer to prayer from sources largely apart from the Board, and we have built good mission houses in every station, except Bombay and Ahmedabad. We still have to pay rent for these two, and also for the Children’s Home at Panchgani for the missionaries’ children who are in school there. We also have three rest homes, and the value of all our mission property is about $92,000, so that the rents, and taxes and repairs of property, which would soon suffer seriously if not kept in repair, amounts to about $50 per year for each missionary.

Then there is the support of the children of missionaries, forty-two in number, of whom thirty are in school and have an allowance of $100 each per year; the younger ones $60 each, which is less than the actual cost. This item equals an average of a little over $50 for each missionary. Then for general expenses which include travelling expenses for the Chairman and other members of the Executive Committee to attend Committee meetings and for all the missionaries to attend the annual meeting, for supplying in mission houses the heavy furniture which it does not pay to move in case of transfers of missionaries, the cost of all such transfers, office expenses, and many other things that come up during the year. This item amounts to over $20 per year for each missionary.

Then there is the support of Indian workers, of which we need many more than we now have, for a missionary and his wife put in charge of a whole county must have Indian workers. Every missionary should have, at the very lowest, six workers, and more as the work grows. At present our Indian workers cost about $5,400 per year, an average of over $75 for each missionary. We ought to have four times as many just as soon as it is possible to train them, so that for each missionary’s personal allowance there should be $300 for Indian workers. We had 1,200 orphans after the famine; but now have about 320,
costing $20 each per year, or $6,400, making an average of over $90 for each of our seventy missionaries for our orphans.

Then for transportation—every missionary should have furlough, at least every eight years, six and a half years on the field and one and a half at home and on the voyage. This costs about $400 for voyages both ways or $50 a year each. A very small allowance has been sent for touring, but hardly enough to mention, and if allowances were full we could afford to drop it.

All the above, except the allowances of missionaries, have to be paid in full each month as first charges, and, as a matter of fact, are almost exactly equal to the amount of full allowances for all the missionaries on the field and on furlough, so that the full allowances of missionaries is only one half of the cost of the work in India. These first charges have to be taken out in full and the missionaries' allowances are given pro rata from what is left, so that all deficits have to be suffered by the missionaries. For many years these deficits have been pretty frequent. As has been stated in the Alliance Weekly, the foreign work has outgrown the resources of the home work, and our prayer is that the home work may soon, by God's blessing, grow until it can adequately support the work which, we believe, God has opened up for the Alliance in India and other fields. The question of reducing our work and the number of missionaries must be met, and we do not believe that God or our friends at home will do this done. Other missions have had to make similar appeals for prayer and gifts to their home constituencies, and we feel that the Alliance people would not want retrenchment in the work without being allowed to respond by prayer and gifts. We are glad for every friend who has given the personal support of a missionary or of a worker, or of an orphan, or of a young man or woman in the Training School (about which last item we have not spoken above), and as only about one third of the support, of workers and orphans is sent through and by the Board, we especially ask that those whose hearts God may touch will send support for workers and orphans, as soon as possible, direct to the writer or to those in charge of orphanages.
NOTES FROM MURTIZAPUR.

By Annie Cutler.

We trust our Readers are continuing to hold the work in these parts before the Lord in prayer, the kind of prayer that is effectual. The writer was especially thankful for the thoughts expressed through the Editor in last month's number of the "India Alliance" and would suggest that if they are "out of mind" while reading these lines, the May copy should just be picked up and the "Editorial notes" read through again.

Some of us have been and are in a special way encountering the enemy at "close range" these days, and unless we were confident that we are being supported by those at "long range" we certainly would at times despair! That the spiritual war of these last days is tremendous in scope and intensity cannot be too strongly emphasized. Not willingly nor easily does the arch-enemy loosen his hold on the prey, nor let his captives go free.

Although our hearts are full of praise to God for the deliverance He has effected for many during these last touring months, still we are constrained to rejoice soberly, to write but little, knowing the bent of the great machinator for "Counter attacks." At the same time, relying on our Victorious Lord and Leader, we stand—though against tremendous odds—that every "advantage gained" shall be held for His glory. "O! stand with us therefore to this end, remembering indeed that "we live if ye stand fast in the Lord" with us and for us.

God has been pleased to grant at last a "break" among this hard people of Berar. Viewed from one aspect, i.e., the millions yet untouched—it is very small, resembling perhaps the "little cloud like a man's hand," but that "little cloud" was the earnest, we know, of a "great rain," and even so we believe that this little break is the beginning of a great ingathering of precious souls. Needless to say it has called forth new thanksgivings to our God as well as being a deep refreshment to our own spirits.

Certainly the past touring season, in many ways, was in our experience, an unprecedented one. We can but acknowledge "the good hand of our God upon us" enabling us all for the exceedingly full days, giving us favour in the eyes of the heathen, and exceptional opportunities for delivering the gospel message to the high caste people, preventing what might have proved serious accidents in travelling, protecting our little camp through a number of storms—some of unusual severity when it
seemed impossible for the old, all but worn out, tents to stand. It is true they proved no longer water tight, and they were torn considerably by the force of the wind—but they stood! and not once did we “break up camp” for any of these things. God enabled for all. Not until the hot season fairly set in did we abandon further itinerating. But God is continuing to work, and we are in receipt of many pressing invitations to villages where hearts are being prepared, we believe, by the Holy Spirit for the Lord Jesus Christ.

On our last trip this season we baptized a man and his wife, this bringing the number of baptisms during the four and a half months to 32 adults. These with their children, who were dedicated to the Lord, make a total of about 60 who have entered the Christian community, and yet several others are ready and waiting to be baptized. All but one person are from the Mahar caste, and are scattered in several villages.

Needless to say, that the work is by no means finished when people are baptized. That is only the commencement. The responsibility of training and building up this new family to the end that “we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus” is no light one. Steeped for so many generations in gross idolatry, superstitions, and every form of evil; and holding a religion contrary in all its tenets to Christianity, their teaching must indeed be “precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little.” We would earnestly solicit prayer on their behalf. Are there not those who will definitely take them into their hearts for intercession? We will not tire you with their individual names, but the following are the villages where they live—Wehegaon, Chincholi, Shanegaon, Kolkalda. Just think how great their need is of being upheld.

There are several reasons why they cannot be visited as often as we desire they should be visited, one of which at least—the monetary one—ought not to exist. It is intensely sad that funds for the Lord’s work are so low!—Remove that and some other difficulties that press heavily upon so many missionaries here would be surmounted. We often wonder why it is not removed—why those in the forefront of the battle in these dark heathen centres, with their whole beings engaged in the spiritual contest, have oft times to bear unduly the additional pressure caused through the above mentioned situation?

Regarding the work, never before has the outlook been more promising. Souls are actually calling us and waiting for us. Some of us for years past have been greatly burdened for “souls,” have come to the place of almost desperation, feeling,
that unless we saw souls saved we could not go on. It has outweighed other considerations and God has heard—is answering. It brings joy, deep joy, and we are encouraged. We see the fields white unto harvest, we hear the testimonies that cause us to understand how God has been hearing the cries and pleadings of His children on India's behalf, and has been preparing by His Holy Spirit the way for the Gospel Message; but, friends, the thought comes at times with almost overwhelming force, what if we reach too late? What if false teachers step in and reap? God forbid that it shall be so!

Chincholi. After having baptized the little company of believers there, some weeks elapsed ere we could revisit them. They were much upon our hearts and we longed to go, but other work claimed our time and attention. When at last we found ourselves in their midst again we listened with eager interest for all they might have to tell us. One dear father related how his little twelve-months-old girlie had died. “What did you do? How did you bury her?” We sympathetically inquired. He answered—“We did the best we knew how. We followed no heathen rites. When I saw that the child was dying, she was in my arms, I took the New Testament you left with us, (that man can read a little) and placing it over her head I let her spirit go in the Name of Jesus” and with confident assurance he added—“I know her spirit went direct, into heaven. Then another Christian brother and I took her little body and buried it.” We did indeed thank God for thus undertaking, freeing from dreadful superstitious and the awful Hindu dogma of transmigration.

The writer was sorry that the visit after all had to be cut short, for a sudden sharp illness necessitated a return to Murtizapur, but only to find that our “disappointment was God’s appointment.” We found a man from a village near Dayrapur having taken up work on the Railway here, visiting friends on the compound. He attended the meetings from nine to ten every evening. He became deeply interested and was soon converted and asked for baptism just as soon as it could be administered. He was quite anxious for the day to arrive when he could return to his village and tell his wife and friends that he had found the true religion. He went full of joy and returning brought a message that since on account of the heat we could not go yet, would we send a Catechist to further instruct them. The next time Kushal (that is the man’s name) went home we sent a helper with him.

It appears that many in that and another village had been for some years dissatisfied with their own Hindu religion and were
seeking the right one. They came into touch with the Roman Catholics and almost joined them, but drew back perceiving that it did not meet their hearts' needs. To be brief, they were still "seekers" and now they feel confident that they have found that which does meet all their need, and so here is another company under instruction, candidates for baptism. Please remember these and many more such groups in prayer. One healthy sign in the new converts is their desire for others also to become Christians.

Wehegaon. As the weeks passed by and the work developed we became impressed that Wehegaon should be made an "out-station" being central for many other villages. So under God's guiding hand, we believe, and by His help a well has been dug on the little plot of land obtained, and a nice little house is nearing completion. There our tried and faithful native helper Raghunath and his wife are to live among the people.

At the close of the touring season the workers did not wish to relinquish their hold for a day in that village, so notwithstanding inconveniences they set to work and erected a temporary cotton stalk hut and they have and are bravely enduring the great heat of these days, Mr. Cutler also sharing and toiling much of the time with them, kept and enabled truly by the Mighty Power of God. We trust that ere this reaches its readers the work may be completed and the little house occupied. We commend this new out-station with Raghunath and his wife to your prayers, that God will abundantly bless and make it and them a centre of great blessing to many souls.

METHAL.

F. H. Back.

METHAL was our last camping place of the touring season. The first part of the road to it was good, that is, if the term "good" may be applied to any country road in India. At least, compared with the last part of the road, it was good, for the last half was very sandy and required strong bullocks to draw our goods through it. Our light cart reached the place in good time, but the cart with our camp goods, was late in arriving, so that it was nearly night before the camp was pitched and ready to be occupied. We pitched under a large banyan tree, under which five or six hundred men might
stand easily. It gave a splendid shade, but cattle had evidently used this shade as a retreat in the heat of the day and had left so many ticks behind them that the place was uninhabitable by man, consequently, we had to vacate and be content with a less shady place under a nimb tree,—such are some of the discomforts of touring.

Methal is important to the Hindus as a place of pilgrimage. A large number of people gather here once a year to worship the goddess Mata, which is installed in a dirty building on the top of a hill. The idol is a hecious image carved in stone, covered with red ochre and oil. The place smells as though it had never been cleaned, and likely had not been for some years. It is said that, because of the goddess Mata being in this place, that if any one should kill and eat a peacock here, it would screech out in his stomach. However the goddess seems to have lost much influence in this place, for the people admit that she is unable to do them any good.

The head man of the village and a potter of a near by village had just returned from Benares, where they had been on a pilgrimage. They must have spent about two hundred rupees each, but acknowledged that they had received no spiritual benefit. These two men were the two most earnest inquirers we had at this place. The potter especially is seeking for the truth, and we have hopes that he may seek peace through the cross of Christ.

At another place there are a number of potters who are interested and our native preacher who works there has hopes that they, with their families, may become Christians. I trust that all who read this will pray for these whose hearts are touched, that they will boldly choose Christ instead of caste.

THE OLD OLD STORY AND THE MOB.

The records of missionary enterprise in heathen lands abound with accounts of stirring and thrilling experiences. Many times these brave men and women were exposed to the mad passions of uncivilized pagans, and their lives seemingly were hanging in the balance, but help came unto them from the Lord and the occasion of seeming defeat became the opportunity of victory over Satan and his hosts.

Jacob Chamberlain, who tells the following thrilling experience, was a Connecticut boy and, after due preparation, went to India as a medical missionary with special emphasis on the
word *missionary*. He studied the languages and literatures of India, and became able to speak freely the different tongues, and quote readily from their sacred poets. The April *Christian* gives the following experience of Dr. Chamberlain.

"Swing shut the gates! Run and tell the sentinels to stand guard, and let no one pass in or out, till we have made way with these preachers of other gods. No news shall ever go out of the city, as to what has become of them."

It was in a walled city of some 20,000 inhabitants in the kingdom of Hyderabad, within twenty miles of its capital, as we were on a gospel preaching tour, the first ever made through the kingdom of the Nizam. We had been travelling since early morning, preaching in all the towns and villages on our way, and arrived before the gates of the city during the heat of the day, and camped outside. We heard of it as the wickedest city of the realm.

About three o'clock my four native assistants went into the city to offer Scriptures and tracts for sale, I promising to join them when the heat should be a little less. After half or three-quarters of an hour I went through the iron gates. The city, with its high granite walls, lay four square, with a gate in the middle of each side, and the main streets running from gate to gate, crossing each other at right angles at the market place.

Just after entering the gates I met my assistants returning, with a hooting rabble following them. Speaking to me in the Tamil language, not understood by those people, they told me that it was not safe to attempt to do any work within the city. Some of the gospels were bound in yellowish buff bookbinder's muslin. The Mohammedans sent messengers running through the streets, saying that they were bound in hog skin, and warning the faithful not to touch them. The Brahmans sent messengers to tell the Hindus that they were bound in calf skin—the skin of the sacred cow, and telling them not to be polluted by them. They had not only prevented the people from buying, but they had invited the rabble to drive the catechists out of the city.

"Have you preached to the people?" said I to the catechists.

"No, sir; only sold a few books and tracts."

"Then we must do so now. Did we not, before we left home, make a solemn vow that we would not pass a single town or village without proclaiming the Master's message, and have we not his covenant, 'Lo, I am with you?'"

We walked with slow and firm step up the street to the market. The crowd followed, increasing by the way. Reaching the market place, we took our stand against the massive pillars.
THE OLD OLD STORY AND THE MOB

which supported the roof.

"Leave this place at once!" was the angry cry.

"Friends," said I, "I have come from far to tell you some good news. I will tell that to you, and then we will go."

"No," said some who were evidently leaders, "we will not hear you." "Say not another word, but leave the city instantly, and we will see you safely out of the gates. Dare to say a word against our gods, and we will loose this mob on you."

We had seen the angry mob tearing up the cobble paving stones, and gathering them in the skirts of their garments to stone us with.

"We have no desire to abuse your gods," said I, "but we have come to deliver a message. We will not go until we have proclaimed that message."

Then came the order, "Swing shut the city gates."

I saw one nudge another, saying "You throw the first stone, and I will throw the second." I was not conscious of any anxiety about my personal safety. I seemed to feel the presence of the Master, as though He were standing by my side with His hand on my shoulder, saying, "I am with you. I will tell you what to say."

"Brothers," said I, "it is not to revile your gods that I have come this long way, far from it. I have come to you with a royal message from a King far higher than your Nizam; I have come to tell a story—the sweetest that mortal ear has ever heard. But it is evident that this multitude does not wish to hear it." They thought that I was weakening, and quieted down to see what was going to happen.

"But," said I, "I see five men before me who do wish to hear my story. Will you all please step back a little? I will tell these five who want to know why I have come here, and what is my message—and then you may stone me. I will make no resistance." I had been carefully scanning the crowd, and had selected my men, for I had seen five honest countenances who had shown no sympathy with the abuse heaped upon us.

"Brother with the red-bordered turban," said I, addressing a venerable Brahman who stood among the people at the right, "You would like to hear what my wonderful story is, before they stone me, would you not? Be frank and say so, for there are four others like you who wish to hear."

"Yes, sir, I would like to hear what your story is," said he, speaking up courageously and kindly.

"Brother with the gold-bordered turban at my left, you would like to hear, and you with the yellow turban, and you with the brown-bordered, and you with the pink."

I had rightly judged these men, for each assented. They
were curious to know what I had to say.

"Now will you five men please come forward, and I will tell you alone. All others step back; step back: as soon as I have told these five the story, you may come forward and throw your stones."

The five came forward, the rest reluctantly stepped back a little. I had purposely chosen Brahmans, as I thought I could win them the better.

"Brothers," said I in a subdued tone, "what is it that you chant as you go to the river for your daily ablutions? Is it not this:

"'Papoham, papokarmaham, paapotura, papo sambhavaha,
Tvahi mam, Krupapa Deva, Sharana gata vatsala.'" said I, chanting it in Sanskrit, "and is not this its meaning," said I in Telugu:

"'I am a sinner, my actions are sinful. My soul is sinful. All that pertains to me is polluted with sin. Do thou, O God, that hast mercy on those who seek thy refuge, do thou take away my sin.'"

These five Brahmans at once became my friends. One who correctly chants their Vedas and their mantras, they look up to with respect.

Now do you know how God can do away the burden of our sin, and give us relief?"

"No, sir, we do not know. Would that we knew."

"I know; I have learned the secret: shall I tell you?"

"Yes, sir, please tell us."

The multitudes, seeing the Brahmans conversing with the foreigner with evident respect, quieted still more and pressed forward to listen.

"Step back, step back," said I. "It is only these five to whom I am to tell my story. If the rest of you listen, it is on your own responsibility. Step back, and let me tell these five alone." This only increased their desire to hear, as I went on:

"Brothers, is it possible for us by our own acts to expiate our sins? Can we, by faithful journeys to the holiest of all holy places, change those sinful natures that you bemoan? Does not your own Telugu poet, Vemana, say:

"'The Muslim who to Tirupati goes, on pilgrimage,
Does not thereby become a saint of Siva's house.
Becomes a dog a lion when he bathes in Ganges stream?
Benares turns not harlot into pure and trusted wife.'"

Hearing their own language chanted, the people pressed forward still more intently. "Nay, brothers, it is not by these outward acts, even of utmost austerity, that we can attain to
harmony with God. Does not your own beloved Vemana say again:

"Tis not by roaming deserts wild, nor gazing at the sky;
'Tis not by bathing in the stream, nor pilgrimage to shrine;
But thine own heart must thou make pure—and then—and then alone,
Shalt thou see Him no eye hath kenned, shalt thou behold the King."

Now, how can our hearts be made pure so that we may see God? I have learned the secret, and will tell you."

Then as I recounted the love of God, the Father, who "so loved the world"—the mob became an audience.

Gradually I had raised my voice until, as I spoke in the clear, resonant Telugu, all the multitude could hear. And as I told them, too, far away here in India, that it was for them that He suffered this agony on the cross, shed His life-blood, and died, I saw tears coursing down their cheeks, and dropping on the very pavement stones they had torn up to stone us with. For, earlier in the story, I had seen them stealthily dropping their armfuls of stones into the gutter, and come back to listen.

How they listened as I went on to tell them of the laying of His body in the tomb; of His bursting the bonds of death on the third day, and coming forth triumphing over the last enemy; of His associating for many days with, and teaching His disciples; and of His ascension from Mt. Olivet, passing up through the clouds to His Father and our Father to prepare mansions for us. I told them that now all we had to do was to repent and forsake our sins, and lift up the voice of prayer to Him—for He could understand every language—and say,

"O Jesus Christ, I am a sinner. I cannot get rid of my sin, but thou canst take it away. Oh, take away my sin, I pray thee, and give me a new heart, and make me thy disciple." "Then," I said, "He will do all the rest."

"Now," said I, folding my arms, and standing before them, "I have finished my story. You may stone me now. I shall make no resistance."

"No, no! We don't want to stone you now. We did not know whose messenger you were, nor what you have to tell us."

They purchased all the Gospels and tracts we had with us, and appointed a deputation of their best men to escort us to our camp, begging us to forgive them for the insults they had heaped upon us, for they knew not whose messengers we were.—Evangelical Visitor.
NATIVE CHRISTIAN EXEGESIS.

W. Moyser.

In our twenty years or so of dealing with our Indian Christians, we have had many strange examples of Scripture exegesis of which a few that come along in our daily experience may be of interest to our home readers.

Some years ago one of our young men, an apprentice in our Industrial School, was under discipline for refusing to obey an order that had been given to him. He came from a sister mission and was a boarder in our orphanage. His case came to me. I dealt with the young man and tried to show him his mistake, but he refused to see it; so I told him that he could get no food until he made the wrong right and obeyed the reasonable order that had been given him. He was a strong young man, learning the blacksmith's trade. For two days he set himself stubbornly not to obey, and waited without his food, though I dealt with him several times each day. On the third day I told him that the case had now gone on long enough and if he had not obeyed the order before evening I should give him a good whipping, young man as he was. I was reluctant to do this as he was almost too big for such punishment, but we had to have discipline and obedience in the school. He held out until evening and then quietly gave in and obeyed the orders. That evening was the regular weekly prayer meeting night. He attended, as all our boys in the orphanage do, and when an opportunity was given to the congregation to take part, this young man arose and testified that the Lord had been comforting him for the past few days with the text "Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth."

In another instance a quarrel had broken out between two families, and one party, I am sorry to say, had given the other a great deal of abuse. The aggrieved party came and asked me to look into the case. While discussing it, I asked, "And what did you say, when the other party gave you abuse?" "Oh," he replied "I gave him back as good as he sent." "And was that right; is that what a Christian man should do?" Instantly he replied "yes, for the Bible says 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth' and 'with what measure it is measured to you be sure and give them that measure back again.'" I handed him a Bible and asked him to read Matt. v. 43-45 and note the 44th verse. He went away realizing that he had not obeyed the words of Jesus and had wrongly applied the Scripture that he had quoted.
In our early experience in India, a young man was converted from the thieving caste. I am afraid that his religious experience was not a very deep or permanent one. He was taken into our orphanage and workshop, but the "wanderlust" grub had worked quite a good distance into his being; also he and hard work did not agree very well. After one or two wandering experiences, he finally left us for good. Just before leaving he brought me a nicely written petition which contained a list of goods, something like the following: 4 lbs. rice, 4 lbs. wheat flour (which, by the way, is not the flour usually used by the working people), 2 lbs. clarified butter, 4 lbs. gram and a few rupees for extras, which things he said he needed for a new tramp. The petition closed saying "The Scripture says 'ask and it shall be given unto you, and he that asketh receiveth.'" I pointed out the foolishness of his wandering around from place to place, more like a begging vagabond than a Christian, whereas here he could have a good training, food, clothes and lodging without any cost to him. Besides that, the Scripture plainly teaches that if a man would not work neither should he eat. But nothing we could say took effect; the "wanderlust" grub was too far in, and away he went. We never saw him again for years, when he was still on one of his jaunts.

One of our young men, who is a voluntary worker in our village Sunday-schools, had a misunderstanding with a Christian woman over the killing of her cat. She thought he had killed it (he had nothing whatever to do with it), so she called upon him at his home and asked him if he was not ashamed to go out preaching to others when he did not keep the ten commandments himself. He wanted to know which commandment he was guilty of breaking. She at once replied, "Does not the sixth Commandment say 'thou shalt not kill'? and you have killed my cat. So you are a murderer and not fit to go out and teach others; and moreover bad boys seeing you have committed murder. 'He will also kill your children both sons and daughters.'" Again we had to explain that the Scriptures taught no such thing, though I am sure that she knew that as well as I did, but it was her way of rebuking him sharply.

You may think that our people are always quarrelling, but that is not so. We have two hundred and fifty or more Christians here, and we have to attend to all their little squabbles. And it is in these quarrels and squabbles that they usually seek to bolster up their cases with a text. They also know how to rightly apply Scripture when they wish. For instance, just a few days ago I was dealing with a young man about a member of...
his family, who had in a fit of anger called down curses upon the members of another family. I finally told him that I should pray that the said curses should return on their own heads unless they repented and confessed their sins. He instantly said "Oh, No! No! Do not do that, Sahib, for are we not commanded to ‘overcome evil with good?’" How quickly he could apply this text to avoid having his family’s request return upon their own heads!

One more case, then I think I will close. In dealing with another person lately regarding extravagant living without providing for daily needs, this answer was given, "Oh! no matter how we live God will meet us on that plane, for has He not promised to “supply all our needs”? And so it is line upon line and precept upon precept, constantly straightening out and leading on. Thank God, all are not like these, but we have many like these and we need your prayers for them. They are weak ones in the Lord and we must bear one another’s burdens. Pray for our people that they may grow strong in the Lord and in the power of His might.

A PRACTICABLE PLAN.

Do you tell me that the Church never can reach the world with the Gospel, that it is inexpedient and impracticable to talk about the whole Church taking up the work? Why, the Moravian Church that leads us all in consecration has proven to us that the theory is practicable, that the ideal may be realised. The Moravians, when they were only 600 strong, sent out their first missionary and planted their first missionary stations; and to-day the Moravians have far more converts in the foreign field belonging to their Churches than they have members to support the foreign missionary work. There is not a Moravian Church that does not consider that it is an absolute sign and seal of its life that it should engage in foreign missionary work. When Count Zinzendorf said to a Moravian brother, “We want another missionary for Greenland; will you go?” The answer was “Certainly.” “When?” “To-morrow.” Another man was asked if he would go and take a certain missionary field. “Yes.” “When?” “Just as soon as my boots are done.” He was having a pair of boots made, for he must have something on his feet, and as soon as that was done, that being the only condition necessary, he was ready to take sail. Now, suppose we had a Christian Church all animated with
consecration like that of the Moravians; why twenty-five years would not pass by without the whole world having heard the Gospel message. Each believer has a responsibility in the matter, and each in his or her own way can do much to make the vision possible.—Life of Faith.

THE CHILDREN’S PAGE.

A BOY WHO SERVED JESUS.

By Anna Schelander.

A BOY of fifteen of age years came to the United States from Europe. He had had religious training, but had never come into contact with real Christian life. As he had only two empty hands and an energetic mind to depend on he gladly accepted the kind offer from a farmer of an opportunity to work for his living and attend the country school. So while learning English he learned as much as he could of what was taught in school and worked about the farm and in the house. In this way he became almost as handy as a woman at washing, ironing, baking, etc., and though he did not know it at the time the training was fitting him for future usefulness as a missionary.

Here he went to Sunday-school and church, and the earnest prayers of his adopted mother were heard, and he gave his heart to Jesus in his youth. But the quiet farm life did not satisfy his ambitions for long and he left for a large city. There in the city he did not meet with Christians, and did not have courage to confess Christ openly, so that he lost peace with God. Though others did not know it he used to spend hours alone, struggling against the powers of darkness. And the memory of the earnest prayers of his adopted mother followed him wherever he went. She had claimed him for God, and he could not get away from her prayers.

So matters went on until he was twenty years old, when he again gave his heart to Jesus. But this time he was not only willing to confess Jesus openly, but tried to win other souls also. Later when a minister came to the happy band of Swedes to which Emil now belonged, and asked for volunteers to help in a revival meeting, he offered himself along with a few others. But as he was about to start he said “I must go home and get my sister saved first.” And so he did, and I was the first fruit of his missionary journey which ended in far away China.

From that time his motto was “Every moment for Jesus.” He spent four years in the United States in evangelistic work. He was very zealous, and day and night was pleading either with souls for God or with God for souls. Often he preached
with tears, so that some one said that his tears won more souls than his words.

When Emil consecrated himself to God's service he did not want to go to China, and he told the Lord that he was willing to go anywhere else, but please not to send him to China. But China was just where God wanted him to go, and God made him willing to go. I can still remember when we parted. He had preached that night in a large church, and after we left the church we knelt down on a street corner by the light of a street lamp, and asked God to take care of each other. I felt as if I would surely meet him again the next morning. But now I know that I shall meet him on that brightest and best morning when Jesus comes.

He and his dear wife went to China where they worked for Jesus for seven years. He won souls for Jesus there too, and printed a Chinese monthly paper and translated many hymns and tracts into Chinese. Finally during the great Boxer uprising of 1900 he and his wife laid down their lives for Jesus. His life was not a long one, only twelve years spent in God's service. But the prayers that had been prayed for him were answered. It is better to serve Jesus for twelve years than to spend a long life in any other way.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

PRAISE.

KAIRA.—Praise for the two girls baptised last month.

KHAMGAON.—Praise that the hoof and mouth disease which had attacked the orphanage cattle has been stayed.

MALKAPUR.—Praise for good interest among some twenty families; they invite us to come and come again. There are signs of God's presence in conviction of sin.

MURTIZAPUR.—Praise for God's continued working among the villagers.

GENERAL.—Praise that there has been no serious illness amongst our missionaries during some months past.

Praise that it has been possible for a number to get away to the hills for a time during the heat.

PRAYER.

BHUSAWAL.—Prayer is asked that there may be a deep spiritual revival, and that some who have fallen away since the recent special meetings may be restored.

Quite a number who were especially blessed in the meetings last October have been transferred elsewhere. Pray that they may be kept true; and that their places may be filled here.
CHANDUR.—Pray that the results of the recent touring season may be lasting. That there may be an opening and provision for an out-station in a small town where unusual interest was manifested.

MALAKPUR.—Prayer is asked for guidance regarding a high caste man who seems to be a real inquirer. Pray that even if there be other motives, his coming to us may lead to his salvation.

Pray for God's blessing upon the little school recently opened for the lower castes, also that the school may give us an opening among the parents of the children who attend.

KAIKA.—Prayer is asked for the large class of girls who are waiting for baptism. There are 35 little girls and 16 large ones. We want to be sure that they are converted and their lives really changed before they are baptised.

MEHMEBAD.—For the native evangelist Gula Seva and his wife Martha. Their only child, a baby girl, has died very suddenly and they are crushed in spirit as they also lost their other child, little Theophilus, shortly before coming to work in this district.

Prayer is requested for our co-worker Miss Cora Hansen who has been appointed to Matar district for evangelistic work, as Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton are now living at Dholka and will divide their time between the Dholka Orphanage work and the supervision of Matar district.

Miss Hansen will be sorely missed from the Mehmedabad work as she has laboured there many years, and has endeared herself to the whole Christian community by her self-sacrificing service.

GENERAL.—Please pray urgently for our native helper's fund. The need in this direction is imperative.

ITEMS.

Two girls were baptised at Kaira last month. One of them was saved during the meetings held by Mr. McPherson.

Mr. and Mrs. Fuller are in Coonoor, where they have been helping in Miss Bishop's Rest Home, but expect to return to Bombay before June 1st. Mr. Fuller was one of the speakers at the recent Kotagiri Convention.

A number of missionaries are now at the hills, enjoying a respite from the heat. The Lanovla home is filled.
Panchgani has of late years become popular amongst us, because so many of the missionaries' children are attending school. Thus for them the summer time means not only an opportunity of getting away from the plains, but of happy reunion in families that must, during the greater part of the year, be separated.

Letters have come from England which show that the party that left us in March had reached that far in safety, for which we praise God.

The weather prophets are beginning to predict an early monsoon this year, and of late the winds and clouds about Bombay have seemed to bear out the word of the prophets.

Next month will begin a new volume of the India Alliance. You can help us greatly by getting a few new subscribers for us among your friends. But first, are you sure that your own subscription is paid to date?

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List of Alliance Missionaries.

BERAR

AKOLA
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Mr. J. P. Rogers

AMRAOTI
Mr. & Mrs. W. Fletcher

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Miss J. L. Rollier

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Miss E. Krater
Miss H. Bushfield
Miss A. Little

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Mr. & Mrs. S. H. Auernheimer

MURTIZAPUR
Mr. & Mrs. L. J. Cutler

KHANDESH

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Mrs. F. M. Bannister

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Miss E. Wyeth

JALGAON
Miss C. Rutherford

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Miss Jessie Fraser

VIRAMGAM
Mr. & Mrs. A. Duckworth

LONAVLA (Poonah District.)

PANCHGANI (Satara District.)
(Children's Home)
Miss H. Beardslee
Miss M. Patten

BOMBAY
Mr. & Mrs. M. B. Fuller

ON FURLough:

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Mr. & Mrs. P. Hagberg
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Mr. W. M. Turnbull
Mr. & Mrs. O. Dinham
Mr. & Mrs. P. Eicher
Miss M. Compton
Miss E. Wells
Mr. & Mrs. C. W. Schelander

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Mrs. V. Erickson
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